

Selected Matter.

The readable character of a paper, in general, depends as much on the judgment and taste of the editor in making his selections, as upon any other thing. His fitness for the post he occupies is to be estimated as much by talent in this department as any other. It requires a knowledge of human nature to judge what readers ought to read and what they will read, and what out of the vast material found in exchanges, should be selected for the improvement of his paper, and the pleasure and profit of his readers. Some editors have the presumption and vanity to imagine their readers would rather be confined to the perusal of original articles from their pens, than to be indulged in articles that emanate from other pens and have been inserted in other papers. There would be quite a material alteration, and their pride much mortified, could they possess themselves of the judgment of their readers. The editor of a paper must at times perform the office of a gleaner, and pick up a little here and there in the true world of exchanges to enrich his columns with intelligence that will be appreciated, and to give it the rich variety of thought and sentiment, without which his paper would be pronounced dull and prosy. The proper use of the scissors is a knowledge indispensable to the editor. What to select and how much to use, require no little judgment and experience.

The Village Church.

FROM "POEMS," BY ROBERT NICOLL,

God's lowly temple! place of many prayers!
Gray is thy roof, and crumbling are thy walls;
And over old green graves thy shadow falls,
To bless the spot where end all human cares!

The sight of thee brings gladness to my heart;
And while beneath thy humble roof I stand,
I seem to grasp an old familiar hand,
And hear a voice that bids my spirit start.

Long years ago, in childhood's careless hour,
Thou wast to me e'en like a grandsire's knee—
From storms a shelter thou wast made to be—
I bound my brow with ivy from thy tower.

The humble-hearted, and the meek and pure
Have by the holy worship of long years,
Made thee a hallowed place; and many tears,
Shed in repentance deep, have blessed thy floor.

Like some all loving good man's feeling heart,
Thy portal hath been opened unto all;
A treasure-house where men, or great or small,
May bring their purest, holiest thoughts, thou art!

Church of the Village! God doth not despise
The torrent's voice, in mountain valleys dim,
Nor yet the blackbird's summer morning hymn:
And as will hear the prayers from thee that rise.

The father loves thee, for his son is laid
Among thy graves; the mother loves thee too,
For 'neath the roof, by love time-tried and true,
Her quiet heart long since was happy made.

The wanderer in a far and foreign land,
When death's last sickness o'er him revels free,
Turns his heart homewards, even unto thee,
And those who, weckly, 'neath thy roof tree stand.

Lowly thou art; but yet, when time is set,
Will as who loves what wicked men despise—
Who hears the orphan's voice, that up doth rise
In deep sincerity—not thee forget!

Lone temple! did men know it—unto thee
Would pilgrims come, more than to battle places;
For thou hast lightened human woes and pains,
And taught men's souls truths that made them free!

The distant sound of thy sweet Sabbath bell
O'er meadows green no more shall come to me,
Sitting beneath the lonely forest tree—
Church of my native Village! fare-thee-well!

First Quarrels.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I am one of the many from whom Heaven has seen fit to take away the individual interest of life, that perchance, they might become universal. Sometimes I could almost liken myself to a mirror, which receives on its silent, solitary breast the fleeting images that pass it by, and so takes them, for the time being, as companions to its own void heart, while it makes of them life pictures to be reflected abroad. These passing interests I oreate for myself continually. They seem, too, to meet me voluntarily on every side, not merely in society, but in chance recounters along the waysides of life. I rarely journey five miles from my home without discovering, or, if you will, *manufacturing*, some pleasant and useful passage in human life, which makes me feel one with my fellow-creatures, as though the world stretched out its loving hand to the solitary one, and called her "Sister!"

The other day I took my way homeward. Reader, I may as well tell the truth, that I am a little, old maid, living in London, and working hard that I may live at all; also that, in order to add a small mite to my slender modicum of health, I had abided for