

Select Poetry,

Contentment.

Oh! could we cease to drain the less of life, and wander like the bees through honeyed groves and floral bowers...

How much joy our lives would bless could we the alchymy possess, with all its rare and wondrous powers...

Contentment is a jewel rare which soon can charm away each care; can give each hour bright golden wings...

Miscellaneous

TOO LATE.

"What do you want?" "I did want to see my husband. But I beg pardon, for I perceive he is not here."

The question was curt, rude, rough even; the reply impetuous, cuttingly sarcastic, and with a hot dash of anger in its tones.

It certainly was an unpleasant and unfortunate mood the merchant was in that evening. The close of the year was near at hand, and all day long he had been perplexed by a thousand cares...

In an instant the quick, rough question, that spoke of annoyance, burst from his lips, and in an instant more the white hand was snatched away, the little graceful head tossed high, a read spot leaped to both cheeks, and the cutting, sarcastic answer was flung back.

When evening had arrived, and Mr. Maillard came up to dinner, Alice met him as usual with an affectionate greeting, and put up her lips for the customary kiss; but very joy was the salutation, and such a tone of restraint prevailed his manner that she found herself deterred from uttering a word.

For some minutes Alice Maillard sat thus, perfectly motionless, looking straight before her; then her mein softened—a griefed, wounded look crept into her eyes, her shut lips relaxed and quivered with feeling, and she burst into tears, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

estously, and the tears rolled over her cheeks, now pale with emotion; but after a time she grew calmer.

"I am sorry I spoke so," she said, confessing her fault to herself with as much earnestness as though her husband was a list-ner.

And, rising, she left the room, and walked along the hall to the rear of the house, where the little library was situated. But, laying her hand on the knob of the door, she was surprised to find it fastened.

Two, three hours crept away; none some enough felt the solitary Alice, striving to pass the time with her sewing, upon which, now and then, a tear dropped silently.

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turned, and he did not expect to find the watcher who sat in the parlor, and a little surprise was in his glance when he entered, but he made no comment.

"It is after twelve, I know, Maxwell, but I sat up for you. The truth is, I wanted to speak to you about—about—"

There was but little encouragement in the cool monosyllable that Mr. Maillard uttered; and the eyes upon which his wife's were turned appealingly held no glance of tenderness to lure her on in the step that was now growing painful to her, although he very well knew what was going on in her mind.

Society, as I said, called him a gentleman. He had many excellent traits; but he had not really felt comfortable himself since that affair in the library; but he had a strong, passionate nature, and an iron will that had never been subdued.

Meantime, Alice—affectionate and sensitive, with her whole heart in her eyes, and those eyes eagerly beseeching his—stood near him, where she had advanced as she spoke. At first it had been easy for her to utter those words; but that one unimpassioned monosyllable checked further utterance and froze her lips.

"I will speak! Maxwell, you know what I want to say. I am very unhappy; and the hot tears thickened her voice.

"What makes you unhappy, Mrs. Maillard?"

Yes, that man actually asked this question—he who knew just how the sensitive, affectionate girl was suffering. Not an embrace—no opening of his arms to draw her to his breast—no kiss on her quivering mouth, no tremor in his own tones; but instead, that intrusive question!

"I am unhappy because I hate myself—am suffering; and I want a re-education. You know, Maxwell—those words spoken in the library the other night. I was sorry the very minute afterward."

"And I was sorry also, Mrs. Maillard. Any exhibition of peevishness—temper I might say—disgusts me. I think my wife ought to know that, and avoid such occasions. But I forgive you."

Mr. Maillard said this as lofty as though he were a judge pronouncing sentence—as though he himself were not the cause of it all. A chill ran through poor Alice's veins. She had read of lovers' quarrels and trifling estrangements between the married—but here was a new phase.

Maxwell Maillard sat perhaps for a half hour ere he left the parlor, buried in a reverie. But his thoughts were not of a softened character. One could have seen that by the light that were still closely shut, and the expression of triumph that rested in his bright blue eyes.

it held a throb of love for his wife? Yes, he thought so. He had been a most ardent wooer; he unbent to enslave, and subdue, and win, and no younger years ever could have so completely overpowered the sensitive impulsive, beautiful Alice Annable, as this stately, handsome, middle aged gentleman.

And the poor girl above is taking her first lesson in that bitterness knowledge that ever comes to a woman's heart—the realization that she is treated unfairly and unkindly. She had doubted that she had heard her husband speak at all. Had he even answered her? she asked herself.

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she traveled alone, as Mr. Maillard's business engagements were of that nature to detain him at home at that season.

When the merchant, evening after evening, returned to his handsome house, deserted save by the servants he began to grow more dissatisfied with his cheerless aspect than he thought could be possible, or would have acknowledged to another.

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Human Sa We are confident the portion of human suffering, the result of mistaken views, and unnecessary pain in the cup of human life, is not the deaths, instead of the specific diseases to be attributed, are really of imperceptible springing from our sad disappointments, than half of the human row and a broken way fall victims to seem like advanced time; but it is, in mind, simple truth, operations of grief all the countless afflictions of human ology could look the complicated web of