[From the Lady's Book.

Original.

SPRING.

THOU hast come again, bright and beautiful Spring; thou hast come again. Thou hast come from the land of the far south, where thou reignest in perpetual glory. Thou hast come to deliver Nature from her stern bondage, and wake her slumbering powers to life and happiness; to touch the landscape with thy soft pencil, and make it as a picture of Paradise; to breathe upon the silent harp of earth, and send forth strains of inspiring music. A wreath of flowers is upon thy brow—garments of loveliness clothe thee—a silver sceptre is in thy hand—sunshine brightens thy path, and thy step is firm and free. Clouds hang their rich drapery over thee; day and night participate in thy pleasures, and rejoice in thy return. We welcome thee. The groves resound with thy welcome, and the solitary places are glad because of thee. Poetry lays her tribute before thee; incense rises from every hill and mountain to thy name, and every hand is extended to crown thee as the Queen of the Seasons.

Eden was thy first home. There, amid the new beauties of creation, thou didst shine in splendor. Earth had then no other sovereign, but thou wert all in all. The crystal streams leaped to the music of thy voice; the flowers derived from thee their beauty, and the air its perfume; the bowers were adorned with thy gifts and every object reflected thy image. Sin disturbed thee. It robbed thee of thy honors, and darkened thy glory. Thou art now but a temporary visitant, abiding with us for a time, and then departing. Rivals dispute thy territory with thee. Songs cannot charm thee to remain—prayers cannot keep thee; thou art forced to leave us and resign the throne to thy successors.

Short as are thy visits they are always pleasant. Melancholly never shades thy brow—sadness never gives its mournful tones to thy voice. Nature does not indulge in lamentation while thou art with her. Winter brings sorrow and sighing, but thou doth bring all smiles and joy. Inanimate creation testifies its love for thee, and blesses thee as its kindest friend. Man doth praise thee. The husbandman sees the bow of promise bent o'er thee, and cheers his heart with the hopes of an abundant harvest. The invalid rejoices in thy coming; his languid eye looks bright, and his feeble pulses quicken, when from his chamber-window he watches thy gentle progress. The poet hastens to [illegible] he; it is for thee that the unearthly fire is kindled upon the altar of his bosom; it is for thee that his imagination wanders in quest of the beautiful; it is for thee that he invokes inspiration, and touches the silver strings of his enchanting lyre. Do not the "morning-stars" sing shout over thee as they did at thy birth? Do they not, in their distant stations, respond to the voices that reach them from earth—the voices that tell of thy glory? As the messengers of peace pass over the land, have they no eyes to read the glowing inscriptions thou doth write on Nature's page, and have they no ears to hear thy rapturous melodies?

Months have fled since thy last departure, fair Spring. How doth thou find us now? As thou left us? Ah, no. Changes, eventful changes have happened to us, new scars have been added to the oft-told truth, that life is uncertain. We have seen the lines that Hope drew along our horizon, fade away. We have seen our sun obscured; our day has been turned into night; the garlands that our hands made, have withered; plans have been defeated, unexpected trials have visited us; friends have forsaken us; relations have died; enemies have almost triumphed over us; spears have pierced us. Through all, Providence has safely led us. The storm has beat, and wildly beat, but our rock has not been moved. We have had a fierce warfare, but our shield is not broken. There was a kind wing over us—there were guardian spirits around us—our foes were restrained—succor was ever at hand, and hence, our feet have not faltered, and our souls have not been overwhelmed. Amid afflictions, blessings have crowned us, and therefore, in the night of our sorrow, the voice of our thanksgiving, like the voice of the nightingale, has ascended to heaven.

And what may happen to us before thy next return! We cannot tell—we hardly dare imagine. The future is yet unformed; Providence must give it a character. How it shall be disposed into realities—whether it shall be blessed or wretched—whether hope shall illumine it, or despair spread its thick curtain over it, we know not. Thou hast to note changes every season, beautiful Spring, and so it will be at thy next coming. We what may we be—where may we be? We are now in full life and bliss, but ere thy return, sorrow may come as the midsummer tempest comes to the ripe harvest. Other friends may be gone hence and we left "to finish our journey alone." The treasures of the heart may "make to themselves wings and fly away," and the bitterness of woe may be no more, and thou mayest have to pause at our tombs and adorn them with thy simple beauties.

But should we be separated from earth, we know that if we are prepared we shall dwell in "the better land" through the merits of the redeemer. "*The better land!*" Call it such, for it is a land where all that is beautiful and perfect exists, and where Imagination will find its most glowing pictures infinitely surpassed. Call it such, for it is so far above every thing here, that each one will be compelled to exclaim as he first beholds its glories, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive of the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go, in the way that he would train up the child.—*C. Intelligencer.*

A FARMER'S DUTY TO HIS CHILDREN.

Mr. Phelps observes—"It has long been a source of complaint with farmers, that they cannot keep their boys at home; that they must leave the farm for a profession, a trade, or even a pedlar's trunk or coat.—This *I* consider a great evil, which demands a remedy."

After speaking of the causes of the evil, among which he enumerates false ideas of honor and respectability, surly, morose and scolding habits of parents, and the rough, uncouch, and comfortless appearance of many farmers' houses and out-buildings, Mr. P. proceeds to point out the remedy as follows:

"Let no farmer's wife think her children too good to labor: but, on the contrary, let her strive early to fix habits of industry. Let every mother teach her sons that while labor on the farm is honorable, idleness, ignorance and vice alone bring reproach. And when this lesson is thoroughly impressed on her son, and corresponding habits are formed, that son will be likely to make an efficient man and a useful citizen, whether he be following a profession, or be engaged in the more safe and more pleasant pursuit of agriculture. But when the mother, without this lesson, and without these habits, undertakes to make her son a gentleman, she is far more likely to make him a loafer.

"Let parents labor to give all their children a good education. Let the absurd notion, that a farmer needs no education, be banished from every dwelling. There is no pursuit where intelligence, and a well cultivated and a well disciplined mind, is more necessary, than in the proper management of the farm. Let the mind be enlarged by a knowledge of history, political economy, and especially the sciences connected with agriculture. Let the young farmer enrich his mind by general reading. Let him thoroughly understand our political institutions; and be able to judge of his political rights and duties, without the aid of some demagogue who had rather devote his time to watching over the public interests, than to the pursuit of honest industry. In short, let the farmer be able to reason, to examine and to judge for himself, and he will soon take the elevated rank in society to which his calling entitles him, and he will no longer have the opportunity of complaining that professional men have too much influence. This will have a great tendency to attach farmer's sons to their homes and to their farms."—*C. Intelligencer.*

A TOUCHING SKETCH OF PARENTAL SORROW.

'A few months ago *I* buried my eldest son a fine manly body of eight years of age, who had never had a day's illness until that which took him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances peculiary painful to me. A younger brother, the next in age to him, a delicate, sickly child from a baby, had been down for nearly a fortnight with and epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, I used every precaution that prudence suggested to guard the other members of my family against it. But of this one, my eldest, *I* had but little fear; he was so rugged and so generally healthy. Still, however, I kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which he was prone to visit.

'One evening *I* came home wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments, and found that he also had just come into the house, and that he was wet, and covered with dock mud. I taxed him with disobedience, and scolded him severely—more so than *I* had ever done before, and then harshly ordered him to his bed. He opened his lips, for an exculpatory reply as I supposed, but I sternly checked him; when with a mute, sorrowful countenance and a swelling breast, he turned away and went slowly to his chamber. My heart smote me even at the moment though I felt conscious of doing but a father's duty. But how much keener did *I* feel the pang when I was informed in the course of the evening by a neighbor, that my boy had gone to the dock at the earnest solicitation of a younger and favorite playmate, and by the especial permission of his schoolmaster, in order to recover a cap belonging to the former, which had blown over the wharf. Thus I learned that what I had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature which, forgetful of self, had hazarded perhaps life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which I had always endeavored to engraft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

'How bitterly now did I regret my harshness, and resolve to make amends to his grieved spirit in the morning! Alas! that morning never came to him in health. Before retiring for the night, however, *I* crept to his low cot, and bent over him. A tear had stolen down upon his cheek, and rested there. I kissed it off; but he slept so sweetly and so calmly, that I did not venture to disturb him. The next day he awoke with a raging fever on his brain, and in forty-eight hours was no more! He did not know me when *I* was first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward, though in silent agony I bent over him until death and darkness closed the scene. I would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but it was not permitted. Once indeed a smile, I thought of recognition, lighted upon his eye, and *I* leaned eagerly forward. But it passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, that lasted till death came to his relief.

'Every thing I now see that belonged to him reminds me of the lost one. Yesterday I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother; to-day, in rummaging an old closet I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud as when he last wore them; and every morning and evening I pass the ground where his voice rang the merriest among his play-mates. All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot, though I often try, recall any other expression of his face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh. Oh! how careful should we all be, that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious, that neither by inconsiderate word or look we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the sudden blow, the fierce rebuke, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving but grieved or outraged nature!"—[Knickerbocker Magazine.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be started, if this resting-place, instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed, the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulations roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers heeds the spirit-stirring triumph, or responds to the thundering shouts of victory. How quiet those countless millions sleep in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awaken them—the loud cry of the elements, the winds, the waves, not even the giant-tread of the earthquake, shall not be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away—the last great battle shall be fought; and then a small voice, at first not heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For a trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear His voice.—*The World.*

ANOTHER DOG STORY.—In olden times, when the small pox was considered an unavoidable evil, and the pest house was regarded as indispensable to the safety of the community, the following circumstances occurred:

The Rev. J——C——, of E——, Mass., had decided on going to the pest house with his entire family, for the purpose of having the small pox. The day before they were to leave home, a kind neighbor came in to inquire if he could be of any service to them. The minister told him that all their arrangements were complete except that they had made no disposition of their dog; they were unwilling to have him killed; for he was a great favorite in the family; but it would never do to suffer Bose to follow them to the pest house; for he would be sure to get out and carry the contagious disease through the neighborhood.

"I should hate to kill so good a dog," said the neighbor, "don't you think he would stay with me?" I fear not; said parson C——, for he is very much attached to our family, and would be quite sure to find us out; there is no way I fear but to kill the poor creature. Well, said the neighbor, I was going down to M——'s and on my way back I will call and kill the dog for you. So he left them. After a little, the neighbor returned to fulfil his promise; but nothing could be found of Bose,—They then remembered that while they were talking over the business the dog, which had been lying under the table in the room, got up and went out. A general call was made; but no dog came; so the neighbor was compelled to go home without fulfilling the purpose of killing Bose.

When neighbor Clark reached his house, what was his surprise to find parson C.'s dog ready to receive him. And there the dog remained during the whole time that the family were in the hospital. He occasionally visited their old house; but never offered to go near the hospital; he followed his new master wherever also he went, making his house his home. Thus he continued to do until the day that his old master and family left the pest house, when he returned to the old house, and welcomed the family with extacies of joy, and never more left them except for an occasional visit to the temporary master.

The above is a perfectly true story. It was often related by the late Dr. C——, who was an eye and ear witness of the circumstances, and was confirmed by the family of Mr. Clark. Others may adopt what theories they please to account for the singular facts, but we must believe that dogs understand something more of human signs and sounds than is generally supposed—*Boston Journal.*

CORPORAL TRIP AND AUNT PRUDY.

"There are people," continued the corporal, "who can't even breathe without slandering a neighbor."

"You judge too severely," replied my aunt Prudy.

"No one is slandered who dose not deserve it."

"That may be, "retorted the corporal," but *I* have heard very slight things said of *you*."

The face of my aunt kindled with anger. "Me!" she exclaimed—"Me! slight things said of *me*!—What can any body say of *me*!"

"They say," answered the corporal gravely, and drawing his words to keep my aunt in suspense, that you are no better than you ought to be."

Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt.

"Who are the wretches!"

"I hope they slander no one who does not deserve it," remarked the corporal, jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived. She was sensibly affected. True, she had foibles. She was peevish and fretful. But she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The Pope himself could not boast more piety. Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should her neighbors slander her. She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. A person who can live in this world without suffering slander must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.—[*Tristam Shandy.*

DELAYS

With a certain class of people it is delay, delay—eternal delay. Ask them to settle your account, they will be ready to morrow. Call a week hence and they have no time to attend to it and the chances are against you of getting adjustment for six months to come. Lend such a man ten dollars till the close of the week, and you are obliged to call again and again before you get your money. Leave a job with a procrastinating mechanic—a job that you are in a great hurry for—it shall be done forthwith you are told. You may call two weeks hence and the work has not been touched. Why? His helps were absent—his family were sick—or some other silly excuse is offered for sheer negligence.

Such delaying characters you may know where to find, or how much to believe of what they say. They are very certain in their promises, but never fulfil them. If there is a despicable trait in one's character it is the habit of putting off til to morrow what should be done to day, and then framing a dozen lies as an excuse for negligence. If we are addressing such characters, permit us to give you a word of advice never delay to a future time what you can possibly attend to at the present. Be punctual in all your engagements and never make a promise that you do not fulfil. No person ever prospered who was in the habit of putting off to a more convenient season the duties of to-day. Be on your guard at all times.

"Shun delays—they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force
Fly their fault lest those repent thee,
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labor comes to nought."

We might quote the familiar line of Young—Procrastination is the thief of time,"

and also

"Be wise to day; 'tis madness to defer,"

if it would be of any avail. We are certain no young man will ever become distinguished or wealthy, who has contracted the habit of delaying important business. It is of the utmost importance in all your dealings—in every situation in life—that you should be prompt, punctual, and ever ready to take hold of any thing beneficial to yourselves and others.—*Olive Branch.*

A CHINESE ENTERTAINMENT.—The invitation was written on thin red paper, in Chinese and inclosed in a red envelope. When we arrived the host received us with much ceremony placing our right hand between his hands and pressing them closely. The host and other guests were dressed in a robe of rich purple silk ornamented, with cord a cap surmounted by a gold ball. Tea was brought us on the verandah, and soon after we were summoned to dinner, where we sat at small tables, at three sides leaving the other side clear for the convenience of the waiters. The first course consisted of a kind of soup in cups, to taste which, a flat silver ladle was used. This was followed by various other dishes such as quail minced, bird nests sharks fins, &c. &c, &c, interspersed with various kinds of wine. Most of the dishes were quite liquid, and they were eaten with the chopsticks, it placed us in much the same condition as the stork who was invited to dine with the fox. The wine was drank from small silver cups with two handles, and in drinking healths it was customary to show the bottom of the cup. Three hours passed and then beautiful flowers and fruit with other kind of tea were set before us. After this an excellent cup of pecco was handed us, after drinking which we immediately took our lavee, being attended home by a number of lantern bearers, and amid the noise of crackers and squibs.—*The Sun.*

WHO ARE THE WORKING MEN; Every man who depends on his own exertions, either of mind or body, for the means of living is a working man, and such as many consider the sons of leisure, often work the hardest of any. None are exempt wholly, from the condition imposed upon Adam and all his posterity by the creator, that of labour for the support of life. Even the great and rich, often suffer more from the labour of the mind than do those who toil daily with their hands. The professional man is, however, classed by the unthinking, among those who do not labour, but live upon the labour of others. Let us examine the subject with a view of disproving this position.

Take for instance the lawyer. In the first place, to acquire a sufficient knowledge of his profession to enable him to enter upon the threshhold of its duties, he must spend long years of hard study, and deny himself many pleasures open to those who only labour with their hands. When he is admitted

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