

Poetical.

Remembered Bliss.

Alas! that I did not think, Amidst past hours of deep delight, That night could break the golden link...

I'd Find Me a Grave.

I'd make me a home, says the sailor lad, In the ship, as she rides the water;

How to Live and How to Die.

As I live, that when my summons comes to join, The innumerable caravan that moves...

Miscellaneous.

A Mother's Influence.

The following touching and felicitous illustration of the power of ideas was given by Wendell Phillips the other day by a public speech at New York.

"I was told to-day a story so touching in reference to this that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. It is the story of a mother, on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand of her son, sixteen years old, and with love for the sea...

A Thorn in the Memory.

Hardly Bancroft was, in the general conception of the term, a kind-hearted man. His feelings were easily roused, and these gave, unusually, a ready impulse to his actions.

Not always proof against petty annoyances.

They sometimes disturb more than larger things. Come in to-morrow, and we will arrange for a renewal of the note, if you desire it, making the time to suit yourself.

Occurred in the settlement of his affairs, and when all his debts were finally paid there was nothing over for his family.

"Poor Mary Cartwright!" said Mrs. Bancroft to her husband one day about six months after the death of Mr. Cartwright. "I saw her at Mrs. Marvin's to-day. She gave me some lessons to her daughter, Helen. How changed she was!"

Mistakes of a Short-Sighted Man.

The world will scarcely believe that a British garrison, or near sightedness, exists a man for any society whatever. Yet such is the fact; I know it, for I have experienced it; and now I stay at home altogether.

The Ephemera—An Emblem of Human Life.

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulton family, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed sometime behind the company.

Two Ways of Telling a Story.

In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of ladies, all of the same school, got up a grand sleigh ride. The sleigh was a large and splendid one, drawn by six grey horses.