

her escort a gentleman for whom she entertained a profound respect, Willis entered the parlor. "Where now?" he asked, cheerily, thinking that they were all off for church.

"There, you should have come earlier, or not at all," cried Hester, laughing. "You must take one of Mr. Lockwood's ladies, for I shall not leave Mr. Sargent now, not even for you. But I'm so glad you have come to go with us. We are all going to hear that magnificent Oratorio of the Creation."

"You are?"

His tone and his look were very much disturbed. "I told you so," said Marion, giving Hester a slight push in the back.

"Why, what ails you, Willis? You are not vexed because I was going without you?"

"Certainly not; but, Hester, I cannot go to such a place to-night. I did not think that you would."

"You surely do not think it wrong to go to listen to a sacred concert upon the Sabbath eve?" remarked the gentleman upon whose arm Hester leaned.

"I cannot enter into any argument upon the subject; but I most certainly shall never forsake my church, and cross a ferry, and travel several miles to aid a money-making, Sabbath speculation, was the somewhat excited reply of Willis.

"You do not object to Miss Marcy's going?" interrogated Mr. Sargent.

"She must act her own pleasure. I do not seek to control her; but if she goes it will be *greatly* against my wishes."

"Provoking!" muttered some one.

"Then I shall stay at home," said Hester, seating herself, in something very like a pet, upon the nearest chair.

"If you give up to be domineered over like this before marriage, what will it be after?" cried Mand, taking instant advantage of the vexation of Hester.

"You'll find that there is truth in it if there is no poetry in what I told you about his despotic temper. You'll just sink down into a perfect slave, a nobody that can't say that her soul is her own, if you are going to give way so."

"Poor, foolish Hester!" uttered Alice, in a tone of provoking pity.

"I guess if I was an heiress in my own right I'd see who'd dare to order me what to do and what not to do. It wouldn't be a penniless, fortune-hunting clerk who should dare to set up to frown at me, and show displeasure at what I chose to do. De, Hester, show that you have some spirit, and that you are not to be ruled by other people's conscience."

All this time Willis had looked distressed half to death. When the allusion to Hester's wealth and to his penniless condition was made, his before rather pale face flushed scarlet. His noble and innocent features worked as if it were with the utmost difficulty that he was commanding his emotions; he half rose, and putting his hand to his head, seemed about to speak, when Hester sprang up and ran to him.

With one arm about his neck she faced the crowd of tormentors, almost fiercely ejecting at them an order to be silent.

"I make no mortal's conscience my law. I am in bondage to no man, nor ever shall be; I desire to do right that I may please God, not merely to please my best earthly friend!" (looking tenderly upon Willis); "but Willis knows better than I do the things that are right from the things that are wrong; therefore, I shall trust to his judgment until I am able to judge truly for myself. As for his unfinishing adherence to the right in the seemingly unimportant things of life and action, I glory in and honor him for that more than for almost anything else. In a man who is so careful never, even in the least things, to offend the God of his worship, I know full well that the heart of the woman of his love may fully and *securely* trust. The mighty fortune that you taunt him with my uncle can tell you was long ago swept away. Had Willis not known this he would never have offered to me the heart and hand which are of more value than those of any crowned king that the sun shines upon."

"My noble girl! My noble, blessed child!" cried the good old uncle, running to embrace his niece and her now happy lover. "I would that God had granted me but one daughter like you. You would be blessing enough to the man your heart has chosen, even though you went to him clad in rags; but I can no longer deceive you. You are not a poor orphan, as, through anxiety to know that you were loved for yourself alone, I was induced to represent you. Your property is all secure, and although Willis Westbrook is forever clear from the stigma which attaches itself to the name of a fortune-hunter, he has found a fortune, aye, a double one, in finding you."

In a few weeks subsequent to this scene Willis and Hester were married, and went away to reside in peace in their own elegant and comfortable home. Uncle Ames's chief delight was to spend his evenings with his pet Hester and her hardly less beloved husband.

It is needless to say that he was ever a welcome and honored guest. When a baby boy appeared in Hester's arms, the old man was more frequent than ever in his visits; and when the dear little fellow became able to speak, and was taught to call him "Grandpa," his delight transcended all reasonable bounds. Hester and Willis were forced to lead the old man, with his precious burden, to the safe keeping of a rocking-chair, lest, in his rejuvenated antics, he should break his own neck or the baby's.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The action of the mind has never been clearly understood. We speak of reason and instinct—the former as belonging to man, and the latter to animals; but the dividing line between the two has never been drawn, and never can be—because in instinct there seems at times to be the highest and most perfect powers of reason, and in reason the highest and most perfect powers of instinct.

Some of the superior animals—such as the dog, the horse, and the elephant—have been known to display a sagacity that has seemed to comprehend a rational consideration of the whole proceeding in which they have become actors; while man, likewise reversing the natural order, has been known to be completely governed and controlled by something opposed to ratiocination, and which, in the animal, would have been called instinct merely.

Instinct itself can only be fairly understood as a controlling impulse, requiring the object it governs to perform certain things without consideration of cause or effect; and it has never been clearly demonstrated whether this is the action of the mind *per se*, or the action of a mind *ab extra*. In either case, it is very wonderful—as in fact, for that matter, is everything connected with this wonderful universe—from the largest astronomical body, to the smallest animalcule.

One of the most remarkable cases, in illustration of our point—and which, by the way, may also serve to show the dangers of premature burial—occurred a great many years ago, during the prevalence in our Northern cities of that terrible Southern pestilence, the yellow fever. The facts to which we refer were well attested at the time—were placed on record—and may now be in the recollection of some of our readers; but as the incidents were very thrilling in themselves, we claim the historian's privilege of making use of them.

At the time when the yellow fever was violently raging in the city of Boston—and thousands, becoming frantic with fear, were deserting their homes, and leaving their stricken friends in the hands of strangers—when the heavy rumble of the death-carts, with the solemn and appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!" were almost the only sounds that broke the dismal stillness of the streets—at that time, we say, a man in the prime of life, surrounded by his wife and little ones, was smitten by the devastating scourge.

Upon the first appearance of the fearful symptoms, the wife immediately gave her children into the care of some of her friends, with a request that they should be forthwith taken from the city to the country.

"And you must go with them!" said they.

"No!" she replied; "the place of the wife is by the side of her husband—especially in his darkest hour of need."

"But he will die, and you become a victim also."

"As God wills!" she piously rejoined.

"But why remain, and thus expose yourself, and make your children orphans?"

"Would you have me leave my husband in the hands of strangers?"

"But he will soon become delirious, and know not who attends upon him."

"But I shall know!" returned the devoted wife; "and should I survive, it will ever be a consolation to me to remember I did my duty."

No remonstrance, no persuasion, could induce that heroic woman to depart. Taking leave of her beloved little ones with maternal tenderness—perhaps for the last time—she resigned them to God's care and her friends', and went back to the gloomy dwelling, which had till late been a bright and happy home. Already the dreadful sign was upon it—the sign which told the passer-by there was another victim of the pestilence within, and would probably soon be another burden for those whose duty it was to bear the remains of the departed to the common sepulchre; but with the heroism of a martyr, that angel wife crossed the threshold to perish or to save.

We will not dwell with a physician's minuteness upon the alarming symptoms and progress of the disease. Suffice it to say, that the sick man soon became delirious, raved like a maniac, and, in spite of the best medical attendance which could be procured, and the most careful and devoted nursing of that devoted wife, gradually sunk, grew weaker and more weak, and at last lay still, and became rigid and cold in death.

In that solemn moment, when that fond wife, kneeling beside the corpse of him she loved, his cold hand clasped in hers, was pouring out her loving and agonized soul in a prayer to heaven for strength and resignation to bear the earthly separation; in that dread moment, when not a living thing stirred in all the house except herself—and the night-lamp burned dim—and the clock, with its steady tick, as it measured time to her but not to him, made the only sounds besides her sobs that broke the dreary stillness—in that awful moment, we say, there came a low, distant rumble, the noise gradually increasing; and then the appalling words, "Bring out your dead!" resounded along the almost deserted street, striking a fearful chill to many an anguished heart, and causing many a tear-furrowed eye to rest mournfully upon the beloved form that must soon by the living be beheld no more forever.

There were two or three ominous pauses of this dread, semi-hourly visitor—two or three repetitions of the dismal cry—and then it seemed to pause under the very windows of that death-chamber, and the awful words, loud and chilling, of "Bring out your dead!" seemed to pierce the very heart of that poor, sorrow-stricken wife and mother.

"No dead here!" she cried, with a strange, unaccountable impulse, starting to her feet, clasping her temples with her hands, and gazing wildly upon the ghastly, withered form of him she loved: "No dead here! He is not dead! My husband is not dead! He still lives! He only sleeps! Great God, give me power to wake him, ere he be torn from me!"

And as these sentences were uttered rapidly and wildly, heavy steps were heard advancing along the hall, and ascending the stairs with slow and measured tread. The next moment the door of the death-chamber was slowly opened, two rough visages and figures were presented to the view of the agonized wife, and a deep, gruff voice said—

"Is it over, good woman?"

"No, no! it is not over! My husband still lives! He will soon recover!"

Without making a reply the foremost advanced, took up the light, walked to the bed, held it close to the face of the ghastly form that lay there, and quietly observed—

"He's as dead as he ever will be!" Then turning to his companion, he added, "Let's take him down!"

"No, no!" cried the startled wife, throwing herself before them; "I tell you he is living, and will soon be well! Go! he is not a subject for you! Come to-morrow, if you will, and witness the truth of my words—but touch him not to-night!"

"She raves, poor woman!" said the spokesman, "but we've got to do our duty."

"Back!" screamed the almost frantic wife; "you shall not touch him! Back, and do no murder here, or the curse of Heaven will light upon you!"

The two men whispered together a few moments, and then the spokesman rejoined—

"We'll leave him be a half hour, till we come again; but if we was to leave him to eternity, you'd find no life there."

With this they slowly withdrew; and as that self-sacrificing wife heard their heavy, descending steps, she threw herself upon her knees, thanked God for the brief respite, and prayed for strength and power to deliver her companion from the already yawning grave.

Strange prayer was this to follow the other, in which she had asked for strength and resignation to bear the earthly parting! Wherefore the change? Why did she believe him living, who reason told her was dead?

There he lay, ghastly and cold, without motion, without breath, without life. One half hour—one brief half hour—and they whose duty it was to quickly consign the dead to dust, that awful contagion might not spread through mortal decay, would again be there to claim that beloved form.

There was not a moment to be lost! And with an invocation to Heaven for assistance, that trem-

bling wife began the seemingly hopeless task of restoring her dear partner to life. She chafed his temples, his body, his limbs, rolled him to and fro on the bed, and called upon him in the most endearing terms.

She was thus engaged, using almost superhuman exertions, when again she heard, with a chill of despair, the distant rumble of the vehicle of the grave, and the appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!"

Nearer and nearer it comes—louder and louder sound those awful tones—still more actively and painfully she labors, and yet no signs of life—the same cold, ghastly, inanimate form!

Hark! there are steps along the hall—there is the same measured, heavy tread upon the stairs—the door once more slowly opens, and with a suppressed shriek of agony the almost frantic wife once more turns and beholds those same grim, unsympathizing visages before her.

"We've come again for your dead!" said one, as both advanced toward the bed.

"Back!" shrieked the wife; "there is no dead for you here!"

The man still advanced, and came up to the corpse.

"This here's perfect folly!" said the spokesman! "It's our duty to take away dead bodies wherever we find 'em; it's the only chance there is to keep down this horrible disease; and so stand aside, good woman, and let us take the body quietly. Don't take on so; it's got to be done; you can't keep it with you; and the longer it remains here, the less chance you'll have of escaping the same fate yourself."

"But my husband is not dead!" cried the wife, wringing her hands, and keeping her place between the body and those who had come for it.

"We can see, good woman, and our eyes tell us better," was the somewhat gruff reply. "Come, stand aside, and yield to what you can't avoid."

"Oh, no! no! never! He is not dead, I tell you—and you shall not touch him!"

"Good woman, we've got to do our duty," pursued the man, more positively, attempting to put her aside.

"For God's sake, spare us!" she shrieked, dropping down on her knees, clasping her hands, and looking up imploringly. "Spare us, I beseech you! See! I am kneeling to you! I am praying to you! For the love of God, spare us a little longer! He will soon revive! He only sleeps!"

The men, perceiving that the only chance of getting at the corpse would be by a forcible removal of its guardian angel, again conferred together, and again agreed to give her another half hour.

As soon as the friendless wife again heard the welcome sound of the departing footsteps of her dreadful visitors, she again renewed her efforts to resuscitate that which to reason appeared hopelessly dead. She took a new course. She raised his head—almost set him up in bed; heated flannels and rolled them around his limbs; placed hot onions upon his feet; and thus worked with the will and strength of love and hope united with despair.

But vain were all her efforts. No life! no signs of life! Yet time was rolling swiftly on; and what seemed to that nearly distracted woman but a few brief moments, again brought around the terrible half hour—and with it those whom she now regarded as her most terrible foes.

This time those men, in the performance of their painful duty, would listen to no prayers, no entreaties, no remonstrances. They told her plainly that she was as unreasonable as a lunatic; that though they pitied her, their duty must be done; the body must be removed, and the apartments fumigated; there was no alternative; and what could not be done peaceably, would have to be done forcibly.

Accordingly they put her aside, approached the body, and laid hold of it. But she burst frantically in between them, threw herself upon the corpse, and clung to it with spasmodic, convulsive tenacity—at the same time shrieking forth, in the most heart-rending tones—

"As God Almighty liveth, you shall not separate us! If you bury him, you bury me with him!"

"Good woman," said the spokesman, "why will you go on in this way? We don't want to use force; but we'll have to, if you don't let us do our duty without. The man's dead; and I tell you we've got to take away the body this time; and we'll do it, too, by fair means or foul!"

"Then you shall take me with my husband!" persisted the wife; "we shall both have the same grave! Oh, for the love of God!" she pursued, in tones of the most passionate entreaty, "give me one half hour more! Just one half hour! only one!"

"But it'll be all the same when we come again," returned the other; "you'll fight just as hard for the body."

"No, no—give me one half hour more—and if you find him not living when you return, I will make no further resistance."

Again there was a brief consultation between the two men, and the spokesman rejoined—

"If you'll solemnly promise us this, we'll agree to wait till the next round—but don't hope to put us off any longer."

"I solemnly vow to you," cried the wife, with a gleam of joy, "that if you find him not alive on your return, he is yours for the grave."

The death-men departed once more; and once more that poor wife, with feelings which no pen can describe, set about her hopeless task of recalling the dead to life.

One half hour—only one half hour—no hope beyond! She glanced at the clock; but the light was too dim to show its face; and tearing out her watch, she hung it upon the post of the bed, and recommenced her task more eagerly and tremblingly than ever.

She re-heated the flannels, and re-wrapped the limbs; she placed bottles of hot water against different parts of the cold body; she forced hot brandy through the death-locked teeth; she renewed the hot onions; she blew her breath into the lungs; she applied ammonia to the olfactory nerves; she did in fact everything that love and hope and despair could suggest.

But, alas! all to no purpose; all were of no avail; Death claimed his victim; the loved form remained cold and rigid, without the faintest sign of life or animation. Poor woman! with a deep, heavy groan, she looked for the hour, and saw with feverish eyes it wanted but a few points of the fatal moment; and while she looked, the distant rumble of the death-cart became audible, and the appalling words, "Bring out your dead!" once more resounded along the dismal street.

Then it was—in the very agony of despair—with the last faint spark of hope extinguished—the poor wife let fall the head she had been supporting, and from her trembling hand the powerful ammonia was spilled upon the pallid face. And then it was, most strange and wonderful to relate, a mighty change took place. There came a quiver—a short, quick gasp—a struggle—a struggle for life—and then, with a wild shriek of joy, the late

despairing wife clasped a living husband in her arms!

We need not dwell upon a scene which no language can portray. When the death-men again came for the body, to their utter amazement—almost terror—they beheld a living man sitting in place of the dead—his now speechless wife clinging fondly to him, and weeping such tears of joy as rarely flow from mortal eyes.

That husband, so miraculously snatched from the very jaws of death by the strange and unaccountable devotion of his wife, lived many long years after, to speak of the providence of God, and make happy by true affection the loving heart of the being who had saved him.

And now comes the great question: What led this noble woman to struggle against reason—against the evidence of her senses—against hope? Was it instinct? or was it a higher power? An intelligence speaking to her inmost soul from beyond the boundaries of time? Who shall say?

MY "CASTLES IN SPAIN."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain."—CURRAN.

Lovely, beneath the loveliest skies,
Kissed by a young moon's tender beams,
I saw their glittering spires arise
And flash against a heaven of dreams.
They seemed so fair and so serene,
And bore so many a sweet device,
I wondered had the angels seen
Such splendors in their Paradise.

Enchanted music, rich and low,
Was fainting in the perfumed air,
And heaven was mirrored in the flow
Of every murmuring streamlet there.
And, by lone lakes, young myrtle trees
Half shaded all the summer shore;
And song-birds met the rising breeze,
And told their wild loves o'er and o'er.

I knew what lonely seas and deep
Barred from me my enchanted towers;
Yet my deluded heart would keep
Its fairy course through wasted hours.
For, like the storied isle of old,
Still as I neared they sank from sight—
But I could rest me and behold
In vivid glow their treasures bright.

And there were many forms to woo
The worship of such heart as mine—
Ay, I should say, to win it too—
And brightest of them all was thine.
Alas, thy blue and dreamy eyes
Smiled on me through a distance dim,
Until I hid my God's own skies
Am murmured, I must gaze on him.

Once glancing o'er my mystic plain
I saw thee at thy wonted place,
There in my heart's own castled Spain—
But changed and gloomy was thy face—
Farewell! with cold and altered tone
And scornful smile I heard thee say—
And hid my heart's own mystic moon
Replied as thou didst pass away.

Then something wilder than the dash
Of all the waves of ages swept
Across my empire—and a crash
Thundered and died—'t bowed and wept.
And when I raised my head again,
In dust my towers and columns lay;
Above them wildly beat the rain,
And thou—ah, thou wert gone for aye.

Come wailing winds, come birds of night
Come Time, and bring the ivy vine
To wind in constant clasp and bright
This desolated pride of mine.
Come with your midwif and your mold
For these rich draperies, these fair halls,
Come with your mosses and enfold
These humbled towers, these broken walls.

THE FAST YOUNG LADY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Ten years ago I met her at Nahant. She was engaged to a fast young man, who had just come into possession of a handsome fortune, and the way in which they astonished even some of the faster kind of Boston fast young men and women, was amusing enough. The young lady could swim, play at ten pins and billiards, and drive a car of spirited ponies with the ease and nonchalance of a man about town, or a well skilled Jehu. Daily she rattled over the Lynn beach, with a banded waiter boy, a bright mulatto, behind her, guiding her splendid pair of horses with a carelessness of style that alarmed half the people. We expected daily to receive news of a broken neck. But she passed through all the perils of madcap horsemanship safely.

The young man was evidently proud of the notice she attracted, and humored her to the fullest extent in her wild whims and extravagant conduct. A few months later, and they were married. The wedding was one of those brilliant, half-indecant affairs, the details of which get into the newspapers, and form the theme of a nine days' gossip in fashionable circles.

But the fast young lady did not make an amiable, loving, devoted companion. Far from it. She was now a fast young wife, and led her husband into all manner of extravagances. They were not many years in sounding the depth of the fortune which neither of them was wise enough to enjoy. It melted away like snow wreaths in the sunshine, and with a suddenness that stunned them, they fell from their dazzling pinnacle into the shadowed vale of poverty.

It was now that the fast young wife's true quality was proved. A weak, vain lover of the world and its false glitter, she could not live in that humble, domestic, useful retirement, in which so many sweet flowers of virtue grow, and fill all the air with fragrance. No, no. She was the bold, brilliant dahlia, not the sweet-scented violet nor pure lily of the valley, nor even the blushing rose, with so rich a store of goodness in its heart, that no queenly beauty could give the corruption of vanity. And so, when the tempter knocked at her lowly window, she arose and went out to him, leaving her deluded husband to walk his thorny path in life alone. Five years ago I saw her on the stage. Evil passions had changed her fearfully. Something of the old dash and brilliancy remained, but it was plain that the fires which had burned so fiercely for years were consuming her. Two years later, and the sad drama of her life closed. She sleeps, now, the fearful sleep of death. Yet her grave is without a monument or a flower, and no heart makes to it a loving pilgrimage.

So much for the fast young lady. If her course was dazzling and brilliant, like the meteor's, it was quite as brief, and went out suddenly in eternal darkness. In the flush of her beauty she had hosts of friends and admirers, but no true lovers. In the sad waning of life, there were none so poor, none so humble as to do her reverence, for she possessed no good qualities, those real things which are recognized by all as of sterling value. There was no pure affection, no sense of honor, no unselfish regard for others, but only weak, poor, mean self-love, and unbridled passion; and these which are despised by all, had ruined all.

EVEN GROWTH.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

What if a person's head were to be the only part of his person which grew? or what if his arms or his legs were to do all the growing, and his trunk were to remain of the size of that of a child? or what if one feature should be the only one upon the face that increased in size as the person advanced from childhood? Suppose, for instance, that the nose were to be the only feature which grew; or suppose it were the mouth, or the eyes! What a shocking sight would such things present, and how such a misfortune would be deprecated!

It would be called deformity. And yet it would be but the body that was deformed—that least valuable part of a man—the part which wastes, and crumbles, and decays; which is soon laid aside, to be hereafter re-fashioned perfect and incorruptible. How little, comparatively, should one care for what befalls that part of himself which is to last so short a time, and to be so gloriously re-fashioned. But how a man's *mind* grows one would think should be a subject of constant and engrossing solicitude. Mind, which is, in its nature, immortal—which can never cease to feel the ill effects of early distortion—this is the thing to which the attention of every living man and woman should be directed. What is the undue size of a nose—the want of symmetry of features—to the uneven development of the immortal mind? Yet how slight is the mortification of a man whose appetites have prodigiously outgrown his affections, or whose passions have completely covered down his moral nature.

A man whose tastes have crowded out his sympathies, as usurping birds crowd out the rightful tenants of a nest, seldom tries to hide his deformity as he tries who knows that one of his shoulders rears higher than the other. A man whose ambition towers above his honesty and modesty as far as a nose of twenty years' growth would project beyond the other features of an infant, scarce ever tries to cover this monstrous mental feature. Another, whose selfish instincts are so enormous that they have sucked the life out of his benevolence and love, and crowd and incommodate everybody he comes near, doesn't even know that he has got any protuberances to hide, or any hollows to be padded.

How strange are we—so full of concern for the Less, so foolishly neglectful of the Greater!

HOW WE ENJOY MOST.

There is often more solid comfort taken in an hour's quiet meditation on past pleasures than was taken in the excitement and enjoyment of the pleasures themselves. The sense of uncertainty—the conviction that the joy must soon be over—is too apt to be an ingredient of pain in every present pleasure. But when the pleasure has passed—when our memory has secured and embalmed it—then we sit down to enjoy it without one fear that it shall be snatched away.

More sharply sweet is the pleasure of memory than either that of anticipation or of possession. And in the snap and sparkle of memory's joys there is also peace—peace which is better than all. In anticipation there is restlessness and care—a fore-look of fear and doubt. We can't tell how things will turn, we are anxious lest this event or that should clash with and hinder the event which is to come. We are hot and cold by turns. Now we are elate with joyous hope, for all seems to work for us; anon we are cast down by apprehension, for all appears going against us. If it be but a party that we have planned for a certain day, how many varied faces Probability will show to us before our guests are fairly within our doors, and our festival under full way. Besides, when we have at last come up to the hour which was to give us and our friends so much joy, we are often so overcome by excitement and fatigue, that we are unable to realize that we are experiencing any pleasure at all, still less can we believe that our friends are. And thus the time that was to thrill and charm all hearts drags heavily until 'tis near its close, when something electrifies the company with sudden life; and unawares we hurry through a little space whose memory shall stir our hearts with pleasure for days and weeks, perhaps for years. The things we had reckoned on we did not get; what we did get we hardly knew was pleasure (we had no time to name it) till it had passed. So memory is gleaner, treasurer, and chief rejoicer. A rare old friend is memory! We would not lose its comforting, even though its scourgings were ten times as severe as they are. Were it not for the power to remember, our lives would be as grains of sand running through an hour-glass—chasing each other, indeed, but having no connection; but now our lives are like the drops of water in a running river, which each mingle with and make part of the whole stream. Our most unimportant minute is *vitality* connected with all of our life that went before it, and with all that shall follow after; and no power can sequester it from its inherent right in all the richness and delight, as well as in all the poverty and woe, of our whole life. And this is the office of memory—to strike through and through each moment as it flies with the heaven of our past experience and history. A. M.

HINTS TO ECONOMISTS.

Cream of tartar, rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves, cleanses them very much. Woolen cloths should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them. Do not let tea and coffee stand in tin. Scald your wooden ware often, and keep your tin ware dry. Attend to all the mending in the house once a week if possible. Never put out sewing. If it be not possible to do it in your own family, hire some one into the house, and work with her. A warming-pan full of coals, or a shovel of coals, held over varnished furniture, will take out white spots. Care should be taken not to hold the coals near enough to scorch; and the place should be rubbed with flannel while warm. Sal-volatile or harshhorn will restore colors taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing harm. New iron should be very gradually heated at first. After it has been innured to the heat it is not so likely to crack. Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar. The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. Linen rags should be carefully saved, for they are extremely useful in sickness. If they have become dirty and worn by cleaning silver, &c., wash them and scrape them into lint. If you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel full of wood ashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have ley whenever you want it. A gallon of strong ley put into a great kettle of hard water will make it as soft as rain water. Some people use pearl-ash or potash; but this costs something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth. Do not let knives be dropped into hot dish-water. It is a good plan to have a large tin pot to wash them in, just high enough to wash the blades without wetting the handles.