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Selected Poetry.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

BY LONGFELLOW, IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something, uncompleted still,
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits:

Waits, and will not go away—
Waits, and will not be gainsayed.
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made,

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us every-where!

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as northern legends say,
On their shoulders hold the sky.

SONG.

Love me if I live,
Love me if I die!
What to me is life or death,
So that, my love, art nigh?

Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor,
Ah! what is there I could not
For thy dear sake endure?

Kiss me for my love!
Pay me for my pain!
Come and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st me again!

Selected Sketch.

COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG.

A correspondent of an English paper, who was a passenger in an Australian ship which narrowly escaped destruction by an iceberg, has furnished the following graphic narrative of the alarming occurrence:

I was recently a passenger from Australia to Liverpool on board one of the noblest ships, the Royal Standard, belonging to the celebrated White Star Line of Packets. We were upwards of 300 statute adults on board, exclusive of the captain, officers, stewards, and seventy-one crew, and had as a cargo 3,000 bales of wool, and $600,000 worth of gold. The first part of our voyage was attended with no particular incident; of course there was the usual routine of seasickness, the formation of "messes," and the unpacking, and the metamorphoses occasioned by changes of dress that are now familiar to all old stagers. After the genial intertropical climate of the antipodes, we rapidly approached "the Horn," when the weather became intensely cold. Morning, noon, and night, groups of passengers huddled or crept round the huge funnel of our ship, for we were an auxiliary screw, to gather a little extra warmth. On Sunday, April 3d, latitude 56 deg. South, longitude 149 deg. West, we saw the first iceberg, and a beautiful sight it was. It was a majestic mountain of ice floating along like a mass of burnished silver, about 360 feet high, as ascertained by the sextant, and about two miles in length at the base. As the sun shone full upon it, it presented a splendid appearance, and as our relative positions altered it assumed a variety of shapes most fantastic, and light-houses, cathedrals, churches, etc., were easily conjured up without much stretch of imagination. As we stood, one and all, gazing at this Antarctic wonder of the deep, some looking at it through their glasses, some sketching it in their note-books, and all associating with it ideas of novelty and beauty, no one dreamed that the next day would be one of such awful peril that the total destruction of our ship and all on board appeared inevitable.

Monday, April 4th, opened with thick, hazy weather, and a good breeze, before which we were going, without steam, ten knots an hour, apprehensive of no danger. Suddenly we ran into a dense fog, and almost immediately one of the double look-out gave the alarm, "Broken water ahead!" and almost immediately after, "Ice on the starboard bow!" At this moment I was writing the newspaper I conducted on board, in the engineers' mess-room; but hearing the noise, and the common cry, "Helm hard a starboard!" I rushed on deck, and looking over the bulwarks saw, to my horror, an immense mountain of ice towering far above our maintop-gallant mast, which was 200 feet above the water line, and so close to us that any one could have jumped on to it. All hands were immediately summoned on deck, and every thing done to prevent what now appeared inevitable—a collision between our ship and the iceberg. The yards were trimmed, the sails adjusted, and everything done to prevent this fearful catastrophe; but in vain.—The monster mountain of ice drew nearer and nearer to us, and we drifted nearer and nearer to it. At length the inevitable moment came; one heavy roll of the ship, and the yards of the foremast grated right into the solid mass of ice, tearing out and hurling down upon the deck immense blocks of ice, some of them of enormous size. At the same moment the main and mizzen top-masts snapped at the cap with tremendous noise, and, being made of iron, hung over with all their gear amid the rigging to the great danger of every one on deck. While this was going on the men at the wheel stood faithful to their duty, although one of them had his overcoat rent in two by a lump of ice that fell in front of him, yet did not touch him. The scene on deck was now indescribable. Loudly were the orders passed fore and aft to the hands, and as heartily obeyed, to adjust the yards and trim the ship so as to help her to forge ahead of the iceberg, many of the passengers rendering good service in this emergency. Under the forecastle deck were gathered groups of men, pale, silent, awe-struck. Two strong, stalwart men had hold of my hands, and, with big beads of tears rolling down their cheeks, cried for mercy. Between decks, women and children were loud in their passionate cries, and in the intermediate was an elderly gentleman, a widower, with five children, in the agony of woe, expecting his and their immediate destruction. Still the worst was not come; again the ship's yards crunched into the iceberg; where I stood I looked up and saw that this mountain of ice actually overhung the ship, standing then 600 feet out of water. There were two large fissures running from the top a considerable way down, and as the ship rolled over I feared the yards would go into one of these fissures; had they done so, they would have brought down tons of ice that would have sent us to the bottom in a moment. We were spared that doom; but the next instant the foretop-gallant mast, jibboom, fore-top-sail yard, studding-sail boom, and all their gear went at the next crunch, tearing and splitting the sails to ribbons. At the same time over the forecastle deck came rolling vast torrents of water, flooding the decks and creating a fresh source of danger. The Royal Standard was now all but a helpless log; crippled and dismantled, she presented the most pitiable appearance, and with her masts, yards, chains, and ropes all hanging over and dangling about in most dangerous confusion, the marvel is that no one was seriously injured, if not killed.

Still the worst was not come, and but for the amazing strength of her iron hull, all on board must have gone down to the bottom, leaving no record of their fate behind them. Bodily the ship drifted up against the berg, her whole side coming violently in contact with it, and—I quote from the ship's log, lest my account should be regarded as the natural exaggeration of a landsman's fears—"smashed the starboard life-boat, carried away the bumpkin, stove in all the starboard bulwarks, stove in the starboard quarter in several places; also, the captain's cabin, and sent the chronometers flying about, lifting the poop-deck beams one foot, thus damaging all the cabins; and with another heavy crash split our upper plate amidships, and did other sundry damages. At this moment total destruction seemed inevitable; but as the ship still slowly forged ahead under main and foresails, hope still remained. At last the end of the berg came in view, and we forged clear. The berg appeared to be entirely enveloped in a dense fog, and about 600 feet high. We passed along about half a mile of it, and from the time of seeing it to clearing it, it was about half an hour."

So far the ship's log. "Half an hour;" yet what a half hour! Who can tell the agony, the suspense, the wild and all but frantic emotions that were crowded into that thirty minutes? Beyond the noise of our ship's wreck knocking about, and the orders given to the men, all was silence after the first wild cry of terror and dismay.

"Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave."

Pale and trembling men gazed, first at the iceberg, then at the ship, presenting a picture most desolate, and then at each other; many shook hands, and bade each other good-by; and all stood, expecting a certain watery grave. For myself, I was too stunned and startled to feel excited; I seemed incapable of any feeling but that of dumb amazement. Not a tear came to my relief, not a word escaped my lips. Wife and children I felt I should never see any more; and so, holding a fellow-passenger's hand, I calmly awaited the awful moment, the summons to which had come so unexpectedly, and under such fearful circumstances. Meanwhile the captain was shouting to the boatswain, "Do you see the end of the berg?" again and again, for all our safety lay in our speedily gaining open sea. At length, after many times "Not yet, sir," he said, "Yes, sir, close by," and in another minute we had passed our enemy, and were in open sea once more.

Three loud cheers passed fore and aft, and again we shook each other by the hand, and thanked God for our deliverance. The saloon passengers immediately held a special religious service, and so did the intermediate and steerage, and these services were continued daily till our arrival in Liverpool. Never, often as I had heard it, did the language of the Prayer-Book appear so grandly and solemnly impressive, as night after night we met in the saloon, passengers and such of the crew as were off duty; and then, all distinctions merged, reverently bending before Him who, in his eternal tenderness, had saved us in the hour of sorest peril, we with one heart said, "We . . . humbly present ourselves again before thy Divine Majesty to offer a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, for that thou heardest us when we called in our trouble, and didst not cast out our prayer, which we made before thee in our deep distress; even when we gave up all for lost—our ship, our goods, our lives—then thou didst mercifully look upon us, and wonderfully commmand a deliverance." For a hundred nights regularly did we meet for worship, in addition to our two services every Sunday, and the gambling and drinking usages were completely suspended. After our danger was past, then the overpowering rush of feeling came to my relief, nor to me alone; there were many others—and this is one of the curious psycholoical facts connected with such strong, sudden excitement—who, when the danger was all over, sat and wept and sobbed like children.—Happily, no life was lost. The ship was a perfect wreck; her beauty and symmetry destroyed, her capacity for a speedy passage across the ocean taken away, and all the high expectations of the captain and passengers of a "crack passage" dashed to the ground; but since "skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life," these losses and disappointments sink into insignificance when compared with our merciful deliverance.

Miscellaneous.

Lucretia Mott.

Lucretia Mott, an American minister of the Society of Friends, born in Nantucket, January 3, 1793. Her parents, Thomas and Ann Coffin, were natives of that island, and removed thence to Boston in 1804. After attending school in that city for two years, she spent 3 years at a Quaker boarding school in the State of New York, the latter part of the time as assistant teacher. There her attention was first called to the duty of abstaining from the use of slave produce, and succeeding years deepened her convictions. In 1809 she went to Philadelphia, to which city her parents had removed, and in 1811 she married James Mott, who entered into partnership with her father.

The depression in business consequent upon the war of 1812, and the death of Mrs. Mott's father, soon after made it necessary for her to engage in business with her husband. In 1817 she took charge of a large day school in Philadelphia, until compelled by other duties to relinquish it. Soon after this, in her 26th year, her labors as a preacher began. After an interval of several years, devoted to the care of a family of six children, she traveled thro' New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and part of Virginia, preaching against slavery, and advocating the peculiar tenets of the Society of Friends, obedience to the inward light, and a steadfast adherence to peace principles.

At the time of the division of that Society, in 1827, Mrs. Mott adhered to the Hixite party, opposing any approximation to a more orthodox faith, and earnestly urging the duty of negro emancipation, and of abstaining from the use of goods obtained by slave labor.—She took an active part in the organization of the American Anti Slavery Society in Philadelphia, in 1833, and, with other Abolitionists, was subjected to the mob violence which resulted in the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, a new building opened for anti slavery meetings.

Notwithstanding the odium attached to the name of Abolitionist at that time, she continued to preach against slavery, advocating the interests of the negro race, speaking occasionally in their churches, and aiding their charitable associations. She was a delegate to the World's Anti Slavery Convention, held in London, in 1840, but was excluded from a seat as delegate, the right of women to take part in public assemblies being denied by a majority of the members. At the same time, she, with the other delegates, received every courtesy and attention; and as strangers and Abolitionists, they were welcomed to the Convention.

In 1848 the first Woman's Rights Convention was held at Seneca Falls, N. Y.; and Mrs Mott took an active part in that and subsequent conventions, which have been held annually, for advocating the equal rights of women.

After the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, Mrs. Mott attended all trials of fugitive slaves in Philadelphia, encouraging them by her presence and words of sympathy, and endeavoring to evoke a public sentiment in opposition to their surrender to their masters.—*New American Cyclopædia.*

Mrs. Mott was an early, earnest and zealous advocate of anti-slavery principles, and as such accomplished the chief mission of her life, having done as much in this great field of labor, perhaps, as any other one person. But she divided her strength and influence into too many parts, and, of late years, has lost much of her power and usefulness in almost all respects. She has, too, apparently, become somewhat proud of her fame, and jealous of others of her sex. An instance of this came under our notice a few years since, at a convention in Cincinnati—a woman's rights gathering, we believe—at which were congregated Rev. Antoinett Brown, Mrs. E Rose; Mrs. C. M. Cutler, and other celibrities in crinoline and Bloomers.—Mrs. Rose presided, and gave an inaugural; Lucy Stone followed with one of her sharp thrusts at the 'lords of creation,' spicy and sarcastic; and then Mrs. Cutler was called out, and commenced a narration of her recent adventures in England, where she had been called out in an immense assembly to defend American character and institutions from aspersions heaped upon them by some sprigs of British aristocracy. She was in the midst of her discourse, and all were listening with breathless attention, and most deeply interested—all but Mrs. Mott and her husband, who became uneasy and fidgety as Mrs. C. proceeded with her simple but thrilling narrative. At length Mr. Mott went and whispered to the president, who at first seemed perplexed, yet remained quiet; but on a second hint from M., interrupted the speaker reluctantly, and remarked that an address from Mrs. Mott was a part of the programme for the evening, and that called upon by the audience to proceed, Mrs. Cutler gave way to the Quakeress, who utterly failed, as any one would under the circumstances, to interest her hearers. We had desired to hear her for a long time, but were disappointed in our expectations, probably owing, in a great measure, to the peculiar circumstances of the occasion.

We should not have noticed and remembered the circumstances so particularly had it not been for the remark of one who seemed prominent in the audience, to this effect:

'Old Mott can never be satisfied unless his wife is put forward and made a fuss over, and she is not content unless she can speak on all occasions.'

And this feeling appeared to prevail. But Mrs. Mott has done a noble work, and will live in history.

HOME COURTESIES.—A correspondent gives us this experience: "I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home, in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-aches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home-circles. "Not so much the lack of love, as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not over three or four happy homes in twenty, and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquitude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

'Uncle Johnson.'

This was the familiar name given to a pious old slave of the family of President Harrison, who was made free at the age of one hundred years. He was, early in life, awakened under the preaching of Wm. Tennet, and for nearly a century served the Lord with characteristic ardor and devotion. The N. Y. Evangelist gave the following account:

'His Fridays, for more than 70 years, had been rigidly observed as days of fasting and prayer—days in which, as he said, 'I says to de body, *stand back.*' I's gwine to feed de soul to-day.' Those, he said were days in which 'I spreads *de great things* before de Lord and begs.'

He accounted for his long life, in part, in saying that he did not work very hard—that for about 60 years his master used to let him out same six months of each year, 'to blow de gospel trumpet on de plantations round about, to make de slaves good an' 'ligious; an' I tells ye, massa, when I was in my prime—about 30—I could blow de old trumpet so dat dey could hear me for miles.'

A Christian friend of his, related for a long time the following anecdote of 'Uncle Johnson:

'One day, while at work in his garden singing and shouting, I said:

'You seem happy to-day.'

'Yes, massa, I's jis' thinkin'—and then his emotions prevented further utterance—'I's jis' thinkin' dat if de crums dat fall from de Master's table in dis world, am so good, what will de *great loaf* in glory be? I tells ye, massa dar will be 'nuff and to spare dere.'

'At another time, when he seemed quite exultant, and exclaimed, 'Lord Jesus, will dere be one for me?' I said:

'You are having a good time.'

'O, massa,' he replied, 'I was meditatin' 'bout Jesus beid' *de carpenter*, an' so he can make mansions for his people in glory.' And then, with uplifted face, and tears, he cried out: 'O, Jesus, will dere be one for me?'

Once I said to him, 'Uncle Johnson, why don't you go to church once in a while?' He answered: 'Massa, I wants to be dare, but I cant *'have.'*

'You can't behave?' I queried.

'Well, massa, ye knows, late years de flesh am weak; an' when dey 'gins to talk an' sing 'bout Jesus, I 'gin to fill up, an' pooly soon I has to holler, an' den dey say, 'Take dat man to de door, he 'sturb de meetin'.'

'You should hold in till you get home.

'O, massa, I can't hold in; I *bust* ef I don't holler.'

Once, after hearing him pray and sing at midnight, while a thunder-storm was passing, in the morning I inquired:

'Was that you shouting so last night?'

'Yes, massa, I 'spose so.'

'Well, I thought the thunder made noise enough without you hallooing.'

He looked up and with astonishment said: 'Massa, do you tink I'se goin' to lie dere on de bed like a great pig, when de Lord com'd along shakin' de earth an' de heavens? No, massa, when I hears de thun'er comin', I says, 'Ellen, Ellen, wake up, here, *we's goin' to hear from home ag'in!*

One morning when I had heard him for an hour or two, I went carefully to his door, and saw him sitting at the end of his table, with a humble repast before him, while his hands were lifted high in gratitude and praise. I said:

'You seem happy this morning.'

'O, yes; Ellen went out to her work, an' so I gits some breakfast and den begins to ask grace, an' O, massa, de Lord am *so good*, seems I neber will be done sayin' grace!'

What a rebuke to those who sit down to their loaded tables with no thought of their benefactor!

Once, after he had been ill a few days, I said, 'Uncle Johnson, I thought your appointed time had come.'

'O, yes, massa, at one time I t'ought I could see de duts ob de charriot comin' ober de mountains; and den something said, 'Hold on, Johnson, a little longer, I'll come around directly. 'Yes, an' I will hold an udder hundred years, if de Lord say, for I bound for Canaan.'

And then he broke out singing:

But this do I find, we two am so jined,
He'll not live in glory an' leave me behind.

One day Rev. Dr. H. called. After conversation, he said, 'Well, Uncle Johnson, I must go,' and then, taking his hand, said, 'Good by. I shall probably hear soon that you have gone over Jordon, but we will follow on.'

The old man replied, 'Yes, massa, a great many years ago young men like you tell me dat; an' don, after a bit, I'd hear dey had gone, an' I'm a pilgrim yet, but I always manages to send word.

'Well, if I should die first, what word would you send? inquired Dr. H.

'O, massa, if you git home to glory afore I do (weeping,) *tell 'em to keep de table standin'*, for Johnson is holdin' on his way.'

This narrative is characteristic. The faith of the African is more literal in its scope than that of a more cultivated people, but it is according to their light and culture, and is active and strong. Many an Uncle Johnson has been little less than martyred by brutal masters and overseers, especially in their social natures. Let all be thankful that the days of bondage for the race are over.

What is cabbage? A popular plant among tailors with large families.

Discovery of Canute's Daughter.

The West Sussex (Eng.) Gazette says.

The most interesting archæological discovery which has ever been made in this neighborhood, took place in the Church of Boshams a few days since. In making excavations for the repair and preservation of this beautiful specimen of Saxon architecture, the workmen found a slab of stone exactly in the spot that tradition assigned as the burial place of the daughter of the Danish king, Canute. Removing the slab, they found it covered a small stone coffin, which was carefully opened in the presence of several gentlemen of note. The lid was seven inches thick, and on first being raised, the form of the child could be distinctly seen. The figure was 3 feet 9 inches in length, so that the child was probably not more than five years old. The head had been placed by the side of the body; the bones though reduced to a white dust, could be clearly traced. The inside measure of the coffin was 4 ft. 3 in. by 14½ in's wide at the breast, 13 in. at the head, and 10 in. at the foot. No jewelry or anything of the kind was found. This discovery confirms the tradition that this was the daughter of Canute; the form and plainness of the coffin furnish additional prof.

Our young readers will call to mind the circumstance related of Canute, in his ambition attempting to command the ocean until the waters of the swelling tide reaching his presence warned him to flee. It was the dust of his little daughter found as above recorded, showing that a proud king's child molders back to earth as other children do, and that wealth, royalty and pride are all empty sounds, in the presence of death and the decay of the grave.

Take Your Wife With You.

What a blessing is labor, whether of the hand or the brain! How it sharpens the appetite for sport, and what a zest it gives to a holiday after weeks of hard work! Yet we cannot thoroughly enjoy this holiday alone. Adam, fresh from the dust, no doubt thought Eden a beautiful place, but he soon tired of wandering there alone, and fell asleep. But when Eve joined him, he became thoroughly alive to the loveliness of the paradise about him.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

Therefore, when you go to the country, or go anywhere for recreation, take your wife along. If you are a poor pitiable bachelor, get a wife. If no wife, take sister or daughter. There is no true enjoyment on such an occasion unless woman's presence 'makes the cheer' and her smile the sunshine of the heart.

MOTHER LOVE.—'In some spring freshet, a river widely washing its shores rent away a bough, wheron a bird had built a cottage for her summer hopes. Down the white and whirling stream went the green branch, with its wicker cup of unfledged song; and fluttering beside it as it went, the mother bird.—Unheeding the roaring river, on she kept, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses of the storm. How like the love of the old fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world.—Swept away by passion, that might be, it mattered not, bearing away with him the fragments of the shattered roof tree, though he did, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.'—Lamartine.

He is a hard task-master, an exacting husband, an indifferent father, and unspiritual creature, upon whose nature God's beauty makes no impression; he makes life so real, so practical, and so selfish, that it becomes as monotonous as the continuous turning of a rusty old water-wheel—tireless, melancholy and soulless.

Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles, by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by the help of leverage, they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove it would never have been attained.

A Harrisburg, Pa., paper tells of a man who has failed in business four times; been upset in a stage coach and thrown down an embankment of sixty feet; fell head foremost through a hatchway in a store at Reading; has been married three times, and is the father of twenty-one children. Yet he 'still lives,' and is in business at Harrisburg.

'Sir,' asked a newly fledged Legislator of a fellow-passenge on the Hudson River Railroad, 'are you going to the Legislature?'

No, thank God! not so bad as that. I'm going to the State Prison.'

RATHER RIPE.—It used to be the custom for planters at the South to purchase clothing for their slaves by the wholesale, and as, of course, they had no opportunity to examine closely each article, they were sometimes swindled by a few bad ones being thrown in among the good. An acquaintance of ours tells us that on one occasion he laid in a box of shoes, and distributed them among the negroes. A few days afterwards, 'Old Bob,' a faithful servant, found that the shoes that had fallen to his lot were bursting out. So going to his master, he said:

'Massa, where you buy dese shoes?'

'I bought them in New Orleans, Bob,' remarked our friend.

'Well, whar do de New Orleans people buy 'em?'

'They bought them from the Yankees.'

'Well, whar do de Yankees git 'em?' persisted the negro.

'The Yankees? Why they pick them off the trees, Bob.'

'W-w-well,' responded the darkey, holding up his shoes, 'I reck'n de Yankees didn't pick dis pair soon enough, massa; I reck'n he waited till—till—till dey was a little too ripe.'

SPIRITUAL FACTS.—That whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings; while beer brings many to the bier.

That champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin-slings have 'slewed' more than the slings of old.

An orator, in appealing to his audience, said: 'My friends, I am proud to see around me to night the hardy yeomanry of the land; for I love the agricultural interests of the country, and well may I love them, fellow-citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceable avocations of a son of the soil. If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say I was raised between two hills of corn.' 'A pumbkin, by thunder!' exclaime an inebriated chap just in front of the stage. Speaker suudenly disappeared.

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb as expressive of the nature of the nature of receiving an action. 'Peter is beaten.—Now, what did Peter do?' The boy, pausing a moment with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied. 'Well I don't know, without he hollered.'

THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT.—The following dialogue actually took place, a short time since, between a visiting examiner and a pupil at a school near Salisbury.

'Now, then, the first boy in grammar class.'

First Boy.—'Here I be, zir.'

Examiner.—'Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?'

First Boy.—'Vowls, zir? ees, of course I can.'

Examiner.—'Tell me, then, what are vowels?'

First Boy.—'Vowls, zirl why, *vowls be chickens!*'

Blobbs has a brace of four year old nephews—twins—named respectfully Harry and Eddy. The other day they were discussing the relative merits of Uncle's corn field and the nice corn growing in it. 'Guess you don't know,' said Harry, 'you never saw it.' 'So didn't you,' replied Eddy sharply.—'Well,' retorted Harry, 'I guess I blowed past there, when I was first!' The strife of words was thus amicably and satisfactorily settled.

A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was knocked under the water-wheel, and the bag with him; he was drowned. When the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed: 'My gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag!'

The form of the benediction, before eating, has its beauty at a poor man's table or at the simple and unpretentive repast of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful.

A blind alley could not be considered a desirable site for a house. No, nor the fool who suggests such a thing as a display of wit a desirable companion with whom to occupy it.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual of the three.

A merchant died suddenly after writing a letter to one of his correspondents. His clerk wrote at the bottom, 'Since writing the above I have died,' and [illegible]

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