POETRY.

EARTH'S SUNNY SPOTS.

What though we wander in a maze,
Bestrewed with many a throne;
What though across the stream of time
Our bark be rudely borne;
What though we number weary hours,
When life appears a blot;
Still may we find to cheer our hearts
There's many a sunny spot.

Though on the present, with its cares,
No light is seen to fall.
And o'er the page of future years,
Despair has spread her pall;
Yet early days of childhood's mirth,
What heart remembers not?
When hope's bright dreams made all so fair,
Earth seemed one sunny spot.

The heedless foot may press the flowers,
And oders from them bring;
Thus oft, in sorrow's deepest night
Faith's sweetest blossoms spring.
If thou hast dried the widow's tear,
Pitied the orphan's lot,
Then hast thou felt, amid the gloom,
There was a sunny spot.

If to the humble couch of pain,
Aid thou hast kindly brought.
And poured upon a wounded heart,
The balm it vainly sought:
If thou in prayer hast meekly bent.
Within the lowly cot;
Then thou hast in life's desert proved
Thyself a sunny spot.

Then, what though down the stream of time
Thy bark be rudely driven,
Thy Pilot's hand is ever near,
To guide thee safe to heaven.
In Jesus trusting, thou shalt find—
When, every care forgot,
Thou calmly restest, free from fears—
The grave a sunny spot.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

BY CAPT. G. W. PATTEN.

Chide mildly the erring!
Kind language endears;
Grief follows the sinful
Add not to their tears.
Avoid with reproaches
Fresh pain to bestow;
The heart which is stricken
Needs never a blow

Chide mildly the erring!
Jeer not at their fall;
If strength were but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way!

Chide mildly the erring!
Entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair;
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise;
And the grace which redeems us
Must shine from the skies

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

The following most touching fragment of a Letter From a Dying Wife to her Husband, was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she literally died with tear marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear G——, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, while all beside my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear G—— *it is so!* Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever, and go down alone in to the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have trusted,' and leaning upon His arm I fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject *you*, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will so soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when *your* time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss, shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death, and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion, until gently faded from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G——, where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering dashes through the leaves, and burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and which ever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot; and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave I know that you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you there, and whisper among the waving branches. *'I am not lost, but gone before!'*"

A SHORT STORY.

When Mary and I were married we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with, but Mary was delicate and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm and brave heart to depend upon.

We rented a chamber and went to housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes, but our money failed us before we brought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up a tub, for I could not run in debt No, no It was not long before our rich neighbor Mrs. M found us out, and kindly enough she supplied us with half a dozen chairs added to our store. They were odd to be sure, but answered for just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put upon our snug quarters—they never looked just right before. The tables have turned with Mrs M. and me. "Now she has become a poor widow, but she shall never want while I have anything, never!" cried the old man with a beaming face, "I shall never forget those old chairs"

Ah, now the secret was out! It was the interest of the old chairs which maintained the poor widow. She was living on the interest and compound interest of a little friendly act done years before, and it sufficed for herself and daughter.

How beautiful it is to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "love thy neighbor;" and we should oftener see it, could we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self-interest, nor riches, nor fame, that binds heart to heart. This simple power of a friendly act can do more than they. It is these, the friendly acts, the neighborly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one towards another, which robs wealth of its power to curse, extracts the bitter from sorrow, and opens wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events, but they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence

PROFIT OF FOWLS.

E. M. Brockly furnishes the East Bloomfield Farmer's Club with a statement in regard to the profits of eighty fowls for ninety days. In the month of February he built a poultry-house 81 feet long and 13 feet wide, attached to a shed on one side and to a barn at one end—The roof was of boards, battened, and it had two windows for the admission of light. On the first of March he put into it eighty fowls of the common kind, mostly one year old.—They cost 18 3-4 cents each. They were fed with corn, oats, and fresh meat boiled.—Gravel, lime, and clear water were furnished constantly, and they were let out of the yard and allowed to roam every afternoon. His account of the expenditures and receipts is as follows:

Lumber and nails for building	$10 00
Labor of building 4 1-4 days at $1	4.00
Eighty fowls at 18 3-4 cents each	15.00
Ten bushels of corn at 50 cents	5.00
Nine bushels oats at 33 1-2 cents	3.00
Making whole expense	$ 38 00

In ninety days they furnished 385 dozen and ten eggs, which at ten cents per dozen were worth $38,50—being a trifle more than the cost of building the house, the fowls and the grain consumed.—*Albany Cultivator.*

INABILITY TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC.

The power of public opinion has been felt in all ages and in all societies—and its influence has been always beneficial to mankind. Men exercise a certain control over one another, something analogous to that exercised by the heavenly bodies, on each other, under the principle of attraction. We all, more or less, regulate ourselves by what we suppose our fellows think of us. It is to this universal principle we must refer that perturbation of the generality of men which seizes on them when they have to face and address a number of people—especially for the first time. That panoramic aspect of the human face divine seems to have a powerful fascination for most men—a terrible one, for the sensitive or inexperienced in public addresses!

A sensitive person can brave the public opinion of one man; but when it comes out upon him from the eyes of a couple of score, he is lost!

He hesitates and stammers, and aghast,
Stares blankly at the audience and sticks fast,

The finest wits have been disgraced in this way at the stupidest. Pope, the poet, whom one would suppose to have been a pale, austere, self-sustained mortal, could not speak ten consecutive words correctly in public He has to hear him state that he could tell a thing to three persons very well; but if his audience was a dozen, his polished intellect experienced a bewilderment—he did not feel himself equal to a conversation with twelve individuals. He was once examined as a witness before the House of Lords, in the case of the Bishop of Rochester; and actually made three blunders in an evidence of less than twenty words—though he had merely to state how the bishop pass his time at Bromley, and though he (the poet) cast his eyes along the nearest bench of peers—they did not venture to farther off—he saw they were nearly all his personal acquaintances! Then there is the French poet, Beranger—he is even worse in this respect than Pope. In 1848 the people elected him to the National Assembly for one of the departments of the city of Paris, but it was against his will, and he refused to sit e was forced to go to the Chamber nevertheless. He went one day, but would not go again. He then wrote a letter to the papers, from his garret excusing himself, and declaring that to address more than six people would disconcert him that his vocation was to be a ballad maker, not a law-maker. With the grace of Lafontaine, and the philosophic wit of Voltaire, the old man is as shy as Dominie Sampson; and to those who did not know him would seem "to have a great genius for silence," as the saying is. Erskine, the great lawyer, was at first painfully unready of speech, and so extremely embarrassed that he would have given up the attempt to be an orator, if he did not think he felt, as he says himself, his little children tugging at his gown, and urging him on, in spite of his boggling and stammering. Sheridan was, at first, a poor hand at speech-making. But he said, "I knew it was in me, and I was determined it should come out!" Curran was almost knocked down by the sound of his own voice when he first addressed his "gentlemen" in a little room of a tavern.

Cowper is another instance of extreme bashfulness and want of presence of mind, or whatever this infirmity may be termed. In early life, his aristocratic family connections had influence to procure for him the place of clerk in the House of Lords, where his duties would have been little more than to stand up and read parliamentary notices or documents to the House on occasion. Such was his timidity of disposition, that the idea of being obliged to speak before a large audience terrified him extremely, and the thing so worked on his imagination, as the time drew near when he should begin his attendance, that he gave way to an agony of apprehensions, and absolutely attempted to hang himself. Rather than make a figure in the eyes of the public, he deliberately got a rope and tried to put an end to his mental sufferings. A servant entering his room as he was about this dreadful business, hindered the design. His friends were informed of his condition and the cause of it—and his mind was restored by the assurance that of course he was not expected to do what affected him with such repugnance. But for the old servant the world had wanted some immortal songs. It was so during the future life of this great poet.

While he lived in retirement with Mrs Cowper, her son and daughter, he rather avoided the company of strangers; and he was often known in his rural walks to leave the road and conceal himself inside the hedge, if he saw any one—a lady especially—coming to meet him. When the danger was past he would come out and proceed on his ramble

Therefore—and this is the moral—let all stammer and scatter-brained members of society console themselves under their inability to wield the people at will. If eloquence in speech is denied them, let them be satisfied with as much of the superiority of mind as their kind friends please to articulate to them.—*Yankee Blade.*

BEAUTIFUL.

We clip the following paragraph from a Boston paper. If true, it is one of the most beautiful and pleasing incidents we have read for a long while:

"There is one town in New England, perhaps more than one, where universal toleration is extended to birds of every feather, and neither gun, nor stone, nor missile of any kind, is raised against them; the consequence is that they are fearless of danger, full of melody and song, familiar, gentle, and affectionate in all their bearings toward man, and abundant in their contributions to the pleasures of society. For ourselves, let us say, once for all, that we feel no respect nor affection for such as delight to terrify and mangle the loveliest and gayest and most innocent specimens of the Creator's workmanship in all the animal tribes"

It is sad to think that we are far behind the Hindoos in our practical forbearance and tenderness towards that sweet portion of the creation that contribute so much to our happiness by their melodies. Colonel Sleeman, in his ramblings through India, gives us the following memorinda of his observations of the gentle manners of the Hindoo children:

"We passed close to a village, in which the children were at play; while upon the bushes over their heads were suspended an immense number of the beautiful nests of the sagacious Baya bird, or Indian yellow hammer, all within reach of a grown-up boy, and one so near the road that a grown-up man might actually look into it as he passed along. It cannot fail to strike a European as singular to see so many birds nests situated close to a village remain unmolested yet in reach of so many boisterous children, with their little proprietors and families fluttering and chirping among them with as great a feeling of security & gayety of heart as the children themselves enjoy In any part of Europe not a nest could have lived an hour within reach of such a population; for the Baya bird has no peculiar respect paid to it here, like the wren and robin-red-breast in England *Nobody in India has the slightest wish to molest birds in their nests;* it enters not into their pastimes, and they have no feeling of pride or pleasure in it"

Kindness to the birds, then, American children may learn from the poor heathen children of India, and it is a lesson which, once learned, will carry with it a rich reward.

Taking in contemplation New Orleans as a whole, what d've think of it?' asked an old settler' of an acquaintance-stranger, in my hearing.

'As a hole? you're depreciative and—'

'No—no—none of your waggeries; I mean balancing the advantages and the disadvantages of locality, climate, et cetera.'

'Well, then, to be candid,' continued he who was button-holed, and whose uncle has been in correspondence with Pressnerz, *I think it is a paradise or a wathr-cure hospital.*

CONVERSION OF A SEA CAPTAIN

A correspondent of Zion's Herald writes from Canton, and gives the following encouraging fact:

This morning returned from a ship whose chief officer lay at the point of death As I entered his state-room he immediately remarked, "Ah, sir, I did not think the last Sabbath I was hearing you preach my *last sermon.* I want you should repeat that text again." I did so as follows,—"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing," &c. "I know this is truth" said he, "but 'tis hard for such a sinner as I am to believe." Do you think your case beyond what God calls the uttermost? I asked. After repeating the passage several times, with the eagerness of a dying man, he exclaimed "I must be, if he saves to the uttermost, that he saves me." Cling to this precious truth, said I, and never for a moment doubt it. After bearing his case to the mercy seat I left him for a time, but soon a message came that he wished me to see him die. I hastened to the ship, and as I entered his room and saw the light of heaven beaming in his countenance, I needed no language to assure me that his pardon was sealed; yet, after a little effort he opened his eyes and with perfect distinctness whispered, "*'Tis true! 'tis true! I know. I feel he is able to save even to the uttermost, for he saves me;*" then closed his eyes and calmly died Yes, the same compassionate Jesus, who spoke words full of consolation to the thief on the cross, saved the penitent sailor in the eleventh hour.

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