

over the matter, on my return to the parlour, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad. She was cured.



THE GLOWWORM.

[ORIGINAL.]

The lark she has sunk on her grassy nest,
And all nature is hushed in a peaceful rest,
When the light of the glowworm is seen from afar,
As the silvery ray of some distant star!

By her light the nightingale tunes her song,
In the sweetest melody all night long,
And those fair flowers their fragrance shed,
From which the light of day has fled.

Sweet emblem of hope, that appears most bright,
As it springs through the gloom of the darkest night,
Such rays of joy unto man are given,
To cheer through this vale of tears to Heaven.

And thus throughout nature there lies a spring
Of so pure a source, it will ever bring
A fount of gladness, and peace, and love,
Leading the soul to its home above.

It speaks in the sunset's dying glow,
In the tiny streamlet's sparkling flow,
On the mountain's height, in the flowery vale,
In the balmy zephyr, the rushing gale.

And the flowers that scent the midnight air.
They tell of the land, so bright and fair,
Where death ne'er enters the scene of bloom,
Or the garland waves o'er the silent tomb.

And oh how it soothes the sinking heart,
When called from the fondly loved to part,
It sheds through the cloud a cheering light,
As the glowworm gives to the bird of night.

C. H.,
Fern Cliff, Rice Lake.

June 16th, 1853.