







Ladies' Department.

THE LITTLE COAT.

I HAD a little velvet coat, with trimmings plaided bright, That has been laid for years away, close folded out of sight;

The last time that I took it down, because the need was o'er, I found the pockets full of toys that would be used no more;

Of all the traces that are left, reminding of the past, This touches nearest to the quick, because he wore it last;

Without the little tender form, this coat I cannot see Something in every worn down fold recalls it back to me;

My little boy no longer needs his coat with trimmings bright, For, since I had it laid away, his robes have been of white;

WISDOM'S PEARLS.

"Straws swim upon the surface; but pearls lie at the bottom."

True worth, true excellence, can never be acquired without labor,—hard, steady, persevering labor. When Sir ISAAC NEWTON was asked how he had succeeded in making so many great discoveries, he replied, "By thinking."

What a lesson is here presented for the student. What a noble example to encourage the young to adorn their minds with the pearls of wisdom and knowledge, which will shine and grow more fair and beautiful through the never-ending ages of eternity.

We love and revere the honored names of HEMANS, SIGOURNEY, and BROWN. And why? Because their minds, like pearls of the sea, sparkle with luster made luminous and shining by the brilliant achievement of deep thought.

In reading the life of Mrs. HEMANS we learn that she was a thinking, studious scholar. "She studied early and late, her whole life long." And critics have in no respect rendered her fuller justice than in noticing her astonishing progress, indicated by her successive productions.

"Errors like straws upon the surface flow, He who would search for pearls must dive below."

ASSOCIATIONS.

How much of the habits and peculiarities of the man the associations of the child are responsible for. The associations of the youth stamp and mold the character of the man, proving "there is a destiny which shapes our ends." Associations by which we are surrounded, and grow up among, must and will leave their influence and effect visible through all our life, whether for good or evil, ennobling and elevating, or lowering and degrading.

In a way not likely to command his own or his neighbor's confidence or respect. School the boy in the course of ring, and the man is a gambler, learned in Billingsgate, will tell the champion of the last fight, when and where the next will be, and if not a knave, it's a miracle.

Equally powerful and certain to the promotion and healthy action of elevated thought, noble deeds, and purity of principle, are the associations of the good and pure, the wise and just. Surrounded only by such associations, strictly avoiding all that have a low or degrading tendency, can but be conducive to the attainment of the highest moral perfection possible for poor human nature to reach.

THE BENEFIT OF SUNLIGHT.

WHEN that glorious and good man, Sydney Smith, used to go down into his breakfast room with his great heart full of humanity and love, and he found the blinds let down, he used to call for the servant and bid him "glorify the room."

Who that has ever entered a modern New York parlor, with its gaudy curtains and vulgar gilt capitals; who that remembers with childish joy the sunlight as it glances back to his delighted eye the colors of the flying bird; who that has mournfully looked on his declining ray as it lighted up a mother's grave with hope of a future life, but has felt the sickening futility of this miserable condition which we call fashion?

Physiologists have proved that it is not only the moral influence of sunlight that preserves us in health, but its positive loss from the blood which develops tubercles in the lungs of cellar-imprisoned rabbits, and in parrots, cats, and other animals. Even the potato stretches forth its sickly and watery shoots toward the earth-burrowed window, to catch a ray of the great life-giver; arrived at its health-giving power, its juices thicken; it assumes its natural color; and even while its source is dying of wasting vegetable scrofula, its leaves spread forth and ask of Nature and Nature's God to save them from decay.

A little flock of fancy pigeons, with which we have been wont to divert ourselves, have sensibly failed in cheerfulness, and their productiveness decreased more than half since they were deprived of the sunlight. It is well known among Naturalists that this bird is liable to scrofula, and several of ours have died from tubercular lungs and scrofulous abscesses, their diet and treatment being very varied, and similar to what it was before they were deprived of the sun, when they were in perfect health and bred abundantly.

If the sun be the source of all life and power; if without him, the heart cannot contract and expand with the proper amount of power intended at birth, according to the organic law impressed on every living creature, what must be the effect of its deprivation during so many hours each day on a young woman while immured in a city parlor, or darkened chamber?

FASHIONABLE DISEASE.—The day when it was considered interesting and lady-like to be always ailing has gone by. Good health, fortunately, is the fashion. A rosy cheek is no longer considered "vulgar," and a fair, shapely allowance of flesh on the bones is considered the "style." Perhaps the great secret that good looks cannot exist without good health, may have had something to do with the care now taken to obtain it; whether this be so or not, future generations are the gainers all the same.

HASTY MARRIAGES.—The New York Tribune makes the following sensible remarks on the subject of hasty marriages:

There is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on very short acquaintance, only to be abused, deserted, and left a burden and a lifelong sorrow to the families in which they were born and reared, and which they most imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortunes of relative strangers.

THE LADY.—The aim of a real lady is always to be natural and unaffected, and to wear her talents, her accomplishments, and her learning, as well as the newest and finest dresses, as if she did not know she had them about her.

Choice Miscellany.

THE WOODS.

I LOVE the trees that rear so bold Toward the skies their stately heads, Although their robes of green and gold Lie withered on the ground and dead, And the wild birds their festal hymns No longer warble on their limbs.

Lowville, N. Y., 1861. C. M. D.

MIND vs. METAL.

"A man's a man for a' that." I BEG your pardon, Mr. NAMEY PAMEY, or whatever your name may be, but did I understand you to say that you couldn't be anybody because you were poor,—that you possessed talent enough to have been a great man, if you had had money enough?

"Poor but proud." I have heard people say, as though the two adjectives were incongruous. I would like to know why a poor man shouldn't be proud as well as anybody else, especially if he has brains, and more especially if he's got a generous soul and a clear conscience,—which attributes our modern CRUSSES, for the most part, have not.

How to LIVE.—In these lovely autumn days one almost takes a new lease of life. The bracing air, the intense blue of the heavens, the gorgeous fall flowers, the cool mornings and evenings, the delicious noons, the glittering starry night—ah, how enticing they are!

Great men have, for the most part, been fighting men. They didn't start like you, Mr. NAMEY PAMEY, with your listless arms hanging supinely down, and the corners of your mouth elongated. No, sir. They rolled up their sleeves, and prepared to fight. They took the world by storm—that is, so far as it opposed them.

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united to self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl.

ACCIDENT does very little towards the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called "a happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel.

THE DOMESTIC TYRANT.

It is to me a thoroughly disgusting sight to see, as we sometimes do, the wife and children of a family kept in constant terror of the selfish bashaw at the head of the house, and ever on the watch to yield in every petty manner to his whims and fancies. Sometimes, where he is a hard-wrought and anxious man, whose hard work earns his children's bread, and whose life is the sole stay, it is useful that he should be deferred to in many things, lest the over-taxed brain and over-strained nervous system should break down or grow unequal to their task.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MEMORY.

As there was an hour when the fishermen of Galilee saw their Master transfigured, his raiment white and glistening, and his face like the light, so are there hours when our whole mortal life stands forth in celestial radiance. From our daily lot falls off every weed of care, from our heart-friends every speck and stain of earthly infirmity.

RELIGION is constantly suffering from the conduct of its professors. They do not put off the old man with his deeds, neither do they put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness. They profess to look to Christ as a Savior, but they do not take Christ for their example.

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THE SAVIOR AND HIS FRIENDS.—Our Lord, in the days of His flesh, encountered various classes of enemies, but none of these ever included a woman. On the contrary, the gentler sex always appear to have been His followers or friends. Not only were they, as has often been said, the last at His cross and the first at His sepulchre, but throughout they ministered to His wants. A woman anointed Him for His burial; a heathen woman interceded for His life with her husband, Pilate; women bewailed and lamented Him as He went to Calvary; to a woman He first appeared when He rose again.

Sabbath Musings.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river the crystal stream flows, Over the river the tree of life grows, Over the river each lone pilgrim goes Through the dim portals of death.

Over the river the streets are of gold,— There are joys and pleasures untold,— Over the river Time never grows old Bearing his burden of years.

There every tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies, Lighting forever those fair upper skies, "Eden's" glad plains to adorn.

Over the river! oh, blessed retreat, Angels shall welcome our earth-weary feet, There shall our rest be eternal and sweet, Up in that Kingdom of love.

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Ogden Center, N. Y., 1861. "HATTIE"

UNEXPECTED RESULTS.

In the spiritual as in the natural world, results seemingly disproportionate to the means employed are often developed. Sometimes Christians labor for years with almost no fruit; but usually the harvest ripens in its season, and surpasses in its abundance the expectation of the husbandman.

A godly minister, who had long labored and prayed for the conversion of a son, whom from infancy he had given up for the sacred office, should he, by Divine grace, be prepared for it, was doomed to see him carelessly throw off all his personal appeals for years; and yet that son was arrested, convicted, and eventually brought to Christ, by the use of a single word.

For a score of years that son has served God in the ministry of the gospel, and is often encouraged in hours of darkness with the conviction that the largest results may flow from his feeblest efforts, and souls be saved even by undesigned and casual words.

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THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY FRANK R. WILLIAMS.

[The following beautiful lines were written by a private in Company G, of Stuart's Engineer Regiment, now at Camp Lesley, near Washington. In explanation of one of the verses of the poem, it is right to state that white rags are frequently scattered along the sentinel's post on a dark night to mark his beat.]

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded wisp poor-will;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound—
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list-I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers, far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guard into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

" halt! Who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
" Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
" Advance and give the countersign."
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms apart I pass my mate,
Then onward pass and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.

Rochester Democrat.

The Story-Teller.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

BY EMMA GARRISON.

SIMMON BROWN stood in the doorway of his father's kitchen in the early dawn of a fair May morning, his face shorn of its wonted joyousness, like an autumnal forest when the leaves have gone down behind the bleak, gray hills. "I've got to go, mother," he said at last, addressing a middle-aged woman, who stood folding a small parcel before the cleanly scoured dresser, "and I may as well go at once—come, do say good bye."

to her then. She was nothing but a child, and he had no home, no inducement—nothing but his strong hands and brave young heart to offer her. Yet how could he leave her, how could he go away, without some slight assurance that he could not be quite forgotten. His love was great and strong, and entwined itself about its object with an unyielding clasp that could not be torn away without almost uprooting life itself; he knew and felt, and trembled at the bare possibility of being forgotten. "FAITH," he said at last, making an effort to steady his voice, "do you know that I am sorrier to leave you than any one else, not even mother excepted."

"LIBSBETH, her face all aglow with anxious expectation. FAITH flitted hither and thither, shaking out the folds of a curtain, or re-arranging a branch of evergreen, looking quite pretty in her new merino, the neck and sleeves edged with a fringe of misty lace, and her Auburn curls streaming over her shoulders like waves of sunshine. It might have been a consciousness of her own freshness and loveliness that brought the rose-fush to her cheeks, and made her pause once in a while before the little oval mirror, to assure herself that SIMMON'S gold chain was all right, with the clasp just in front. It might have been something else. Be that as it may, FAITH was not to blame, for that which we often term maiden vanity deserves a far holier name. Two o'clock passed, and at last the old corner clock struck three; still they had not come.

REUBEN was too deeply affected by this sudden outburst of a mother's grief to speak a single word of comfort, and his own heart was too deeply wounded. For a few moments the three sat side by side in sorrowful silence; then the old man rose up, and taking down the family Bible, opened it and read—"Come unto me all ye that are heavily laden, and I will give you rest." Precious, life-giving words. We read them night and morning, and hear them Sabbath after Sabbath from the sacred desk, yet neither know their meaning nor their true consolation, until some great calamity sweeps away every earthly prop and stay, and we have nothing else to lean upon. All this was felt in that little New England cottage, and the old man's voice rose up like a sighing breeze in the din of the winter's tempest; and on the great surging deep of the heart fell a sad but peaceful calm. Still the storm raged on; the wind rose and fell, and whistled round the gables, driving the snow before them in great freezing drifts. It would soon be morning; rose and gold and purple would dapple the eastern horizon, and disperse the storm and darkness; but over the night of their desolation no morning would ever break.

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