

THE SURRENDER.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

He, to whom I gave affection,
Must have princely mien and guise ;
If devotion lay below me
I would stoop not for the prize.
Bend down to me very kindly,
But bend always from above ;
I would scorn where I could pity,
I must honor where I love.

Had you come as other lovers,
With your praises low and sweet ;
Had you wooed in the old phrases,
Sitting humbly at my feet ;
How my heart had been unfettered,
And its thought soared free and high
As the bird that beats at morning
On the gateway of the sky.

But you wore your perfect manhood,
And you kept your place of pride ;
You had soft words as a lover,
And true words as friend and guide.
So in you my fate has met me,
I have yielded, as I must ;
I have given up all the treasures
Of a lifetime to your trust.

For my heart is in your keeping—
Helpless but for you I stand !
Wo, for me ! if you could hold it
With a light or careless hand !
But I have no room for doubting,—
Life's surrender is complete !
Fearlessly I take my future,
And lay it at your feet !

ELOQUENT SILENCE.

BY CUPID.

There's a language that's mute, there's a
silence that speaks
There's a something that cannot be
told ;
There are words that can only be read
on the cheeks,
And thoughts but the eyes can unfold,
There's a look so expressive, so timid, so
kind,
So conscious, so quick to impart ;
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out
the mind,
And strikes in an instant the heart.

This eloquent silence, this converse of
soul,
In vain we attempt to suppress :
More prompt it appears from the wish of
control,
More apt the fond truth to express.
And oh ! the delight on the features that
shine,
The raptures the bosom that melt ;
When blest with each other, this converse
divine,
Is mutually spoken and felt.

MARKS OF CHARACTER.—The man every-
body likes is generally a fool. The man
nobody likes is generally a knave. The
man who has friends who would die for
him, and foes who would like to see him
broiled alive, is usually a man of some
worth and force.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

THE local customs observed at funerals, like those of marriage, of which we have already spoken, are also greatly modified by climate, race, religious opinions, and civilization ; and will ever be deemed an interesting subject of investigation, since in all countries their observance affords to survivors a last opportunity of testifying their affection and respect for the beloved friends of whom the hand of death has deprived them.

There is something wildly mournful in the ceremonials which are still kept

up by many of the negro tribes in Central Africa. When the head of one of their families has breathed his last, his more distant relatives are summoned to wail over him by the loud cries of a female who goes about for this purpose, tearing her hair, whilst the body is washed with oils and wrapped in straw mats and cotton cloths ready for interment, after which the different relatives assemble round it. The friends continue their audible lamentations over the deceased until the following day, when amidst the beating of drums and violent shrieks