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From the Boston Daily Globe.
Be of Good Cheer.

Laughing down the misty valley,
Where the morning faintly falls,
To the summer in life's spring-time,
Swelling wide the bird-calls.
But, while yet the dew is wet,
From the flowers along the way,
They are fading - as if with labor,
Ere the noonday of the day.

When the hemlock and hark uprising,
Drooping under its heavy wings,
I thought in my mind to say,
I would be a poet like thee,
And in my heart to dwell,
In the quietude of the night,
When the stars are bright and clear,
I would be a poet like thee.

Ye who live on life's mountain,
Watch the lines of thought
Which in battle with fate struggle,
Little but for the night,
Ye who live on life's mountain,
When you are alone and alone,
When the world is silent round you,
When the world is silent round you,
When the world is silent round you,

SELECTED STORY.
[From the Baltimore Sun.]

WILL IT PAY?
A Minister's Mistake.

By Miss Lavinia.

Mr. Wilson was decidedly the most popular minister with whom the church at Edenville had ever been blessed. His handsome good-looking person, and his "beaming" eyes were turned to the most pure and clear, and his ministry was to the people of the church. He was much liked by all the denominations, and his sermons were held in high esteem. The church flourished, the congregations were large, and the ministerial family were invited out to dinner and to tea, while he was the life of every social gathering. Truly a minister so highly honored and universally petted must be very popular.

Let us go to his home and see the motive power of his actions. A lovely place was that village parsonage. Nature and art vied with each other in making it a worthy abode for the chosen ministers—a place where thoughts of pure thoughts and lofty aspirations let us visit in beautiful May when the air is bathed with the perfume of many lovely flowers, and the face and happy songs are ever ringing through the foliage of the trees, and in glad and merrily seem peaceful and pure.

It was a bright afternoon. A sumptuous dinner had been partaken of, and the family, together with a young friend, were seated on the piazza, engaged in pleasant converse. That young friend was Robert Armstrong, an intelligent and wealthy young law student, who had lately returned from his study in New York. "My father-in-law," said Mr. Wilson, "is a very good man, and he is very anxious to see you. He has just returned from New York, and he is very anxious to see you. He has just returned from New York, and he is very anxious to see you."

While thus pleasantly engaged, a man well known in the village and its vicinity, as a rough, dissolute character, living in abject poverty, and steeped in vice, walked up and enquired for the Rev. Mr. Wilson. The reverend gentleman replied, "I am Mr. Wilson, what do you want?" He replied, "My wife is very ill. Dr. Brown says she can't live twenty-four hours. She hears you preach once, and is very anxious for you to go and pray with her before she dies. She is in great distress, and I wish you to go at once."

The poor man seemed deeply distressed, but he was a great sinner, and the propriety of going into such a neighborhood must be considered. The minister answered coldly, "I will see what I can do for you."

The disconsolate hotel to which he was invited was five miles distant, and in a neighborhood noted for its depravity. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, therefore could not excuse himself upon the plea that he had not the facilities for visiting the poor man's home.

"What must he do? This was the question which presented itself. Every instinct of his nature shrank from such low associations, even for an hour. He consulted his wife. She urged him to go, and she pleaded. He consented, provided she would come, an old and influential member of the church, would consent to accompany him."

Brother Jones, it was necessary was from home, and would not return before nightfall. Both expressed a doubt of the propriety of making up with such people. A visit would in all probability injure his usefulness, and excite remarks which might endanger the church. "I will go, and I will not return before nightfall. I will go, and I will not return before nightfall. I will go, and I will not return before nightfall."

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The Rev. Mr. Wilson saw the look of deep anxiety and worldliness in the man's face change to one of deathly home, burning with indignation, and resentment toward all who called themselves Christians. He was surprised to hear the voice of prayer in the house. He entered and found Mr. Allen kneeling by the side of the sick woman, praying that her sins might have remission, that her sins were pardoned before she died. Near him knelt Robert Armstrong, one of the worldlings who had been invited to accompany him.

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The poor wife died, leaving the minister with a broken heart. The minister was so overcome with grief that he could not utter a word. The poor wife died, leaving the minister with a broken heart. The minister was so overcome with grief that he could not utter a word.

A few weeks later Robert Armstrong called on Mr. Allen's wife. He found her in a state of great distress. He had seen her in a state of great distress. He had seen her in a state of great distress.

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What of Mr. Wilson, the one I call a "minister"? Not many weeks ago he was in the village who was anxious to get a minister to visit and pray with his dying wife. Mr. Allen asked, "Where is the place, and how far must I go?"

Persons are willing to go to the neighborhood, though I thought I ought to tell you as the minister, so anxious. "Not willing to go?" was Mr. Allen's interruption. "My friend, call you think any place too low for a minister of the Gospel of Christ, or any person to visit on a mission of mercy? Is not one mortal of worth saying? Not so? I should be afraid to refuse to answer so manifest a call of duty. I have made for a moment while I make a few necessary preparations. I have no horse and must walk, but that makes no difference, except that I may not be able to get there in time."

A noble-hearted man, Mr. Armstrong's face was asked, "You surely will not walk five miles to visit an outcast felon?"

"Not walking five miles to visit an outcast felon?"

Full particulars of the Attempt to Assassinate the King and Queen of Spain.

The London Times' Madrid correspondent describes the attempt to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain. The morning of July 18th had been fixed for the King's departure for the capital, and the King and Queen were in the morning of the 18th at the Hotel de la Reina. The King and Queen were in the morning of the 18th at the Hotel de la Reina.

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How Presidents are Made—Popular and Electoral Votes.

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The Great Overflow of 1872.

From the Mobile Register.
On this time, on the above line will occupy a prominent place in the annals of Alabama, for the great overflow of 1872 has been the greatest misadventure of the season ever before known in the Alabama valley.

Persons who have not visited the scene can form no idea of its approximating to correctness, for there is nothing to which it can be compared for the purpose of conveying it to the mind. The waters are now falling the full length of the rivers, and a member of the Register's party, who has just returned from a trip up and down the Lower Tombigbee, brings the following most distressing reports: All the low-land crops, and they make up the bulk of the crops along the river, have a total ruin from Jackson down to the Gulf, which a short time ago were as fine as a prospect of gold possibly have been asked, not stretched out at every hand, as the eye could see, a second crop of rice, looking for all the world, as if a fire had passed over the plantations, leaving the crop to rot under, and allowing the leaves to still hang upon the stalks.

The Alabama and other rivers of the valley precisely the same condition of affairs exists. He estimates that in cotton alone the loss to Mobile will be almost incalculable, not less than one hundred thousand bales.

Many planters who considered themselves in the best of circumstances two weeks ago, are now in actual want, and were still, are daily in debt, having been stimulated to go on more than they could. What is the prospect? What is to become of them one can hardly tell. It is suggested that some steps ought to be taken with a view to rice relief, for not a few are already suffering for the necessities of life.

The following, taken from the Grove Hill Democrat, tells a terrible tale of suffering on the uplands and along the creeks.

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