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Poetry.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

BY MRS. J. R. LOWELL.

When on my ear your lore was knelled,
And tender sympathies aspired,
A little off from memory swelled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After my child's outwinded breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And as our frame the chill of death
Like a long twilight lingering lay,

And friends came round with us to weep,
Her little spirit's soft response,
This story of the Afflicted sheep
Was told to us by one we knew.

They in the valley's sheltering care
Were cop the meadow's tender grass,
And when the sun grew brown and hazy,
The shepherd strives to make them drink

To any shelves of pastures green,
That hung around the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But sought was sought in vain though
The sheep and cropped path to try,
Though where the shepherd calls and sings
And scared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their limbs he takes,
Along the silvery reeds to go;
Then bowl[illegible] of the rills and brooks,
They followed on where he went on.

And in those pastures fitted for,
More dewy soft than low land mead,
The shepherd nurses his tender care,
And sheep and lamb together feed.

This parable by saints treasured,
Blow on me as the South wind does,
O'er flowery banks that have neglected
Poor my frostbitten or the sun.

A thought [illegible] through the night,
Would all my drooping spirits cheer,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or standing where his sheep way,

Holding one little lamb always,
And bid the bottom of the sea,
Branches that were using the deep
Saying "Arise and follow me."

LIFE IS ONWARD.

Life is onward—see it
With a forward mien;
Tell a heavenly phrase it,
And its warfare shun.
Look not in another
To perform your work;
Let not your own brother
Keep your wages irksome.

Life is onward—never
Look upon the past,
It was held yesterday
In its crushed fate.
Now is your moment,
Where it is you [illegible]
Bind on the soul's armor
To a bed of [illegible].

Life is onward—try it
For the day is [illegible],
It look [illegible]—try it
As whatever [illegible],
If you would [illegible] offer
Every [illegible] [illegible]
Look not to the [illegible],
Change is not for them.

Life is onward—heed it,
[illegible] [illegible]
You are not [illegible] it
On to [illegible].
He hight [illegible] who [illegible]
Time [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

Life is onward—[illegible] it
To [illegible] [illegible]
Oh! [illegible] [illegible] it
In [illegible] form,
Hope and joy [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible],
Though life's [illegible] weather
[illegible] [illegible]

ANGELS IN THE AIR.

BY W. S. PARTRIDGE.

[Suggested by the remark of a little girl, who observing large snow-flakes falling, exclaimed to her sister, "Oh, don't hurt them, Mary, there's angels in them."]

Dark, darker grew the leaden sky,
The wind was moaning loud,
And shrunk by all the lost sun ground,
Cold, sicently, and dead,
Wending their heaven its weary way
Fell the white flaked snow.

A little child looked wondering on,
As larger flakes fell over,
And clustering at her sister's hand,
Exclaimed with trembling tone,
"Oh, do see, Mary, do look below—
There's angels in them, dear!"

"Tush, lass," say'st thou, "'tis a child's conceit,"
But oh, the lesson [illegible]—
High honors is best examined,
The pure are still the wise!
Man's learned tomes what poor exchange
For childhood's heart and eyes!

Things are to us as we to them;
Thought is but Feeling's wing;
And did but our cold sundered hearts
To earth less closely cling,
We might see angels everywhere
And God in everything!

A Winter Sermon.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home,
Thy zeal is vain the winter tempest lashes;
While boundless wrathes round thy mansion roam,
On whose unshelter'd heads the current plashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,
O'er which thine eyes in rated languor wander;
Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,
Or feast on fragments which thy servants squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,
When from the fireside sooner thou dost sally;
Many have scarce a rag about them cast,
With which the frosty breezes toy and dally.

Thou hast soft smiles to greet thy kiss of love,
When thy light step resounds within the portal;
Some have no friends save He who dwells above,
No sweet communion with a fellow mortal.

Thou sleepest soundly on the costly bed,
Lull'd by the power of luxuries unnumber'd;
Some pillow on a stone an aching head,
Never again to wake when they have slumber'd.

Think, think of those, who, form'd of kindred clay,
Depend upon the doles thy bounty scatters;
And God will hear them for thy welfare pray—
They are his children, though in rags and tatters.

Household Words.

Miscellaneous.

A THIMBLE-FULL OF ROMANCE.

The tailor's wife had stitched since five in the morning. It was now noon—the day after Christmas-day, and there really was something for dinner. The tailor was from home—the children were out, but it was close upon twelve o'clock, and in a trice they would be back, eager and hungry for their meal. Mrs Atkins put down her work—a very handsome waistcoat of sky-blue satin, sprinkled with stars and bordered, it might be, with the zodiac, (the border was so strangely beautiful)—clapt her thimble on the mantelpiece, and hurried to the cupboard. At all events, there was a dinner to-day; and something seemed to promise to the tailor's wife a brighter time, and a fuller table for the time to come.

Atkins had gone to make inquiry about a ship that was to sail for the other side of the world; and though he had not at that time a single piece of Queen Victoria's minted gold to purchase a passage for himself and family, he nevertheless would learn all the particulars of cost and necessary preparation. It was a whim, he knew; for all that, it was a whim that controlled him beyond his powers of self-argument, had he tried to exercise them.

And all alone, Mrs. Atkins spread the table. There was a piece of beef left, and a small piece of plum-pudding; and still the pudding remained small, although Mrs. Atkins turned the plate that contained it round and round half-a-dozen times, and took half-a-dozen sidelong looks at it, as though endeavoring to behold it in the most improved light. But pudding is not to be thus magnified.

The table laid, Mrs. Atkins thought she would execute a few more stitches, filling up the time until Atkins and the children came. As Mrs. Atkins approached the mantel-piece, extending her fingers towards the thimble, the thimble—of its motion—fell over upon its side, with one distinct, prolonged sound, as from a silver bell; Mrs. Atkin's thimble, by the way, being of no such precious metal, but of working-day brass. Mrs. Atkins drew back her fingers from the thimble as from a nettle, when the thimble—self-moved—rolled off the mantelpiece and fell upon the hearth. And then, to the astonishment and terror of Mrs. Atkins, who, strange to say, could not at that moment scream, though in no former accident had she failed, when otherwise determined—then, from the thimble began to pour forth, in small, quick puffs, smoke of silvery clearness. Mrs. Atkins dropt in her chair, and sat with her eyes upon the thimble, still puffing a shining vapor—puffing and puffing, until, in a few minutes, the room was filled as with a cloud, and every object enveloped in it, save the small brass thimble that glittered like a speck upon the hearth. In the midst of her terror, Mrs. Atkins thought of her little bit of beef and fragmentary pudding—but they were lost to her sight, muffled up in one white cloud that possessed the apartment.

After some minutes, the cloud cleared away, slowly rolling itself up in the chimney, and Mrs. Atkin's brass thimble lay, like any other two-penny implement, upon the hearth. The same well-worn thimble—the same familiar companion-place that for many a day had armed her sempstress finger.

'How do you do, Mrs. Atkins?' said a voice from the mantel-piece.

Mrs. Atkins jumped round with the shortest of pumps. She looked and saw a gentleman——

Well, he was the strangest of gentlemen, and he was in the strangest position! But we will tell every tittle we know about him.

Measured by tailors' measure, the gentleman's stature might have been about six inches. A gentleman with a very clean and lofty look; his hair an iron gray; with a few wisdom scratches made with an iron pen—the sort of pen made out of Time's old scythes—about the corner of his eyes, that had a ceiling-ward look; a look, moreover, of self-satisfaction. He was very soberly drest in black—very soberly; and then his white neckerchief was white and pure as a snow-wreath.

Mrs. Atkins thought she recognised in the miniature man a well-known face; one of those countenances that, like a royal face upon a shilling, is the property of everybody who can possess it. She had seen a picture of the Poor Man's Friend, and—no, it could not be he; it was impossible—nevertheless, the face of the mannikin was wondrously like the flesh-and-blood goodness.

And the little gentleman, though somewhat uneasily, sat among a sprig of Christmas holly that was upon the mantel-piece; sat and with his best pains, looked secure amid his bower of spikes.

'Hadn't you better take a chair, sir, on this stool?' said Mrs. Atkins, as she passed her apron over a three-legged piece of deal, 'you'll be more comfortable, sir.'

'Thank you,' said the little man; his face puckered as he spoke, and shifting uneasily,—'thank you, but people condemned to live in thimbles are not allowed to be comfortable.'

'Poor creatures!' cried Mrs. Atkins, 'it must be a strait lodging, goodness knows. I never heard of such a thing.'

'Benightened, darkened being!' cried the little man in black; 'miserable, forlorn person!' he continued, as though from a platform; 'did you never hear of Solomon's brazen kettles?'

'Never,' said the tailor's wife, with great humility.

'Know, then, that Solomon has at this moment a thousand brazen kettles at the bottom of the sea; and in every kettle is a prisoner, confined for no good he has done, depend upon it, to hear the sea moan and roar, and answer it with his groans. And as in brazen kettles, so,'—and the little man sighed heavily—'so in brass thimbles; so in the pens of clerks and merchants and lawyers and authors—narrow prison-houses for all of them who cheat the world, and for all in the world who cheat them; and cruelest of all, so in the very interstices of the printer's types a multitude of souls, which no man can number, is bound to be pricked by bodkins, half smothered with the blackest ink, and infernally squeezed at every turn of the iron press, so that but for the airy forms which Satan in mercy gives them, every newspaper, every page, would be blazoned with the portraits of all the miserable men who have ever *cheated the printer!*'

'Mercy on us!' exclaimed Mrs. Atkins.

'Pray not for mercy,' mournfully said the little mannikin. 'Pray for repentance, for sterling honesty, and withal, be sure and *pay the Printer.*'

'I don't understand a word of it,' said Mrs. Atkins; and with a resolute hand, she took up her thimble, and turned it over and almost unconsciously brought the thimble to her nose. But it did *not* smell of sulphur—the thimble was the like thimble it was before.

'For ten years have I lived in this thimble. Ten years,' cried the little man—and Mrs. Atkins stared now at her visitor, and now took another look at the thimble; and then she courageously thrust her thimble finger into the familiar brass, and nodded at the little man among the holly, as much as to say—

'Now you are well got rid of, I'll take care you shan't get in again.'

The little man seemed to understand the threat of the look, for he said, with a languid smile—

'It's no matter, now: my ten years are up—my time's out to-day. All I have now to do is to confess my past sins and the sufferings they purchased me, and then I pass to peace. I've paid the penalty of my selfishness, and my unquiet ghost will cease to haunt your brazen thimble.'

'A ghost!' cried Mrs. Atkins. 'Well, I never thought I could be so bold to a ghost. But then, to be sure, you're such a very little one. What was your name?'

'Never mind,' said the small man. 'I was called The Poor Man's Friend. And I can tell you, Mrs. Atkins, that I have paid pretty sharply for the vanity and vexation of the title'

'That is, I suppose,' answered the spirited little woman, 'you wasn't his friend at all? Only the name, like?'

'Listen to my story,' said the little gentleman, again shifting himself among the holly leaves. 'I was, when I was alive and enjoying my proper stature, I was a man of exceeding wealth. Rich indeed was I, and as everybody thought—and at last I got myself to think so too—very good, very benevolent, very pious. Indeed, I had the habit of talking so much about the duties of the rich to the poor that, for the life of me, I never could find sufficient time to perform them. Nevertheless, I could not forbear to talk—it was so pleasant, so easy too; and with no other effort, it made me a name that smelt among my particular friends like a nice ointment.'

"The more shame for you," said Mrs. Atkins. "To get a good name, and live upon it and do nothing for it; why it's worse than coining—yes, passing bad money is nothing to it."

"Very true, Mrs. Atkins," answered the ruffled mannikin. "Very true. Yet there's a deal of brassy character passes for good. And it may sound right enough upon the world's counter, but it won't do, Mrs. Atkins, when the angels come to ring it. It won't do, ma'am."

"I should say not," replied the tailor's wife, with womanly decision.

"And so I found. It is now, madam, ten years ago since I died. If you doubt me, take your way to the cemetery. There, madam, you will see my monument. There is no mistaking it—'tis such a handsome thing, with work enough in it to have kept the sculptor and his family for a twelve-month. I am there ma'am, in *alto relievo* in four compartments; and in all four my likeness by lamenting friends is considered very perfect. In one place I am giving away quartern loaves—in another I have taken off my own coat, and am serenely offering the garment to a beggar—and the third—"

"I recollect. Good as a picture to look at it—I saw it with Tom and the children one Sunday. Then we could get a walk on a Sunday; and now it's no walk, but forever stitch. La, bless me! and that's you in that monument! Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Atkins. "And now I recollect what a fine lot of stuff there's writ about you."

"Don't name it, ma'am," said the little man, hastily, "even as I am, my cheek tingles to think of it. And when I reflect"—

"Never mind reflections," cried the tailor's wife, with decreasing deference towards her visitor, "but come to the story at once. How did you get into my thimble?"

"That was my sentence—that was my dreadful punishment," cried the little man.

"Punishment!" echoed Mrs. Atkins.—"Well, to be sure, little as you are, it must have cramped you terribly. And what's so very droll, I never felt you."

"But I felt you—every stitch," said the mannikin, and he seemed to wince at the recollection. "However, to finish my story. You must know that, although I talked to the last day of my life about the duties of the rich, and the rights of the poor—although now and then, for the look of the thing, my name sparkled in a guinea subscription for a Home for the Houseless, or some such public benevolence, I would buy—buy where I might—I would buy cheap. Every new shilling saved I considered a new victory over the extravagance of trade. It was not for me to inquire about wages—it was no part of my economy to be assured that the journeyman could get his shoulder of mutton and potatoes"—

"Shoulder of mutton and potatoes!" exclaimed Mrs. Atkins, as though she spoke of culinary marvels of Mahomet's Paradise. "Well, to be sure we had a bit of beef yesterday, but before then"—

"I cared not if you, and such as you lived upon bran and water, if cheapness were in the stitches of my coat—if my heart, my philanthropic heart, beat beneath a waistcoat that, for economy of cost, defied competition."

"More shame for you," said the tailor's wife. 'Talking of waistcoats, what do you think I get for that blue thing there?'

'Starvation!' answered the mannikin, 'for I see, fine as it is—oh, I know the sort of thing *now*—I see it is one of the glories of prime cost that defy competition. A pretty breastplate of defiance,' said the little man, 'and well is such defiance punished."

'How punished?' asked Mrs. Atkins.

'That's it—that's the marrow of my story. That is the why and the wherefore that I am here. At this moment—now, woman, attend to me, for what I have to say is worth the hearing—at this moment—there are the ghosts of not less than ten thousand men and women—excellent persons when alive; the very pink of goodness, with delicate white satin feelings, as one may say—ten thousand spirits condemned for a certain time to be imprisoned in thimbles."

'In thimbles!' exclaimed the tailor's wife.

'In thimbles,' repeated the miniature of the departed Poor Man's Friend. 'And their prison is far worse than the brazen dungeon in which Solomon shuts up his genii; for they, at least, are not mocked with an open cell—with a promise of liberty never, until the appointed time, to be obtained. Now the victims of the thimble may not budge. They have employed the cheapest thimble when alive, and the cheapest thimble is for a time their punishment when dead. My time is up, and my wounds are healing—but how, for these ten long years'—

'That's just about the time—not quite—Tom and I have worked for'—

'For my tailor that was,' said the mannikin. 'How, for the time, have you tortured me!'

'I—I couldn't do it,' cried Mrs. Atkins, sharply.

'You couldn't help it—'twas your duty and my fate. Thus, for every stitch you took, I felt your needle-head go clean into what seemed my flesh. And my sense of feeling was sharpened into spiritual suffering. For fourteen hours a day have I felt—incessantly felt—the punctures of the tormenting steel. Hundreds of thousands of little daggers piercing me through and through, and with every stitch a jerk that seemed to snatch at every nerve.'

'Mercy on us!' cried the tailor's wife.

'Ay, mercy on us,' said the little man. 'But we ask mercy in vain, who have no mercy on others. Live and let starve was my inner creed; it's a wicked religion, Mrs. Atkins, and carries its after punishment. And depend upon it, they who, without care for the comforts, the necessities of the workers, *will* have only the cheapest work, big as their names may sound, and large as their presence in the world may be—their souls dwell in a thimble.'

And here the little man vanished, and the Dutch clock struck twelve, and Atkins with a brightened face, with a child in either hand, and two following, came home to dinner. Now whether Mrs. Atkins did, or did not, tell her husband her interview with the mannikin, is not here or elsewhere, the business of RED RIDING HOOD.

From the London Parish.

THE LAST HOURS OF A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

This morning, Nov. 11, at half-past eleven o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at Jones' party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was there, and then first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year; but there is reason to believe that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber.

From half-past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his younger brother, Henry, knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"Not yet." The question was then put to him how he thought he would sleep? to which he answered, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything more that night. He said "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called, according to his desire, he rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trowsers, with patent leather boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the Corrazzo of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase firmly he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present; and on being asked how he slept, answered—"Very well;" and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy."

One of the party having hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed with some emphasis, "decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round toast, two sausages, and three new laid eggs, which he washed down with three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of persons present, he declared that he had never felt heartier in his life.

Having inquired the time and ascertained that it was ten minutes to eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him: when he said he should like to have a glass of ale. Having drank this, he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and he charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due solemnity to the landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his friends following on behind in others.

Arrived at the tragical spot, a short, but anxious delay of some seconds took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side, but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum, but a sight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through, the usual question was put—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?" To which the rash youth replied in a distinct voice, "I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymenial noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony.

Exploration of the interior of Africa.

From the Liberia Advocate.

One of the missionaries to Liberia lately made an exploring tour of 253 miles on foot into the interior. He passed through thirty villages of the Goulas, Deys, Queaks, and Condoes. In his report he says:

"Such a country as we passed through in that missionary tour, I have not seen surpassed in either of the fifteen west India Islands which I have visited, from Trinidad to Tortola and the Virgin Island. It is an elevated mountainous country. Ranges of mountains, running most generally parallel with the line of coast—from Northwest to Southwest—rise up before the delighted eye of the traveller, convincing him that he is no longer in the land of burning sands and deleterious swamps, such as are encountered in proximity with the shores, but in quite another region. And such are the graduations of its surface as would greatly facilitate the objects of agriculture. There are few, if any, very steep acclivities—nothing like the bold, precipitous mountains of our Eastern States. Beautiful and extensive valleys lie at the base of these mountains, which gently slope down to the level country lying between them.

"It is a well watered country. During the eight hours' travel which we were frequently obliged to perform in a day, we never walked more than two hours or two and a half at one time, without coming to some beautiful stream of cool and very pure water, either a tributary of the St. Paul's or some other of the many smaller rivers which intersect the African Canaan. And here it may be proper to add, that my attention was directed to an examination of the adaptation of these streams to the purpose of machinery, sites for mills, &c. and I hesitate not to affirm, that within the Goulah country especially, any number of the most eligible situations may be found, where, at any time during the year, good water may be obtained, for any of the purposes which an enterprising community, agriculturalists and mechanics, may require. My journey was performedin the very middle of the dry season, and yet we found plenty of water in the different streams.

"It is a well timbered land. Through an extensive forest for many miles which lay in our return route, I was so struck with the gigantic trees of immense height, which reared their towering heads and united their luxuriant foliage above in forming above us one dense and rich canopy, that I called the attention of the colored ministers of the Liberia Annual Methodist Conference who accompanied me, to this evidence of the richness of the country which God had given to the Africans, and to which their exiled brethren were invited by so many powerful considerations. I measured several trees, and my journal, kept at the time with scrupulous exactness, records 23, 24, 25 feet as the circumference of many of them within six feet of the ground. Let me remark, that the variety and superior quality of the wood found in these forests, and indeed all along the borders and around the settlement of Liberia, from Grand Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, or Maryland, cannot be excelled any where within the Torrid Zone. From a species of poplar, soft and adapted to all the purposes for which the white pine is used in America, up to the teak, a variety of mahogany, a beautiful species of hickory very abundant at Cape Palmas, the iron wood, the brimstone, susceptible of a polish for furniture of surpassing beauty, and many others, an almost endless supply may be found.

"It is an exceedingly fertile soil. The immense undergrowth of shrub and vine interwoven around the giants of the forest, so thick, so impenetrable, without much effort, and through which a footpath only conducts the traveller, is the best proof of this. But the grains, roots, fruits, vines of the tropics, all concentrate here, and may be raised with a degree of comparative ease, a rapidity of growth and an abundance almost incredible. I have stood erect under the branches of a cotton tree in a Goulah village, as they spread forth from the main trunk, laden with bolls, and supported by forked sticks to prevent their being broken down by their own weight, and found, on measuring, that the tree covered a space of ten feet in diameter. On examining the staple, as the ripened bolls burst into maturity, it was found as good and equal in the fineness of its fibre to the cotton of any country. As to coffee, I will only borrow the words of the report as a comment on themselves: 'Coffee of a quality superior to the best Java Mocha is raised in Liberia, and can be cultivated with great ease to any extent.' It is a country where tobacco, that great article of commerce, may be cultivated in any quantity with great success.

"But the region in the vicinity of Liberia is one of great mineral wealth. This remains for Science to fully develop, but we may confidently arrive at this conclusion from what has been discovered. Of the gold coast your Committee says right, when they assert that 'England has received altogether $200,000,000 of gold from Africa. Liberia is adjacent to the gold coast.' But I would speak of what is better than gold—iron. And such is the purity of the iron ore obtained by the natives of Africa immediately in the vicinity of Liberia, which they describe as being abundant, that they have no furnaces; they need none. All their rude agricultural and warlike instruments are made by them of ore so pure that when heated it becomes at once sufficiently malleable to admit of being wrought into any shape or form. They make knives, bill-hooks, war cutlasses, spears, axes, hoes, &c. out of this ore, without the process of smelting."

The Forest Funeral.

She was a fair child, with tresses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but looking up smiled. I spoke to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweet strains of the Æolian. A half hour passed in silence, then she spoke in that same deep, rich, melodious voice:

"Father, I am cold, lie down beside me," and the old man lay down beside his dying child, and she twined her thin arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice: "Dear father, dear father!"

"My child!" said the man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father! My soul is strong!"

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"An angel smiles! But I am cold, cold, cold! Father, there is a mist in the room! You'll be lonely, lonely!"

"Is this death, Father?"

"It is death, Mary!"

"Thank God!" replied the child. Her eyes closed—she slept in the arms of Jesus!

Sabbath evening came, and a slow procession wound through the forest to the school-house. There with simple rites the clergyman performed his duty and went to the grave. The procession was short.—There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders; but their warm hearts gave beauty to their countenances, as they stood in murmurs, and the birds sang, and so we buried her!

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left, for I always had an idea that the grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth; and with old Sir Thomas Brown I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we [illegible] the grave to the temple of God high.

THE EVERY-DAY MARRIED LADY.—The every day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet adopted either in their houses or languages. This thing is "comfort." The word cannot well be defined; the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, that a description would read like a catalogue. We all understand however what it means, although few of us are sensible of the source of the enjoyment. A widower has very little comfort,—and a bachelor none at all—while a married man, provided his wife be an every-day married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully; it is a thing of course—a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his features and his heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says: "This is comfort!" it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner; it was not she who lighted the fire, or dressed the dinner, or drew the curtains; and it never occurs to him to think that all these, and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their virtue to her spiriting; and that the comfort which enriches the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which broods in the shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own full heart, emanates from her, and encircles her like an aureola.

POWER OF A KIND WORD.—A man was one day driving a cart along the street.—The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in an ill temper and beat the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not, or would not go on in the right way. Another man who was in the cart, went up to the horse, and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me;" and, bending his broad chest against the load, turned the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly as though the load was a plaything. Oh how strong is a kind word!

PHYSICAL AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT.—A clean, comfortable dwelling, with wholesome meals is no small aid to intellectual and moral progress. A man living in a damp cellar or a garret open to rain and snow, breathing the foul air of a filthy room, and striving without success to appease hunger on scanty or unsavory food, is in danger of abandoning himself to a desperate selfish recklessness. Improve then your lot. Multiply comforts, and still more get wealth if you can by honorable means, and it do not cost you too much. A true cultivation of the mind is fitted to forward you in your worldly concerns, and you ought to use it for this end. Only, beware, lest this end master you; lest your motives sink as your condition improves; lest you fall victims to the miserable passion of vying with those around you in show, luxury and expense. CHANNING.

To injure a man's sight, says the Albany Dutchman, there is nothing worse than sudden wealth. Let a wood sawer draw a ten thousand dollar prize, and in less than a month he will not be able to recognize even the man that "used to go security for him."

A GOOD STORY.—The Boston Transcript, tells a good many good stories under the head of "Dealings with the Dead." One of these numbers he devotes to fortune-hunting, and amongst other illustrations gives the case of a Mr. Mewins. He was courting a young lady of some attractions and something of a fortune into the bargain.—After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady, by her father, Mr. Mewins, having taken a particular fancy to a little brown mare, demanded that it should be thrown into the bargain; and upon a positive refusal, the match was broken off. After a couple of years, the parties accidentally met, at a country ball. Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement—the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him.

"Surely you have not forgotten me?" said he.

"What name, sir?" she enquired.

"Mewins," he replied. "I had the honor of paying my addresses to you, about two years ago."

"I remember a person of that name," she rejoined, "who paid his addresses to my father's brown mare."

But few have both the will and the means for deeds of high benevolence, hence none should forget that the cup of cold water was commended and written in Heaven, while the rich man's alms, heralded abroad by the sounding trumpet, had its empty and short-lived times for their only blazon.

The miscarriages of a good man, which give an ill-natured pleasure to little minds, suggest to every great mind the most melancholy ideas of the weakness of human nature in general, but no spiteful venomous reflection against his weakness in particular. Far from exulting over his fallen worth, he views his downfall with a generous pity, and, warned by it, works out his own salvation with fear and trembling.

One of the conductors on the New Haven Railroad, whose speech, smacking of the French or German accent, subjects him to an occasional quiz from the passengers, was wished "A Happy New Year" by one of them, during the trip on New Year's Day. "Oh! tank you sare, merry Christmas, April fool, Pours July, and all ze rest," was his reply.

"Mother," said James, "what is the meaning of *donation?* You have been preparing all the week for the donation party, and I want to know what it means."

"Why, Jimmy," said Johnny, "don't you know what donation means? I do! *do* means the cake, and *nation* means the people, and they carry the cake to the minister's, and the people go there and eat it."

Once upon a time, on a Sunday afternoon, a [illegible] so lazy in his motions that he did not get to the church door till the congregation were coming out, and he said to the first man he met—

"What! is it all done?"

"No," said the man, "it's all *said*, but I'm thinking it will be a long time before it will be all *done*."

A certain old lady who had been famed for sour looks and not very sweet words, touching the various accidents of life, was observed to have suddenly become very amiable.

"What happy change has come over you?" said a neighbor.

"Why," said the transformed, "to tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and I've finally made up my mind to sit down contented without it."

A FREE VERSION OF THE BIBLE. The Governor of Texas, in his proclamation for Thanksgiving, gives the following quotation from the Bible, which may be new to some, if not all of our readers:

In the beautiful and expressive language of the Bible: "The winter of our discontent is gone; the rain is over and past; the time of the springing of flowers is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

A Frenchman came into B—— one day, stole a watch, was arrested, tried, condemned to State Prison, and sent off in two hours and a half. When he reached the top of the hill whence the whole village could be seen, he stopped, turned about, and gazing at it for a moment, at last exclaimed: "Vell, dis is de smartest lectle place for business, zat avair I did see!"

If the rich would not prepare thorns for the pillows, and forge chains for the hands and minds of their children, they should teach them, early, the rudiments of industry.

SYMPATHY. An Irish csunsel being questioned by a judge to know "for whom whom he was concerned," replied—"I am *concerned*, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

"There is nothing," said Plato, "as pleasant, as hearing and speaking the truth. For this reason: There is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive."

Birds of Paradise always fly against the wind, and heavenly minded souls move against the current.

The proper element of man is constant activity. The waters of human life are like those of the Bethesda pool—it is only when they are agitated that they are healthful.

Working miracles with worsted—such as brown rivers with orange colored shores, or yellowish Daniels sleeping among green lions, with sapphire colored tails, is one of the modern accomplishments of young ladies. So says the Albany Dutchman.

No man has the right to expect a good fortune, unless he goes to work and deserves it.

Without contentment there is no joy of aught, there is no profit, no pleasure in anything.

A man cannot run away from himself.—His evil genius will follow him, whithersoever he may turn his footsteps.

The Chinese have an axiom, and a beautiful truism it is, too, that when one person is idle a single day, without just cause or necessity, some one must suffer by it.