

A FRAGMENT.

Her work is done.  
 Closed are those azure orbs that gleamed  
 with light,  
 Silent those lips that opened but with smiles,  
 And cold and motionless the robed hands  
 Lie white and wax-like on the pulseless  
 breast,—  
 Pulsed-as alike to note of joy or woe.  
 Bring here the orange wreath to deck her  
 brow.  
 The bridal robes she thought to wear to-day,  
 Alas! she heeds them not,—she is a bride,  
 But 'tis the bride of Death.  
 Roses wreath her hair—rose-buds nestle  
 close  
 Among the foldings of her snowy robe.  
 They were her own,—trained by her gentle  
 hand,  
 She watched their opening beauty with  
 delight,  
 And said she'd wear them on her bridal eve.  
 Truly she wears them, but she knows it not.  
 Alas! she watcheth them no more, she's gone  
 Where roses never fade,—where buds unfold,  
 But only those immortal, changeless ones,  
 That bloom in Paradise.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHERS.

The old-fashioned Mothers have nearly all passed away with the blue check and homespun woolen of a simpler but purer time. Here and there one remains, truly "accomplished," in heart and life, for the sphere of home.

Old-fashioned mothers—God bless them—who followed us with heart and prayer, all over the world—lived in our lives and sorrowed in our griefs; who knew more about patching than poetry; spoke no dialect but love; never preached nor wandered; "made melody with their hearts," and sent forth no books but living volumes, that honored their authors and blessed the world.

The old homestead! We wish we could paint it for you, as it is—no, we dare not say, as it is—as it was; that we could go together from room to room, sit by the old hearth, round which that circle of light and love once swept, and there linger, till all those simpler, purer times returned, and we should grow young again.

And how can we leave that spot, without remembering one form, that occupied, in days gone by, "the old arm chair," that old-fashioned Mother—one in all the world, the law of whose life was love; one who was the divinity of our infancy, and the sacred presence in the shrine of our first earthly idolatry; one whose heart is far below the frosts that gather so thickly on her brow; one to whom we never grew old, but, in "the plumed troop" or the grave council and children still; one who welcomed us coming, blessed us going, and never forgets us—never!

And when in some closet, some drawer, some corner, she finds a garment or a toy that once was yours, how does she weep, as she thinks you may be suffering or sad.

And when spring

"Leaves her robe on the trees,"

does she not remember *your* tree, and wish you were there to see its glory?—*Selected.*

OUR TEACHERS.

How thoughtless must they be who can appreciate no lessons but those that they receive from professed teachers; and how illiterate must they be whose guide in practical life is confined to the say-so of books? Books are great helps, and they point us to the beautiful objects that surround us, the formation of which displays the skill of a superhuman artificer; they inspire us, too, with lofty aspirations, and kindle the flame of human ambition. But who would be willing to confine their knowledge of this world to what they may learn from professed teachers and books? Let us ramble abroad, with eyes open, and see these things for ourselves. Behold the modest, blushing flower as it springs forth from the bosom of mother earth; it clings to her like a fond child to its parent; it sucks from her unbounded resources all its rosy tints and mellow hues—and is nature impoverished by thus giving? No. Look again,—that flower begins to fade, its love-blushes are gone,—the soft blending of light and shade in its velvet petals have disappeared; it wilts and droops upon the strong arm of nature, and she takes back the precious draughts she gave, enriched by the sweet consciousness of having done good. Let us learn a lesson from the flower, and as we drink in so bounteously of nature's goodness, let it bud for the into new life, losing none of its varied richness by a blighting and withering influence; but gathering fresh impulses from every contact with our natures, tuning our voices to sweet melodies, making our hands more helping, and our heart more easily impressed with one's relations to humanity and our duty to our maker.

**Microscopic Bodies in Snow.**—Professor Pouchet, of Rouen, has examined snow which fell near that city, for the purpose of discovering what substances it swept down in the atmosphere. The snow was placed under the glass and allowed to thaw, and on the surface of the water thus obtained or precipitated from it were plenty of "snuts," a number of starch grains (some of which were colored blue, as if already acted upon iodine), a few diatoms and a very small number of remains of infusoria. After many hundred observations, he failed to discover the eggs of animals, or spores of vegetables, except two eggs of infusoria and two spores of *Aspergillus*, at the hall.—*Scientific Am.*

**Use of Knowledge**—Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge, some the love of fame, some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge, but the real use all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man.—*J. rd Bacon*

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