

APRIL SHOWERS.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped Their garnered fullness down; All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped Hills, valley', grove, and town."

rat."

tion.

told him that you had come home."

voice, concluded with—

to tell you-'

'Now, sir, go to bed!'

'Not one word sir, go to bed!'

explanation or expostulation.

interposed the remark-

'I only wanted to say father, that-'

There has not been a sound to-day-To break the calm of nature; Nor motion, I might almost say Of life, or living creature

Of waving bough, or warbling bird, Of cattle faintly lowing: 1 could have half believed I Leard The feaves and blossoms growing

I stood to hear-I love it welt-The rain's continuous sound; Small drops, but thick and fast they fell, Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet Earth's naked breast to screen, Though every dripping branch is set With shoots oftender green.

Sure since I looked at early morn, Those honeysuckle buds Have swelled to double growth, that thorn Hath put forth larger studs,

That lilac's cleaving comes have burst, The milk-white flowers revealing; Even now, upon my senses first Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air, Is all with fragrance rife; And grace and heauty everywhere Are flushing into life.

Down, Jown they come - those fruitful stores -Those-earth-rejoicing_drops!___ A momentary deluge pours,----Then thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream -Have circled out of sight, Lo! from the west a parting gleam Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet, behold! abrupt and loud, Comes down the glittering rain; The farewell of a passing cloud, _ The fringes of her train.

LAUGH AND SET THEM FLYING.

Let those who will repine at fate I laugh when cares upon me wait-I know they'll leave to morrow. My purse is light but what of that? My heart is light to match it. And if I tear my only coat, I lengh the while I patch it.

Henry has just come in, and he is a perfrom me on the night I so harshly repulsed fect fright; he is covered from head to foot him. Then my heart bleeds afresh.'

with dock-mud, and he is wet as a drowned O, how careful we should all be, in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, that we do not lay Where is he? asked the father sternly.' "He is shivering over the kitchen fire .up for ourselves the sources of many a fu-He was afraid to come here, when the girl ture tear. How careful that with peither inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we un-"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this justly grieve their generous feeling-lest in a moment of excitement, we be led to give instant,' was the brief reply to this informathe errors of thoughtlessness the punishment due only to willful crimes.

Presently the boy entered, half perished with fright and cold. His father glauced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow is anwith his disobedience, spoke of the punishswered in their children by tears, not of pas sion nor of physical or mental pain, but of ment which awaited him in the morning as the penalty for his offence, and in a harsh a loving but grieved or outraged nature.

DEMONOLOGY.

'But father,' said the little fellow, 'I want The Columbian, published at Bloomsburg, Columbia county, relates the following singular case:

For some time past the citizens of Williams-With a peremptory stamp, and imperative wave of the hand towards the door, and a port have been in a state of intense excitement, arising from what seemed to be a well frown-upon-his-brow, did-that-father, withauthenticated case of supernatural visitation, out another speech, again close the door of We have been at some pains to investigate the subject, not only because of its singular When his boy had gone supportess to his character, but because we have known the bed, his father sat restless and uneasy while

young lady who is principal in the affair, from supper was being prepared, and at the teaher childhood. table, ate but little. His wife saw the real Miss Rebecca Owens, about whom all this

cause or the additional cause of emotion, and excitement is raised, is the daughter of Mordecai and Louisa Owens, formerly of Ber-4 think my dear, you ought to have heard wick, in this county, where she was born and what Henry had to say! My heart ached raised. We remember her as a gay, laughfor him when he turned away with his oyes ing girl, who apparently never saw a trouble full of tears. Henry is a good boy after all, nor knew a care. A few years ago her fathif he does sometimes do wrong. He is a tener died, and she went to live with an aupt der-hearted, affectionate boy. He always who resids in Williamsport, where she became a member of the Pine street Methodist And there withal the water stood in the Episcopal Church. Her age is about fifteen eyes of that forgiving-mother, 'even as it. years stood in the eyes of Meroy, in the house of the interpreter,' as recorded by Bunyan.

Not long since she observed that wherever she went singular noises followed her, or if she remained standing, sounds like rapping with the knuckles were heard, and sometims a scraping or scratching on the wall. At other times it would seem as if a heavy aubstance was being dragged over the floor So frequent did these alarming sounds become that the girl, and finally the family, became alarmed, and betook themselves to prayer. To increase their terror the spirit. if such it be, began to call her in an audible voice, using such expressions as 'Becky, come with son; he felt also his "sense of duty," yet in the night talking the matter over with the ade mother he meadand, and arrived to the sense of the sens

used, but that of other persons. On Saturday evening

"Did you ever think of the amount of thought requsite to plan three meals a day for three hundred and sixty five days in succession? To prepare enough and not too much, and for those living at a distance from the village, to remember that the stock of flour, sugar, tea, etc., etc., is replenished in due time? Do you ever think of the multitude of her cares and duties? She must rise early to prepare breakfast or oversee it. Per--dinner and supper to be made ready at the proper time-the washing, starching, folding and ironing of clothes-the care of milk, including the making of butter and cheese-and the inevitable washing of dish-

es. In autumn there is additional work of picking, preserving, canning of fruit, drying apples, boiling cider, making apple sauce. with the still more unpleasant tisk which falls to her lot at butchering time. Then there is haying, harvesting, sheep shearing, etc., when more help is needed, bringing an increase of her labors. Twice a year comes house cleaning. By the way, of all the foes a housekeeper has to contend with, dirt is the greatest She may gain a complete vio tory and think to repose upon her laurels

after her semi-annual engagements-but is only temporary. The enemy soon returns, and even daily skirmishing does not keep it at bay.

"There is mending too. Sewing machines are a great blessing, but they can't set in a patch or darn the stockings. I no not mention these things by way of complaining of woman's lot in general, or asking for her any rights which she does not possess. I don't know as there is any remedy in the present state of the world. It seems to be one of the evils of life which must be borne as we bear other ills-but what I do ask is a due appreciation of the important part that woman acts, and a concession that her labors, mental and physical, are as great, all things considered, as those of the other sex. Women are not so childish that a little sympathy now and then or acknowledgment of their efforts and sacrifices make them imagine their case worse than it is. I tell you, men and husbands, "It doeth good like a medicine," and many a poor, crushed, broken down wife and mother is dying for want of it."

Gems.

kitchen, what a quantity of soap grease you: have got here. We can get pleaty of soap for it and we must exchange it for some.---Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him." 'Yes, muni,' said Bridget.

All that morning Briget, between each , whisk of her disheloth, kept a bright look out of the kitchen window and no moving creahaps there are children to wash, dress and ture escaped her watchful gaze. At hat, feed, or to get ready for schools with their her industry seemed about to be rewarded, dingers. There is baking, sweeping, dust- for down the street came a large, portly gen- the ocean. ing, making beds, lunch for the men may be tleman, flourishing a caue and looking the very picture of good humor. Sure, there's the fat man now, thought Bridget-and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him____

'Speak to me, my girl!' replied the old gentleman.

'Yes sir, wants to speak to you and says would you be kind enough to walk in sir."

This request, so direct, was not to be refused, so, in a state of some wonderment, up stairs went Bridget, and, kuooking at the mistress door, put her head in, and exclaim-

'Fat gentleman in the parlor, mum.' So saying she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

'In the parlor,' thought the lady. 'What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered,' but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

'Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me-at your ser vice, madam.'

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her lips in spite of herself as she afterwards said: __ Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir. I told her to call in the fat-man to-take sway the grease when she saw him, and she made a mistake, vou 960.

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty-hal-hal-hal-hal as never comes from any of your lean gentry. No apologies needed madam,' said he.

It is decidedly the best joke of the season, Hal hal hal so she took me for the soap grease man, did she! It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke?"

And all up the street and round the corn-No one is good, cannot be useful, deserves | er was heard the merry ha! ha! of the old mittea to look through the various wards ---not to be loved, it he has not something gentloman as he brought down his cane every In one room she saw three woman engaged heavenly, either in his intellect through now and then, and exclaimed, Such a good in sewing, and turning to the keeper, who

clicked and started another tupe.

whole forty tunes were finished.

object that surrounds him. There is a pre-, try in the gentle influences of lave and affecbring as she was reconnoitering in the the memories of early years; and in the kitchen, what a quantity of soap grease you thoughts of glory that chain our spirits to the gates of Paradise. There is poetry inithe harmonies of patpre. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning and the star-is cadence is heard in the thunder and in the

cataract-the softer tones gurgle sweetly from the thousand voiced harps of the wind, and rivulot, and forest-the clouds and sky 'go floating over us to the music of melodiesand it ministers to Heaven from the wountains of the earth, the untrodden shrines of

There's not a moonlight ray that come down upon stream or hill; not a breez calling from its blue air throne to the birds of the summer valleys; or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring; not a cloud bathing itself like an angle vision in the rosy gushes of the antumn twilight, nor a rock glowing in the yellow starlight, but is full of the beautiful influences of poetry. Earth and heaven are quickened by its spirit, and the heavings of the great deep in tempest the steps went the gentleman, and up the and in calm are but its scoret and breathings.

> OUR FRIENDS AFTER DEATH .--- A father once related to his children the following story:

The governor of an island was once called to appear before his king to give an account of his stewardship. Those friends in whom he had most confiled parted with him at his house, others went with him to the ship, while many in whom he had placed but little trust and searcely recognized as friends, much to his surprise, essorted him on his journey, went with him to the king's throne, there spoke for him, and secured him the favor of the king.

'So, man,' continued the father, has on earth three kinds of friends, whom he only learns to know aright when he is called to leave this world and render his account to God. The first of these-gold and lands remain behind; the second-friends and relatives-go only to the verge of the grave; the third-fis good deeds-accompany him in his journey to the better land, and are with Christ his advocates before the throne and purchase for him favor and pardon. How foolish is man to prize so little here what will constitute his wealtn hereafter!"

A lady in Nashville, on mercy bent, was making a visit to the Penitentiary, was perwas showing her about said to him in an un-

I've seen some elves, who call themselves My friends in summer weather, Blown far away, in sorrow's day As wind would blow a feather. I never grieved to see them go. (The rascals, who would heed 'em?) For what's the use of having friends, If false when most you need 'em?

I've seen some rich in worldly gear, Eternally repining, Their hearts a prey to every fear-With gladness never shining. I would not change my lightsome heart, For all their gold and sorrow, . For that's a thing that all their wealth Can neither buy nor borrow.

And still as sorrows come to me-As sorrows sometimes will come---I find the way to make them flee, Is bidding them right welcome. They cannot brook a cheerful look---They're used to sobs and sighing, And he that meets them with a smile. Is sure to set them flying.

MISCELLANY.

TOUCHING STORY.

The following circumstance which happened in a family in the city of Boston, a few years ago, will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sym-letter from L. H. B- which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me,

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine manly little fellow. of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day: of illness until that which finally removed him hence to be no down his cheeks. more. His death occurred under circumstances which were pesuliarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate sickly child, from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the na ture of the disease every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it .--But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little fear, rugged as he was, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near the school, which it was the oustom sometimes to visit, for he was but a boy, and boys

will be boys," and we ought the more free younger brother. To day, in rammeging an quently to think that it is their nature to be. | old closet, I came aeross his 'boots' still cov. | Of all natural things a reproach almost to ered with dock-mud, as when he list wore be cleared up, and it she has been made the

lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's grieved spirit in the morning, for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence. But the morning never rose to that poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever in his brain, and wild with delirium. In 48 hours he was in his shroud. He neither knew his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bedside, nor at any time afterwards. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have spoken-onekind word in his ear, and have been answered, but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold unmeaning glare, and the wild toss-

After tes, the evening paper was taken up,

but there was nothing of interest in the jour-

nal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently pain-

ful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his

bed chamber As he passed the bed room

where the little fellow slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to

rest A big tear had stolen down the boy's

cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleep-

ing calmiy and sweetly. The father deeply

regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his

death relieved him. Two days afterwards the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stool on which it was to stand in the eatry hall. 'I was with Henry,' said the lad, when he got into the water. We were playing on the Long Wharf, Henry, Charles Mumford and I, and the tide was out very low, and there was a beam ran out from the wharf, and Charles got on it to get a fishing line and hook that hung over where the water was deep, and the first thing we saw he had slipped off and was struggling in the water -Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, alter a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded out through the sand to where The wharf was not so wet and slippery, and then I helped them climb up the side.-Charles told Henry to say nothing about it, for if he did his father would never let him go to the water again. Henry was very sor-ry, all the way home he kept saying-What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone near the wharf.

'Dear brave boy?' exclaimed the bereaved father; and this is the explanation which I refused 'to hears' and hot bitter tears rolled of people visited Williamsport to prove the

upwonted severity as a fault, was but the im- remains. Some assert that a gaug of devil of self, had bazarded life for another. It was say they are only a baud of spirtualists. but the quick prompting of that manly spir self on more than one occasion.

of that father, and let the words sink deer limbs and bound up her jaws. However, into the beart of every parent who shall real she came to, and last week accompanied her this sketch.

Everything I now see, that ever belonged to him reminds me of my lost boy. Yester, witched. She has been offerud enormous day I found some pencil sketches which he sums to expose her daughter to the view of delighted to make for the amusement of his childish frankness and innocence, save me thew. (You may think it strange, but that violim of heartlass scound zels that they may from a boy man? But to the story. " which is usually so unsightly an object is he properly punished.

ed for, and at first he thought there must be some collusion between the girl and outside parties, but investigation proved that she was not only innocent, but was really suffering on account of these strange visitations. The minister after satisfying himself on this point, called in another well known clergyman, but the 'spirits' were not to be overcome by prayer, and mocked the supplicants.

On Sunday morning the family took the girl with them to church, where the same noises were heard and her name was again called, whereupon she got up and left. These sounds and voices were heard by all in her vicinity. They followed her along the street, rapping and talking from the fences, from the ground, from board walks in the street. and from places inaccessible to human beings. During her absence from the house the same phenomena were observed. At class meeting on the same Sunday the same voices and ings of the fevered limbs, which lasted until noises were heard.

One of the hymns commenced about as follows: 🚬 🖕

"If you want to go to heaven, You must be followers of the Lord." No sooner had this been sung than the

voice returned: "You must be lovers of the Devil,

Or you can't go to hell when you die" A pious old lady and gentleman took her bome with them to stay one night, and Mise Owens slept with the lady, while the gentleman kept watch at the foot of the bed. A bout midnight the ominous sounds were a gain heard, Miss Owens being sound asleep, but in a few moments a heavy crash at the head of the bed awakened her. This was succeeded by sounds of sweet music, which apparently came from the walls, and to which all three listened in amazement.

At one time, when the calls for 'Becky' were unusually strong, the sunt said! 'You shall not have Becky;' the voices returned. 'We will have Becky!' The aunt asked What do you wrat with her? The roply, came, 'We want her to go with us to hell. It is needless for us to recapitulate all the incidents of this singular matter. Hundreds truth of the statements or rumors that were Yes that stern futher now learned, and for flying abroad. Many efforts were also made the first time, that what he had treated with to detect imposture, but as yet the mystery puise of a generous nature, which, forgetful worshippers reside in that city, while others The effect on the girl was nearly to deit which be bimself had seen manifest it throne her reason, and at one time she was taken with a fit during which many suppo-Let me close this story in the very words, sed her to be dead, and straightened out her niother, who had been sent for, to Wilkesbarre. The mother beleives her to be bethe ourious populace, but she has refused. We deeply sympathise with our young

friend, and sincerely trust this mystery will

and the second s

thonghts, or in his will through thoughts di. | joko. rected upward.

It is a great happiness, a great fortune, to be born good.

A part of goodness consists, perhaps, in esteeming and loving people more than they ble of late. In almost every church you go into you will find one of these instruments. deserve; but then a part of prudence is believe that people are not always worth what villiage, related to us yesterday an amusing we rate them at. incident which occurred in their church.

Unless we keep watch on us. we shall find ourselves condemning the unfortunate. The heart should walk before the intel-

lect, and charity before truth. By gentle and indulgent to all; be not so vourself. Good impulses are naught, unless they be-

come good actions. We should do good whenever we can, and do kindness at all times, for at all times we

cap. The pleasure of giving is necessary to true happiness; but the poor may have it. When you give, give with joy and in smil-

iog. Proud characters love those to whom they do a service.

We should eudeavor, as much as possible, to despise no one. Ornaments were invented by modesty. Eyes raised towards Heaven are always

beautiful, whatever they be. A certain modesty should be observed in wretchedness.

Talking Fine

Ludicrous blunders sometimes occur in ca. ses where ignorant persons attempt the use of sing incident took place some time ago, in . language about the meaning of which they know nothing.

Not long since, while traveling from Pitts. burg to Cincinnati, two rather verdant spocimens of the female-sex came on board the boat at one of the landings, who, for the sake of distinction, we will call Mary and Jane.

Now, Mary had ber eye-teeth cut, or, in other words, was acquainsed with the rules and regulations which govern genteel society. June the younger, had never mixed in society to any extent. Her language was such as she had heard among her rustic as sociutes. Mary was aware of this fact, and therefore cautioned her to observe how she (Mary) acted, and govern herself according-

Shortly after, while seated at the dinnertable, the waiter asked Mary what part of the fowl she would have? She informed him in a very polite manner, that it was 'per fect ly immaterial.'

He accordingly gave her a piece, and then inquired of Jaue what part she would prefer?

, "I pelieve I will take a piece of the immaterial, too!"

The most common things, are the most useful; which shows both the windom and goodness of the Great Eather of the family of the world of a school of the state of the

The aim of an honest man's life is not the virtue which is useful to others: Mais with

'Good for Forty Tunes "Dear me! the viciousest-looking women I ever saw in my life! What are they put, The Shelby (Ind.) Courier says: Organs in the churches have become very fashionahere for?"

der-tone:

"They are here," he replied, "because 1 am here; they are my wife and daughters, A friend of ours who lives in a neighboring | madam?"

But madam was traveling out as fast as possible.

He said, to be in fashion, they must have BASHFUL JOHNNY .- Some time ago a an organ. The congregation could not afford to pay an organist, so they got a self- acting planter, a short distance from Memphis, gave a party to the young folks in his neighbororgan, a compact instrument, well suited to hood. It was a gay time, and in the course the purpose and constructed to play forty of the evening the boys and girls played forfeits. While this was going on, it chan-The sexton had instructions how to set it ced that the son of the planter, a nice, mod. goinig, and how to stop it; but unfortunately, forgot the latter part of his ousiness; and af. est fellow, had to claim a forfeit of some of the girls, but he was overcome with diffidence. ter singing the first four verses of a hymn 'Go abead, John,' said the planter, 'and kiss some of the girls.' John hitched from 'one before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and continued playing two verses more; then just as the clergyman completed foot to the other, blushed, and finally blurted out:-I-I-never kissed a white girl, the words "let us pray," the organ again father!" 'The laughter that ensued may be The sexton and others continued their ex. imagined.

ertions to find the spring, but no one could EFFECTS OF CLEANLINESS .- With what put a stop to it; so, they got four of the care and attention do the leathered race wash stoutest men in the church to shoulder their themselves and put their plumage in order! perverse instrument, and they carried it.down And how perfectly neat, clean and elegant the isle of the church, playing, until the do they appear! Among the beasts of the That organ'was as funny as Artemus Ward field, we find those that are the most clean. ly are the most gay and cheerful, or distinguished by a certain air of tranquility and contentment; and singing birds are always WATCHING THE STARS .- Quite an amu. remarkable for the neutness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man; town about three miles and a half east from here, toward the rising sun. It appears a that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I young man had been paying some attention to a young lady, but had only ventured home believe there ever was a person scrupulously as far as the gate till last week, when carried attentive to cleanliness who was a consumiaway with the excitement he ventured to mate villain .- Count Rumford.

step inside, after being assured by the fair A Louisville newspaper, in noticing the damsel that all would be right. Having for roturn of Humpbrey Marshall to that place, a while quite apxiously waited for the firt star to shoot, the old gentleman of the estabadds that "the bar of Louisville is to be congratulated on the accession to its strength " lishment stepped into the parlor, and looked The Chicago Times wants to know which over his spectacles at the surprised couple, but before any questions were asked, the bar? and the product of the and the second

Never trust with a secret a married man "Pa, we are waiting to see the stars shoot!" 'Yes, well you are hey? well go to bed and who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and sho will toll hor sister, and her sister will

Yonng man, are you waiting for some door to open into a broad and useful future? Don't wait. Select the door and pry it open, window, remarked, 'he didn't think the stars even though you get your finger pinched.

> The sun is always shining, the flowers are always blooming, the birds are always singing, the golden grain is always waving, some where in this wicked world.

Pubple long ago must have had an inconvenient time of it. Just think! No railroad: uo steamer; uo gus; no friction match; no telegraph; no express; no sewing machines,

In the voyage of life, we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without loosing the happicess which serves only himself, but saying your prayers till you have done with sight of the earth, trusted to the beavening ngus for sheis guidanco.

ing, when he got up and looking out of the would shoot after all, and guessed he'd go. The young man says he shan't very soon forget watching for the stars to shoot, and most of all he was afraid of, after the gal went to

young lady spoke up and says:

Whenever you buy or sell, make a clear bargain, and nover trust to, "We shon't disagree about trifles." -

One thing at a time -don't commence 'slandericg your neighbors.

bed that the darnad things would shule.-Exchange, - -1-

I'll sit up with chis' young man, when the stars shoot, 'I'll tell yer.' replied the inter- tell everybody. esting 'parent,' the lady retired, casting a side glance at the feller as she did so: & The young man sat a while quietly without speak-

tunes.

himself.