

rejoined the housekeeper, somewhat tartly; "but since *you do not seem to know it*, I shall tell you. My master then is the Right Honorable the Earl of Beaumont, whose fame I am sure must have reached you."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Brown! his name I have frequently heard mentioned, but merely in his official capacity—of his private life I know nothing—absolutely nothing." And she would have asked some further information, but speedily controlled her strong desire to do so, recollecting the extreme impropriety of seeking an explanation from one who, however discreet and intelligent she appeared to be, was still no more than a servant. She therefore dismissed the housekeeper and proceeded with all despatch to make her toilet.

(To be continued.)

SPARE THE BIRDS.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Spare, spare the gentle Bird,
Nor do the warbler wrong,
In the green wood is heard
Its sweet and gentle song;
Its song so clear and glad,
Each listener's heart has stirred;
And none, however sad,
But blessed that happy bird.

And when at early day
The farmer trod the dew,
It met him on the way,
With welcome blithe, and true;
So, when at early eve,
He homeward wends his way;
For sorely would he grieve
To miss the well-loved lay.

The mother who had kept
Watch o'er the wakeful child,
Smiled as the baby slept,
Soothed by the wood notes wild;
And gladly had she flung,
The casement open free,
As the dear warbler sung
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed
Forgets his weariness,
And turns his feeble head
To list its songs, that bless
His spirit like a stream,
Of mercy from on high,
Of music in the dream,
That seals the prophet's eye.

Oh! laugh not at my words,
To warn your childhood's hours;
Cherish the gentle birds,
Cherish the fragile flowers:
For since man was bereft,
Of Paradise, in tears,
God the sweet things have left,
To cheer our eyes and ears.

THE IMPIOUS BOAST.

BY R. E. M.

The brilliant rays of the summer moon streamed down upon the sea,
And with silver lit the gallant ship that rode o'er its surface free;
And the hearts of the crew were bounding then, aye! light as the ocean foam,
For their course was swift, and each added hour was bearing them on towards home.
They pleasantly wiled the passing hour, with mirthful jest and tale,
Of distant friends and of native land, of tempest fierce, and gale;
But the sounds of mirth were sudden hushed, for right upon their lee,
A shapeless mass came drifting o'er the rippling silver sea.
It was the wreck of as brave a bark as e'er on ocean shone,
But the gloomy hull alone remained, the masts and spars were gone;
For a while they mournful gazed upon that object chill and dark,
And sadly thought of the hands that last had manned that spectral bark.
They knew that now they dreamless slept, beneath the treacherous wave,
And ocean's gems and sea-weed dank, adorned their lonely grave;
But ere long, one of the silent crew, the gayest of the crowd,
His trumpet raised, and with mirthful brow, he hailed the bark aloud:
"Whence come ye? Ho! I need not ask, ye're silent all, I see,
Ye come from the merry port of Death, bound for Eternity;
But trim your sails, and let your crew bestir themselves apace,
For if thus you lag, by All! I swear, we'll beat you in the race!"
The thoughtless crew, with laughter loud, approved the daring jest,
And with idle word, they turned away, and sought their cots to rest.
Another watch had calmly passed, the moon still cloudless shone,
And o'er the smooth and swelling waves, the bark sped swiftly on;
The mariners, wrapped in tranquil sleep, were dead to thought or care,
And pleasant dreams, their slumber blessed, with visions bright and fair;
But sudden, mid that silence deep, is heard a thundering shock,
That sound of fear! Great God! the ship has struck upon a rock!
No time was there now to bend the knee, or breathe one word of prayer,
Except the wild appeal to God, the cry of dark despair!
Another shock! another cry! the fearful scene was o'er,
And that noble ship, and gallant crew, were seen, alas! no more!
Oh! true had proved that impious boast, poured forth in daring free,
They had swiftly speeded on their course, and won Eternity!