

and information was necessarily behindhand and worthless for such a purpose, the existing or available stocks of all articles of commerce can be ascertained and estimated, and consequently the course of trade can be forecast to a remarkable extent. But independently of trade, the influence of the electric telegraph upon civilization cannot be overestimated. It really is beginning to make the human race one vast family throbbing with one heart, feeling an interest in one another never before possible, interested in one another's happiness or woe, able to help one another when help is of most use. A fire at San Francisco and a shipwreck in the Red Sea become simultaneously the sources of the predominant thought and feeling throughout the civilized world. The illness or death of a prominent man in Boston, Berlin, or Calcutta, excites at once the mind of Paris, London and Tokio. That fellow-feeling, till lately shared chiefly by people within the same country, becomes distributed throughout the whole world, and peace thus has her victories more renowned than war. Duplex and quadruplex telegraphy, by which it is possible to send two or four messages on the same wire at the same time; and writing or printing by telegraph are later developments, not yet fully in use, but destined to have a large influence in the future.

The telephone, too, enabling us to speak with one another at the distance of many miles, and allowing a city to become one vast office, every firm in direct communication with every other, is a marvellous result of electrical invention; while the electric light, the offspring of the electric spark, and the sister of the lightning, furnishes us with a far more brilliant illumination than any combustion of gas, and does away with the abundant manufacture of poisonous carbonic acid gas, and of watery vapours as the equivalent of so much light, reduces the heating effects of light to the lowest point, diminishes the danger of fire, and very greatly increases the comfort of life. What new marvels may be in store for us in electrical invention we cannot tell, but it is certain that inventors were never more eagerly studying every possible advantage to be gained by the use of electricity than now, and their past successes justify the most sanguine expectations.—[Selected.

"Jokes are like nuts; the drier they are the better they crack."

THOU CANST NOT FORGET.

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[The following charming poem was written by a young lady in Virginia a few years since. It is hardly necessary to state that it was addressed to her lover, whose heart, alas, had grown cold. The composition bears evidence of exalted poetic genius.]

Thou canst not forget me! for memory will fling
Her light o'er oblivion's dark sea;
And wherever thou roamest, a something
Will cling
To thy bosom that whispers of me.
Though the cords of thy spirit I never may
Sweet,
Of my touch they'll retain a soft thrill,
Like the low undertone of the murmuring
deep
When the wind that has stirred it is still.
The love that is kept in the beauty of trust
Cannot pass like the foam from the seas,
Or a mark that the finger hath made in the
dust,
When 'tis swept by the breath of the breeze.
They tell me, my love thou wilt calmly
resign,
Yet I ever, while listening to them,
Will sigh for the heart that was linked into
mine,
As the rosebud is linked to its stem.
Thou canst not forget me! too long hast
thou flung
Thy spirit's soft pinion o'er mine,
Too deep was the promise that round my
lips clung,
As they softly responded to thine.
In the dusk of the twilight, beneath the
blue sky,
My presence will mantle thy soul,
And a feeling of softness will rush to thine
eye,
Too deep for thy manhood's control.
Thou mayst go to yon island of beauty and
fame,
Far, far from the "land of the free;"
Yet each wind that floats round thee will
whisper a name
That is softer than music to thee,
And when round thee darkly misfortunes
shall crowd,
Thou'lt think, like the beautiful form
Of the rainbow that arches the thick tempest
cloud,
My love would have lightened the storm.
Thou canst not forget me! the passion that
dwelt
In the depth of the soul cannot die;
With the memory of all thou hast murmured
and felt,
In thy bosom 'twill slumbering lie.
Thou mayst turn to another and wish to
forget,
But the wish will not bring thee repose;
For, O! thou wilt find that the thorns of regret
Were but hid by the leaves of the rose.