

TO MOTHER.

Mother watch this little fast,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the bay street,
Hanging colors, cheer and bell.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Life that will go away—
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
Fishing heroes by the way,
Making heroes in the nest,
Tearing up the fragrant bay;
Never dare the question say,
Why to me this heavy task?
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild—
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child;
O'er the green wave while you shelter,
Stop the wave while you shelter;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in the shadowed bower.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Whispering honest now, import,
Keep, O! keep that young heart true
Blessing every word
Bowing good and gracious to you,
Never risk you then may see
Hopeing for eternity.

(From the Watchman and Liberator.)

THE PROUD HEART BOMBED.

"But if yo forgive me their trespasses,
neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

The March night had darkened down upon the little New England village of Andale. It was a pretty place in the summer, lying between two hills, on whose summits the tall trees lifted their arms to the sky, all the long bright days, as if exploring a benediction, or spread them out lovingly over the white houses nestled round the one church in the vale below.

But to-night it wore a different aspect. A storm was upon the hills. A little snow and rain were borne upon its wings, but not much. Chilly it was the force of the rushing wind; shaking the leafless ash trees; hurling against closed windows; swinging the bell in the old church tower till it gave forth now and then a clang-like peal, as if the dead were tolling their own requie.

Many homes there were where the wild moan without seemed to heighten, by the force of contrast, the blunted calm within—homes where smiling infants slept warm and still, through the twilight, in the soft hush of mothers' bosoms, and happy children gathered round the knee of father or grand-father, to hear again some simple story; or thoughtful ones looked into the fire, and fashioned from the embers brave stories in which they had never come to abide, with russet windows and blackened walls.

"The twilight of memory overall,

And the silence of death within."

But in one home no stories were told so gaily listening ears—no soft evening hymn hushed slumbering babes to rest—no children's eager eyes looked into the embers. It was the stateless house, by far, in the little village—a lofty beam gleaming white in the trees, with the roof supported by massive piles. Nowhere did the evening fire burn brighter, but into it looked two old people, worn and sorrowful, with the shadows of grief and time upon their wrinkled faces—two who had forgotten long ago their youth's fair eagles; who looked back over waste fields of memory, where not even setting sunbeams gilded the monuments built to their dead hopes.

They sat silently. They had sat silently ever since they gathered. The lofty, well furnished room was lighted only by the wood-fire's glow, and the corner strange shadows seemed to gather, beckoning heads, and white brows glimmered spectrally through the darkness. Towards them, now and then, the wife looked with anxious searching gaze; then turned back again towards the fire, and clasped her hands over the heart that had learned through many trials the hard lesson of patience.

Judge Howard was a stern, self-possessed man. In his native town, where he had passed all his life, none stood higher in the public esteem. Towards the poor he was liberal—towards his neighbors, just and friendly; yet, for all that, he was a hard man, whose will was iron, whose habitation was granite. His wife had come to know this, even in her honeymoon. The knowledge was endorsed by her sad, waiting face, her restrained manners.

His daughter Caroline, his only child, had learned it early, and her heart became to her almost as much an object of fear as of tenderness.

And yet he loved those two with a strength none yielding nature could not have bestowed. When his child was first put into his arms, when her frail, helpless body pressed blindly at his own, he felt the bright birth of a father's love sweep over him. Yet the moment it swelled the soul, inundated his face flooded his heart, but it did not permanently change or soften his nature. As she grew to womanhood, and her bright head gleamed in his path, like the fairest light earth held, her smiling voice the sweetest music. He never praised her whims; her vivacity pleased him to her unmeasurable value.

At length both came in life. She gave her hand to one whose father Judge Howard had hated. James Huntingdon, and he had been greatly distressed, and tortured between those whom Judge Howard's heart long desired him, failed to impress nor hold her. But he had given her the lesson, and the friendship, better than all the money of earth had given, the "Rocky Mountain Gold," which he had won to himself, of his own hard labor, and his own

like real estate, as the dead man's had; and so he forced his daughter to marry him, and stern hard hearts were born between parents and lover. She, however, her father's strong will, did submit her hand in His, Huntingdon's, and she found she could not have done her father's will if she had not—without fear.

From that time, for ten years, her name had been a forbidden word. Letters she had written at first during her banishment, but they had been snatched back unopened, and for years no news or token had come to tell whether she was dead or living. Therefore the mother looked shudderingly into the shadow-haunted corners in the long twilight, and silent bemoaned at how there the face for which her mother's heart had yearned monotonously, all these years.

Judge Howard loved his wife, too—Oh, if she had but known it! every outline of that sad waning face, every thread of that silver hair, was dearer to him now than when bridal roses crowned the girl-child he had chosen, but his lips never mouthed away the sadness of that patient face.

"It's a terrible sight," he said at length, rousing himself from his long silence. In the pause after his words you could hear how the wind about the house, groaned among the trees and sighed along the garden walks.

"Yes, a terrible sight," his wife answered, with a shudder. "God grant my poor soul may be out in it, shelterless."

"Ames, I would take in my worst enemy on such a night as this."

His words echoed; but would he have taken in his own child; the daughter with his blood in her veins, fed once at his board, warmed at his hearth? If this question assailed his wife's mind, she gave no utterance.

"Shall I light the candles, Rufus?" She asked merrily.

"Yes, it is almost bed time. I had forgotten how long we were sitting in the dark. I will read now, and then we shall be better in bed."

He drew towards him the Bible, which lay between the candles she had lighted—it had been his habit, for years, to read a chapter of it nightly. Somehow, to-night the pages opened at the beautiful, ever new story of the prodigal son. Judge Howard read it through calmly, but his hand trembled as he shut the Book.

"Hannah," he began, and then paused as if his pride were too strong to permit him to confess himself in the wrong. But soon he proceeded. "Hannah, I do suppose that was written for an example to those who should seek to be nimbled with the children of God. He is our Father, and his arms are ever open to the wanderer. My heart misgives me sorely about Caroline. She should not have disobeyed me, but—do I never disobey God, and where should I be, if He measured out to me such measure as I have to her? Oh, Hannah, I never felt before how much I needed to be forgiven."

The mother's tears were falling still and fast—she could not answer. There was silence for a moment, and then again the Judge said, reprimand—"Hannah!" and she looked up into his white, moved face. "Hannah, could we find her? Do you think she lives still—our one child?" "God knows, my husband. Sometimes I think that she is dead. I see her face on dark nights, and it wears a look of heavy peace. Is the wind I hear a voice that sounds like hers, and she seems trying to tell me she has found rest. But no, no!—her face kindled—she is not dead. I feel it is my soul—God will let us see her once more—I am her mother. I shall not die till my child has rested on her cheek, my hand touched her hair; I believe I have a promise, Rufus."

"God grant it, Hannah; and after these words they both sat silently, again listening—listening—listening.

They had not heard the door open, but now a step sounded in the hall, and the door of the room where they sat, was softly unclosed. They both started up—perhaps they half expected to see Caroline, but it was only their next neighbor, holding by the hand a child. She spoke eagerly, in a half concealed way, which they did not notice.

"This child comes to my house, Judge, but I hadn't room to keep her, so I brought her over here. Will you take her in?" "Surely, surely. Come here, poor child." Who had ever heard Judge Howard's voice so gentle? The little girl seemed somewhat reassured by it. She crept to his knee and lifted up her face. The Judge beat over her. Where had he seen that peculiar shade of hair, like the shell of a ripe chestnut? Did he not know those small sweet features, that winsome mouth, the delicate skin? His hands shook.

"Whose—whose child are you? What is your name?"

"Grace, and the child trembled visibly. "You are right, sir," answered the other. "Well, stranger," said the Judge, "do you know that in thirteen years since you met me, and it's thir—I never need a Virginia that didn't want to be either descended from me, John Randolph, or a bigger."

He need not add that the Judge well-tilled his chair—solidly! They were approached until the Judge offered at a handkerchief to the child, his voice of one spirit. "This moment, Sir, I have almost forgot therefrom. I do not, though, quite forget it, for I have often seen him since he has over her shoulder. I do not, his wife used to be in town, and she always took him to the Randolphs, when she was there."

The Judge's smile was a thousand times more pleasant than the smile of the old man, and his eyes shone with a frankness that made him appear a boy again. "There is but one thing I can say to you, Grace, and that is that you are a good girl, and that you are a good girl."

Then,

the child, "where is Caroline? Have you got all my where in Andale?"

"I told the Queen where, however, an acquaintance called—Mother, father and mother, and from the ball, where she had been fingered, half in tear, Judge Howard's own child came in. It was to the mother's breast to which she clung, the mother's arms which clasped her with such passionate clinging, and then she turned forward, and threw herself down at her father's feet.

"Forgive me, father," she tried to say, but the Judge would not hear her. The angel had troubled, at length, the deep waves of his soul, and the gate of healing overwheeled his heart. He saw now, in its true light, the self will and the unforgiving spirit which had been the sin of his life. He sank upon his knees, his arms enwrapping his daughter and her child, and his old wife crept to his side, and knelt beside him, while from his lips Mrs. March heard, as she closed the door, and left the sun-waited family to themselves, in this prayer:

"Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Judge Howard had not uttered it before for ten years.

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After that night the Judge's mansion was not only the stateliest, but the happiest home in Andale. Caroline Huntingdon had borne as long as she could, the burden weight on her heart, and when it had grown to heavy to be endured, she had started with her child for home. The stage had set them down that stormy night in her native village, and the fondness for which she had scarcely dared to hope had expanded into welcome.

The old people could not again spare their daughter, and they summoned Richard Huntly home. A son he proved, of whom any father might be proud, and in after years no shadow brooded over the peaceful dwelling, where once children's feet danced round the hearth-fire, and children's fancied built castles in the embers—no shadow, until that last dark night came which should be but the night before which will rise the calm morning of eternity.

Now Very Best.

She looked so lovely in that old arm-chair! As graceful in her attitude and air. Her features of a classic beauty rare. To my eyespiration via osm'd to wear The impress of some nobly-hidden care. That I determined (how could man forbear?) To wear, and try to win her.

But I could my secret thoughts array To make with fitting skill my first essay. Her dear mamma, 'steppe it, just in my way!' And at her magic voice (confound the day!) That pensive countenance grows quickly gay; No longer would the sweet enchantress stay, Sure rose, true on my toe, and ready away, 'Twas ecstasy the summons to obey!

Mamma announced the dinner.

OLD VIRGINIA.

An Illinois Sucker took a great dislike to a foolish young Virginian who was a fellow-passenger with him on one of the Mississippi steamboats. The Virginian was continually combing his hair, brushing his clothes, or dusting his boots—to all of which movements the Sucker took exception, as being what he termed a "leettle too darning nice, by half." He finally drew up his chair beside the Virginian and began—

"What might you be from stranger?"

"I am from Virginia, sir," politely answered the guest.

"From old Virginia, I suppose?" says the Sucker.

"Yes, sir, old, Virginia," was the reply.

"You are poor high up in the pictures, I suppose."

"I don't know what you mean by that."

"Oh, nuthin'," said the Sucker, but that remark, sir."

you are desp'rate rich, and have been brought up riggit nice."

"If the information will gratify you, in any way," says the great, patrician, smoothing down his hair, "I belong to one of the first families."

"Oh, in course," answered the Sucker.

"Well, stranger, bun' as you belong to the first, I'll give you two of the fattest shots in all Illinois of you'll only find me a feller that belongs to one of the second Virginia families."

"You want to quarrel with me, sir," says the Virginian.

"No stranger, not an atom," answered the Sucker, "but I never used one of the second family, and I'd give ratkin to git a sight at one of 'em. I know you are one of the fust," cause you look just like John Randolph."

This mollified the Virginian—the hint of a resemblance in the stranger was flattering to his feelings, and he accordingly acknowledged relationship with the master.

"He, you know, descended from the Ingalls, I reckon."

"You are right, sir," answered the other. "Well, stranger," said the Judge, "do you know that in thirteen years since you met me, and it's thir—I never need a Virginia that didn't want to be either descended from me, John Randolph, or a bigger."

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"My, my!—what a poor old man!"

"What do you mean?"

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an acquaintance called—Mother, father and

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"Forgive me, father," she tried to say,

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