

Mrs. Pitt Allen F. returned the constable laughing into a loud laugh. "Well, she was Mrs. Standing only this morning. However, what says her name is, she must come with me."  
 "With you—what for?" asked I, bewildered.  
 "On a charge of stealing a gold watch, and a dozen silver spoons. Just land 'em over."  
 With a great deal of reluctance the lady took off the watch, and drew out of her pocket a dozen silver spoons, and consigned them with herself to the charge of the constable.  
 Advising me to beware of keeping bad company, he drove off and I haven't seen the fascinating widow since. I was told, however, that she was sentenced to six months' confinement. I am still a bachelor!



Ladies' Department.

THE VIOLET.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE FIBBER.

My garden boasts of many a flower,  
 And garlands crown the field and grove;  
 But here, beneath the hawthorn bower,  
 I've found the flower I dearly love.

Ah! curiously droops its fragrant head  
 Upon the green earth's genial breast;  
 And yet, it seems that heaven has ebed  
 Its purest azure on its crest.

And deep within its dewy eye,  
 A radiant sunbeam always lags,  
 And from its heaves to the sky  
 Its balmy breathings ever rises.

And sometimes, when, at dreamy even,  
 I've sought my favorite flower in vain,  
 I spied that the radiant heaven  
 Had claimed its starry blue again.

I oft have deemed this gentle flower  
 In Flora's crown the sweetest gem,  
 Like Piety with fragrant power,  
 Adorning beauty's dusk.

The richest beauty yields to death,  
 And Genius' light will fade away;  
 Fame may be blighted by a breath,  
 And love and friendship own decay;

But Piety, divinely pure,  
 However humble be its lot,  
 Will ebed, as long as life endures,  
 A joy, a fragrance round the spot;

And calmly pass away to live  
 Where purity and beauty reign,  
 As dying violets seem to give  
 Their azure back to heaven again.

THE CLARK'S WIFE.—A merchant's clerk, of the Rue Hauteville, recently married. His master had a niece, of Spanish birth, an orphan. She is not pretty, though very sensible and well informed. At the balls last winter, little or no attention was paid to her; indeed she seemed to attend them rather as a whim than from inclination or amusement, as she seldom ever danced. But if she did not dance, she noticed much and listened to more. The clerk soon observed that the lady was only invited to dance when no other partner could be obtained. She herself had already noticed the same fact. Being a gallant man he acted accordingly. The incidents that led to the disengagement may be easily divined. In six weeks after his first dance with the fair Spaniard, he obtained her permission to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage. He, astonished, gave his clerk's proposal a very brief reception, and then had a long interview with his niece. Finally, however, all was arranged, and the lovers were married on a Tuesday. The Thursday after, at breakfast, Addine said to her husband, who exhibited considerable chagrin at being deceived, "I am not a Spaniard, but a French girl."

Very well—do I go there.—go there no more!  
 "My love, it is very easy to say so, but—"  
 "Easy to say, and easy to do, both. I have a million and a half. Nobody knows it but my uncle. I always made a point of forgetting it myself, because I wished to choose a really disinterested husband. There need be no more office work for you, if you do not wish it. Yet still, my advice is husband, that you neglect nothing."

ONE HAPPY HEART.—Have you made one happy heart to day? Envid privilege! How calmly you can seek your pillow: how sweetly sleep! In all this world, there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn: there is not a moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. Yet, how many of those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness? How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude? How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts? How many wives, by re-erimination, estrange and embitter loving hearts? How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal? Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim, day by day,—strive to make some heart happy—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth.

THE POOR DRUNKARD.—"Oh! I have some times looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought, that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I once was playing with a beautiful boy, in the city of Norwich, Connecticut! I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play, I said to him, "Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that stone wall?" "Oh, yes," was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us lay upon his porous greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips, and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man, and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor drunkard; then did I pray to God to give me an ever-increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make such a thing of a being once as fair as that child.—Gough.



Youth's Department.

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 scattered clay;  
 And thus from death the spirit must  
 To life find 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 wash the withering land;  
 So doth this life exalt and wane,  
 And alter and expand.

THE BLIND GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

Many years ago, said the Rev. Monsieur V. when a student in the University of Geneva, I was accustomed to spend the long summer vacations, travelling from village to village in my native

who would accept it, and teaching from house to house. On such an excursion in the summer of 183—, I entered a little vine-huge cabin in the environs of Dijon. In its low, wide kitchen, I saw a middle-aged woman, busily honing a boy's toy for young for labor, and a girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, of a sweet serious aspect, plaiting straw.—She did not raise her eyes as I entered, and, on a nearer approach, I perceived that she was blind.

Saying that I was one sent to bring glad tidings of good news, I began to tell them the story of Christ, his love his suffering, his death. They listened attentively. It was indeed tidings new, and wonderful to them, like others of the simple peasantry of France. The next day, and the next, I visited the widow's poor cottage.

Poor sightless Marie! how was she affected when I told her of Him, who opened his eyes of the blind, and read to her how blind Bartimus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried unto Jesus of Nazareth passing by and received sight. Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before, longing for God's blessed gift of vision, seized upon the poor blind girl; not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her young brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus, how he said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

There dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who had gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come an hour every morning to learn to read and procure for her a bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—a warm bright August morning—one hand locked in her little brother's and the other fondly clasping the precious bible, to take her first lesson.

Alas poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the constant plaiting of straw. Again and again was the effort made but to no purpose. But one day, as she sat alone, sorrowfully clipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her. Could not she cut away the thick hard skin from her fingers, then it would grow anew, smooth and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she wittled the skin from the poor fingers, bearing the pain; was it not that she might read the word of God? But the straw work could not cease; it bought bread, and the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain.

After the first bitterness of her dis-appointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, "and ought she not to praise Him?" And the new bible! Ah! surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from the tree of life, and find healing in its blessed leaves. And, holding the volume near the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray. And touched the open bible with her lips. O joy! To the soft lips the slight indentations of the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outlines of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a low cry of joy, she passes line after line across her eager lips. She turns the leaf, the lips loose not their power. It is all clear, all easy now. The lips could do what the toil-hardened fingers could not—they could read.

A twelvemonth after I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its old look, but what a beaming, happy face was Marie's as she sat in her rude chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved bible. Blind, it was full of light. "N'est il pas heureux," she murmured in her rich musical tones, "n'est il pas heureux de baisser ainsi les douces paroles pendant que je les lis?" Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read.

Dear eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with darting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl could rise up in the judgment to condemn the many, who "having eyes, see not."—Best. Trans.

A man named Stone exclaimed, "I'll bet I have the hardest name in the company." "None," said one of the company; "what's your name?" "Stone."

Humourous.

A little nonsense now and then,  
 Is relished by the wisest men.

THE DOCTOR'S CLARET CUP.

There is a good story well known among Scottish anecdote-mongers, respecting the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn. The doctor seldom troubled the inside of the kirk, but every Sabbath morning his jug of claret was to be seen on its way from the tavern just as the more staid portion of the population were going to morning service. The kirk elders were at length scandalized, and under the plea of preventing Sabbath trading, used frequently to seize the doctor's jug and confiscate his claret. Suspecting that the seizure was not altogether disinterested, the doctor one Sabbath morning sent a strong dose of tartar emetic at the bottom of his pewter. On that day to the surprise of all men, Dr. Pitcairn was seen in church—his eyes were turned to the elder's pew. The sermon had not advanced far ere one zealous opponent of Sabbath trading slunk out of church, looking very pale. Soon another followed, and presently the elder's pew was empty, to the bewilderment of all but the contriver of the mischief.—Times Correspondent.

GRAY IN A TUB OF WATER.

The poet Gray was remarkably fearful of fire, and always kept a ladder of ropes in his bedroom. Some mischievous brother collegians at Cambridge knew this, and in the middle of a dark night roused him with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames.

Up went the window, and Gray hastened down his rope ladder, as quick as possible, into a tub of water, which had been placed at the bottom to receive him. The joke cured Gray of his fears, but he would not forgive it, and immediately changed his college.

A FRENCHMAN was particularly anxious to pronounce and converse in English correctly. Having consulted a dictionary to find the meaning of the word press, and finding that it signified squeeze he one evening in the midst of a large party desired the master of the house "to squeeze one of the ladies, to sing." He had also heard one of the servants, when desired by his fellow to assist him in some particular job, excuse himself by saying that he "he had other fish to fry." He treasured the observation with much care, until an opportunity occurred of availing himself of it; when a friend asked him to take a walk, he replied, "No, sare, I cannot walk; I must go and fry some fish."

A youngster who had been sent to school for the first time, found it impossible to master the letter B. He could remember all the rest; but this was a teaser, and he was wallopped for daily forgetting it. At length a comrade met him going home from school blubbing piteously, and accosted him with—"Bill, what are you crying for?" "Can't remember the B," says Bill. "Well, don't cry," rejoins his companion, "and if you can forget it by to-morrow morning, I will give you three fish-hooks." The result was, that Bill tried so hard to forget the fatal letter, that he always remembered it from that day to this.

NOR VICTORS BUT PLAYFUL.—"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Dabster?"

"Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got if that be a fault, is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then."

"By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?"

"Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles, a disarrangement rather than a vice."

"Is he alive?" inquired a little boy, the other day, as he gazed on a large turtle crawling in front of a restaurant. "Alive!" exclaimed a fat gentleman, who was looking at the monster with intense interest, "certainly, boy. He acts like a live turtle, don't he?" "Why, yes, he acts like one," answered the little quereat, "but I thought he was making believe."

THOUGHTFUL BUT DISAGREEABLE.—A letter from Constantinople, says the steamer Arabian, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, recently arrived in that city from England, with an assorted cargo of useful things. Among others she brought seven hundred wooden legs—on instance of providence and good-nature on the part