

THE DYING DREAM.

O rather dear, bend down your ear—my voice
grows faint and low,
And fast the chilly damp of death is gathering on
my brow ;
But, mother, as I laid asleep, there came a dream
to me,
And I cannot, must not say, Farewell, till I have
told it thee.

It was a pleasant sleep—I dreamed of worlds so
bright and fair,
So wondrous beautiful, I long to fly and enter
there ;
And yet not all— one mournful scene was vision-
ed to my eye,
And but that one thought alone, O 't would be
sweet to die.

Methought I left this mortal frame—that dust to
dust was given,
And then I spread my angel wings, and soared
away to Heaven ;
But, mother, as I mounted high, my thoughts
still clung to thee,
And once I stayed my flight, and turned, once
more thy face to see.

Mother, till then no shade of care had dimmed
my spirit glad—
But I beheld thee weeping—lone, and then I first
felt sad ;
I thought how oft you'd told me that the soul
would never die,
But that 't would ever dwell with God in bliss
beyond the sky.

Methought 'twas strange, that when you knew
that death's last quiet sleep
Was but the dawn of happiness and Heaven, that
you should weep ;
And when I turned and gazed again upon the
radiant throng
That beckoned at the golden gate, and heard the
seraph song—

Mother, dear mother, even then I could not tear
from thee—

I longed to come again to earth, and stay thine
agency ;
And so I woke—and even now I cannot make it
seem
That all that mingled joy and pain was but an
empty dream.

But, mother dear, 'tis growing dark—a film
comes o'er my eye—
Hark ! hark ! what heavenly music ! Oh, what
bliss it is to die !
And see ! Bright seraphs wave me on, and I
must haste to flee—
I come ! Farewell, my mother dear—O never
weep for me !

EXCHANGING PEARLS.

A little orphan boy, about twelve years
of age, while fishing on the banks of the
Tennessee river, picked up a large pearl
among the muscle-shells. Returning
home, he accidentally exhibited it while
rummaging in his pockets, filled with
fish-lines, corks, shells, coppers, bait,
&c. A gentleman who was standing by,
observing the costly treasure, asked the
little fellow how much he should give
him for it. "O," said the boy, "a bit
or two, just as you please." "No," re-
plied the other, "you must not sell it
for a trifle, it is worth a great sum. I
will send it to Nashville, to be sold, and
the proceeds of it shall be applied to your

education." The pearl was sent to a
lapidary in Nashville who estimated it
to be worth \$500 ! Let it glitter in the
diadem of a crowned head, and that boy's
mind be enriched with jewels whose lus-
tre shall outshine and outlive the lustre
of diamonds, and he will have parted
with it for a pearl of greater price.



THE HORSE-SHOE NAIL.

A farmer once went to market, and,
meeting with good luck, he sold all his
corn and lined his purse with silver and
gold. Then he thought it time to return
in order to reach home before night-fall ;
so he packed his money-bags upon his
horse's back, and set out on his journey.
At noon he stopped in a village to rest ;
and when he was starting again, the
hostler, as he led out the horse, said,
"Please you, sir, the left shoe behind
has lost a nail." "Let it go," answered
the farmer ; "the shoe will hold fast
enough for the twenty miles that I have
still to travel. I'm in haste." So say-
ing, he journeyed on.

In the afternoon, the farmer stopped
again to bait his horse ; and as he was
sitting in the inn, the stable-boy came,
and said, "Sir, your horse has lost a nail
in his left shoe behind ; shall I take him
to the smithy ?" "Let him alone," an-
swered the farmer ; "I've only six miles
further to go, and the horse will travel
well enough that distance. I've no time
to lose."

Away rode the farmer ; but he had not
gone far, before the horse began to limp ;
it had not limped far, ere it began to
stumble ; and it had not stumbled long,
before it fell down and broke a leg.—
Then the farmer was obliged to leave
the horse lying in the road, to unstrap
his bags, throw them over his shoulder,
and make his way home on foot as well
as he could, where he did not arrive till
late at night. "All my ill-luck," said
the farmer to himself, "comes from
neglect of a horse-shoe nail!"—*Playmate.*

"I DON'T WANT TO."

Charley Wheaton was a very good
little boy. But Charley had one fault—
most little boys have more. Perhaps
some of the little boys who read the *Ca-
binet* have the same fault ; and if they
knew it to be a fault, would try to mend.
Charley's fault was this : When very
busy at play, or not in a mood to do a fa-
vour, he was in the habit of saying, "I
don't want to." Now Charley had a very
tender mother, who loved him very much,
and spared no pains to make him good
and happy. She saw this fault in her

little son, and resolved to nip it in the
bud ; for she knew that to be happy, he
must be obliging and helpful to all around
him. One day, when she had taken the
last stitch in a pair of new pantaloons
that Charley was very desirous of having
finished in time for New Year, she asked
him to bring her a handful of wood from
the out-house. "I don't want to," said
Charley, not lifting his eyes from his
beautiful new "Book of Gems." His
mother reflected a moment, then called
him to her side and tenderly inquired if
he felt unwell. "O no, mother ; but
why do you ask ?" "Because, my son,
I was thinking you should have some
very good reason for declining to give
your mother any aid in your power. It
is very little that you can do in return
for all the care and tenderness I have be-
stowed on you, since—a little helpless
infant—God gave you to my arms. I
do not want to labour when I am ill and
tired, but my dear little son must be fed
and clothed, and I love so much to gra-
tify him that, ill and tired as I am, I have
finished this garment that he might be
'smart' to greet the New Year. I do
not want to wake and watch when I am
in need of sleep to refresh my weary
frame and fit me for daily labour, but I
love my little boy ; I rise and soothe his
pain in all the long night, and never
think of saying, 'I don't want to.' O
Charley, what would become of such
helpless little boys as you, if those who
have the care of them were so selfish
they did not want to leave their books
and rest to provide for their wants?"—
Charley had stolen his arm around his
mother's neck, and, dropping his head on
her bosom, begged her to forgive him.
He never forgot this lesson of his mo-
ther ; and now that he has grown to be a
man, he always reproves the little boys,
if they say, "I don't want to," and tells
them the story that I have been telling
you. He tells them, too, that his mother's
words have taught him to "do unto
others as he would have others to do unto
him."—*Youth's Cabinet.*

PRESSURE OF THE SEA.

If a piece of wood which floats on the
water, be forced down to a great depth
in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding
liquid will force it into the pores of the
wood, and so increase its weight that it
will no longer be capable of floating or
rising to the surface. Hence the timber
of ships which have foundered in the deep
part of the ocean, never rises again to
the surface, like those which have sunk
near the shore. A diver may, with im-
punity, plunge to a certain depth of the
sea ; but there is a limit beyond which he
cannot live under the pressure to which
he is subject. For the same reason, it is
probable that there is a depth beyond
which fishes cannot live. They, accord-
ing to Joslin, have been caught in a depth
at which they must have sustained a
pressure of eighty tons to each square
foot of the surface of their bodies.