

And guided by me through the merciless sea,
 Though sped by the hurricane's wings;
 His compassionless, dark, lone, weltering bark,
 The haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in the dew-spangled bowers,
 The birds in their chambers of green,
 And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
 As they bask in their matinal sheen.
 O, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth,
 Though fitful and fleeting the while,
 What glories must rest on the home of the blessed,
 Ever bright with the Deity's smile.

—WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

MY FRIEND "WOOSTER."

"**W**HILE I sat half murmuring, half meditating these unprofitable speculations, with my head resting on my hand, I was thumming with the other hand upon the quarto until I actually loosened the clasps; when, to my utter astonishment, the little book gave two or three yawns, like one awaking from a deep sleep; then a husky hem and at length began to talk. At first its voice was very hoarse and broken, being much troubled by a cobweb which some studious spider had woven across it; and having probably contracted a cold from long exposure to the chills and damp of the Abbey. In a short time, however, it became more distinct, and I soon found it an exceedingly fluent, conversable little tome."—*Washington Irving*.

I do not believe in ghosts or goblins, spirits or spooks—in fact, I take some pride in my utter contempt for superstition. I have always thought that if the spirits of our departed friends were to re-visit this world in visible form they would be more particular about the times and localities in which man claims to be honored. The actions also ascribed to them would lead one to