Select Poetry.

TO LIVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

'What joy to live!' the young leaves say,
In light breeze swinging merrily,
Through sunshine and through rain;
What joy to see the winter pass
With chilly steps from off the grass,
And shield the birds again.'

'What joy to live!' the free brooks say,
While wandering on their silvery way
With naught but pebbly bars:
What joy to kiss the moss again,
And see from rock and crevice green
The wee flowers peep like stars.'

'What joy to live!' the wild bird sings
In clear blue air, while on his wings
The glancing sunbeams rest
A moment; then 'neath covert green
He glides with eye alert and keen,
To wee ones in the nest.

'What joy to live!' all creatures sing.
From harmless worm to sprays that swing
On lithe, glad maple tree;
'What joy to live!' we join the song,
Pray such sweet life be good and long,
And pure in ministry.

Miscellaneous.

CLARA LESLIE,
Or the False Hearted and the True.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

'I certainly do,' replied her companion. 'In the first place, I am sure he dislikes her while he can't help admiring you. Secondly and principly, although Miss Parsons is the daughter of a very wealthy man, her dower would not by any means, equal the bulk of your entire property, and such accomplishments as you possess, than one of Miss Parsons' unrefined taste and indolent disposition.'

'This might have been true a year ago,' replied Clara, laughing; but I treated him so coldly that if I mistake not he will not venture to make any more advances.'

The reader is probably of the same opinion as Clara, and will be surprised when I state that our heroine's opinion was incorrect.

In fact not may days had passed before Mr. Percival called, and desired to speak with Clara alone.

'It pains me deeply,' he said in a soft insinuating manner, 'to meet with such cold treatment, Miss Leslie, at your hands; tell me if I have done aught to deserve it.'

'Have you ever done aught to deserve more cordial treatment?' retorted Clara.

Percival advanced to take her hand, but she coldly withdrew it.

'Can you not forgive me?' he asked, with an affectation of deep feeling.

'For what?'

'For the provocation I have given you, dear Clara. We were once on terms, as I hoped, of something more than friendship, and I feel that it is my fault that we have ever been estranged. I know not why it was, but I had a desire to try your love. I pretended a fancy for Miss Parsons, to effect my purpose—'

'Pretended!'

'Yes—for I assure you it was nothing more—it never could be anything but mere fancy. You were my first, my only love.'

'Mr. Persival!' exclaimed Clara scornfully, 'I must not listen—'

'Hear me for a moment!' interrupted Percival earnestly, 'I speak the truth. I have never ceased to love you, cold as has been your treatment of me.—And now I have to throw myself at your feet to pray you to forgive me. I am yours. Kill me with unkindness or make me happy by granting me your pardon, for this suspense is torment'

Clara looked down upon the young man with a smile of scorn, and spoke as calmly and coldly as if it were concerning a mere business affair of little importance.

'Do you love me?' she asked.

'I do, devotedly,' replied Percival.

'I cannot believe you.'

'Why?'

'Because I know you to be deceitful, selfish man. But tell me, would you wish to marry me?'

Percival started at the directness of this question, and answered not directly.

'I would be proud and happy to become your husband,' he said at length.

'Ha! ha!' laughed Clara, scornfully. 'methinks you have changed your mind since the night on which, in the garden of Mrs. G——, you said, speaking of me to Miss Parsons, that there was nothing serious in our intimacy; that you had paid your addresses to me because you wished to amuse yourself with some one, and you had not known her before; that you never loved me with the deep and earnest love you bore to her; that you had never thought of me as a wife, because the woman you chose must have your respect, at least, and that it was the fault of my vanity if I had allowed myself to love you.'

The hot blood flew to Percival's cheek like a flame, as Clara repeated, almost word for word, what he well remembered having said to Miss Parsons.

'What slander is this?' he stammered, after a moment of painful embarrasment. 'Who dar say I ever talked thus to Miss Parsons?'

'I dar!' cried Clara, with a proud curl of her proud lip, and a flash of her dark eye; 'I was in the garden at the time with a friend, and we were forced to hear your conversation. Then I saw how I had been deceived in you, and from that moment I have despised your baseness. I could have told you this before, had you desired it, but you avoided me until certain worldly goods fell into my possession. But now I can speak my mind to you, and tell you how I hate such hallow hearts as yours—I scorn your selfishness and art.'

And with a smile of withering contempt, Clara turned proudly on her heel.

Percival was alone. Crimson with shame, and panting with rage, he hurried from the house and hastened to meet Miss Parsons.

A month from that time his marriage with this latter lady was publicly announced, and the wedding took place with great pomp and ostentation.

But Clara was unhappy, and as the wheels of time rolled heavily along she grew more and more unhappy every day. 'What can I—what ought I to think of him?' she said to herself whenever Mr. Russell was present in her mind—and that was very often. 'I would give much could I but read his heart—I would give worlds could I but feel assured that he loves me still. But he avoids me continually: either pride or dislike has estranged him. I fear it is dislike; yet sometimes I have caught him looking at me with an expression of sadness and tenderness which I thought betokened love.'

The reader will allow that Clara was placed in a perplexing situation. Loving the man whose offer of love she had once refused, she knew not what to do to win him back.

One day Mr. Russell called when Josephine and Mr. Mowbray were both absent, and Clara received him alone.

'You will remember me to them, Miss Leslie,' said the young man, taking his hat after setting a few moments in the parlor.

'You are off in haste,' returned Clara, with a faint smile.

'You will excuse me,' said Mr. Russell, 'I will make a longer call when I find your friends at home.'

He had no intention of wounding Clara's feelings, but his words sank deep into her sensitive bosom, and her face glowed like a coal of fire.

'I think I understand you,' said she, raising her eyes, sadly. 'I cannot urge you to waste your moments in unpleasent company.'

There was a spice of bitterness in her tones, and Mr. Russell felt it.

'Nay, you do not understand me,' he said quickly. 'Your company is very agreeable, Miss Leslie, but—I feared—I thought my presence might not be desirable.'

'Have I ever given you reason to think so?' asked Clara.

'You know,' stammered Russell embarrassed, 'that I had no right to expect anything different.'

'It would seem that you desire nothing different,' replied Clara, dropping her eyes to the floor.

'Miss Leslie!'

'You shun me—'

'Clara!'

The young girl raised her eyes with a look of tender reproach. She was emboldened by the thought that the time was come to learn the true state of Mr. Russell's feelings.

'It was not always so,' said she.

'True—true,' said the young man, 'but I perceive by your coldness that my company is displeasing to you.'

'You would leave—sit there,' said Clara timidly, 'that at present you thought your presence disagreeable to me. I assure you it is not sir.'

Mr. Russell remaintd silent for a moment, painfully embarrassed. Then he placed his hat on the table, and sat down by Clara's side on the sofa.

You have greatly misunderstood me, Clara,' he said in tones of deep earnestness. 'It is because I love your society too well, that I have been led to shun you.'

Clara started and again cast down her eyes, which were filling with tears of joy.

'You knew once that I loved you,' pursued Mr. Russell, 'at least I told you so: but you refused me. Could I think of thrusting myself into your presence after that, and of vexing you with unwelcome attentions?'

Clara made no reply.

'Time passed on,' continued her companion, 'and circumstances threw me frequently in your way. I thought your manner towards me changed; I even began to hope that your feelings had changed, and that you were no longer indifferent to me. I then resolved to make a second offer of my hand—(my heart you had already)—when an unexpected event made me ashamed to sue again.'

'What event?'

'Your aunt's death.'

'How could that influence your feelings?'

'Having appeared as cold as possible towards you when you were no more highly favored by fortune than myself, I was ashamed to entreat for your hand when you had suddenly become an heiress.'

'I appreciate your noble sentiments,' said Clara with emotion. 'But if I should tell you that a change of fortune has had no effect on me—'

'I believe you,' exclaimed Russell.

'And if I should add that since you made me the generous offer of your hand, my feelings have undergone a change—'

'If I could think you loved me, I should be made happy,' exclaimed the young man.

'And if I should say,' pursued Clara, blushing deeply, 'that now my heart is yours, and that if you disdain not to accept my hand—'

What more Clara said, I have not the ability to inform the reader, nor have I ever been able to ascertain what was her lover's reply. Of one thing I feel confident: Russell clasped the girl to his heart and kissed away her tears of joy, and laid her blushing face upon his breast. And another thing I can prove: before the close of the interview they were engaged, and their wedding day appointed.

While the result of this interview was the complete happiness of the lovers, it was the source of lasting satisfaction to Josephine Mowbray. Clara Leslie and Robert Russell were her two dearest and most intimate friends, and to see them united by the ties of love, and in the holy bands of wedlock, had long been the chief desire of her heart. She knew that Robert was all kindness and affection—Clara all devotion and love; and she felt that their union could not be anything but a happy one to both.

One day, shortly after the marriage of Clara and Mr. Russell, Josephine visited them in their new and elegant home.

'Have you heard the news?' she asked, as they sat down together in the parlor.

'Of what?' inquired Clara.

'Of the failure of Mr. Parsons,' replied Josephine.

'No!' exclaimed Clara and her husband in astonishment.

'It was a sudden and heavy failure,' continued Josephine 'Mr. Pasons, supposed to be so wealthy, is in fact, worse than nothing; as they say.

'And his family?'

'His failure has had a strange effect on them. The moment his bankruptcy was made known, it reached the ears of Charles Percival. An hour afterwards he left the city.'

'Where has he gone?'

'Nobody knows. He left a note for poor Olive, stating that he had business abroad which would separate him from her for an indefinite number of years, and perhaps forever. It is thought he has gone to Europe.'

'The wretch!' exclaimed Mr. Russell. 'He never loved Olive Parsons; he married her for her money. And now that her father has failed, instead of being their stay in adversity, and their comfort in affliction, he hesitated not to desert them, and to bring more weighty sorrows upon them; for Olive loves the villain, and the old man loves his daughter.'

'How thankful I am,' whispered Clara in Josephine's ear, 'that I discovered Percival's true character at the time I did. I shall never regret what I then suffered, for the lesson saved me much misery, and snatched me, perhaps, from the terrible fate which has overtaken Olive.'

A Boy to Succeed.

A few years ago a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them, a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small.' 'I know he is small,' said the woman, 'but he is willing and faithful.' There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he 'did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys of the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protege busy scissoring labels. 'What are you doing?' said he. 'I did not tell you to work nights?' 'I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something.' In the morning the cashier got "orders to double that boy's wages, for *he is willing*.' Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very natural by all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminuative clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was, 'You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay.' Orders were immediately given once more: 'Double that boy's wages; he is willing and *faithful*.' To-day that boy is getting a salary of $2,500, and next January will become a member of the firm. Young men, imitate that example.—*Republic*.

Good Manners.

The acquisition of courtly and high-bred and graceful manners is so difficult and the possession so rare, that they may be called a peculiar gift. How hard to define and how much harder to impart! A gruff and surly person is unapproachable; an awkward one continually gives offense without intending it. The advantages, almost the necessity, of grace, ease, and polish of manners cannot fail to be acknowledged by all who associate with the world. It is a matter of surprise that the subject does not hold a more prominent place in the education of the present generation.

How much is included in that simple word "Manners!" It includes courtesy, good humor, and kindness. Well has it been remarked, "Beautiful behavior gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts." Its importance can hardly be estimated. It makes or mars a destiny. How often have we occasion to observe the powerful, almost inefficeable influence of a word or look; and to note that a single interview has had effects that will last a life time! Many are ready to approve a good action, or to obey the dictates of benevolence, yet their approbation and their charity are so rudely or roughly expressed that the favor loses its character, and becomes a disagreeable obligation. Good manners may be said to be the external semblence or exponent of the feelings of kindness and benevolence; and these are known to be the links which bind society together.

A pleasing address is allowed to be a peculiar mark of gentility; yet it is attainable by all. If personal history were truly written, we should find that not few had risen from low estate or rank dignity, and honor, by the aid of that all-powerful spell. We mean not the cold, hypocritic, artificial gloss, which tends to conceal the real feelings, but the frank, gracious, unstudied refinement that springs from an unculti-vated mind and well disciplened heart. It is attainable, but not without effort and sacrifices, and those who would possess it must learn both self distrust and a proper estimate of others. It is a glory to the rich, for it wins and subdues that over which wealth can have no power; it is a priceless endowment to the poor, for it preserves them from degredation and contempt. How it embelishes life! What, indeed, would life be without it?

Beyond all things, it is precious to the fair sex. It gives irresistable fascination to beauty, and bestows a charm on plain features. The young become more attractive, the old more dignified.

Like mercy,
It b'esseth him that gives, and him who takes.

Who would not seek to obtain such a treasure?

The Christian Gentleman.

A modern writer thus describes the christain gentleman: "He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret confided to his own keeping. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innendoes.—He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels he passes them as out of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window or lie open before him in ungarded exposure are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however deep the entry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedg s and pickets, bonds and securities, notice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself ought of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no offices, he sell none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of