

and I heard him narrate these facts before 1500 children. He said, "Thank God for these children; they came to me as messengers of mercy." (Loud cheers.)

"SHE SENT ME A ROSE."—LINES
TO LIZZIE.

BY ISIDORE.

HE sent me a rose, a beautiful flower,
As fair, and as blooming as any that
grew,
'Twas plucked by her hand in some fairy
bower;
And her gentle touch gave it loveliness
new.

How perfect the tints, and how glowing
the hue
Of its soft velvet leaves of such delicate
shade:
And the rose bowed its head, and spark-
ling with dew,
And smiled as it felt the sweet grasp of
the maid.

Did it languish and pine at thus being torn
From where it had sprung into beauty and
grace?
To be sure it would miss the bright sun at
morn,
But then her kind glances would fill the
sun's places.

Now fancy portrays two sweet flowers to
me,
One lovely to gaze at,—a beauteous rose;
The other more fair, and more lovely to see,
To know her bright charms, and rare gifts
she'd disclose.

An affectionate niece, a true loving child;—
A soul sent from Heaven fond love to im-
part;—
No wonder affection on Lizzie has smiled
And that flowers of innocence dwell near
her heart.

The fairest of these now she sent me to
day,
And I gaze at its loveliness, too bright for
earth,
In spite of my care it will wither away,
And the zephyrs will bear it, to the place
of its birth.

But the flower will live, the gift I shall
prize,
Though faded and crushed by the cold
hand of death;
'Twill always be blooming, and bright to
my eyes;
For 'twill always be treasured in memory's
green wreath.

HARDY LEE AND TAUPSALE HALL.

MANY years ago, on a stormy
and inclement evening
"in the bleak December,"
old Miss Tarbox, accompanied by
her niece, Mary Ann Stackpole,
sailed from Holmes Hole to Cotuit,
in the topsail schooner Two Susans,
Captain Blackler. She soon experi-
enced a fearful storm, which
made her toss and pitch greatly,
while Captain Blackler, and his
hardy crew, kept her to it, and old
Miss Tarbox and niece rolled about
in their uncomfortable bunks, wish-
ing themselves back in Holmes
Hole, or in any other hole, on the
dry land. The shouts of Captain
Blackler as he trod the deck, con-
veying orders for "tacking ship,"
were distinctly audible to the af-
flicted females below; "Oh,"
groaned old Miss Tarbox, during a
tranquil interval of her internal
economy, as for the fifteenth time
the schooner "went in stays,"
"what a drefful time them pore
creeters of sailors is a having on't.
Just listen to Jim Blackler, Mary
Ann, and hear how he is ordering
about that pore fellow, *Hardy Lee*.
I've heered that creetur hollered
for twenty times this blessed night,
if I have onst." "Yes," replied
the wretched Mary Ann, as she
gave a fearful retch to starboard,
but he ain't no worse-off than poor
Taupsale Hall—he seems to ketch
it as bad as Hardy. "I wonder
who they be," mused old Miss
Tarbox, "I knowed a Mass Hall,
that lived at Seekonk Pint oncet—
mebbe it's her son." A tremen-
dous sea taking the "Two Susans"
on her quarter at this instant, put a
stop to the old lady's cogitations;
but they had an awful night of it,
and still above the roaring of the
wind, the whistling and clashing of
the shrouds, the dash of the sea, and
the tramp of the sailors, was heard
the voice of stout Captain Blackler,