

previously dreamed of ; and it may not be said how many vessels assumed to be diverted toward rocks by currents, may have been led to destruction from causes equally trivial.—*Selected.*



MARRIED YESTERDAY.

Every day in the journal that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our portals, we read this little sentence :—“ Married yesterday, So and So.” Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of earth ; a clasping of hands and union of hearts in the dim aisle of some holy temple ; a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, like spring flowers, upon life’s pathway. Each day some new marriage-crown is put on, and she who wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set amidst its leaves, steals away from the “ dear old home,” and nestles tremblingly in the fairy cot where Love’s hand has trained the honey-suckle over the latticed porch, and placed Æolian lyres in all the casements.

“ MARRIED YESTERDAY.”—There are pearls and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe love’s pathway, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmament of Hope.—There are harps tinkling now whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of anethysts upon the hearts that yesterday were wed. Life now is become beautiful ; the soul soars upwards from the dust, like a dove loosed from its cage ; there is melody in every breeze and every place ; yea, there are angels in every path, with crowns for those who are pressing onward with song and prayer.

“ MARRIED YESTERDAY.”—It seems now a long distance to the grave—a long road to the final rest. But soon the shadows will come, and life lose its summer bloom. Then, as the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandfather’s house, and little bairns cluster about his knee, they who were “ married yesterday,” mayhap will turn back to the records of the past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended, and that soon, gathering up their sheaves, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where will evermore be but one marriage—that of the Lamb with his chosen people.