

LOST.

Once on a time she came to me,
As some small star in heaven might flee—
To be a mortal's soul delight,
A love by day a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea,
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing,
Too grave to smile, too sad to sing,
Aware of earth with grieved surprise,
An alien from her native skies,
A baby angel strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles—
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss;
My heart of hearts, my life, was she,
This little love who came to me.

I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face—
The tinted skin the lip's poor bloom,
The clearest eyes that knew not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone,
That here I sit and grieve alone,
That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost is but a sting;
Another thorn thy memory,
My little darling, brings to me

But kindly night doth pity pain!
In all my dreams she comes again;
Her precious head is on my breast;
My happy arms caress her rest;
I hear her words of tender glee;
My little darling kisses me.

Ah! sweet is night—too sweet too brief—
When day recalls our bitterest grief,
The hungry heart, the longing dire,
That burns the soul with vain desire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachel-mourning, comfortless.
O God! once more that face to see!
My little darling, come to me!

—Rose Terry Cooke, in Harper's Magazine.

Saved by Emotion.

The frequenters of the Parisian Opera were lately attracted by the rare beauty of a young lady, whose presence was remarked at every representation.

Her eyes were superb, her form exquisite, her complexion rivaled the lily, and her tresses, dark as night, fell on her shoulders in large waving masses. This beautiful girl was always accompanied by a diminutive, strange looking man, with a complexion the color of saffron, and who resembled a resuscitated mummy, so closely did his skin adhere to his sharp bones. How old was he? No one could tell; he might be thirty five or he might be ninety. It was soon known that they were East Indians—that they came from Calcutta, and were father and daughter.

The father carried about on his person the signs of his opulence; five or six enormous diamonds glittering on his skeleton fingers and on the embroidered bosom of his shirt. The extravagant splendor of his ornaments contrasted strangely with the simplicity of his daughter's costume. A dress of white muslin, confined at the waist with a green ribbon, was all she wore; nothing more, not the smallest article of jewelry—no necklace, bracelet nor ear rings. The most refined coquetry could not have struck out a better style.

*** The poor man was a nabob, immensely rich, and dying with Asiatic spleen. He was gradually sinking away with languor, and his Indian doctors had sent him to Europe with the hope of saving his life. But his chance was a poor one; for Europe is dull, and her civilization monotonous to a man sated with the splendors and eccentricities of India. In truth, nothing astonished him, nothing moved him, at Paris. An astonishment would have refreshed him, an emotion might have saved him—he would have

paid for an astonishment a hundred thousand crowns; for an emotion half of his fortune. After Paris the nabob and his daughter were going to London. At first, the young and beautiful East Indian had manifested a desire not to remain long in Paris, but to depart immediately for London. But soon this eagerness to depart waxed faint, and finally disappeared altogether.

"This is a charming city," said she, "and I am told that London is far from possessing so many and so great attractions."

What she did not mention among the attractions of Paris was a certain young gentleman who had found the road to her heart; for the young girl was not as insensible as the father; a kind look, a tender speech, had sufficed to awaken emotion in her bosom. Nevertheless, the nabob, more and more envious, resolved to try change of country, and issued his orders to prepare for their departure for London.

The day before the departure, a young man presented himself to the opulent East Indian, and said, without further preamble:

"I come to ask the hand of your daughter!"

The nabob scarcely raised his eyebrows, but fixing on the suitor a dull and intimate look, he asked:

"What is your fortune?"

"I have none," replied the young man.

"Well, that is not of much importance," said the nabob; my daughter has thousands. What is your position—your rank in life?"

"I am nothing yet, but hope to distinguish myself hereafter."

"What is your name, your title?" continued the impassible nabob.

"I have no aristocratic title," he said, giving his name—a common-place one.

"So," said the Indian, "you have neither rank, fortune, nor title; and you demand the hand of my daughter?"

"Yes, sir, I do," was the prompt reply.

The nabob had no idea of such unparalleled impudence, and for the first time in an immemorial period, he felt astonished—but not excited. After enjoying his astonishment for a few moments, he said to the young man, with all his habitual sang froid:

"Sir, if we were in India, I should probably have you thrown out of the window, or placed in a lunatic asylum; at Paris I have only the right to turn you out of doors, and I request you to go out."

"I comprehend. My presence irritates you."

"No, sir; it annoys me."

The young man left the room, but scarcely had he passed the door-sill when a white hand clasped his and a sweet voice said:

"Well done! you have repeated the lesson exactly. Now you must write the letter I am about to dictate."

The astonishment had a happy effect on the nabob's health, and that day he was much better than usual. The next day, at breakfast time, his daughter not having appeared, he gave orders to the servants to go and call her. At the same moment a letter was handed to him, which he opened with indolent fingers, and cast upon it a look which, at first absent, became riveted as soon as he read the first words of the missive. It was very laconic, and ran thus:

"Monsieur—I love your daughter, and she loves me. You would not give her to me—I have carried her off."

These lines were signed with the common-place name which had been pronounced so humbly the day before. The domestic who had been directed to inform

his daughter that the nabob was awaiting her, returned with the information that mademoiselle was not in her apartment, that she had left that morning in a carriage, as if for a journey, for she had taken her trunks and bandboxes. The nabob remained for an instant motionless; then, all at once, he uttered a sort of terrible roar, and springing from his easy chair, with one kick of his foot he overturned the breakfast table. The domestics rushing in at the noise, he threw himself upon them, beating and striking them right and left; then, left alone, he smashed all the furniture in the apartment, and never stopped until, exhausted with rage and fatigue, he fell senseless upon the carpet of the devastated room.

When he came to himself a healthy reaction had taken place in his system; the crisis had produced an instantaneous and immense result. It was the emotion—emotion so long prayed for, which had come at last to save him!

A messenger had now arrived from his daughter, to open negotiations for a reconciliation.

"Let her come—let her come!" exclaimed the nabob, "and I'll marry her to the man she loves."

The couple were not far off, and soon made their appearance.

"Monsieur," said the nabob, addressing the young man, "you have neither fortune, rank, nor title; but yesterday you caused me astonishment, and to-day you have produced an emotion—in other words, you have saved my life and that is a favor which well deserves one in return. Thanks to you, my heart is so kindled within me, that I, who was until now indifferent to every earthly thing, experience delight at the thought of procuring my daughter's happiness, by giving to her the husband of her choice. Thanks, my dear son! and it is I who am still your debtor."

If this story has an air of romance, it is not our fault; it is none the less true, as a whole, and in all its details.

Our Books.

Most men may be judged by the books they read, and there is no one so peculiar in his mental constitution that he may not, by searching, find just the author to sympathize with him; to go with him in those trains of thought and of feeling that predominate in his mind. Not only have we authors for our prevailing moods but for every varying phase of sentiment and thought and aspiration we may, if we know where to seek it, find an interpreter. The fact that an author is the fashion is no reason why one should keep his company if it is found uncongenial. There are a great many people who think Dickens tedious and have little relish for Thackeray, yet who are by no means destitute of literary culture. To some Ruskin is severe and harsh in his style, while others delight in every syllable he utters. But the fact that we do not enjoy an author is no reason why we should never read his works, any more than the fact that we do not fancy certain individuals should prevent us from availing ourselves of the knowledge, useful to us, that they may possess. As the bee finds honey in every opening flower, far and near, so should we gather from near and far whatever may be of use to us.

Prof. Upham has well said: "The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fail now and then—don't be discouraged."

A Long Speech.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by N. DeCosmos, in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending whose passage would take from many settlers their lands. DeCosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the close of the eve of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a certain day the act of confiscation would fail. The day before the expiration of limitation DeCosmos got the floor about ten A. M., and commenced a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by one or two o'clock he would be through, and the bill would be put on its passage. One o'clock came and DeCosmos was speaking still—hadn't more than entered on his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying in the second place. Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till the next noon and kill the bill. For awhile they made merry over it; but as it came on to dusk, they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time.

They tried to shout him down but that gave him a breathing space, and finally they settled down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner; no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from his subject; no setting down. Twilight darkened; the gas was lit, members slipped out to dinner in relays, and returned to sleep in squads, but DeCosmos went on. The speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring, and trying to look wide awake. Day dawned, the majority slipped out in squads, to wash and to get breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent, or sustained speech. There were digressions in it, repetitions also. But still the speaker kept on; and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man, who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were almost shut, and were bleared and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, and his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. DeCosmos had spoken twenty six hours, and saved the settlers their lands.

Making Character.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to be put on, ready made, here a little and there a little; it grows with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail.

Look at a model man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, cool, and cautious, yet clearheaded and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let me see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and I can tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at the breakfast-table, late at school, who never does anything at the right time, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man.

The boy who half washes his face, half does his sums, half learns his lessons, will never make a thorough man. The boy who neglects his duties be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying "O, I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. We hope none of our little readers are of this class.