

Miss Sophia severely scrutinized them, pulling the ruffles, next looking at the gathers, then the stitching, and finally tossing them into a heap, added :

"Tell your mother they are worth no more than fifty cents, and I will give her that if she will receipt the bill."

The child returned with a heavy heart and imparted the information.

The seamstress wept—she looked every now and then upon the picture upon the wall.

"If he were but alive," said she, "I should have some protector against wrong usage." She could not but exclaim: "how my head does ache!" as she undid another budget of work; "five dollars for ten shirts? I ought," thought she, "to better vindicate my rights—but they who oppress the poor have the worst of it. Here, Ellen, dear, take this bill for making the shirts, and bring me back just what Sophia pleases to give; but say mother has toiled very hard, early and late upon them."

Ellen did so, and Sophia took her five dollars from her purse, adding :

"This is a great deal of money for poor people to spend—it will buy you a number of calico dresses."

"But mother's rent is due," said the child.

"Pshaw, rent is nothing—make your landlord trust you!" and so saying, she darted from the room.

The seamstress never closed her eyes that night. Think you no unseen eye will vindicate her true claim? "Sophia Ellsworth," said Grace Eaton, "where did you get that splendid fan? It is really elegant."

"I saved it," replied Sophia, "from money father gave me to make his shirts—but I hired them done at half price, and he never knows it to this day."

Poor girl! your fan should be used as a screen to hide the hard spot in your heart. Prosperity never long follows in the footsteps of oppression.

A SWEET PICTURE.—Sitting yesterday toward evening at the bay window, in great abstraction of mind, oppressed by a sense of my lonely condition, I did weep unrestrainedly, not knowing I was perceived by any, until a little hand

was put in mine, and Lizzy's face was raised up to kiss me. Sorrowful thoughts could not at once be set aside, and I did not speak to her for a time, for my heart was heavy. She sat quietly down at my feet, with a gentle loving look, and so remained. The rain had ceased, and the sunne shone in through the side casement. The light, as it fell upon her golden hair, made her seem like to me the holy children in the Italian pictures. Of such, we thought, are the kingdom of heaven: thus looketh, and haply is even now nigh unto me, separated only by this veil of flesh, the spirit of my precious child; as the flower of the field so he perished, and my heart yet yearneth after him, my first-born. Arose and took Lizzy in my arms, and held her up to the window. A few pale flowers of the musk rose smelled sweetly after the rain. Di and Fanny were running on the terrace; we went out to them and they were as merrie as birds; and I did put from me my own griefe.—*Lady Willoughby's Diary,*

She was a phantom of delight.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes sore
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathless, thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a Spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote—"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled on."