

Poetry.

CHANGES.

The billows run along in gold
Over the yielding main,
And when upon the shore unrolled,
They gather up again:
They get themselves a different form,
These children of the wind,
And, or in sunlight or in storm,
Leave the green land behind.

Life's billows on life's changing sea
Come away to Death's shore,
Some with a calm content, and free,
Some with a hollow roar;
They break and are no longer seen.
Yet still defying time,
Divided, and of different mien,
They roll from clime to clime.

All water courses find the main:
The main sinks back to earth;
Life settles in the grave; again
The grave hath life and birth:
Flowers bloom above the sleeping dust,
Grass grows from the scattered clay:
And thus from death the spirit must
To life and back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
Like water, changing forms;
The mists go upward from the sea,
And gather into storms:
The dew and rain come down again,
To fresh the drooping leaves;
So doth this life exalt and wane,
And alter, and expand.

Select Story.

A Last Will and Testament.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT GRANGE."
CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"No, sir. His sister is living with us. My mistress has been wanting to see you so much, sir, that she thought of sending to London for you; and she says it's nothing but a providence that has brought you down."

They approached the Rock, and when near the front entrance, Fry suddenly took a detour to the right. "This way, please, sir."

"This way!" echoed Mr. Kage—"Wherefore?"

"Missis don't want your visit to her known, sir," answered Fry, in a confidential whisper, "and I'm going to take you in by the iron postern-door in the south wing. A rare trouble I had to unlock it to-night, for it has not been used since the time of young Mr. Edgar Canterbury. It opens on a staircase, which leads right up to the rooms, and Mr. Edgar used to steal in and out that way, for his father was fond of keeping a tight hand upon him. Missis has changed her apartments, since last autumn, for those in the south wing."

"To whom does Mrs. Dawkes not wish my visit known?" he demanded in astonishment. "To the servants?"

"To Miss Dawkes. You must not mind the dust on the stairs, sir."

It sounded mysterious, especially Fry's tone; but Mr. Kage asked no more. Fry opened the small door, spoken of, and disclosed a narrow staircase, lighted by a small hand lamp, placed on one of the stairs. He ascended, and, crossing the corridor at the top, was immediately in the presence of Mrs. Dawkes. But, shocked as he had been by Fry's account of her state, far, far more shocked was he to see her. The room was small, but handsome, and she sat on a sofa near the fire: her features were white and attenuated, her cheeks and lips scarlet with inward fever, and a black circle was drawn round her wild, bright eyes. She did not rise from the sofa, but held out both her hands to Thomas Kage. He advanced and took them.

"Fry," said Mrs. Dawkes, bending aside to look beyond him, "stop in the room next the baize door. If she comes to it call out to her that I am not visible to-night; but don't unlock it to answer her."

"All right, ma'am," answered Fry, leaving the room.

Thomas Kage still retained her hands, looking the pity he would not express; he thought her culpably wrong to give way to such grief. She gazed up into his face, with a yearning look. "You said, years ago, in this very house, that you would, from that time, be my brother, my true friend. I have put aside the old feelings; I have indeed; but I want a friend, will you be one?"

"You know I will, Caroline. Your true

friend: your brother."—He relinquished her hands, and sat down by her.

"I have had a door put up; you might have seen it had you looked to the other end of the corridor: a green baize door that fastens inside. I made the excuse that the apartments in this wing were cold, and I would have them shut in from the draught."

It was not so much the words that struck upon Thomas Kage as being unpleasantly singular, it was the manner, the tone in which they were uttered. She spoke in a hushed whisper, and turned her eyes to different parts of the room, as if in dread of being watched from the walls.—"I think I dreamt of this evening; of your coming here," she continued; "I am sure it has been presented indistinctly to my mind. And I knew that I could not talk to you undisturbed, so I had the door put up: for that; as well as to keep her out—and him. She's a spy upon me. She is."

A strange fear had come over Thomas Kage as he listened. Was she insane?

"I know she is placed over me as a spy; I can see it, and so can Fry: but I am now in that state of nervous weakness that any great scene of agitation might kill me, so I do not exert my authority and turn her out. But I am the Rock's mistress, and I will be so long as I live: and I sent for the man and had the door put up. She does not know of that staircase."

"Caroline, you are feverish; your mind is excited," he soothingly said. "Can I get you anything to calm you my dear?"

"I am no more feverish than usual. And as to excitement—let any one lose a child in the way I did, and see if their mind would ever calm down again."

"But you do very wrong to indulge this excessive grief. I must point out your errors, Caroline: you know I always speak for your good, your welfare."

"Oh, yes, I know you have," she interrupted, in a tone of anguished remonstrance. "If I had but heeded you! You told me such a will ought not to be made; you told me the money would not bring me good.—If I had but heeded you! You told me Captain Dawkes was not a fit husband for me—Thomas, I accepted him in a fit of angry passion: of pique against you."

"These events are past: why recall them?"

"Why not recall them? I am passing from the world, and I would not that you should think I go blindfold to the grave: though I may have lived blindfold."

"I ask you why you give way to this unaccountable sorrow. It is a positive sin, Caroline, to talk of grief sending you into the grave. Your child is better off: he is at rest: he is in happiness."

"I am not grieving for him. I have learnt to be glad that he went before me."

"Then what is all this? You are seriously ill in mind, as well as in body: what distress is it?"

"I have inherited a touch of papa's complaint: you know he was thought to be consumptive. I was very ill when Tom died, and the shock of that prevented my rallying. In short, it is that which has killed me."

"The grief?"

"No, not the grief."

"The shock, then?"

"No, not the shock. It's the wretchedness altogether. Then things are plying upon me; things which I cannot speak of; and whenever he is at the Rock I am in a dreadful state of nervousness; and her being here angers and worries me."

Mrs. Dawkes's words were by no means intelligible to their hearer; though he had dismissed the fear for her sanity.

"I do not comprehend the half of what you say, Caroline. What things are they that prey upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered. "I tell you I cannot speak of them. Thomas, will you serve me?"

"Certainly I will. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"Mrs. Dawkes glanced over her shoulder, in apparent dread of being heard; and then bent towards her cousin and spoke: but in so low a tone he could not catch the words. "I want—a will made," she slowly repeated.

"Have you not made one since the child died?"

"No, No."

"Then it is right and proper that you should. And without delay."

"Will you contrive that I shall do it? Will you help me? Will you take my instructions, and get it executed?"

"My dear, what ails you?" he rejoined. "The shortest way, the best way, is for you to send for Mr. Norris and give your instructions to him."

"That is the very thing I cannot do," she said. "She—Miss Dawkes—is keeping guard over me, to see that I don't make one."

"Caroline, how can you have taken these ideas in your head?" he remonstrated, reverting again to the doubt whether her nervous state did not border on insanity. "A woman, with the immense property that you possess, is bound to make a will."

"If I die without one, everything goes to my husband. Money, and land, and the Rock. Everything goes to him."

"Of course if you leave no will."

"Then do you not see, now, why he does not want me to make one; why he will not permit me to make one; why he puts his sister here, to watch over me that I don't make one, while he is away on his own pleasures?"

"I hope not," Thomas Kage replied, gravely. "Major Dawkes must feel that he has little right to the whole fortune of Mr. Canterbury."

"He has no right to it, and he shall not have it," she vehemently broke forth. "Oh, Thomas, Thomas," she continued, changing her tone to one of wailing, "why did I not listen to you, when you begged me not to suffer the money to be so left—not to inherit it, contingent on the death of my child?"

"Hush, Caroline. Do not, I say, recall the past."

"What possessed Mr. Canterbury to make so dangerous a will? what possessed my mother and me to incite him to it?" she cried again. "I wish it had been burnt; I wish the money and the Rock had been sunk at the bottom of the sea."

"It was an unjust will, bordering, as I think, upon iniquity; but why do you call it a dangerous one? I do not understand the term, as applied to Mr. Canterbury's will."

"Do you not understand it?" she pointedly asked. "I sit here in my solitude, in my terrible nervousness, and dwell on many things real and unreal, on the past and on the future; and I have fancied that, you foresaw how it might become dangerous, that day when you so earnestly warned me against suffering it to stand; when you seemed buried in visions of time to come; and when I asked what the visions were, you answered that your thoughts had gone roaming without leave."

He remembered it well: he did not choose to say so. "We were speaking of the real, Caroline, not of the ideal," he resumed. "I am unable to comprehend your position. You are mistress of this house and of its servants: why not act as you please in it, and be its mistress. Send for your mother here, and—"

"My mother!" interrupted Mrs. Dawkes. "Don't you know that she is ill? She had a stroke of paralysis in the autumn, and lies in her bed, childish. Little good has the money brought to her."

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied. "But to return to yourself. If the presence of Miss Dawkes is unpleasant to you, politely request her to terminate her visit. Try and shake off this nervousness, my dear; for nervousness it is, and nothing else."

"If I only stirred in the matter, if I only said to her, Go, it would bring him: they are acting in concert."

"What if it did? Though he is your husband, he cannot take from you your freedom of action. The house is yours, the money is yours, and he has no legal control whatever over either."

"But there would be dreadful scenes, I say, and they would shatter me; and besides," she whispered, with a shudder of horror, "looking again apprehensively around, 'I might be poisoned.'"

"Oh, Caroline!"

"Tom was, you know," she continued, staring at him with her wild eyes. "And I must make the will first."

Was she wandering now? Mr. Kage wondered.

"I wish to leave this wretched fortune—wretched it has been to me and mine—to its rightful owners: I wish to repair the injustice that was committed on the Miss

Canterburys. Will you advise me whether Olive—"

"I cannot advise you on the disposal of your money," he interrupted, in a voice of alarm. "Neither will I inherit any of it, neither will I be the executor. Leave it as you think best yourself: I must decline all interference."

"Not advise me! What can be your motive for the refusal?"

"The motive is of no consequence, Caroline."

"Tell me the motive: the dwelling, else, on what it may be, will worry me for days and nights. Thomas, do tell it me."

"I am engaged to Millicent Canterbury," he replied, in a low unwilling tone.

She looked down on her clasped hands; and did not speak. But for the crimson that rushed over her face and neck, he would have thought she did not hear. "Well, be it so," she said at length. "Thomas, I am glad to hear it; or I shall be, when the first of the news has a little passed. You could not have chosen a better girl than Leta. Indeed I am glad of it. I am not so selfish as to wish you not to marry."

"You see, therefore, why I cannot, and will not, advise, as to leaving money to the Miss Canterburys," explained Mr. Kage. "Individually, I would prefer that you did not, for it may be the means of separating me from Millicent: on the other hand, they have claims on their father's estate. I cannot advise or interfere."

"Chivalrous and honorable as usual! Your are too much so, Thomas. Had you been less so—"

"What then?" he asked, for she did not continue.

"This conversation never would have had place, and my child would be here, and I should not be dying." What she said was too true: and he knew it.—"How can I get a will made?" she resumed.

"Let Mr. Norris come to you in the way I have done to-night, and take your instructions."

She appeared to catch eagerly at the suggestion. "So he might! I had not thought of it. The fact is, it was only when I heard you were in the neighborhood, and I was worrying to contrive how I could get to see you alone, that Fry suggested the opening of the postern-door. Yes, yes, Norris is honest and I will send for him. I shall leave my husband nothing, Thomas."

ANOTHER HARP SERMON.

My Beloved Brethering—I am an unlearned hard shell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt heard afore, and I now appear here to expound the Scriptures and pint out the narrow way which leads from a vain world to Jerusalem, and my text which I shall choose for the occasion is in the leads of the Bible, somewhere between the second chronikils and the last chapter of Timothy Titus, and when you find it, you will find it in these words:—

"And they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

Now, my brethering, as I have before told you, I am an uneducated man, and know nothing about grammar talk and collidge bifalootin; but I'm a plain unlearned preacher of the Gospel what's been foreordained, and called to expound scripture to a dying world, and prepare a perverse generation for the day of wrath: for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My beloved brethering, the text says they shall "gnaw a file." It don't say they may, they shall. And now there is more than one kind o' file. There's the hand-saw file, rat-tail file, double file and profile; but the kind of file spoken of here isn't one of them neither, for it is a figger of speech, my brethering, and means goin' it alone and gittin' ukered; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

And now there be some here with fine close on their backs, brass rings on their fingers, and lard on their heads, what goes it while they're young; and there be others here what, as long as their constitutions and forty cent whiskey lasts, goes it blind; and there be sisters here what, when they git sixteen years old, put their tiller ropes

and goes it with a rush; but I say, dear brethering, take care you don't fall when Gabriel blows his trump, that you all went it alone and got ukered; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

And my brethering there's more do besides Hepsidam. There's Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Hepsidam, mill-dam and do-curo dam—the last of which, my dear brethering is the worst of all, and reminding me of a circumstance I once knew in the State of Illenoy. There was a man who built a mill on the east fork of Agur Creek, and it ground a sight of grain, but the mill that built it was a misbegotten sinner, a never gave anything to the church; as my brethering, one night there come a mighty storm of wind and rain and the four tails of the great deep was broken up, the waters rushed down and swept the man's mill-dam into kingdom come, a lo and behold in the morning when he got up he found he was not worth a dam. Now, my dear brethering, when the storm of temptation overtake ye, take care ye don't fall from grace and become like the man's mill; not worth a dam; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

"Whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

This part of my text, my brethering, another figger of speech, and isn't it taken as it says. It doesn't mean the howlin' wilderness, where John the hard shell Baptist was fed on locusts and wild asses, but it means, my brethering, the city of New Orleans, the mother of harlots and hardlots—whar corn is too six bits a bushel one day and nary next; whar niggers are as thick as bugs in a spoiled bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves and pickpockets go skittin' about the streets like weasels in a yard—whar they have cream colored hearse, gilded carriages, marble saloons, brandy and sugar in 'em—whar women are scarcer than hen's teeth, and strange woman once took in your beloved preacher and bamboozled him out of a hundred and twenty seven dollars in a twinkling of a sheep's tail, but she made it again, hallelujah! for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My brethering, I am captain of that boat you see tied up thar, and I've got aboard of her flour, bacon and oats, and good Monongahela whiskey as you drunk; and I am mighty apt to give a price for it all. But what, oh my brethering, would it all be worth if I had religion? There's nothing like religion, my brethering. It's better than silver, gold jimecraks, and you can no more go to heaven without it than a jay bird can fly without a tail. Thank the Lord I am an uneducated man, my brethering, I've searched the scriptures from Dan to Be sheba, and found old Zion right side up, and the hard shell religion. But it's like the Methodist what expects to git to heaven by hollerin' hell fire; nor like the Universalist what gits upon the tongue and goes the whole hog; nor like the United Bretheren what takes each other by the seat of the trousers and tries to lift themselves into heaven; nor like the Catholics what buys their tickets of the priest—but it may be likened, my brethering, to a man who had to cross a river, and when he got thar the ferry boat was gone and he rolled up his breeches and waded over—hallelujah! for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

Pass the hat, brother Flint, and let us try hard shell out.

A Quaker, intending to drink a glass of water took up a small glass of gin. He did not notice his mistake till he got behind the door and swallowed the dose when he lifted both hands and exclaimed, "Verily I have taken inwardly the love of the world's people! What will Allah say when she smells my breath?"

When did King David sympathize with the Yankees? When he was distressed for Brother Jonathan.

Variety.

HOW TO MAKE MAD.

Last year several essays in response to our call for this important topic. We em principal suggestions contained in the following.

The time for tapping of with the locality and the season. In many places in some a large amount of sugaring February. The business mence as early as the sap is Where but few trees are ordinary utensils and fixtures household purposes will be where sugar-making is a pness of the farm, the grove numbering from a hundred trees, special, and in some preparations are necessary.

For tapping, a 3-4 inch preferred. The holes should be exposed to the light and a dries, so as to require additional "freshening."

Wooden tubes, of quill pine, as may be most convenient to tin or sheet iron be fitted closely into the or tube of cedar or pine, ed, with a board cover to and dust, are the best ves the sap from the tree. Thed with wood, and made It is well to have the top ter than the bottom so th elly removed, in case the in them. An auger hole the edge of the cover, ad the nail.

When the trees are gu er, labor may be saved troughs, running from tr finally emptying into a line of troughs from the bush to the tub, m which the collecting ves There is more wasted in leaking, spilling, and ev the common method of the boiling place in a tub, mounted on a sled.

Sheet iron pans, (R five or six inches deep, so that the bottom is ex will evaporate the sap n than can be done in the kettle.

A brick wall built as the fire chamber, to w the bottom of the pan, against the bottom of much fuel.

Some of the most succe say, is of the greatest ge making, that the sap up in the shortest possi collected. Although th in several days, its prop edly affected by light amount of crystallizab ably diminished, so th e light for a few days to syrup every 8 or 1 caution is even more n ter part of the season, stallizes with more di us boiling the evalua longed several days.

To "sugar off," th strained through a th a medium sized kettle carefully guarding ag would greatly injure t of the sugar. It is s threads of the thick s like glass, after cooli on snow. Then rem stir it continually, an "grain," immediate moulds. Grained su same manner, only th tinued until the mass We have said noth experience has prove been taken to keep ev various processes scr to prevent leaves, ins in to the sap, no clar ed. We have ente finest quality both as made entirely witho The best form for is in small cakes, w four ounces, as the for peddling out.

"Can you tell me here?" Inquired a l don't know, sir," get at the end of the boy, "why, he g