

there were some who stood talking to themselves: and others wept! As we approached, the confusion of their senses increased. Having been absent during several years, they admired incessantly the verdure of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks on the shore, covered with sea-weeds and mosses; as if every object was new to them. The spires of the villages in which they were born, which they recognized among the distant fields, and named one after another, filled them with ecstasies of joy. But when the vessel entered the port, and they saw upon the ways their friends, their fathers, their mothers, their wives, and their children, who held out their arms, while their eyes were dimmed with tears, and who called them by their names, it was impossible to keep one of them on board; they all leaped ashore, and it was necessary, according to the custom of that port, to hire another set of seamen to bring the ship to anchor. What, then, should we do, if we could see distinctly that heavenly country where all whom we have most loved reside?—If the other world were obvious to our senses, I would persuade myself that, from that moment, every occupation here would cease.—All laborious and vain anxieties of this life would have an end. If the passage from one world to the other were within the reach of every Christian, who would stay in this?"

ARMENIAN BURIAL GROUNDS.

At Smyrna, the burial grounds of the Armenians, like that of the Moslems, is removed a short distance from the town, sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose sorrowful feelings are thus deeply overcast. I met one morning a little girl with a half playful countenance, beaming blue eyes and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and in the other a wreath of flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions.—Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seeds—which, it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreaths on its pure surface. And "why," I inquired, "my sweet little girl, do you put seeds in those little bowls there?" "To bring the birds here," she replied, with a half-wondering look, "they will light on this tree when they have eaten the seeds and sing." "To whom do they sing, to you, or to each other?" "Oh no!" she she replied, "to my sister—she sleeps here." "But your sister is dead?" "Oh, yes sir! but she hears the birds sing." "Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see the wreath of flowers." "But she knows I put it here; I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning." "You must," I continued, "have loved that sister very much, but you will never talk with her any more, never see her again." "Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her in Heaven." "But she has gone to Heaven already, I trust." "No, she stays under this tree until they bring me here, and then we are going to Heaven together."—*Travels in the East.*

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Among the speakers on the occasion of the re-interment of the remains of Brant, was Mr. Hotchkiss, an American. The speech is thus reported: Mr. Hotchkiss next came forward. He wore the regalia of the order of Free Masons, and it could be readily seen that he took a deep interest in the business of the day. His air was that of an American, who had seen many summers, and his eye flashed brightly with romance as he stepped forward. He was from Pennsylvania, and had made it his express business to be present on the occasion. He said:—Citizens of Canada, I appear before you not to pronounce a funeral oration on Colonel Brant, but I appear here on behalf of one who has long since been gathered to his fathers, to acknowledge a debt of gratitude he owed to him whose remains you have this day assembled to honor. About fifty years ago a young man left his home on the Susquehanna, on a tour of observation, and in the course of his long wanderings found himself at the door of Colonel Brant's mansion. He was admitted,

food was given him, and his means were exhausted. Employment was necessary. Brant gave him employment; but he soon fell sick, and the disease was of long continuance. Day after day, and night after night, Brant and his family watched over the sufferer, until the end of nine weeks he began to recover. He then thought of his home, many hundred miles distant, with no road but the Indian trail through the wilderness, and his heart was heavy. But Brant ordered one of his best horses to be brought, and provided the youth with means to take him home. That young man (said the speaker, with marked emphasis,) was my father, and I wish to render the tribute of a grateful heart to the posterity of Brant for his great kindness. (Cheers.) Let my right arm fall from its socket, continued Mr. H. should it ever be raised against any of the posterity of Brant; let my tongue cleave to the root of my mouth, should it ever attempt to speak evil of them. Did any man ever explore charity at the hand of Brant and go empty away? I tell you no! Did any man ever raise the supplicating hand to Brant even in the hour of his most bloody conflict, and not receive protection? I tell you no! Colonel Brant was a member of the time-honored Fraternity of Ancient Free Masons, so was my father. On that platform which knows no distinction of nation, creed or color, broad as the abode of man, they met. In the exercise of that charity, which is as expansive as the canopy of heaven, Brant received him. Colonel Brant was a Christian; he found my father a stranger, and he took him in; hungry, and he fed him; poor, and he supplied his wants; sick, and he administered unto him. Oh Brant! noblest Chief of a noble race! peace to thy ashes. May thy memory live in perpetual green; and when the great Archangels trumpet shall sound and awake the slumbering millions, then shalt thou, and all good Masons and Christians, arise to join the great Grand Lodge above where the Supreme Architect of the universe for ever presides.

A SECOND MARRIAGE.—That truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, is proved by the following case of a Second Marriage told by the *Lewiston (Me) Journal*. In 1814 Mr. Thurston, of Pownal married a young lady of that place, with whom he lived two or three years and then left his wife, and went to the British provinces, where a short time after, it was reported that he was executed for trespass on the king's timber land. The wife after this report became current married a second time with a Mr. Lovell, with whom she lived until his death, which occurred a few years since. Since that time nothing has occurred to occasion a doubt of the truth of the rumour of the death of her husband until a few days since a person called upon her, and stated that her husband had recently died at Hudson, N. Y., having been injured by a fall from his carriage and offered her \$50 for an assignment of her right in his property. This she very wisely refused to do. The next day another man called upon her, and offered \$150, which she likewise declined. An inquiry was instituted, and the result is, that a fortune of some \$30,000, will probably fall into her hands. Thurston left some eight or nine children by a second marriage; but as this, in the eye of the law, was illegal, she remains the sole heir.

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—The following anecdote of the funeral of a British Alderman is told by a Southerly:—As soon as he knew his case was desperate, he called together all the persons to whom he was indebted in his mercantile concerns. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am going to die, and my death will be inconvenient to you, because it will be sometime before you can get your accounts settled with my executors; now, if you will allow me a handsome discount I will settle them myself at once." They agreed to the proposal, and the old Alderman turned his death into nine hundred pounds profit.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—Nearly twenty years ago, a Mr. Barber lost a pocket-book, not many miles from this city, containing some valuable papers and money. No tidings were ever received concerning the lost pocket-book for nearly a score of years. A month ago, an old man lay upon his death-bed. Something oppressing him in his last hours. He sent for a friend, and commited to him a sealed parcel, to be immediately transmitted to Mr. Barber. It was accordingly sent, and the old man died. Mr. Barber, on opening the parcel, found the pocket-book, papers,

and money which he had lost more than ninety years previously. The affair is a singular one; and yet there is no question as to the truth of the facts we have narrated.—*Christian Guardian.*

CRUEL BOYS.

"Don't kill it, don't kill it."  
"There he goes, catch him; knock him down."  
"Take care, get away, let me throw, I can fetch him."  
"Yonder he is, up in the top of that little oak; give me a rock, I can make him wink."  
"O, boys, don't kill it, poor little thing, don't you hear how it begs?"  
"Pshaw! go long away. Knock him out, boys, it's nothing but a little old jaybird; kill him, kill him."  
My attention was attracted the other day by the above conversation which might have been heard two hundred yards. I heard also hallooing and whooping loud enough to "alarm the natives." On looking out I saw about a dozen of school-boys after one little young jaybird.—Among the whole crowd, there was but one boy who sympathised with the little half-feathered chirper. He begged for him manfully, saying: "Don't kill him, don't kill him." But in vain did he plead for the innocent little creature. The harder he begged, the louder the other boys hallooed, "Kill him, kill him." One threw stones, another sticks, while a third tried to shake him out of the tree, the rest hallooed, and watched the frightened little creature as he made his escape from one point to another, seeking safety from his pursuers.  
Shame! shame! I said to myself. A dozen great big boys after one little bird! How would you like, now, for a parcel of bears to follow you, when you were out from home, and nobody to protect you? If they did not catch and kill you, would you not be scared almost to death? Well, now the little jaybird is just as afraid of you, as you are of a bear; and it loves to live just as well as you do. Why then engage in this cruel sport?  
The little fellow that pleaded so earnestly, saying, "Don't kill it, don't kill it," deserves credit. That single act has raised him in an old man's estimation, at least fifty per cent. I venture he is a good boy to his mother, he is kind to his brothers and sisters, and will, if he lives, make an amiable man. He'll pass through the world, without ever having many scratches on his face, and, as I trust, will be loved, honored and respected by all—both small and great.

BEST ROOMS.—Among all the follies prevalent in the middle classes, that of sacrificing family comfort and convenience to the absurd desire of having a best room is one of the most ridiculous. Let it not be inferred that we consider good furniture, elegant curtains, and handsome carpets, as superfluous luxuries for people in plebeian state—far from it. Consistent taste and prudent display are to be as much admired in the house of a commoner as in the saloons of a nobleman; but when a room is set apart in a small domicile as the mere receptacle of company, and all in that room held sacred to tright ceremony and ostentatious pretensions, when chairs are cased in Holland jackets, and the carpet puts on its pinafore of the same material for months together, when the apartment is literally shut up,—indicating that family comfort lies dead within it,—then may the best rooms be condemned as worse than useless. For our own part, we think there is something perfectly terrifying in being asked into a stately drawing-room—the polished bars shining with unnatural brightness—the fire-irons arranged in stiff angles, evidently never appropriated to their purpose—the table most geometrically studded with glossy unread volumes of rubbish, and the besilked and betasselled sofas looking as if they were intended for anything but sitting on. We give an involuntary shudder as we are left to gaze on costly chimney ornaments and japanned screens, while the lady of the house is, most probably, making a rush to execute the metamorphose of dress and cap. We would much rather have been introduced to the common parlor, where we should have beheld some signs of vitality, and thawed ourselves into a good-humored cheerfulness; but then and there we might have beheld a basket of stockings and socks undergoing the process of repair, the young ones might have been lugging the chairs about, and left a tailless horse and a wheelless cart in the foreground; we might have formed suspicions that bloaters have been among