

...but all was in vain. The fire-fly had been appointed for the sale. She had heard this about an hour before. Just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbour had called out over the hedge to her. It was for this reason that she was sitting so early in the morning by the open window, gazing up at the clear sky. Ferdinand had then gazing steadily up at the floor. There was a faint light. She uttered a loud cry as she



...she would go home and produce the jewel. She did so. Driving to one of our most fashionable avenues, she stopped at a palatial mansion, ran up stairs, and in a moment returned, placing the diamonds in the hands of the clerk, at the same time begging that he would not expose her. Her only excuse for such conduct was that all her friends sported diamonds and she had none. The diamonds had not been injured—nor even worn—and, having got back to the safe of the owner, he took no further notice of the matter.—*New York Tribune.*

"Alas!" she said to herself. "I have today, then, raked the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums, which I picked this morning for Ferdinand, are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him. Yes—this may be the last night we may spend beneath this roof. By this time to-morrow this cottage will be another property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once. Heaven only knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow—perhaps under the open heavens." She began to sob violently.

Ladies' Department.

HOPE'S WELCOME.

Oh hope, sweet flattering hope,
She has been here again
With cheerful smiles so sweet,
That doubt dare not remain;
She whispered future joys,
Once more beguiled my heart
Her tales like truth did seem.

The pleasing dream has flown
And hope's withdrawn her smile,
She veils her heavenly face;
My heart has grieved the while.
When eates the breast would grieve
And tempt you to despair,
Sweet hope once more will smile,
Nor ever fails to cheer.

I will not chide thee hope,
Though flattering me again
And false are the bright dreams
That deck'd your smiling reign.
Then snide dear flattering hope
Despite thy sweet deceit
Shew me thy face nor stay away,
My welcome shall thee greet.

MRS. C. DUNN.

WOMAN.

Ye are stars of night, ye are gems of morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the thorn,
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam from your eye lights a place in the breast.
When the sharp storms of sorrow sink deep in the heart,
The smile of dear woman assuages the smart.

STANDARD.

SHARP PRACTICE.—A NEW YORK LADY.

A few days since, a genteel and apparently wealthy girl stepped into a jewelry store in Broadway and asked to see some diamonds. They were shown her, and after some examination she selected to the amount of \$1,500, and saying that she was the daughter of George Law, desired that they should be sent home, where they would be paid for. She turned toward the door, but immediately came back, saying to the clerk that she was going directly home, and would take the package herself. Her apparent candour overcame the clerk's caution, and he handed her the box, with which she left. Soon afterward the firm despatched a messenger to Mr. Law, who informed them that he knew no such person, and had authorized no such purchase. It was soon afterward ascertained that a person of the same description had tried to get a quantity of rich lace from a Broadway dealer, in a similar manner, but the salesman insisted upon sending the goods when the messenger brought them back with word that no such person as the purchaser was known at the place she had named as her residence. The clerk who put up the lace shortly afterward met the demurelle in Broadway, and, having heard of the jewelry transaction, ran to that store and informed the clerk who gave her the jewelry that she was in the street. They traced her to a fashionable saloon, and the jewelry clerk followed her in and sat down vis a vis at the same table. After a moment's scrutiny he was satisfied that she was the fair deceiver, and asked her if she did not on such a day and at such a place purchase certain diamonds. She replied that he was quite mistaken in the person, that she had done no such thing. The clerk begged her to wait, but the resemblance was remarkable—in fact so remarkable that he must insist upon further satisfaction, and as gently as possible suggested that the money or the diamonds must be forthcoming. The girl protested that it was all a mistake, but upon the departure

Governor Clifford was a poor boy. The daughter of a millionaire rejected his suit when a young man, and lived to see him Governor of Massachusetts at the age of 42.

Youth's Department.

MY EXPERIENCE.

Text: "Susannah."
I went, upon a certain day,
Into a little inn,
My chilly frame to renovate
By whiskey, rum and gin;
And alcohol and poisonous stuff,
From vender and from knave,
With compound drinks and liquors rare,
All patented to save.

Chorus:—Oh! vile whiskey,
Thou curse of all mankind,
I would have down to —,
But custom made me blind.

"You've taken cold," the vender said,—
"I know it, Sir," says I;
"I've come to have you warm me up.
For I don't wish to die;
My stomach, Sir, is very weak;
My head is aching bad;
I have a great desire to drink;
But drinking makes me mad."

Chorus:—O! vile whiskey,
The drunkard's curse art thou;
You've put the staff into my hand
That wrinkle on my brow.

I cannot get an hour's ease,
To sleep I cannot go;
I can't go out to breathe fresh air,
For walking tires me so.
'Tis death to walk, 'tis death to ride;
'Tis death to sit or lie;
'Tis death to eat, and death to fast;
Yet living still am I.

Chorus:—O! vile whiskey,
The vender's poisonous cup,
You've brought me to the point of death,
Ere I could give you up.

But, vender, I'm resolved to live.—
Away I've thrown the cup;
I'll chew no more the filthy weed,—
Forever give it up.

For mind and nature cries aloud,
Against this monstrous sin,
Of me committing suicide,
By cramming whiskey in.

Chorus:—O! vile whiskey,
I bid you now "farewell;"
You've laid more victims in the grave,
Than human tongue can tell.

Oshawa, Feb. 26, 1854. J. E. D.

RESPECT FOR PARENTS.

If children could realize but a small portion of the anxiety their parents feel on their account, they would pay far greater respect to the paternal wishes. A good child, and one in whom confidence can be placed, is the one who does not allow himself to disobey his parents, nor to do anything when his parents are absent, that he has reason to believe they would disapprove, were they present. The good advice of parents is often so engraven on the heart of the child, that after years of care and toil do not efface it; and in the hour of temptation the thought of a parent has been the salvation of the child, though the parent may be sleeping in the grave, and the ocean may roll between that sacred spot and the tempted child. A small token of parental affection, borne about the person, especially a parent's likeness, would frequently prove a talisman for good. A Polish prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom; and, on any particular occasion, he would look upon it and say, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father." Such respect for a father or mother, is one of the best traits in the character of a son or a daughter. "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Little Ferdinand, who till now had not been moved came forward, and weeping said: "Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed? 'Do not weep so, he said—God is a father to the poor widow and orphan. Call upon him in thy distress and he will aid thee.' This is what he said, and is it not true then?"

"Yes," dear child, said the mother, "it is true." "Well," said the boy, "Why do you weep so long then? Pray to God, and he will help you." "Good Child, thou art right!" said his mother, and the tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her arms and raised her moist eyes toward heaven, and Ferdinand folded his hands also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon mother and child.

And the mother began to pray, and the boy repeated every word after her. "Great Father in Heaven" she said, "look down upon a poor mother and her child—a poor widow and orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mercy. Thou hast thyself said, 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee.' O! to thee we pray. Thrust us not from this dwelling—take not from a poor orphan his only little inheritance. Or if, in thy mysterious but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare for us a resting place upon the wide, vast earth. O! pour this consolation into our hearts, lest they break as we wander forth, and, from yonder hill, turn to look for the last time, upon our house!"

Sobs interrupted her; weeping, she fixed her gaze toward heaven and was silent. The little boy, who yet stood with folded arms, suddenly exclaimed, with outstretched finger: "Mother, look! what is that? Yonder moves a light. Yonder flie a little star. Look, there it hurries by the window. O! see, now it comes in! How bright, how beautiful it shines! Look, only look! it has a greenish light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful!"

"It is a fire-fly," dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the daytime it is a small unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light." "May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it not hurt me, and will not the light burn me?" "It will not burn thee," said his mother, and she laughed, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. "Catch it and examine it closer, it is one of the wonders of God's almighty power."

The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire-fly, now on the floor, now under the chair. "Ah me, what a pity!" said the boy, for, as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He then looked under the chest. "I see it plain enough," he said; "there it is, close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of the dust near it, shine as if the moon shone upon them; but I cannot reach it, my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said the mother, "it will soon come out again." The boy waited a little while, and then came to the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire-fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand, and was delighted with it. But his mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something which had stuck between it and the wall, fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up: "Ah!" she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over. This is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness. Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book stuck between the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it?"

She at once lighted a lamp and turned over the leaves of the account book, while tears of joy sparkled. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which her deceased husband owed of the three hundred crowns at the commencement of the year, and what he had paid off in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand:—"I have settled accounts with James Bloom today, St. Martin's day, and he owes me fifty crowns." The mother struck her hands together with joy, embracing her child, and exclaiming with delight: "Oh Ferdinand give thanks to God, for we now need not leave home—now we can remain in our cottage!"

"And I was the cause was I not mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to move the chest you never would have found the book. It might have lain there a hundred years." The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said:—"O! my child it was God's doings! I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came that sparkling fire-fly and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly! God's hand is in all things, however trifling! Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of the head are numbered, not one of them falls to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this through life, and put thy trust in him, especially in the time of need. It is easy for him to aid and save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us help by a little fire-fly."

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after break of day, she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came immediately. He acknowledged the writing as genuine and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the court and having called her a liar. The judge declared that he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was unwilling to make atonement for his injustice. But, when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening, prayer, and the appearance of the fire-fly, the judge said:—"That it is the finger of God; he has visibly helped you." Young Meyer, however, was very much moved, and said with tears filling his eyes:—"Yes, it is so. God is indeed the father of the widow and the fatherless, and their avenger also. Pardon me for my harshness towards you: I now release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and, if you are at any time in need, come to me and I will assist you all I can. I now see clearly, that those who trust in God, he will never forsake, and that confidence in him is safer dependance than great riches. And if I ever should come to want or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may he help us also as he helped you."

Trust always thine in him, and be as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you in time of need. MODERN EXTRAVAGANCE.—The extravagance of the city, and the people of the city are going into, exceeds anything in our previous history. Costly houses of \$75,000 and \$100,000 with furniture, mirrors, carpeting, pictures, frescoes, &c., to match are not uncommon—but there are dinners, soirees, fetes, dresses, etc., to match. We hear of balls the past week, in which diamonds and emeralds were worn worth \$80,000 on the person. Thousand dollar dresses are not uncommon.