

THE LADIES.

HOME.

Is there a place that can impart
 Blest visions from the aching heart?
 Is there a place whose image dear
 Can soothe our grief, dispel our fear?
 That place is home.

The exile in far distant climes,
 Oft, oft remembers by-gone times,
 And o'er whatever land he roves,
 Remembers still the land he loves—
 Remembers home.

Whatever hardships be our lot,
 Still home's the treasure of the heart;
 Whatever can our bosoms cheer,
 Whatever we regard as dear,
 Is found in home.

THE SUMMER TEMPEST.

BY J. D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes, either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle, when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have set on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky cliffs and scattering them piece-meal to the clouds. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness—I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quavers, gasps, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of so many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright, young creature—her large eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing, like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the very ecstacy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hands of Peri, from the far-off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blest them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air, as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange or lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time the indications of an approach-tempest were manifest.

Over the summit of a mountain at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters, to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak, that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice.—Here we remained, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl bled her finger towards the precipice that towered above

us. I looked up and an amethystine flame was quivering upon its grey peaks! and the next moment, the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of a universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud coming in fainter murmurs from the Eastern hills.

I rose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out on the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of her death had been.—At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright, dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured beautifully there; the red rose-tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenance of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk, looking upwards to the sky, as if "calling upon the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered—and oh! there was joy in the memory!—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

DR. CHAMBERS' OPINION OF MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—In commenting on Leviticus, xviii. 11, 18, in his "Daily Scripture Reading," Dr. Chambers says:—"It is remarkable that while there is an express interdict on the marriage of a man with his brother's wife, there is no such prohibition against his marriage with his wife's sister. In verse 18, the prohibition is only against marrying a wife's sister during the life of the first wife, which of itself implies a liberty to marry the sister after her death, besides implying a connivance at polygamy."

Secrets are so seldom kept, that it may be with some reason doubted, whether the quality of retention be so generally bestowed; and whether a secret has not some subtle volatility by which it escapes imperceptibly, at the smallest vent; or some power of fermentation, by which it expands itself, so as to burst the heart that will not give it way. What is mine, even to my life, is her's I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.

MINOR MORALS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.—"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell.

Keep an Epicurean in your dining room, to read while waiting for the completion of your wife's toilet.

Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them.

Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISER.—A story was told me, with an assurance that it was literally true of a gentleman, who being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the place and time appointed, was met by a lady. Their stations in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman, as well as the lady, was in earnest. He, however, unluckily seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Queen Mary of Arragon, that she was not so handsome as she might be good, so the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. Cælebs advertised a second time, appointing a different square for the place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady—they recognised each other—could not choose but smile at the recognition, and, perhaps, neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment, he met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humour, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstances appeared so remarkable, that this third interview led to a marriage, which proved a happy one.—*The Doctor, by Southey.*