

I should have been if her pure love had not met me in my despair, and from earthly love pointed me to the heavenly. My life, thus far, has been barren and unfruitful; but with God's blessing, I hope it will not be so in future. But I could not give you a portionless bride. I was very successful in my absence, and have enough for us all; for I must always live with you. Never again in my life will I consent to be separated from my guiding angel—my loving, gentle, faithful Effie."

We will leave them thus, reader, in the enjoyment and possession, not only of earthly wealth, but of that better inheritance, the wealth of great price. And may this lesson strengthen our faith in redeeming power of love, in the sure retributive misery which always results from yielding to temptation, and present in striking contrast that peace and blessedness of a true devoted Christian life.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that Old Arm
Chair?

I've treasured it long as a sacred prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd
it with sighs;

'Tis bound by a thousand hands to my
heart;

Not a tie will break, not a limb will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat
there,

And a sacred thing is that Old Arm Chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listing ear;
And gentle words that mother would
give,

To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for
my guide;

She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that Old Arm Chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks
were grey;

And almost worshiped her when she
smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her
child.

Years roll'd on, but the last was sped—

My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled,
I learnt how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in that Old Arm
Chair.

'Tis past! 'tis! but I gave on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there
she died;

And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my
check.

But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's Old Arm Chair.

SPRING CONCERT.

There's a concert, a concert of gladness
and glee,
The programme is rich and the tickets
are free.

In a grand vaulted hall where there's
room and to spare,
With no gas-light to eat up the oxygen
there.

The musicians excel in their wonderful
art,

They have compass of voice, and the
gamut by heart;

They traveled abroad in the winter recess,
And sang to vast crowds with abundant
success,

And now it's a favor and privilege rare
Their arrival to hail, and their melodies
share.

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have
set,

Which they hope you'll comply with and
may not regret,

They don't keep late hours for they've
always been told

'Twould injure their voices and make
them look old.

They invite you to come if you have a
fine ear,

To the garden or grove their rehearsals
to hear.

Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is
born,

Their music the sweetest at breaking of
morn,

It was learned at Heaven's gate with its
rapturous lays,

And may teach you, perchance, its own
spirit of praise.