







Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] MARY'S GRAVE.

BY SARAH J. QUADE.

'Twas when the spring's first budding glory, Clothed in the sunniest green, Came with the low-bird's song and story Where winter late had been;

Of late that eye was bright and glowing, That cheek was full and fair; That smile, so sweet and soft, was showing Like sunset glories there.

Down where the willows bend so lowly, By the slow river's side,— Down where the moonlight comes so holy Across the silver tide,

Zittle's Corners, N. Y., 1862.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

MUCH is said at the present day of the servility of woman. It is said that she is debarred from her rightful privileges; that instead of occupying the position she now holds in society, she should be allowed to take her place in the Senate, and have a voice in the questions of the day.

But, if we would exercise that power which we believe we possess, we must come up to the high standard of womanhood; our thoughts must become purified by communion with the SAVIOR.

If we place the wine cup to our brothers' lips, shall we not be responsible in a great degree if they become addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, and at last fall a drunkard's grave?

Look at BYRON and WESLEY! See the vices and passions to which one fell a victim, while the other drank deep of the waters of righteousness, and became the instrument, in the hands of God, of accomplishing much good.

EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

"WHAT is the use, Square PENCIL, of eternally discussing this question of the value of woman? I'm sick of it! The fact is I haven't any patience with a woman so silly as to reply to the querulous complaint of some miserable misanthrope.

"Wh—what do I think of women?" I asked; for I had shut one eye and was admitting but a single ray of light from the large lamp into the other, as I leaned far back in the easy chair Madame STRONG-MIND had drawn before the fire for me.

"Yes, what do you think of women?" and the neatly fitting congress gaiter boot, with a foot in it, commenced beating a tattoo in marked measure, as much as to say, "Be honest, or retreat, sir! for I'm after you!"

"Retreat? Never!"—and LEAD PENCIL, Esq., suddenly roused himself and looked the widow straight in the eye. I think, with SIMONIDES, that "a man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one; and that"—and I paused to reconnoiter.

"What?" "And that the chances are about equal that he will get a good or a bad one, unless he learns more of the character and habits of his wife before marriage than most men do."

"Well, I declare, Esquire PENCIL, I am a good deal wiser, ain't I, for asking you that question?" "I hope so, madam."

"Well,"—and after a pause a bright idea seemed to illuminate her face—"I wish you would send that opinion to the RURAL; for I think it both sensible and complimentary to the sex, compared with anything from a man's lips yet; for fulsome flattery is not compliment."

And, accordingly, here is the "opinion."

CHILDREN'S TEMPER.

HERE are some sensible hints which should be heeded. The suggestion, "never fear spoiling children by making them too happy," is an important one. Some parents are constantly teaching their children to look on the dark side of their own character, and their teaching soon fixes the habit upon the child, which ripens into gloominess in mature life—a legacy of discomfort and unhappiness always.

Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others; and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves.

TRUTH AT HOME.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in a house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be reserve in talk and reservation in belief.

THE TRUTHFUL AND SINCERE WOMAN.

MIGHTY is the moral influence of the truthful and sincere woman—she whose character is crystal clear, without fold and without waxen mask. In the neighborhood where she lives she has ever the casting vote in favor of men and measures, while her disapprobation is accepted as the judgment of one whose truthfulness gives her insight; and her very prejudices are listened to with respect, and suffered to carry weight.

BABIES are the tyrants of the world. The Emperor must tread softly; baby sleeps. Mozart must hush his nascent requiem; baby sleeps. Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel; baby sleeps. Demosthenes, be dumb; baby sleeps.

If sleep flies from you, don't go in hot pursuit of it; lie still, and it will probably come and kiss you.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] "HAUNTED CASTLE."

BY ADRIAN STOUT.

SHALL I lead you to my castle, "Haunted Castle," near the eaves? You can, through half-darkened windows, Catch the shimmering of leaves.

Storied treasures hath my castle, Pictured rock and mountain gorge; Here are rudely painted watch-fires On the snows of Valley Forge.

Aye, ye never knew what teachers Met the dream child near the roof, Nor what hands alight his life warp Wove by far the stronger woe.

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

OURS is a climate peculiarly trying to the eyes. We have so much sunlight, and of such brilliant, dazzling quality, that even the strongest organs of sight can hardly pass through one of our summers without more or less discomfort and detriment.

If, then, our sight is taxed more severely by the sunlight than that of dwellers under soberer, more tempered skies, our eyes certainly need more rest, but they get far less. Not, perhaps, that the American people spend a greater number of hours out of the twenty-four awake, but their habit of incessant reading—of passing most of their leisure-time over books and newspapers—constitutes an additional heavy tax on the eyesight, to which, if we may trust the observation of travelers, the inhabitants of no other country subject themselves in so high degree.

As a partial compensation for this trying exposure and excessive use of the eyes, would it not be well to adopt the custom of southern countries, of taking a nap (siesta, the Spanish call it) in the middle of the day, at least in summer. In winter perhaps the long nights give opportunity enough for sleep; but, during the summer months, when the nights are short and the days long and warm, a short sleep between morning and afternoon labor is very refreshing.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

As the traveler, footsore and weary, pauses upon a hilltop to survey the ground he has passed over, his glance falls upon jagged rocks, deep gorges, and slippery paths that he has recently trod, with only here and there a spot of green to relieve the gloomy aspect of the whole; while far away in the commencement of his journey he sees through the blue mists of distance the level plain and the clear, sparkling waters of the river; and it seems, too, as if the sun shone brighter then than now.

A vision of the past is mine to-day; and looking down the "corridors of time," I see a circle gathered round the fireside. Health and contentment are there, not as guests, but as members of the

household. They see not the dark cloud hovering over them—the death-angel's wing. He smites the fairest, the best beloved of the band, and as, with folded hands and closed eyes, she crosses the mystic river, we can only go with her to the brink, while our hearts acknowledge "the good die first."

Dr. HOLLAND says there must be something unhealthy in this longing for childhood's hours again; but, if so, many are diseased, for nearly all hearts beat responsive to this sentiment:

"Home of our childhood! how affection clings And hovers round thee with her seraph's wings." "Springside," N. Y., 1862.

WELL DOING.

How much pleasure do we enjoy at the consciousness of having performed a good act. Who has not experienced this joy? A brother has fallen, you have come to his relief, and a kind word or generous act has assisted him to occupy his former position; or, if perchance, you can assist him one step higher, does not your heart grow warm at the success?

How much better would be our world if all were bent upon doing good. If every countenance was decked with a smile, and loving hearts spoke love to all, would not the pall that hangs over this pilgrimage be lifted, and light spring up in new places?

Great men tell us they have taken more pleasure in one small act performed with purity of purpose to some poor widow, or orphan, than they have in deeds for which the world praised their greatness.

STICK TO OPINIONS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that you are bound to discard a fixed belief of your mind, because an ingenious opponent may ply you with argument which at the time you cannot answer. Beliefs are a sort of growth, a gradual accretion of the mind through a long series of years.

STRONG CHARACTERS.

STRENGTH of character consists of two things; power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence; strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

BY E. H. BORD.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

FOLD the hands gently Over her breast, Softly she's sleeping,— Disturb not her rest.

Smooth back the golden curls From the fair brow,— Angelic beauty Rests on it now.

Hers the pale closed lips, Once and again Forcing back bitter tears, Moanings of pain;

For the sweet warbling music Silent forever; The sunny smiles vanished, To return again never.

Press down the coffin lid Sadly and slow, In grief for the mourners' Anguish and woe.

Crush not a rosebud; Let them all fade away With the form they are circling As it wastes in decay.

Bear to the churchyard And lay 'neath the snow The little pale sleeper Silent and low.

There will her rest be Peaceful and sweet, For God and the angels Will watch o'er her keep.

Nor weep, stricken parents, For your loved, buried dead, Though the light of your dwelling With her life has fled;

For among the bright seraphs That wait round the throne, Singing in glory, Is your lost little one.

Fairer her heavenly home Than aught here below; Wish her not back again To share in earth's woe.

Geneva, N. Y., 1862.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] OUR LIFE-WORK.

"ALL great souls are true and earnest, See their beacon star ahead, And the strength for which thou yearnest Lieth not among the dead."

WHEN the clouds of grief and sorrow gather in gloom, and the storm bursts in fury over our heads, we often feel like folding our hands, and closing our eyes in that dreamless sleep which knows no waking.

"A bruised reed he will not break, Afflictions all His children feel; He wounds us for His mercy's sake,— He wounds to heal."

And it is not meet for the children of such a Father to idly fold the hands and shrink from the duties all should perform. There is a task for each to do, a mission for each to accomplish. We may deceive ourselves with the delusive phantom of hope, and think that the beautiful harmony of our lives will again be restored; but only by meekly pursuing our destined way, dwelling not on the past, but marching onward, right on, will we obtain the strength we hope to gain.

TEARLESS EYES.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The expression is one of exquisite tenderness and beauty. The poet Burns said he could never read this without being affected to weeping. Of all the negative descriptions of heaven, there is no one perhaps that would be better adapted to produce consolation than this. This is a world of weeping—a vale of tears. Who, is there of the human family that has not shed a tear? And what a change it would make in our world, if it could be said that henceforward not another tear would be shed, not a head would ever be bowed again in grief!

MEN can never be brought to the higher form of their own nature till the soul has been brought under the conscious influence of the divine mind. And the thoughts of God, the feelings of God, the commands of God, the will of God—these are the instrumentalities by which we are to come to ourselves.

As it is with the sun masking itself with a cloud when it denies rays to the earth, yet it gives forth its influence; so though God's dear adopted ones may lose for a while the light of his countenance, yet they may have the influence of his grace.







