

Beautiful Illustration of Life.

B'SHOP HEBER, upon departing from India, said in his farewell sermon: Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and in manhood is a long, a wider, deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short lived enjoyments. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed—for rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

Children "Common Drunkards."

THERE is a case worthy the attention of conservative temperance men. A woman named Mary McGuire, and her three children, aged severally 7, 14 and 16 years, were taken from their home in Thatcher street court, on Sunday, by the police, both woman and children being in a state of beastly intoxication. In the Police Court, on Monday, John McGuire, aged 14 was charged with being a "common drunkard,"

to which he plead guilty. It was testified by the officer that he had been found often in a state of intoxication. His sister, Mary McGuire, 16 years of age, plead guilty to a similar to a like charge, and the evidence of the officer proved it to be true. Bear in mind, this was not a charge of being drunk, though that in persons so young would be sufficiently horrible: but with being "*common drunkards!*" The wretched mother was also charged with the same offence, and plead guilty. The children were sent to the House of Reformation, and the mother to the House of Correction.—*Boston Paper.*

Smile and Never Heed Me.

(From *Laura D. Juverne and other Poems.*)

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by,
I may deign thee no reply,
Turn not then away, and sigh, —
Smile and never heed me?
If our love, indeed, be such,
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should others learn as much? —
Smile and never heed me.

Where's the use that *they* should know
If one's heart beat fast or slow? —
Deepest love avoideeth show,
Smile and never heed me!
Let our hearts, like stars of night,
Shunning day's intrusive light,
Live but for each other's sight, —
Smile and never heed me?

Even if, with maiden pride,
I should bid thee quit my side,
Take this lesson for thy guide,
Smile and never heed me!
But when stars and twilight meet,
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear'st my coming feet, —
Then—thou then—may'st heed me!

Simile.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity!