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SELECT POETRY.

LINES ON WOMAN.

To be read alternately, or as they are written, as it may suit the taste or sentiments of the reader.

The bliss of him no tongue can tell
Who in a woman doth confide;
Who with a woman scorns to dwell
Unnumbered evils will betide.

They fill each leisurable day
With joy and innocent delight;
With cheerless gloom and misery
Are none possessed while in their sight.

They make the daily path of life
A pleasant journey strewed with flowers;
A dreary scene of painful strife,
They quickly change with matchless powers.

Domestic joys will fast decay
Where female influence is unknown;
Where'er a woman holds her sway,
A man is in perfection shown.

She's never failing to display
Truth, in its native loveliness;
A heart inclined to treachery
A woman never did possess.

That man true dignity will find
Who tries the matrimonial state;
Who pours contempt on woman kind
Will mourn his folly when too late.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

[CONCLUDED.]

As Edward was about leaving the counting-room at dinner time, Mr. Lee said to him:

"I have been thinking over what you told me this morning, and I have every disposition to meet your wishes. My business, as you know, is yet small, and the income from it limited. But I have just received some better consignments, with the promise of liberal shipments of goods, from a large manufactory. Yesterday, I do not think your application would have met with a favorable answer. Now I can offer you a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars for the first year."

Tears sprang to the lad's eyes, and he could not restrain the impulse that prompted him to seize the hand of Mr. Lee.

"Oh! I am so glad!" he exclaimed, as a light broke over his face.

"But that sum," added Mr. Lee "will not go far towards supporting yourself and mother."

"Mother has a small income; and this will help very much. I think she can make it do."

Mr. Lee mused for some moments.

"I've been thinking since you spoke to me this morning——"

Mr. Lee paused, and seemed turning something over in his mind, that was not altogether clear to him,

"I've been thinking, perhaps, you might do something for yourself," he at length said.

Edward's face brightened.

"There are some little articles in which you might trade safely. In breaking bales of goods, for instance, pieces of rope and bagging accumulate. For these odds and ends there is a sale. I know two or three stores where you can buy the article, and I know where you can sell it at a small advance. It will take so small a portion of your time and attention that I can have no objection, and the matter is so simple and safe that you will run no risk."

The light faded from the boy's face; observing which, Mr. Lee said:

"It does not strike you favorably."

"I have no money to buy with," was the dispirited answer.

"Oh, as to that," came the cheerful response; "never large capital will be required. Ten or fifteen dollars will start you in the business, and I can supply that."

"You are very kind, sir," was Edward's grateful answer. A few moments he stood with his eyes bent upon the floor—then moving away he left the counting-room, and hurried home to communicate the good news to his mother. As he ascended the stairs, leading to the apartments they occupied, he heard the voice of a man in his mother's room, and on opening the door, his eys fell upon the cold face of his uncle Bradford. A brief and distant greeting took place, and then the visitor said to the widow of his brother:

"The salary is a liberal one, and will make you very comfortable. I am glad you were so fortunate as to secure the appointment. You may not know that you are in a good measure indebted to me for your success. I made interest for you in an influential quarter."

"Mother is not going there," said Edward, abruptly. He was unable to keep back the words that leaped to his tongue.

Mr. Bradford turned suddenly upon the boy, and scowled darkly.

"Not going where?" he asked.

"Not going to be a Matron in an Orphan Asylum," answered Edward firmly.

"She isn't, ha!" Mr. Bradford's lip had a sneer upon it; and he looked first at the boy and then at his mother.

"No, sir, she isn't going." And Edward stood up and returned the gaze of his uncle with so steady a look, that Mr. Bradford felt irritated beyond measure.

"Oh, very well," said he, in an offended voice—"very well—if you are master here I have nothing to say." And he arose, and took two or three hurried steps across the room. At the door he paused and glanced back towards Mrs. Bradford, who looked bewildered, and almost frightened at the unexpected rencontre, so to speak, between Edward and his uncle.

"It's no use, I find," said he, speaking severely, "for me to try to do anything for you. My advice has not been taken in a single instance since my brother's death; and now I shall just let you go your own way. You were silly enough to refuse Mr. Gardiner's excellent offer to take Edward. There isn't a more advantageous place in the city—his fortune would have been made. I'm out of all patience with you! But, gang y'r ain gait—gang y'r ain gait! It will be all the same to me. And just bear this in mind—don't call on me to help you out of any of the troubles your stupidity may create."

And Mr, Bradford went off in a passion, leaving the widow in tears.

"Don't cry, mother dear—don't cry," said Edward, tenderly, coming to the side of his weeping parent, and laying his face to hers. "You're not going to the Asylum. Mr. Lee says he will pay me one hundred and fifty dollars for the first year, and that is as much as Mr. Gardiner promised. He spoke very kindly to me, and said he would show me how I could trade a little for myself, and make a few dollars now and then. Oh, mother! I feel such a weight taken from my heart."

Mrs. Bradford could not answer in words, but she drew the boy's face tightly to her breast, and kissed over and over again, fervently, his pure white forehead.

"Mr. Lee is a true man," she said, when she could trust herself to speak. "He is not rich, like Mr. Gardiner; but he has a larger heart, my son."

Edward raised himself up, and looked earnestly at his mother. Her words seemed to have light in them, and made things clear which were before in obscurity.

"A kind, true heart, Edward," the mother added, "is worth more than gold; and you can trust it better."

"Mr. Lee has a kind, true heart," said the lad, speaking as if to himself.

"That I have known for years, Edward," answered his mother; "and he has not only a true heart, but just and honorable principles. It was for this reason that I decided against Mr. Gardiner and in his favor. I knew it would be better for you in the end to be under his care; and, already, this is becoming apparent even in your eyes."

Serious thought was now given by Mrs. Bradford to the subject of accepting or declining the appointment which she had just received. Would it be right for her, under the circumstances, to refuse an offer of five hundred dollars a year? Another such opportunity would hardly again occur. If she did refuse, the act would estrange certain friends who had interested themselves in her behalf; and in case of future extremity, no dependence could be placed on their kind offices. As these, and other considerations were revolved, her mind came into a bewildered state; and she was sorely oppressed by doubts. Edward opposed her acceptance, and begged her not to take from him his home, humble and obscure though it might be.

"I will live in a garret with you mother," he said. "Anywhere—I will be contented with poor food and plain clothing, until I grow older."

If the thought of Mrs. Bradford had in any respect turned inwards upon herself—if, in thinking of a clear income of five hundred dollars a year, her imagination had pictured a condition of freedom from care and worldly anxieties, every selfish impulse was stifled now. "What will be best for my boy?" That was the earnestly asked question, and upon that turned a decision of the case. Clearly, now, she saw the dangers to which Edward would be exposed, if removed from her loving care—her watchful guardianship—and she wondered within herself that this had not vividly presented itself before.

"We will remain together my son," were her calmly spoken words, after all was decided in her mind; "and if we can only get bread to eat and water to drink, we will share them, and be thankful that the worse evil of separation is yet far from us.

Both mother and son had passed through what to them was a fiery trial, but now they saw with a purer vision; now they felt stronger to endure, and had a better hope for the future.

When the purpose of Mrs. Bradford was made known to her friends, and they became aware of the slender support she had chosen, instead of the comfortable income which had been offered for her acceptance, they were greatly displeased, and censured her strongly—even going so far as to charge her with lack of energy, and insinuating that both pride and indolence had conspired to effect her decision. She bore the storm meekly, for she knew that the words of self justification she could speak would not be understood. Estrangement from her husband's relations was the consequence, and an almost total exclusion from the old social circles.

Patiently and hopefully she bore all this, for her earnest, self-devoted love for Edward gave clearness to her vision, and she saw that she was moving in the right way. Very poorly did they live on their slender income, but day after day was the widow's heart made glad by the knowledge that her son was gradually learning to estimate truly the character of Mr. Lee, and to imbibe from him those higher principles of action by which his own life was governed. True to his promise to Edward, the latter had not only advanced him a small sum of money to purchase certain articles in which he might freely traffic, but had advised him where and how to buy, and where to sell. From this source the lad was soon in receipt of light profits, that were never, from the beginning, less than five or six dollars a month; all of which was given to his mother.

One evening Edward said to his mother: "Henry Long told me something about Mr. Gardiner to-day that don't seem to me just right. I'm sure Mr. Lee wouldn't have done such a thing."

"What was it, my son?" asked Mrs. Bradford.

"Henry, in looking over an account which a merchant from the country had just settled, discovered an error of a hundred dollars against the merchant. He showed it to Mr. Gardiner, saying as he did so, 'Mr.——— told us that he wouldn't leave until six o'clock this afternoon. Shall I go round to the hotel and see him about it?'

"'No!' was Mr. Gardiner's answer. 'Let him find it out himself, which he will do if he is sharp enough; and if he is not, he deserves to lose it.'"

"That is dishonest," said Mrs. Bradford, with much gravity of manner.

"So I told Henry; but he laughed, and said Mr. Gardiner was keen, and knew how to take care of number one."

"And did Henry Long make so light of a wicked action? I thought better of him than that, my son."

"He wouldn't have made light of it, I am sure, when we went to school together. Then he was a very honorable boy."

"Evil communications corrupt good manners. There must, then, be something wrong in his associations."

"I'm afraid so," said Edward.

"Does it not occur to you in what direction this may lie?"

Edward looked thoughtful.

"If a man in Mr. Gardiner's position makes light of dishonesty, is there not danger in coming within the sphere of his influence? If the principal in a large establishment manifests no just regard for the rights of others, what is to be expected from his subordinates? Believe me, Edward, there is great danger in being in the service of such a man. And now, I am sure you can begin to see how grave my reasons were not permitting you to accept the offer he seemed so kindly to make."

What a glow of pleasure warmed the bosom of Mrs. Bradford as her son expressed strongly his abhorrence of Mr. Gardiner's principles, and said that he hoped ever to be thankful that he had a mother who was wise enough to save him from the influences of such a man.

Time passed on. Mr. Lee's business steadily increased, though not rapidly. He was active, prompt, and honorable in dealing, thus securing a good reputation in business circles. At the end of a year he was able to increase Edward's salary to three hundred dollars, and so intelligent had the lad become in such matters of trade as were permitted to him on his own account, that he added two hundred dollars to this income during the second year he was with the young commission merchant. From this time, the widow and her son, though still in obscurity, and overlooked by friends who should have stood by them in their hours of need, and encouraged them as they passed through the trials of adversity, had not only all things needful for comfort, but enjoyed a measure of happiness that is meted out to but few.

The years now glided by with a fleeter motion. Mr. Lee's business steadily increased. His strictly honorable dealings had become widely known; and every season he received new and more valuable consignments. For Edward, he had from the beginning felt a true interest.—Very careful was he to instil just principles into his mind, and to demonstrate the fallacy of the bad maxim so widely prevalent, that no man can conduct business successfully at the present day, and be strictly honest. Success, he always maintained, was dependent on a thorough knowledge of the business in which a man engaged, united with untiring industry. "This," he would say, "is the only safe road in which to walk. All others are full of danger." Every year he continued to increase the salary of Edward; for every year he became of more value to him.

It was just seven years from the day on which Mrs. Bradford declined the offer of the rich merchant to take her son into his service. Circumstances were considerably altered. Edward's salary was enabling her to live in more comfort, and some of her old friends were beginning to approach again. Of these was the mother of Henry Long, the boy who had taken the place at Mr. Gardiner's. Henry had grown up a gay, dashing young man; and it was plain to all close observers, that in his contact with the world, he had soiled his garments.

Mrs. Long, rather a worldly-minded woman herself, did not seem clearly conscious of the change for the worse that was steadily progressing. Henry had a manly, confident way about him, that gratified her vanity; and he adroitly deceived her in many things that a true-hearted woman would have known by an unerring instinct. Mrs. Long had called twice upon Mrs. Bradford; and the latter, who did not much care to renew the acquaintance, felt that it was hardly kind not to return a visit. So, one fine morning, she rang the bell at Mrs. Long's door. The servant who admitted her had a frightened look, and exclaimed as soon as the door was closed—"Oh ma'm! go up quickly to Mrs. Long. I don't know what ails her!"

"Is she sick?" was Mrs. Bradford's anxious inquiry.

"Something's the matter. She's in a dreadful way," answered the servant. "A man left a letter for her just now; and as soon as she began to read it, she turned as pale as death, and fell right down upon the floor as she got her on the bed, and now lying there groaning and crying, oh, so dreadfully! Do go up and see her. I don't know what to do."

Mrs. Bradford went hastily up to the chamber of Mrs. Long. As she opened the door, the groans that fell upon her ears, were so full of anguish, that every nerve thrilled with pain. Crouched down upon the bed, with her face pressed into and hidden on a pillow, lay the friend she had called to visit, shivering as if in a strong ague-fit. Going quickly to the bedside, she placed her hand upon Mrs. Long, and repeated her name. The suffering woman did not seem to feel the touch, nor hear the voice.

"Mrs. Long! Mrs. Long?" The call was repeated in a low, earnest, penetrating voice; but the only response was a moan more full of anguish.

"My friend! Mrs. Long!"

It availed not. Her ears seemed deaf—her senses all indrawn.

"What great trouble has come upon you so suddenly, my friend?" Very tenderly did Mrs. Bradford speak, bending her face low to the ear of the wretched woman. There was a half smothered murmur of words.

"It is Mrs. Bradford," said the visitor.

The hands of Mrs. Long were instantly waved backward with a repelling motion.

"Think of me as a true friend—as an earnest sympathizing friend."

"Mother! Mother! send for my mother," was the sufferer's answer. And again she waved her hand for Mrs. Bradford to leave her.

Delicacy forbid further intrusion on the part of Mrs. Bradford. Leaving the room, she made known the wish of Mrs. Long to have her mother who lived near by, sent for, and went back to her own home, deeply pained at the scene she had witnessed, and wondering what it could mean.

When Edward came home that evening, he said to his mother the moment he entered:

"A dreadful thing has happened here to-day."

"What?" was the quick inquiry.

"Henry Long sailed in the English steamer at twelve o'clock, after having robbed his employer of more than a hundred thousands dollars."

"Oh no, Edward! Impossible!"

"It is too true."

"But he could not abstract so much money at one time."

"No, but the frauds on the house have been going on, as is alleged, for years. This morning he was sent to collect some large drafts, and make heavy deposits, the whole amounting to over forty thousand dollars. Instead of making the deposits, he bought bills of exchange, and left for Europe in the steamer."

"Dreadful! Dreadful!"

"In consequence of this large abstraction of money, Mr. Gardiner was unable to meet his payments to-day, and called a hurried meeting of creditors. We had sold him some goods, and Mr. Lee was present at the meeting. And, what do you think he says? Why that it is the strong impression of nearly all his creditors, after hearing his story, that he is a partner in the guilt of his clerk."

"Oh, Edward! Edward!"

A shade of fear went darkly over the mother's face, as she remembered how near she had been to yielding to the strong pressure that was on her, and consenting that her son should take the place afterwards filled by Henry Long.—"Thanks to my heavenly Father, for giving me the strength to endure!" was her fervent heart ejaculation.

"The failure, that comes in consequence of Henry's crime, will be a very bad one. False entries were exhibited, (too quickly discovered some think,) showing the abstraction of over sixty thousand dollars, besides the heavy sum taken to-day. If the creditors get thirty cents in the dollar, it will be a large dividend on the effects produced by Mr. Gardiner."

"Then he may be a worse man than his absconding clerk."

"And no doubt is, mother. He has not, for some time, borne a good reputation among honorable business men. I have heard the worst epithets applied to him by merchants."

"Oh, Edward!" said Mrs. Bradford, speaking with so much feeling, that tears stood in her eyes, "how thankful I am that you did not enter his service instead of Henry Long."

"Not more thankful than I am," was the reply of Edward "For years I have seen how wisely you acted in choosing a place for me with a true, good man, instead of one whose only recommendation was the worldly advantage he had to offer. How far I might have been corrupted in his service, I know not—but I have, several times to-day, had an inward shudder as I thought of it."

There was a pause, and then the young man said, with a brightening countenance,

"But I have some good, as well as evil tidings for your ear. Mr. Lee has offered me an interest in his business, on most liberal terms; and I have accepted the proposition."

Mrs. Bradford's face kindled with a glow of delight. No strong expression of pleasure leaped from her tongue; she only clasped the hand of her son, and looking at him with an expression of maternal love and pride, said,

"I have my reward, and it comes quicker and more abundant than ever imagination realized. My dearest hope for you in life, has been that you might be a true-hearted, honorable honest man. You are all this Edward!—all this. And now there is added the worldly prosperity that I was willing to sacrifice for those higher and better things. There is no happier mother in the land this day. My cup runs over!—N. Y. *Organ.*

THE BLESSING OF A GOOD DEED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I should like to do that, every day, for a year to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his hands together, quickly, in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker, and had just made an "operation" by which a clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured. He was alone in his office, or so much alone as not to feel restrained by the presence of another. And yet, a pair of dark, sad eyes were fixed intently upon his self-satisfied countenance with an expression, had he observed it, that would, at least have excited a moment's wonder. The owner of this pair of eyes was a slender, rather poorly dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom Mr. Everett had engaged a short time previously, to attend in his office and run upon errands. He was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly reduced circumstances. His father had been an early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact which led to the boy's introduction into the broker's office.

"Two thousand dollars." The broker had uttered aloud his satisfaction; but now he communed with himself silently. "Two thousand dollars! A nice little sum that for a single day's work. I wonder what Mr. Jenkens will say to-morrow morning, when he hears of such an advance in these securities."

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state exhileration. Most probably there was something in the transaction, by which he had gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear too close a scrutiny—something Mr. Everett would hardly liked to have blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a cloud came over his mind, in spite of himself, and although the broker was richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no happier.

An hour afterward, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?

"No; what of him?"

"He's said to be off to California with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to him."

"What!"

Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New York in the steamer, yesterday."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who, by this time, was very considerably excited.

"He owes you, does he?" said the friend

"I lent him three hundred dollars only day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle."

"Yes, it is. O, if I could only get my hands on him."

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amiable expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other, "I think he let you off quite reasonably. Was that sum all he asked to borrow?"

"Yes."

"I know two, at least, who are poorer by a couple of thousand by his absence."

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of his office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most unhappy feelings. The two thousand dollars gain, in no way balanced in his mind, the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark, sad eyes had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked with uneven steps, the floor of his office.

As the afternoon waned, the broker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement produced by the loss, passed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer during all the time, it is a little remarkable that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact, that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usually the case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to the boy, and encountering his large earnest eyes, "Take this note round to Mr. Legrand."

John sprang to do his bidding; received the note, and was off with unusual fleetness. But the door, which closed upon his form, did not shut out the expression of his sober face and humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett.—In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung into the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and quicker than usual though his motions were, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thought now entered the broker's mind. The child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling, though of low vitality. He paid him a couple of dollars a week, and thought little more about him or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a living matter like this. But now, at the image of that sad face—for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly toward the boy—lingered in his mind, growing every moment more distinct and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together in years long since passed, ere numerous feelings had hardened into ice, or given [illegible] coldness. He remembered, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her to their little world, as his bride. The lad had her large, dark eyes, only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giving place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried once or twice, during the boy's absence, to obliterate these recollections, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" kindly inquired the broker, when the lad returned from his errand.

The question was so unexpected that it confused him.

"She's well—thank you, sir. No—not very well, either—thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed and his eyes suffused.

"Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke with kindess, and in a tone of interest. "Not sick, I hope?"

"No sir; not very sick. But—"

"But what, John?" said the broker, encouragingly.

"She's in trouble," half stammered the boy, while the color deepened on his face.

"Ah, indeed! I'm sorry for that. What is the trouble, John?"

The tears which John had been vainly striving to repress, now gushed over his face, and with a boyish shame for the weakness, he turned away and struggled for a time with his overmastering feelings.

Mr. Everett was not a little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited with a new-born consideration for the boy, not unmingled with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve her."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the lad eagerly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can."

Hard indeed would have been the heart that could have witnessed the appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of the broker. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference toward others, but the crust was now broken through.

"Speak freely, my good lad," said he kindly. Tell me of your mother. What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir." Tremulous and mournful was the boy's voice. "And mother isn't well. She does all she can and my wages help a little. But there are three of us children; and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hasn't the money to pay it with. This morning the man who owns the house where we live came for some money, and when mother told him that she had none, he got, oh, so angry! frightened us all. He said if the rent wasn't paid by to-morrow, he'd turn us all out into the street. Poor mother; she went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"Oh, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do."

"How much?"

"Fourteen dollars, sir," answered the lad.

"Is that all?" and Mr. Everett thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here are twenty dollars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her with my compliments."

The boy grasped the money eagerly, and as he did so, in an irrepressible burst of gratitude kissed the hand from which he received it.—He did not speak, for strong emotion choked all utterance; But Mr. Everett saw his heart in his large eye, and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about to pass through his door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother."

"I wish you would, sir," answered the boy as he came slowly back.

A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but promised, for the sake of old recollections that now were crowding fast upon his mind, to be the widow's future friend.

For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor, his thoughts were clear and his feelings tranquil. He had made on that day the sum of two thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him the tithe of pleasure he derived from the bestowal of twenty dollars.—He thought, too, of the three hundred he had lost by a misplaced confidence: yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by fancy, and all was sunny again.

Mr. Everett went home to his family on that evening a cheerful-minded man. Why? Not because he was richer by nearly two thousand dollars, but because wealth have possessed no power to lift him above the shadowed, fretful state which the loss of three hundred had produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this pervaded his bosom with a warming sense of delight.

Thus it is, that true benevolence carries with it, ever a double blessing. Thus it is that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation of selfish withholding.

THE ORPHAN.

Little Josey had been alone a long, long while; he had broken his china dogs, pulled the fringe off from the table cover, admired the variegated birds worked on the footstool, until he turned it over, and crawled to the patch of sunlight resting on the roses on the carpet, and clutched at the golden rings, and played with his transparent fingers. Still no one came. He fretted, then looked with a sudden, quiet and grave expression into the fire, magnetically drawn by the bright coals shining thro' the high fender, into an admiration of beauties. Then as the loneliness of his situation recalled itself to his mind, he cried again softly, with large tears running down his plump rosy cheek.

Josey was cold, hungry and frightened—he had never been alone before; and the first-formed word his little tongue had ever uttered, passed moaningly from his lips—"mamma, mamma, mamma."

Poor little Josey! He did not know that she who would have caught him in her arms and covered him with kisses at this first token of intellect, couldn't longer hear him; that she rested on her stately couch, pale as the snow-drops they placed beside her, her hands calmly folded upon her meek bosom, and a deep solemnity settling upon her sweet young face.

He did not know lone, little orphan, how her hand had been clasped in prayer, and that when her soul went on that long journey, it carried with it a prayer to the throne of grace—that the thought of him was the only cloud about her breast, as she hastened to join the beloved one that had gone before.

No, Josey knew not this. He cried, still piteously, until strangers came with kind words and sad facts, and carried him down stairs. As he passed her door, he instinctively murmured the new word "mamma," until they hushed him. Then, bewildered, frightened and weary, he cried, and hiding his head among the pillows of the familiar cradle, sobbed himself to sleep.

Smiles dimpled his flushed face in that sleep. An angel mother had him in her arms, soothed his trembling lips, and whispered words of love into his ear. Still he did not know that he was an orphan. Alas! poor child, he learned it soon enough.

The fine house was sold and all its elegancies. Expenses were paid, and the small sum remained put in trust for the boy into the hands of a man of integrity. Josey lived in his family.—There were other boys and girls, but they were all "to the manor born." Josey was an intruder.

He was always a shy, quiet boy, and grew still more so amid this throng. He sought out dark corners, and glided into them unperceived. He talked to himself, when alone, and shared no joys or sorrows. He was unlike other children they had mothers. He would watch the mother as she impulsively caught some little prattler, and turned away sadly—no one kissed him. No one looked with pride on his copy book.—No one tied his tipped about his neck with care. No one stole on tiptoe at night to his bed-side, to see if he were comfortably and happily sleeping. No one saved cakes and candy for him in the bureau drawers, or stuffed his dinner basket with a favorite morsel.

No; he was "one set apart." He must take what comes and be thankful.

Poor little Josey! Even the teachers knew he had no mother, and neglected him, or remembered him in long tasks, so hopelessly hard that none but a mother could have made easy. And when his head or heart ached, there was no breast to bear all his troubles—no hands to cool the fever of his brow with its gentle, caressing touch. Poor Josey!

A change had gradually passed away over Josey. He had grown thin and pale; his eyes were large and unnaturally bright, his form fragile and shadowy. Friends whispered when he passed, and boys made room for him by the winter fire. Little girls shared their dinners with him. Every body was so kind that he could never do enough for them.

One day, as he sat by the fire, sad and dispirited, the tears would roll down his cheeks.

"Why does Josey *cry*?" said a little child to her mamma.

"The poor boy has no mother," returned the parent.

"Yes," cried the child, with eager voice and manner, "Josey has a mamma, she is an angel in heaven."

The lady took the child in her arms and kissed him, while these words sank deep in Josey's heart.

"I have a mother," he whispered perpetually to himself. "I will find her."

The sun rose proudly up one bright Christ-