







Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
"WHEN THOU ART DEAD,"
BY ELLEN CRIMMEL.

THROUGH long and silent watches of the night,
Counting the pulse-beats growing faint and slow,
Watching the moonbeams rising, pure and white,

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

"DEAR, ME!" exclaimed ROSE DASHE, peeping
over her cousin HERBERT'S shoulder, as he sat by the
open window one bright midsummer morning;

A slight smile lit up the young man's grave, earnest
face, like a stray sunbeam on a shadowy forest lake;

HERBERT'S dark eyes, usually calm and unclouded
in their intense blueness, softened into dreaminess,

HERBERT'S dark eyes, usually calm and unclouded
in their intense blueness, softened into dreaminess,

Mother, dear mother, the day has seemed long
Since the lark warbled his matinal song,

Mother, dear mother, I'm longing for rest—
Longing to slumber for aye with the blest;

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls,
than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen

the old homestead a Mecca of the heart, than in all
the haughty emotions that swelled the Roman's chain-

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
AUNT BETSEY TO NEPHEW "A."

If I aint completely out up! That nephew of mine
has given me a sight better chance to see how much

I'm not a bit ashamed to own that its "no new
matter for me to speak my mind," for what do folks

Now, Nephew A., do just let your wife kiss you
and smooth out that awful pile of wrinkles on your

It seems that your wife hasn't got any vanity to be
fattered, or else she's rather worse than your Aunt

If I thought JOSHUA did do things to help me
because he was afraid of me, I'm afraid I should get

Do you want to know what I think ails you? It's
a disease that'll be more fatal to your happiness than

I shall either have to look at JOSHUA to make him
"too round" when he finds there aint any fire for

"KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, MOTHER."

A PHILADELPHIAN, just returned from Washington,
has related to the editor of the Press the following

In the Government hospital, on the day after the
battle, lay a youthful member of the Ellsworth

Mother, dear mother, the day has seemed long
Since the lark warbled his matinal song,

Mother, dear mother, I'm longing for rest—
Longing to slumber for aye with the blest;

Many such incidents of that fearful day could doubt-
less be related, and we cannot regard it as ever too

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no dimi-
nution of the beauties and the utilities of the female

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls,
than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen

Choice Miscellany.

THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY.

BY JOHN SWAIN.

COLDLY comes the March wind—
Coldly from the north—
Yet the cottage little ones

Sadly sighs the north wind
Naked boughs among,
Like a tale of mournfulness

There the silvery snowdrop,
Daffodils like gold,
Primroses and crocuses

Coldly off the winds blow
On the way of life,
Spreading in the wilderness

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
CHARACTER.

It is said that our characters are engraven upon
our features. Doubtless this is true to a greater or

An attentive observer will readily interpret the
superficial character, ever assuming excellences,

There are two other classes of character closely
resembling each other in appearance, though widely

HOW TO ADMONISH.

WE must consult the gentlest manner and softest
seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a

CLEANLINESS—ITS MORAL INFLUENCE.—A neat,
clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well arranged and

Such a nature, elevated and purified by the power
of grace, may accomplish a high and noble lifework,

HE only sees well who sees the whole in parts, and
the parts in the whole. There are but three classes

HOME.

WHAT a volume of associations is contained in
that little word "Home!" The mention of it warms

There are predilections and charms connected with
every home. Its endearments do not flow from the

As the college student is ascending the hill of
science, upon whose eminence all his hopes are

Although pleasant it is to roam in foreign climes,
it is still more pleasant to breathe the fragrance of

All these fondly-remembered recollections of a
Home are endearing to every one. It is not always

A Home to go to is one of the greatest comforts of
this world's gifts. The gentle scenes of home ever

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,

RIDICULE AND REPARTEE.

THE fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule,
and the injurious and irreparable consequences

HOW TO ADMONISH.

WE must consult the gentlest manner and softest
seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a

CLEANLINESS—ITS MORAL INFLUENCE.—A neat,
clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well arranged and

THE moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes
than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
THE CROSS AND CROWN.

BY KATH CAMERON.

SHE wore a cross upon her hair,
'Twas not of pearl or gold;
Nor glistened it with costly gems,

No mortal eye could see it shine
Upon the maiden's breast;
And yet its presence gave her soul

She heard the voice that speaks to all
Of high or low degree,
Saying, "Arise, take up thy cross,

And thus the path of suffering
Unshrinkingly she trod;
She did not heed the piercing thorns

When sorrow, want, and sickness came,
To meet the blow she bent,
Remembering whose gracious hand

And when the angels came for her,
She laid her loved cross down,
She could not bear it through those waves

But in its stead she wears to-day
A saint's immortal crown!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

It is penitence kneeling at the altar of mercy
imploping forgiveness and obtaining pardon. It is
love giving the affections to God and keeping his

POWDER MILL PIETY.—Said a little girl who had
just been reading the newspaper account of an explo-

THE SUM OF PIETY.—The sum of piety towards
God, it is most truly said, "consists in love." This

THE PEACEFUL FRUITS OF PAIN.—There are lessons
of patience and submission, yes, and of gratitude,

REPENTANCE.—False repentance has grief of mind
and humiliation only for great and glaring offences,

THE more the soul is filled with Divine love, the
more it is drawn away from its own depravity. The







