

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. HYMN FOR SPRING.

LIFT YOUR HEARTS!

BY OLIO STANLEY.

Sursum Corda! On the hills the morning brightly breaks; While far and near Sweet orisons the valley-echo wakes.

The Story-Teller.

MY HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A LADY.

"WHAT shall I do to pass my time away pleasantly and usefully?" was the question I put to myself after the last "good-bye" had been spoken, the last kiss exchanged, and the parting words of my husband had died out of the now desolate room, leaving a lingering echo in my heart which sounded like desolation.

"O, well, you needed a little rest any way," I said, cheerfully. "Now, I want to do something to cure you. Do you want your face bathed?"

"No, Frankie, I'll stay with you." He was comforted, and became more quiet as I clasped his hands and tried to soothe him. Gradually a purple hue overspread his face.

"What's your name?" he next asked. "S—," I replied. "You ain't married, are you?" "Yes, and my husband's gone to fight as you did at Fort Donelson."

"Oh, dear," he said, fretfully, "I'm so sorry. What did you get married for? Never mind; I'll put a spider in his dumpling when I get well."

"You will stay with me to-night, won't you?" he pleaded again. "Oh, you won't leave me to die alone!"

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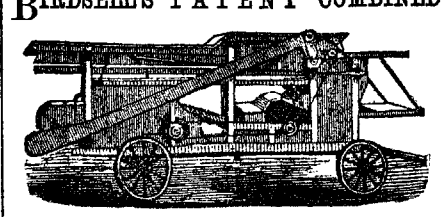
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Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 51 letters. My 48, 16, 50, 15, 8, 40, 19, 23, 51 is a musical instrument. My 31, 4, 28, 34 is an article of food.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. NATIONAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 20 letters. My 7, 15, 8, 3, 9 is a Rebel General. My 14, 12, 13, 9, 20 is what nearly all are seeking.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN ANAGRAM.

EWSRT si het nogs fo rblids, Ni muresem's ayle wild-dowo; Ubt tewere arf eht rdawo; Aht arceg a nigvol hdoohcid;

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 749.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Answer to Anagram: When the humid shadows hover Over all the starry darkness And the moon weeps in rainy tears, Gen'ry weeps in rainy tears, What a joy to press the pillow Of a cottage chamber bed, And to listen to the patter Of the soft rain overhead.