

The following charade was written by a friend of Miss Upham upon her name. The lady, who had lived in single blessedness for over seventy years, made a pertinent answer, in rhyme, which has also been given to us:

CHARADE ON THE NAME OF UPHAM.

To get my first a sluggard's loath;
To get my next a glutton's glad.
Happy is he who gets them both;
But jewels are not cheaply had.

ANSWER.

Your first, I guess, is to get up,
And on your next, when sliced, we sup;
United, both will name a lady
Who, long since passed her youthful heyday,
Unmarried now, upon the shelf,
Lies soberly beside herself.

The men, I grant, have wanted spirit,
To pass a jewel of such merit.
For this mistake I must not fret,
But patient wait to be new set
In that good place where wedlock ceases,
And woman's bliss, perhaps, increases.

—Harper.

EMBLEMS OF LOVE.—Roses are admittedly the emblems of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon mid-summer eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear in her bosom, when he who is to be her husband will come and take it out. In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose-leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water; that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany, it is customary to throw rose-leaves on a coal fire, as a means of insuring good luck. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose-tree it will insure rosy cheeks.

Not many years ago our Virginia city was a mere camp of rude cabins, rough houses, and canvas tents. The old Empire canvas lodging-house will be remembered by early settlers. This furnished the only convenient place in which our pioneer Methodist brethren could worship. Brother Rooney was then the preacher. A man more fond of giving or receiving a good joke among private friends could rarely be found. On a hot Sunday morning Brother Booney began his discourse to the assembled sinners. The curtains were carefully drawn in front of the berths, one above another, wherein were several tired miners reposing, with the latest yellow-covered literature which had come to the camp.

In the midst of the sermon the horrid braying of a donkey was commenced at the side of the tent, directly under the bunk of a miner, which was enough to drown all that priest or prophet might proclaim.

The miner in the bunk could endure it no longer, and pushing on the canvas curtain, and staring the donkey in the face, bawled out, "Dry up, confound you! one at a time is enough!"

This was too much for the fun-loving audience, and a general snicker went around, in which Brother Rooney himself was compelled to join: but the moment he could command himself, he solemnly remarked that "as soon as our friend gets through talking to his brother we will proceed with our discourse."—Harper.

CHEAP ELOCUTION.

While a Detroit Justice of the Peace sat warming his feet by the stove and his nose by a cigar, a stranger entered, and presently inquired:

"Judge, how much will you charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have?"

"Why, can't you read them?" replied his honor.

"I can, but I want to hear how the lines sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," replied the Justice—"I can earn two shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment, and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand and said:

"Begin at that pencil-mark there, and read slowly."

His Honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches by dry measure as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his word. It was the cheapest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of bride and groom as they went out.

THAT LIGHT.—Jones (who has been to the "club" until 2 a. m.)—"Mary, wasser uze keeping light for me, any way?" Mary—"Because, Henry, you know that while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." Jones kept better hours for the next week or two.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Family Circle.

BY MRS. L. K. CHESLEY.

My feet are worn and weary with the march,
Over rough roads and up the steep hillside;
O, city of our God, I fain would see,
The pastures green where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, laboring, toiling on
Day after day for perishable meat;
O, City of our God, I fain would rest,
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy seat.

My garments travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent with piercing thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin,
Sinning, repenting, wandering still away;
O, when shall I thy glorious presence feel,
And every stain of evil washed away.

Patience poor soul; the Saviour's feet were worn,
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too,
His garments stained, and travel worn and old,
His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
O, City of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls; home of the good and blessed.

Written for the Family Circle.

INARTICULATE VOICES.

O, I trust to the eye filled with light from the soul,
When the tear of affection bedews it,
And I thrill with its warmth when its silent control
Breathes love in my heart to unloose it.

Then I wonder and dream if the spirit that sues
In words that are tender and broken,
Hath the feeling and depth as the soul that imbues
With the tear that in silence hath spoken.

Ah, yes, let a tear speak its all as it may,
Let us feel that the soul is still aching;
But I know of a truth if it cannot have way,
The heart is then bleeding and breaking.

When the voice or the spirit would utter its song
There is nought in its strain to dissemble.
And the touch it conveys to the bosoms that long
Makes the chords of affection all tremble.

So the speech of the heart through a tear or a sigh,
May breathe the full flow of its dreaming,
And I'll trust to its warmth, tho' the eye may be dry,
While it hath all the truth of love's teeming.

—Eloise.