

Ladies' Department.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY ANNIE M. BRACH.

An old man sat before the fire
On a windy winter night,
And dreamed of a time in the "long ago,"
When his life was young and bright.

THE SISTER.

PERHAPS the strongest, deepest, affection known to earth,—the purest, holiest feeling that burns within the soul,—is a sister's love.

THE AGED LOVER.

"No longer a lover!" exclaimed an aged patriarch; "ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart."

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

A GREAT many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded;

GIRLS.

GIRLS are woefully ignorant,—I mean girls in general. There isn't one out of ten that can tell who is Governor of the State in which she lives.

cleanly and wholesomely cooked, are enough for any meal; they are much better for the system, and much sooner prepared than a dozen different viands,

NOTHING IS ALL DARK.

THE following beautiful extract contains a mine of truth, and may be truly suggestive to many who look at human action and motives with dark suspicion: "The bee sucks its honey from the same plant which the viper turns to venom."

THE SATCHEL OF A VOLUNTEER.

THE train dashed up to the station and had scarcely halted, when fifty hands from the volunteers were thrust through the windows, and were grasped by weeping mothers, sisters, fathers, lovers and brothers.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

THE marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy; but the marriage of the loving young is by the direct blessing of God, and is the realization of the complete ideal of a lovely human life.

Choice Miscellany.

SEVENTY-SIX.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,

THE SATCHEL OF A VOLUNTEER.

THE train dashed up to the station and had scarcely halted, when fifty hands from the volunteers were thrust through the windows, and were grasped by weeping mothers, sisters, fathers, lovers and brothers.

BORROWING AND LENDING.

ALTHOUGH much has already been said, yet may I not add my voice in favor of these much abused privileges? Not that I would uphold the class of persons who live only through the kindness of neighbors, without making any effort to obtain for themselves the comforts of life,

HUMAN DISTINCTION.

IF there be one moral truth more clearly established than another—one, the proof of which, beyond all others, is constantly within and around us, and before our eyes—it would seem to be that which proclaims the hollowness and worthlessness of human distinctions;

NIGHT IN THE CITY.

SWEEPING noiselessly on wide spread, raven-like wings from the far western hills, where day's bright charioter is calmly wrapping his twilight mantle around him, comes the ebony queen.

Sabbath Musings.

A PRAYER.

IF always on the thorns my feet must tread,
And heavy clouds hang darkly o'er my head;
If all the sunshine from my life depart,

LOST.

LOST,—the wind murmurs it as it comes wailing and sighing, like the moanings of restless spirits. Every heart has some hidden chamber, sacred, not to the sunny hopes and glad out-gushings of our humanity, but to those withered branches that have been rudely broken from our tree of life.

WHERE ARE GOD'S OWN CHOSEN PEOPLE?

WHERE, even, are God's own chosen people? They that were led by the cloudy pillar and the nightly fire? They who listened to the thunderings from Sinai, and were indeed the children of the Living God?

WHY CHRIST LEFT NO IMAGE.

WHY CHRIST LEFT NO IMAGE.—Four men who loved Christ with a love stronger than death, wrote His life, but left no hint of His height, complexion, features, or any point that could help the mind to a personal image.

LIFE'S BALM.

LIFE'S BALM.—God over all! How the tired heart falls back upon this, like a babe on its mother's breast. No rebuff there! Ah! were we not so childishly impatient, were we willing to wait His time, instead of 'demanding' our 'own imperative now'?

IF NONE WERE TO REPRODUCE THE VICIOUS EXCEPTING

IF none were to reproduce the vicious excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world. Our Master could love the criminal while he hated the crime, but we his disciples, too often love the crime but hate the criminal.

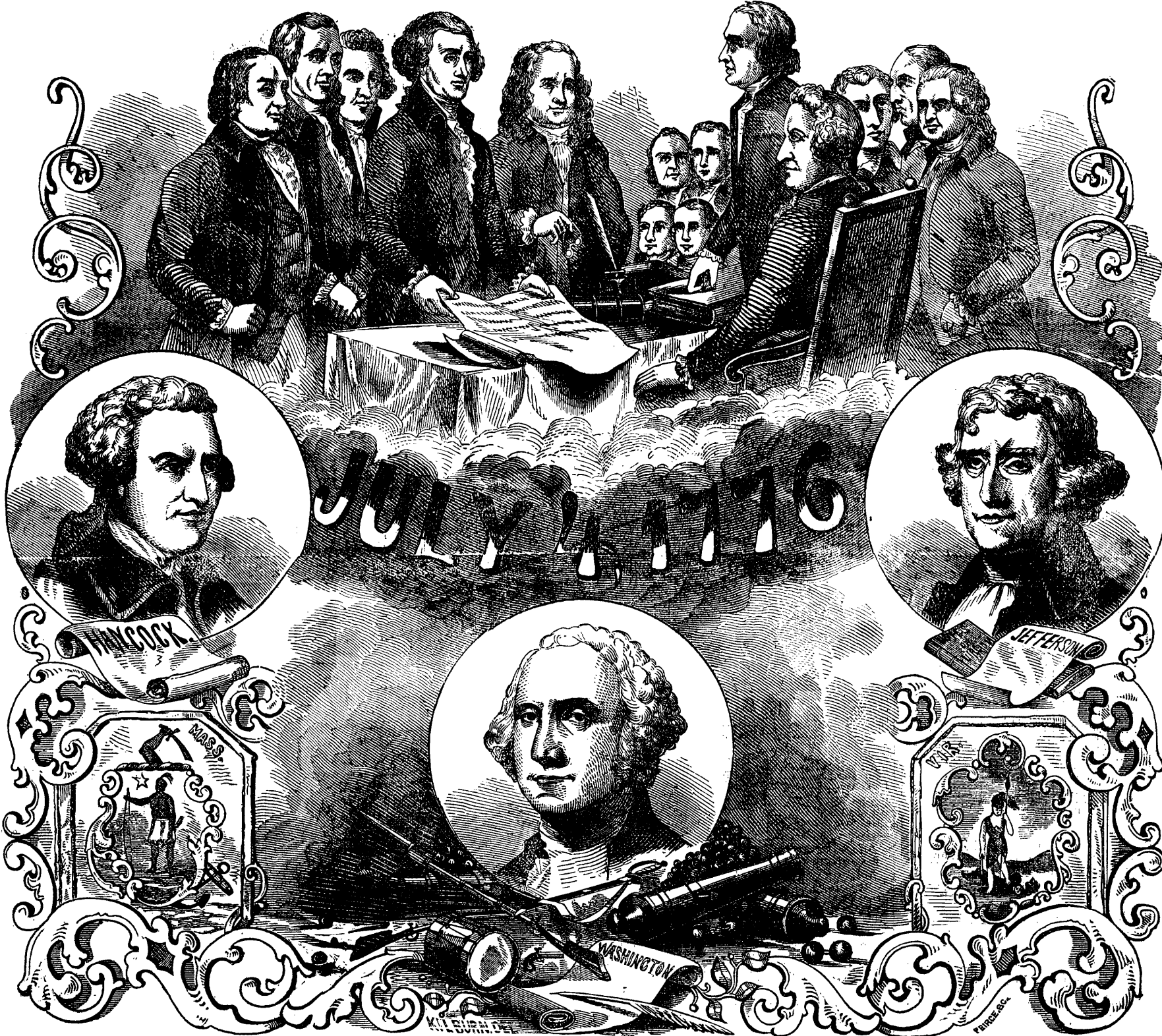
OUR NATIONAL ODE—"HAIL COLUMBIA."

HAIL COLUMBIA! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;

Sound, Sound, the trump of fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—



DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
ADOPTED JULY 4, 1776.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes
necessary for one people to dissolve the political
bands which have connected them with another,

for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on
the rights of the people.
He has refused, for a long time after such dissolu-

burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our
people.
He is at this time transporting large armies of
foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death,

THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND:
OR, WASHINGTON AMONG THE POOR.

"It must be, my child," said the poor widow,
wiping away the tears which trickled down her
wasted cheeks. There is no other resource. I am

"My father was a rich merchant of this city, but
he became a bondsman for a friend, who soon after
failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not
live after his loss, and in one month died of grief,

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