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THE PASSIONATE WIFE.

A DOMESTIC HISTORY.

By PAUL CARTER.
When a young man, by talent, enterprise, and a steady application to business, becomes successful in the world, he is often tempted to neglect his domestic duties. This is the story of a young man who, after achieving success, finds himself in a state of domestic misery.

At length William arrived, but not with the expected carriage. He was in a state of domestic misery, and his wife was in a state of domestic misery. The story continues with a detailed account of their domestic life.

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GETTING INTO A TIGHT PLACE.

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SPEECH OF DR. MURRAY.

At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in Ireland, in July 1861. Dr. Murray, on being called upon to deliver a sermon, said: "I have been called upon to deliver a sermon, and I have done so. I have done so with a heart full of devotion, and with a mind full of truth. I have done so with a heart full of devotion, and with a mind full of truth. I have done so with a heart full of devotion, and with a mind full of truth." The speech continues with a detailed account of the sermon.

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EARLY PASSION.

By ALAN L. WATTS.
We met when life and love were new, And fancy's wand around us threw. Enchantments, sweet as wild: Ours were the light and bounding hearts, The world had yet to wing; The bloom, that when it once departs, Can know no second spring.

What though our love was never told, Or breathed in sighs alone; By signs that would not be controlled, His growing strength was shown: The touch, that thrilled us with delight; The glance, by art untold; In one short month, as brief as bright, That tender truth proclaimed.

We parted, chilling looks around; My inmost soul was bowed; And lingsing died upon my tongue. I dared not breathe aloud; A pensive smile, serene and bland, One thrilling glance—how vain! A pressure of the yielding hand: We never met again!

Yet still a spell was in thy name, Of magic's power to me; That bade me strive for wealth and fame, To a name worthy thee; And long through many an after year, With nothing left to hope or fear, I loved in silence on.

More sacred ties at length are ours, As dear as those of yore; And later joys, like autumn flowers, Have bloomed for us once more, But never came that were again: What once thou wert to me, I glory in another's name: And thou art no longer free.

The stream of life glides calmly on, A prosperous tide is thine; The brighter that it did not join The twilight waters of mine: Yet, oh, my fondlest love returns, Thy sunshine on my brow: Thy care can be a happier doom Than I may boast of now.

THE ORPHAN BRIDE.
I gazed upon her lovely form, In a snowy vest enshrouded; Ere stern affluence pierced her soul, Her young life's sunshine clouded, I watched her, in her beauty's pride, At the altar's meek kneeling, And her timid pale pallid drop O'er her limb's shuddering stealing.

Her eyes that never faded, Alas! how transient beauty's reign, And time's hurried course how fleeting, Where the gladsome moon, now, With holy ardour beaming; Where, oh! where is the sportive gem, Each gloomy hour beguiling; Where, in the moon of bridal youth, Is the Queen of Beauty with a sign; Behold in yonder sacred spot, Where the silvery streamlets glistening, And the tyrant calmly slumbering, With the gentle and confiding, Where the soft form in the lowly bow, And the modest willow weeping; How, in the moon of bridal youth, Behold in yonder sacred spot, Where the silvery streamlets glistening, And the tyrant calmly slumbering, With the gentle and confiding, Where the soft form in the lowly bow, And the modest willow weeping;

BOYHOOD.
There's something in a noble boy, A brave, free-hearted, careless one, With his uncheck'd, unbridled joy, His dress of boots and bow of fun, And his clear and ready wit, Unshaken by the thought of guile, And untroubled by the world's guile, Which brings me to my childhood boy, And I feel his very spirit.

"Al! women, in our hours of ease, Can't be so much as boys, And variable in the shade, By the light, hovering upon, And the moon and shining with the bow, A whispering voice: then."