POETRY.

THE HOURS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The hours are viewless angels,
They still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar,
Our heart's deep flower cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly on with drooping wing,
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
Which God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne,
The tale is told in heaven.

And we who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think how that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away
This mission fight by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father!
To spend each flying hour,
That as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

The Ploughboy and the President.

The President of a well known College in Kentuckey, was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a single visitor.

The visitor was a boy of some seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, dressed in coarse homespun, with thick clumsy shoes on his feet, and a tattered felt hat on his head, surrounding a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy and sunburnt features, imparted by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from want of education. The whole appearance of the youth, was that of an untaught, uncultivated ploughboy.

The President, an affable and venerable man, inquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

"If your please, sir," said the ploughboy with all the hesitancy of an uneducated rustic—"If you please, sir, I'd like to get some larnin." I heard you had a college in these parts, and I thought if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in gittin an education."

"Well, my young friend," replied the President, "I scarcely see any way in which you might be useful to us. The request is something singular."

"Why, I can bring water, cut wood, or black boots," interrupted the boy, his eyes brightening with eagerness. "I want to get an education. I want to make something of myself. I don' keer how hard I work, only so as I get an education. I want——"

He paused, at a loss for words to express his ideas, but there was a language in the expressive lip and glancing eye; there was a language in his manner—at the time in which these words were spoken, that appealed at once to the President's feelings. He determined to try the sincerity of the youth. "I am afraid, my young friend, I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present."

The President resumed his book. For a moment he glanced at the ploughboy who still lingered with unconcealed anguish near the door. He digged his rough hat confusedly with one hand, his eyes were downcast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled as though he were endeavoring to repress strong and sudden feelings of disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear, emerging from the downcast eyelid, rolled over his sunburnt cheek, and with a quick, nervous action, the ploughboy dashed the hard-hardened hand and brush'd away the sign of regret. He made a well-meant, but awkward mark of obedience, and opening the door, had one foot across the threshold when the President called him back.

The ploughboy was in a few minutes hired as a man of all work and boot-black to the ——— college.

The next scene which we give the reader, was in a new and magnificent church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in deathlike stillness to the burning eloquence of the minister of heaven, who delivered the mission of his Master from the altar. The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age, of striking and impressive appearance, piercing and intellectual eye, and high and intellectual forehead.

Every eye is fixed on him—every lip hushed, and every ear, with nervous intensity, drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator.

Who, in all that throng, would recognize in the famed, the learned, the eloquent President of ——— College, Pennsylvania, the humble boot-black of ——— college, in Kentucky?—*Southern Baptist.*

Turn of Life.

From forty to sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself, may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given his judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he was formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a dam, called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to a valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters, also, are in the vicinity, to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may bridge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, the "Turn of Life," is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudious stimulant—a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength; while a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set.—*Southern Baptist.*

The Wife's influence on her Husband's fortune.

A woman has her husband's fortunes in her power, because she may, or she may not, as she pleases, conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought for a moment to tempt her to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin. Nothing can be more miserable than the struggle to keep up appearance. If it could succeed it would cost more than it is worth: as it never can, its future involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by woman, who have been precipited suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

When a man's fortune are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel her aid. She can add immensely by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His employments are usually such as to require his whole time and his whole mind. A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be disturbed by details to which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirits are borne down and overwhelmed. She of all human beings, can best minister to its needs. For the sick soul her ministry is quite as sovereign as it is for corporeal ills. If he be weary in her assiduity, it finds a repose and refreshment. If he be harassed and worn to an morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing, more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, and hope itself almost extinguished, her patience and fortitude may have the power to rekindle them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.—*Southern Baptist.*

TRUE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

Much has been said in our day of the exaltation of the female sex. Woman's highest glory is, after all, not in the thronged arena, and jostling crowds of public life; but in those scenes where she shines unrivalled and indispensable, as the sister, the daughter, the wife and the mother; the guardian of weakness, the attendant of sickness, and the instructor of childhood. And the same law of heaven, irrepealable by all the vaunting philosophy of the times, that made her the *mother* made her influence on the outer fields and walks of society the *most powerful* when it was the *least direct*. It is the child that was borne and nursed at her heart, which reveals the character and portraiture of that heart to the age and the world. And thus it is, that woman's heart, as presented in the habits it has molded, and the graces it has fostered, and the charities it has taught, shines out from its own quiet and retired sphere of the household life, with a steady untroubled beam, on the dark and restless outer sea of public life. The great English statesman, Burke, alluding to the singular felicity of his own married life amid all the vexations and storms of his political career, said that all his cares deserted him the moment his foot crossed his own threshold. Thus indirectly, and by her influence on her husband, in soothing and sustaining him, the wife of the great English orator was most fitly and most beautifully influencing the circles of political activity, through which Burke moved with such dazzling radiance. Was not the place thus filled by her a more womanly position, and the influence shed by her, indirectly and remotely, on the great revolutionary era, a more feminine and graceful influence than were claimed & assumed by her distinguished cotemporaries, Mary Wollstoncraft in England and Madame Roland in France?—Such is, we conceive, by the law of Nature and Revelation, the part assigned to woman in the great drama of society. It is, on the inner world of the home, large, direct, and absorbing influence; it is, on the outer sphere of public life, less, and indirect and remoter influence. This isolation is for her own peace and honor. Like the Queen of Night she looks down as she "walks in her brightness," on the stormy ocean, not reached or blotted by the tempest below. They who would unsphere her hence would rob her of more than they add; and whilst claiming, like the tempter of old, to be both wiser and kinder to the sex than the God who made her, would lure Eve from the congenial shades of her native Eden of home, into scenes of strife, toil, and contamination; and leave that Eden dark, by the withdrawal of its gentle guardian, whom her Maker formed for retirement, and called alike to attend and adorn that fragment yet spared of man's forfeited Paradise—that garden of the Lord—a peaceful and devout household.—*Rev. W. R. Williams.*

CANINE INSTINCT.

We know nothing of one story that is better than a good dog story. The following if not the very best of the kind, is certainly a very excellent one, and may be relied on as strictly true. We give the well known names of the parties as vouchers:

Some three weeks since, Mr. Theo. Holbrook, of Milk street, broke up house keeping in Roxbury, and sent three of his children to S. Hadley, Mass., to attend school. On leaving home the children took with them their favorite spaniel dog, that had been their companion and playmate for eight years. He rode in the car with them to Hadley, and remained with the children during the afternoon, but the next morning was missing, and no where be found. The only trace that could be found of him was, that he had been seen crossing a toll bridge. Twelve days after the dog left Hadley, he arrived at his old home in Roxbury. But not finding his old friends there, he next called at Mr. William Whiting's, his master's next door neighbor, and sough admittance by scratching on the door. Mr. Whisings's family at once recognized him, and admitted him. He was very much exhausted, and very poor in flesh, and very hungry. Mr. Whiting's little girl immediately undertook the work of a nurse to the poor travel-worn spaniel. He rapidly improved under her care, and in a day or two commenced following her, and would not allow her to go ten steps without him. He insisted on following her even to school, and lying at her feet during school hours. And it was not until his old master came for him that he could be induced to leave his little friend.

The great question now for the curious to answer is: How could this dog find his way to Roxbury from South Hadley, a distance of 105 miles? He was carried all the way in the cars; & of course had no opportunity to see the road. And then again it is evident from the length of time consumed in the journey (twelve days,) that he did not come directly, for he probably would have travelled that distance in a day. He must have wandered many hundreds of miles before he struck some trail by which he could make his way homeward.—*Boston Traveller.*

HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It is not meet for man, O Lord,
Who dwells in tents of clay,
To plant his hope upon the sands,
That waves may wash away;

Nor twine his love round broken reeds,
Or to the thankless thorn,
Nor cast it on the frozen waste
Of disregard and of scorn;

Nor gather gold in secret heaps,
Insatiate still for more,
To work the ruin of his heirs,
Or swell a stranger's store:

But rather, while on earth below,
His fleeting life is lent,
In whatsoever state he is
Therewith to be content;

Place hope and love supreme on Thee,
To thee confide his care;
And lay his treasure up in heaven,
And seek a mansion there.

CUFFEE TAKING NOTES.

A great many years ago, says the "Carpet Bag," when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex country, whom we may call Mr. Gogswell, who had an old negro servant by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased as any body else in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself.

Cuffee, on the Sabbath, might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and, so far as appearances indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him.

Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon; and he determined to do the same thing. So in the afternoon he brought a sheet of paper, and pen and ink. The minister, happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw Cuffee "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his labors, never lifting until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the commencement of his master.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, Massa! Taking notes!" was his reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed his master.

"Sartin, Massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well let me see them," said Mr. Gogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, Massa," Cuffee replied, "I thought so all the time you was preaching!"

To take Ink out of Linen.—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and rub the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow; the linen may be washed, and the spots will disappear, without injuring the linen.—*Exchang paper.*

Colored People in Oregon.—There is a Territorial law in Oregon prohibiting the bringing or coming of Colored people into the Territory. In a recent case against one Vanderpool, brought by Judge Nelson, this law was enforced, and the man banished from the State.—*Christian Index.*

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