

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost!—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where thrilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas giv'n
A golden harp to day,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again.
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-entrusted gift
Is left away for ever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead.
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

Mrs SIGOURNEY.

A GREAT STATESMAN AND A CON-
SERVATOR ON THE WINE
QUESTION.

The company being seated at the table, Mr. Clay poured out two glasses of wine, and passing them to Mr. Dodge, remarked, in tones sufficiently loud for all to hear:

'Mr. Dodge, let us pledge ourselves in a glass of wine?'

Without touching the glass Mr. Dodge replied:

'Excuse me Mr. Clay, I am a strict teetotaler, and with your permission I'll pledge you in what is more emblematical of the purity of true friendship a glass of pure water.'

Mr. Clay slowly replaced the glass of wine upon the table scanned with his eagle eyes the features of his guest and discovering no expression but that of perfect respect, reached across the corner of the table, grasped the hand of his honest friend and exclaimed:

'Mr Dodge, I honor your principles—and then laughingly added—'but can't say that I admire your taste.'

Mr. Dodge, with his usual promptness of retort, replied:

'But is it not the doctrine that our orators are daily teaching us, Mr. Clay, to throw aside taste for principles?'

Amid the shouts of laughter that followed, Mr. Clay exclaimed:

'Handsomely turned. Charles move the wine from the table.'

St. JOHN'S EPISTLES.—The Epistles of St. John present the phenomenon of the very simplest language in which it is possible that human thought can be arranged. Writing to his "little children," the Apostle writes as a little child, or father whose latest days are most like his earliest; whose ripened manhood has regained the love and tenderness of childhood; the faith that is most free from hesitation, the obedience that is most free from restraint. And yet in those sentences, simple as they are, are couched thoughts whose wonderful vastness render these epistles probably the most difficult of all:—they show, in fact, like Alpine summits, whose white, dazzling brightness appears in close proximity, when really they tower far away in serenest air.

THE LOWLY CHRISTIAN AND HIS
BIBLE.

What hath the meanest cottager to fear, what the most laborious workman to complain of, when possessed of this Divine companion? Who shall unravel this fitful dream of existence, and show it to be a dispensation of God, full of mercies and of comforts? And the Scriptures which furnish his cottage, will be instead of palace ornaments and noble visitants, and furnish a better code to guide him than the formulary of any court; and his joys and sorrows awake as deep an interest in the mind of our common Father, as those of royalty; and the incidents, and changes, and catastrophes of his cottage scenes are as well recorded in the Book of God's remembrance, as the transactions of an empire; and he hath the faculty of extracting honey from the bitterest weed in his humble field of existence; and though the bed of his distress may be dark, lonely, and unattended, the bosom of his Redeemer is his pillow, and the shadow of His wings his covert; and angels that have not fallen beckon him to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.—Edward Irving.