TERMSTO CLUBS Price of subscription for "American Eag ubsof Six one year, - of Twelve, one year, of Twenty, one year, - 20 00 payable in each case in advance. Persons who get up clubs are entitled to a copy gratis.

Our Fiag.

On with the Spangled Banner, onl Let cowards stay behind-The flash that tells of victory won Will strike a craver. blind. The silk which glitters in the light, Will cease its folds to wave, If 'neath it, in the hour of fight, Are any but the brave.

And whether upon mountain steep, It brothers with the rine-Or, dashing o'er the rolling deep, Claims kindred with the brine .-Still bear the banner boldly on-The stripe and Eagle's form-Bear it, all brilliant in the sun, All scatheless in the storm.

The Trumpet

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land, Light up the beacon pyre! A hundred hills have seen the brand, And waved the sign of fire!

A hundred banners to the preeze Their gorgeous folds have cast; And hark! was that the sound of seas? A king to war went past!

The chief is arming in his hall, The peasant by his hearth, The mourner hears the thrilling call, And raises from the earth!

The motker on her first born son Looks with a boding eye-They come not back, though all he won, Whose young hearts to leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound T he falchion to his side; E'en from the marriage altar crown'd, The lover quits his bride.

And all this haste, and change and fear, By earthly clarion spread! How will it be when kingdoms hear The blast that wakes the dead.

Ob, mock me not! my brow is cold, My eyes, no longer bright, Speak more than these pale lips have told, Farewell! farewell! "good night,"

From the Home Journal. The Little Cosin.

We cannot imagine anything more exquisite of the kind than this poem, by Mrs H. L. Bostwich. It is one of those poems that one cannot see to read through.

'Twas a tiny, rosewood thing; Eben bound, and glittering With its stars of silver white, Silver tablet, blank and bright, Downy pillowed, satiu lined, * That I, loitering, chanced to find 'Mid the dust, and scent and gloom Of the undertaker's ro.m, Waiting, empty - ah! for whom?

Ab! what loved-watched cradle bed Keeps to-night the nestling head, Or on what soft, pillowing breast Is the cherub form at rest, That ere long with darkened eye. Sleeping to no lullaby, Whitely robed, still and cold, Pale flowers slipping from its hold, Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter terrsshall stain All this satin sheet like rain, And what towering hopes be hid Neath this tiny coffin lid, Scarcely large enough to bear Little words that must be there, Little words, cut deep and true; Bleeding mother's hearts anew-Sweet, pet name, and "Aged Two!"

Oh, can sortow's hovering plume Round our pathway cast a gloom, Chill and darksome as the shade By an infant's coffin made! From our aims an angel flies, And our startled, dazzled eyes, Weeping round its vacant place, Cannot rise its path to trace, Cannot see the angel face!

----From the Parthenian. The Power of Sympathy.

sympathy? When the waves of trouble sweep believe it. You would be glad you know tail—then brought home kicked by a horse her to my bosom, and hushed her sobbings over him, and his heart is well nigh broken, then you would Then you could marry some When eld enough to see about for himself with gentle words. does the voice of symiathy fall upon his woun- flirt of a girl who would not bear with your running away from school-or going off to "Why do you weep thus, my darling, . ded heart, like the reviving dewdrop on the errors as I have done. Don't tell me I'm sea! Perhaps when a man, joining a club and why do you seek this lonely place to

pain, and his frame is burning with fever, then was dear Margaret, your honey, your sweet this treatment I have been ill-treated. | blessed for tears, and that a mother's botoo do the accents of sympathy fall softly on his love; now you tumble into bed at any time laughed at, swore at, and told to hold my som is the place of refuge instead of this once or twice a week in a young lady's bark will make a rope, but it takes a large car, and enable him to bear more patiently his of night, and if I just venture to say that tongue, before I had spoken scarce a word damp grave? How can you grieve when drawing room, even though the conversa- pile of wood to make a cord. That must

of our hearts, for how much lighter do troubles mother to my children, I haunt the house bome to mother and won will be left to down that I shall die, or go home to mother and won will be left to down that I shall die, or go home to mother and won will be left to down that I shall die, or go home to mother and won will be left to down that I shall die, or go home to mother and won will be left to down that I shall die, or go home to mother and won will be left to down that I shall die, or go home to mother and won will be left to down that I shall die, or go home to mother and won will be left to down that I shall die, or go home to mother and won will be left to down the left

joice, and weep with those who weep." Sympathy is the golden link

In life's uncertain chain, Her voice doth bid man's heart rejoice, And so, thes it when in pain.

Tis like the drop of cooling dew And casts the rainbow light of hope Over the darkest hour.

It sympathy we fail to gain, While here by tempests driven, Let not our weary hearts prow oad It will be found

MISCELLANY.

From the London Punch. Mrs. Caudie's Curtain Lectures.

Mr. Caudle has been whis pering with the Maid .-Mrs Caudle, jealous and indignant

you didn't? I say you did. You needn't you take never to go with me, me to go a walking with you, and a wheed-mountainous regions of Northern India think to deceive me. Candle. I see it all. | What are you tossing about in that way | ling me with your nonsense? I know you too well Its a Lurning shame for, Mr. Caudle. I don't wonder you are Oh, you're not asleep then. What did try our geography cannot define. Two so it is, that you the father of a lovely fam- in pain. Don't tell me you want to go to you say, Mr. Caudle? You wish I had peculiarities have characterized the inhab ily, and the husband of a devoted wife, sleep! Don't you suppose I want to go to said no! Caudle, I cannot endure this!— itants of that region in every age: It has should whisper to the maid. But you did | sleep too? But I can't sleep-such treat- I can't. If I were not a patient Chris- been a land of Nod, that is wandering, un-Mr. Caudie. I-say-you-did! You ment takes away my appetite. It makes tian, I should die under the burden! didn't? Was ever a mar. so deceitful?— me wish to be an Arabian savage, on the I suppose when you get through at that tion; and yet it has been. strange to say, What is your word worth, Mr. Caudle, deserts of America, wandering about in Club of yours, you tell those pretty fellows a land remarcable for the magnitude. when you lie right into my face? But the the tropical climates of the north, rather there, that you'll go home and make fun grandeur, wealth manufactures, learning maid shall budge. I won't keep her an- than be the wife of so unfeeling a man, of your wife—or catch a bed-bug! 0, and commerce of its cities—just as the earother day. She shall go, bag and bag- And so you won't marry again to please that I should ever live to be fun of. Don't ly cultivation of the arts by the descengage, if I have to do all her work myself. me! You shall marry again! My thil- tell me! I've no doubt you say so. You dents of Cain might suggest. Nowhere Lord knows I work hard enough as it is. dren shall have a mother as long as they talk all the time, and I can hardly speak else in the world has been seen the ming-But I won't have that wench about the live—and she shall be a good mother to a word for myself. But the time will soon ling of such contrarieties and of such exhouse. Poor girl, you say? You wouldn't them! None of your foolish chits who come, Caudle, when you will not have your tremes. The traveler with peril penesay poor girl, Mr. Caudle, if you wasn't in think they know more than their parents. Toor Margaret te find fault with, and make trates to the centres of these wild and love with her. It's no use. I see how it I'll tell you who you shall marry. A pru- fun of I feel it coming on, Caudle, I am grand landscapes, where eved Nature colis. Poor girl, indeed! I should like to dent, respectable aged woman, who will breaking down. You may laugh and kick lects the highest mountains and deepest know who is to support poor girls, who have a bright eye to your fooleries,—and round, but you'll find it so. I aint a stock chasms in the world—the most savage don't know where they belong, or how to not be so weak and forgiving and kind as nor a stone! Done the best I could, as sterility, and gardens of the very primeval behave themselves. We women work and I have been. You shall marry, Mr. Cau- I have, and then be twitted because we Paridisaic fruits. But when he does so, drudge, just to see our maids of work do dle,—and these shall be my last words— have no boys among our little ones—as he is amazed by the fortifications. the palnothing but whisper with our husbands .- You shall marry the widow-

I tell you again its no use for you to for this.] deny it. I see the guilt in your face; or should see it if there was a light in the room. The more shame you for blowing out the candle so long before you got into bed. Men don't blow out candles unless they have something to be ashamed of -But I'll not endure it. Ill discharge her first Poor girl, again! You would provoke a saint. But Ill have my revenge. Ing Ill tear the house down about your ears.-We'll see then who will whisper to the

maid. Nothing good comes of whispering I should like to know what honest folks have to whisper about. I don't whisper? You may well say that. I wish I could speak xith thunder; you would'ut pretend to sleep then, I would wake all the sleep

out of you

And next we shall have an elopement. Do not say fool, Mr Caudle. Nobody is a fool except for marrying you. I say we shall have an elopement and you will be put in all the papers. Richard Caudle, Esquire, gone off with his servant maid, leaving a lovely and disconsolate wife and three children. The maid not handsome either. Would not that be a fine story for the rising generation to read? You say you will elope if I dont hold my tongue? You shall not elope—and I wont hold my know what it is to want a mouthful of din- they fall and unite with mine in sympathy memory stands near watching fate as, with tongue. I will watch you, and follow you to the ends of the earth, like a poor, patient, abused wife as I am. But you shall not go_ Ill tear the girl's eyes out first .--And you shall not go to sleep, either. You lonly make believe so. You neednt score so for I dont hear it I do-nt sn-snore

Here Mrs Claudle's clam-shell closed from very weariness and she slept.

Claudle has ventured to insinuate that Mrs C? Lad better not run about so much.

as well say that if staid out with the Sky. wife of it, and had a hearty laugh at your my head on the green mound where sleeps ries of former times, larks or other precious fellows, till mid making a fool of yourself, She's got a house my mother, and in piteous accents besought Neither, in the echo of memorys sweet night spending more than I carned. But it is just so always with poor women. She is of them. Let me catch her laughmust be a slave and found fault with be- ing at me because my boys are are all girls fore, and then a voice of mournful tender- of surpassing loveliness—Hope and Subsides. When I am dead, Mr Caudle, and Let me catch her, that's all: She wouldn't ness mingled with mine and tears from I shant live long—then you will have time | desire to laugh but once—only once! | other eyes were wartering the green sod. to reflect on this, Do not tell me you A boy in the house! First tearing this, A sweet child was kneeling before me, What is there that cheers man so much as would be sorry to have me die! I dont then breaking that; now pulling the cat's and with impulsive tenderness 1 clasped in a good girl, and you love me. You act as - indeed I know he would if he took after pour forth your sorrows? Do you not And when his temples are throbbing with though you do. Once you did, Then I his father. Caudle, I was not prepared for know that your lot is a blessed one, too should therefore endeavor to cherish feelings of for I am sure its seldom the sweet things Christian people! Not to twit of bed-bugs chilled us in their blast.

> were to fall out of bed. I am afraid to and when she does, there is nothing but sed mother taught me this truth, when, may derive from a womans society is, that her? sleep with you, for fear we shall be swal- puddings, or skylarks, or boys, or bed- years ago, my childish complaints were he is bound to be respectful to them. lowed up. What are you doing; Mr. Cau- bugs thrown into it! dle? getting out of bed? Don't tell me its

Once it was not so. You used to say my your hat in your hand, and your hypocrit- orphans. Alas! who can feel for the or- he is bound to be constantly attentive and dear Mrs. Cavdle, I fear you shut yourself cal smiles, and besecched me to make you phan except those who have suffered in respectful.—Thackery's Lectures, up too much at home, you will bring on a so unspeakable happy as to become Mrs like manner. decline and early death, and then what will | Caudle, 1 was fool enough then to speak | A pretty pass things have come to, Mr. your devoted Caudle do! He will pine and a word that set you dancing about the Caudle. Men won't know who are their die too. Go abroad, my dear, you would room like a great fool as you are. The Cain's settlement, after the curse set upown wives by and by So, your Skylarks say, and let the healthful breezes kiss that most unfortunate word I ever said was yes on him by the Lord. was the land of Nod are not enough to take your attention from lovely cheek. Now, because I venture out to your impudence! and sorry enough I cast of Eden. If Eden represents the your wife, but you must be saying soft only four or five days in a week, you call am for it What business had you to whole district between India and the Nile things to our maid of all work! You say me a gadder about.' Precious good care come around dear mothers house, and beg then this must have been in the wild

hold my tongue? No, I'll not hold my wife dropped off, and I was spared the pain and Zuabella, and Sophiama, and Angeli- men who seem the genuine offspring of tongue! A pretty figure I should make of hearing the name of some antiquated ca, are not better than all the noisy, hal- Cain; prodigies of learning that wander holding my tongue, and you whispering lady as my second wife. Never was I more lowing boys in the kingdom. Oh, Caudle over the continent like vagabonds: speakunfeignedly thankful for any sleep, than you are a cold hearted-making fun-bed- ing many languages, poets, philosophers,

> Mr. Caudle has expressed a wish that one of his numerous 'tittle responsibilines' were of the masculine gender Mrs, Caudle is horrzv-struck.

Mr. Caudle, the judgements of heaven will fall on you. I should not be surprised if you were to be struck down, Finding fault with the order of nature-and repining at the blessings that are thrown into your lap. I wonder what you won't say next. Wishing one of our darling girls to feel them after such a korrible wish!

ner, there is an end of justice—turning |---never to behold the smile of encourage. | a steady hand he writes,—Passing away, up your nose at a lovely, nice pudding, that ment when difficulties surround my path, upon his bright season of existence.

back, and told you that you ought to stand and neglect. Mr. Caudle, it would try the patience of up for your rights. I shouldn't wonder if

to relieve my fears! Its no such thing .- | that I'm dumb! Oh, Caudle, if it were a ministering comfort. "" - thing I should be out of temper.

though that was my fault—as though my aces, the libraries, the foundries. the baz-But I'll not indure it, Caudie, You say Here, says Candle's manuscript, my Clementina, and Arabella, and Ariminta zars, the temples. He meets there with bug-broken hearted-angel.

wife's tongue rested—and soon after I vet lying, abject, knavish beggars, pedfell into a troubled sleep-in which I saw dling in the same house diamonds, pills, visions of dirtyfaced boys-Mrs. Caudle manuscripts, garments, pearls, antiquarin fits -- and thought a bed-bug as large | ian relics, musk. shell, or cutlery, which as an elephant rested on my breast!]

The Orphan's Reverie.

be punished for this. There might as well | church yard, repose the ashes of my par- | with them, after all the changes of six | qe no punishments, if a man is not made ents. These words bear the imprint of thousand years, till this day. years gone by, for long ere my childish What are you fighting and swearing at | capacity could grasp their meaning, did I | that rate with? O, bed-bug! It is not so | question with ignorant simplicity the im-

lamb-a pattern of patience-that is put of affliction; and penchance it may grow night talking to a well re-What! do you say you'll marry again upon every day she lives by her husband brighter as I turn from my own trials to woman, about her girl coming only

The Posterity of Cain.

and Western Tartary. The exact counsettled, as to a large share of its] populayet murderers and thieves claiming decent At this time, says Caudle's MS, my from Isreal, as from Alexander the Great, they have carried immense distances, but finding fault without occasion, that 1 think with distrust of every one, they keep concealed till opportunity for 'their disposal THEY tell me I am an orphan: that un- piest of mankind. The temper and the derneath the two green mounds in the bonn of the first murderer's family remain

Tisa Time for Memory.

The days of our sojourn in the peaceful Caudle, It is only a trick to stop me from port of words I so often heard. Alas! I vale of happiness are even now stationed you have? saying a word. 1 cannot speak a word question no longer, for from the depths of as sentinels in the dim land of the past. find fault, and scold—but as soon as your affection—never to feel the caressing arms of joy. Little streams of gladness found and she wants to know whether he's going slave of a wife says a word, she's insulted of a mother twined about my neck-no their course with the mighty river of time to have her or not. with a fling about bed-bugs, or told to stop more to list the heart felt tones of a father's and when the mist of darkness penetrates her everlasting tongue. And this is the prayer in supplication for his child, nor the youthful heart, its power was not suf- phasis, the boy departed, leaving the posttreatment I receive, after sloving myself feel the pressure of a hand laid upon my ficient to darken life's sunny hours, for up- master so convulsed with laughter that he to boil a nice pudding for your dinner!

It wasn't haif done do you say? Oh.

head in blessing—never again to pour into on the pinions of hope we soared above the sympathizing bosoms the tale of youthful mist and found the sunshine of joyous Caudle, if you don't come to proverty, and sorrow, and witness the pearly drops as emotions. But now how changed! only

tired your poor wife almost to death to or feel the warm kiss of approval when I Sad the thought that we must journed successfully combat with sinful indulgence; on in the little bark of stern realities while thing, thut see its use and power; nails And so you want a fusty, noisy tyke of above all, no more to find a guide and memory stays in the flowery path of the a boy about the house, instead of one of counsellor through the temptations and present & with the diamond key of associour pretty little lady Caudles. And I trials that beset my pathway. Thus it is ation unlocks the casket of fond recollecshouldn't be surprised to hear that you had to be an orphan Alone, unloved, uncared tions, and in the separations of this youthmentioned it at that precious club of yours for?--terrible words which sink deeper in- ful band, when the magic links of affec. -and the fellows there patted you on the to my heart at every new proof of coldness tions chain shall be severed, and the last farewell spoken, she will seize the parting | I rambled through the churchyard to words and sad, half-sorrowful smiles, and a saint Go abroad too much; you might that Prettyman went home and told his day, for I was sad and lonely, and laid blace them among the lingering memo-

> mission; one pointing to an oasis in the desert of the future, where we may all meet again, the other, in mild and gentle accents, reminding us that.

"Were no earthly ties e'er riven, Content with loving this beautiful earth. We would seek no other heaven, SARAH M. YOUNG.

Influence of Woman

I don't like it, you go to sleep before the -but it remaieed for this night's work to a mother's love is yours? while s, with tion is rather slow, and you know the girls have been in the good old times of honest Oh, how cheering it is to have some one to sentence is finished. Caudle youre a wretch finish my trials. Boys and bed bugs flung none to love, do well to weep and refuse songs all by heart, than in a club, tavern measurement for every house-keeper knows sympathize with us in all our sorrows and our joys, one to whom we can pour out the feelings of our hearts for how much lighter do to the state of t appear after we have communicated them unto till she leaves it. What! you don't mean and seed to wourself. Don't tell for her wetter to my children, it naunt the society, have been dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—and you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer that her heart was broken to mother.—And you will be left to dered no longer t An men who avoid female society, nave dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have a true friend, though all others.

If we have a true friend, though all others that you unfeeling man. It is just as much present the property of the property forsake us, she will cling to us through all, even as to say I lead you such a life that you It has come in a pretty pass, when you wailings till the spn went down and the life that you It has come in a pretty pass, when you wailings till the spn went down and the life that you It has come in a pretty pass, when you wailings till the spn went down and the life that you wailings till the spn wailings till the spn went down and the life that you wailings till the spn wailings unto the end; such a friend we should take to dare not. Dont say to me that you wont acknowledge you are making fun of your church-vard grow more glossoms valued as a precious been use of street and such a price of street and such as a price of street and street an our bosoms, valued as a precious boon, yes even as a jewel of inestimable value.

"Sympathy is the magic chain of lite," we hould therefore order our to shorish feelings and almost fatherless—

"Sympathy is the magic chain of lite," we hould therefore order our to shorish feelings and almost fatherless—

"Sumpathy is the magic chain of lite," we hould therefore order our to shorish feelings and almost fatherless—

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"Sumpathy is the magic chain of lite," we hould therefore order our to shorish feelings does bronchitis give origin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a gin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor paid, to Benj E. Cotton, Roxbury, Mass., beast who does not know one time formout affecting them. To what affecting them continued as a precious boon, yes even to a joke; beauty has no charms for a gin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a gin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a gin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a gin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a gin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a gin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a gin? The dissertation must be sent, post-to a joke; beauty has no charms for a interest in others—to rejoice with those who re- will see you. Caudle, if you dont marry and then cry fun. There isn't bug in this On the morrow we met there again, for another; and as a true epicure is hardly and then cry fun. There isn't bug in this On the morrow we met there again, for another; and as a true epicure is hardly and then cry fun. will see you. Caudie, it you don't marry and tuen cry inn. There is a brute in it—a brute the first ray of sunlight stole in the first ray of sunlight stole before I die, if it will please me! You because he knows her angel temper will lift the load from the gentle sufferer, who boy at Eton, and like the evenings enterwicked man. I shouldn't wonder if you not resist—who seldom opens her mouth, looks to me for support. Ah, yes! my bles- tainment. One of the great benefits men How strangely has this child's nature | selves we light our pipes and say we wont desperate!

Don't he a dunce, siri Get into bed again This treatment is horrible! Never spoke woven itself into mine, and when I ask the go out we prefer ourselves and our ease. or I wont sleep with you another night, - a word! There's one word I wish I nev- meaning of this, the graves in the church- and the greatest good that comes to a man Ill go home to mother's, and pine in soli- er had spoke to you sir! When you came | yard send back their low replies; and then from a woman's society is, that he has to tude, and die a victim to your treatment bowing and bending, and pleading, with I know the secret of this bond --we are think of somebody besides himself, to whom

> How ALE STRENGHTENED HIM. -- A student of one of our State Colleges had & barrel of ale deposited in his room-contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said-

Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room.

Well, what explanations can you make? Why the fact is, sir, my physician advised me to try a little each day as a tonio and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, 1 concluded to have a barrel taken to my

Indeed. And have vou derived any benefit from the use of it!

Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it; now I can carry it with the greatest ease.

We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand.

A Spirited Bride.—A couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church door. The gentleman then stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her-----

My dear Eliza, during our courtship 1 have told you much of my mind; but 1 have not told you the whole When we are married I shall insist upon three things. What are they? asked the lady.

In the first place, said he I shall sleep alone, eat alone, and find fault where there is no occasion. Can you submit to these

Oh yes, sir. very easily, was the reply; for if you sleep alone I shall not, if your eat alone I shall cat first, and as to your you shall not want occasion.

The conditions being thus adjusted they presents itself; the accutest, basest, unhap- proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

> PCST OFFICE ANECDOTE —The Newburyport Herald tells the following post office ancodote:

A rap at the delivery. Postmaster.—Weil my lad, what will-

Boy.--Here's a letter. she wants it to after I come to bed, but there is a shirt my heart an answer is borne, the meaning They have wafted to us upon their angel go along as fast as it can, cause there's a button, a pudding, or a bed-bug thrown of which is fearfully plain. To be unloved wings, golden moments that were freigh- feller wants to have her here, and she's into my face. You may lay and talk, and while others drink deep from the fount of ted with clouds of sadness and silver drops courted by another feller who aint here,

Having delivered his message with em-

LITTLE THINGS. -- Springs are little things but they are sources of large streams—a helm is a little thing but it governs the course of a ship—a bridle bit is a little the large parts of large buildings together a word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil .-Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt-its promise, redeem it—if it's a shilling, hand it over—you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly-keep it to the children; they will mark it sooner than any body elso, and the effect will probbly be as lasting as life. Mind the little

EIn the bull-fighting days, a blacksmith, who was rearing a bull pup, induced his old father to go on all. fours and imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, aisregarding the paternal roaring, exclaimed .--Hold him, Growler boy, hold him! bear is, father. bear it! it'll be the making of the

It is better for you to pass an evening | REF Some funny fellows says, A little

Little Boy-Yes, ma'am, all but Sally

Woman -- Why, what's the matter with

Litile Boy-Oh, nothin particular-onpoured into her ear, and she bade me seek The habit is of great good to your moral ly she had the whooping caugh once, and Don't tell me that I never spoke in my life some afflicted one and forget my griefs in men, depend upon it Our education makes she ain't never got over it. The caugh ain't us fight for ourselves, we yawn for our- of any account now but she has the hoops