

that these fits of inspiration came to him only in certain kinds of composition that the excellence of many of his stories lies largely in detached scenes. Still his best works are a moving panorama, in which the mind is no sooner sated with one picture than its place is taken by another equally fitted to fix the attention and to stir the heart. The genuineness of his power in such cases is shown by the perfect simplicity of the agencies employed. There is no pomp of words; there is an entire lack of even the attempt at meretricious adornment; there is not the slightest appearance of effort to impress the reader. In his portrayal of these scenes Cooper is like nature in that he accomplishes his greatest effects with the fewest means. If, as we are sometimes told, these things are easily done, the pertinent question remains. Why are they not done?

The Stocking Song.

Supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And now, in the woodfire's glow,
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of the time so long ago;

When grandmamma's hair was golden brown
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The brow is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Has never gone quite away.

And her needles catch the red fire's light,
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandmamma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe;

And the waking children love it too,
For they know that stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandmamma's mind,
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandmamma's heart to-night—
Only a parable, short and quaint,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandmamma says,
And yours is just begun
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my task is well-nigh done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

"But the most are formed of many a hue,
And many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole be fair and strong.

"There are long plain spaces without a break
That in youth are hard to bear,
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
Which we sigh for and yet would shun
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And tells us our work is done."

The children come to bid good-night,
With tears in their bright young eyes;
While in grandmamma's lap, with a broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.

Evil would not be half so dangerous if it did not often wear the semblance of virtue.

For your own and your children's sake learn to speak gently. They will remember that tone when you are under the turf. So they will remember a harsh or angry tone.

SELECTED.

"S'pning on v' what is sweet:
Leave th' chaff and take th' wheat."

Chance.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen or a thought unguessed,
And souls that were kindred may live apart,
Never to meet or know the truth;
Never to know how heart beat with heart
In the dim past of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt
When over his temples her tresses swept;
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath,
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At woman and love in the open day,
And at night-time kisses, with bitter tears,
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

Garibaldi's Dream.

I was ill with rheumatism, and in the midst of a storm I fell asleep in my cabin, having lain down over the coverlid. In sleep I was transported to my native place, but instead of the heavenly air of Nice, where everything bore a smiling aspect, I found myself in the gloomy aspect of a cemetery. In the distance I perceived a melancholy procession of women carrying a bier, and they advanced slowly toward me. I felt a fatal presentiment, and struggled to approach the funeral train, but I could not move. I seemed to have a mountain upon my chest.

The cortege reached the side of my couch, laid down the bier, and vanished. I sought in vain to raise myself on my arms. I was under the terrible influence of a nightmare; and when I began to move and feel beside me the cold form of a corpse, and recognize my mother's blessed face, I was awake, but on my hand there remained the impression of an ice-cold hand. The mournful howling of the tempest and the groans of the poor "Camen" beaten unmercifully against the shore could not entirely dissipate the effects of my terrible dream. On that day and at that hour I lost my parent, the best of mothers.—[From Guizot's "Life of Garibaldi."

Lowell's Pluck.

In company with Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes and others, Mr. Emerson once spent a portion of the summer in the Adirondacks. Each member of the party followed the bent of his own inclinations as to the use of his time while in camp, and a good deal of admirable thinking and some valuable contributions to science were a result of this withdrawal into the wilderness. "As several of us," said Emerson, in speaking of this occasion, "were returning to camp toward evening, after our various pursuits of the day, a crow's nest was discovered on an upper limb of a lofty pine; and the question was immediately broached whether or not it could be reached and secured by the most expert climber. Lowell declared that the feat could be accomplished, and on being challenged to attempt it, immediately made the trial. He did some wonderful climbing, and showed a venturesomeness that was actually alarming, but with his most strenuous efforts failed to reach the nest. Of course he was made the butt of some lively jokes, and it was the conclusion of the rest of the party that the nest was entirely safe from the grasp of human hands. After our amusement at his discomfiture was over, Lowell said: 'Well, gentlemen, you've had your laugh, but perhaps a little too soon. I shall get that nest.' Some derisive smiles followed, and the subject was dropped; but the next morning, as we assembled for breakfast, there, in the middle of the table, stood the veritable crow's nest, whose lofty perch we had supposed was unassailable. It seems that Lowell had risen early, while we were asleep, climbed the tree in the inspiration of his morning vigor, and secured the trophy."