THE FUTURE.

When another life is added
To the heaving, turbid mass;
When another breath of being
Stains Creation's tarnished glass;
When a low voice, weak and tremulous,
Heralds long enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs which shall ne'er die again;
When the mother's passionate welcome,
Sorrow like bursts forth in tears,
And the sire's self-gratulation
Prophecies of future years;
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy, upon the threshold
Of his all-comprising home,
Puts aside the arms maternal
That enlock him ere he roam;
When the canvas of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gale,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind her sunny sail;
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil,
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to that Eastern soil,
It is well we cannot see
What the end may be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes,
And the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise:
He, by speeches less than gestures,
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter,
Like enchanted garden ground!
He may falter—so may many,
She may suffer—so must all,
Both may yet, world disappointed,
This last hour of love recall.
It is well we cannot see
What the end will be.

When before religion's altar
Stands the expectant bridal pair,
And the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations,
Doubts of after change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit,
Bound his servitor for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadows sleep
Undiscovered till a wreck
Reveals the dangers of the deep.
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

A Mother's Death.

Few persons who have lost their "first and dearest friend" can read the following with unmoistened eyes:

Death comes an unsought guest to every board, and at his special bidding some beloved one goes forth to his mysterious home.

Time and philosophy may teach resignation unto hearts made desolate by his coming; but they can never fill the vacancy therein, when she that was our mother no longer cast a halo about our darkened health.

A mother's place—so loved, so worshipped—once empty must be forever so. A breast once panged by a mother's death, no medicine can reach with healing.

No mind, however sacred, no heart, however hardened, can forget the gentle being whose sufferings begot his life.

A mother is truly our guardian spirit upon earth. Her goodness shields and protects; she walks with our infancy, our youth and mature age—ever sheltering us with her absorbing love, expiating our many sins with her blessed prayers.

And when our mother, with her burden of love, her angelic influence, her saintly care, ceases her bounteous life, how much we lose of home, of happiness, of Heaven, no one can reckon; for our mother was none but our, and we only can know how holy she was—how sacred her memory must every be.

But may we not borrow consolation from the thought that our loss is Heaven's gain; that surely one angel watches over us, erasing with grateful tears the records of our sin, and making easy our path to her with blessed and blessing prayers?

Stripping the Widow.

Some years ago, in the New Hampshire Legislature, a new member, somewhat noted for, "pumping thunder," made a speech—it was upon a bill for taxing bank dividends—in which he attempted to be very pathetic in favor of widows who owned stock. "Yes, Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed with indignant energy, "the gentlemen from Dover who introduced this bill, deaf to the cries of her orphan children, would strip the widow——." But before he could conclude the sentence he was interrupted by a laugh. Astonished, but undaunted, he exclaimed with a profound feeling. "Gentleman, it is not a subject of derision. I appeal to you in all candor to say if it is not worse than stripping. Put on this tax, and you will drive the widow to her last *shift*."—Shouts of laughter here petrified him in his place, and he spoke no more during the session.

DEAD ISSUES.—The Butler county *Democrat* truthfuly says that there can be no such thing as "dead issues" when the fundamental principles of the Federal Constitution have been violated or shamelessly ignored, unless we pronounce that instrument itself a "dead issue." The Federal Constitution must be regarded as the only standard of the right in the administration of the National Government, and every departure from, and infraction of that compact, denounced as an unwarranted wrong, and therefore illegitimate and unjustifiable.

Life's Stream.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauty around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course through youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyments and industry around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be ship-wrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ear, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the shore lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up from around us and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until our future voyage that has no wishes save the Infinite and Eternal.

Another Loyal Rev. is in hard luck. His name is Curley, and he had charge of a congregation at Marrilla, near Buffalo. After prayer meeting one night, in the absence of his wife, he took Mrs. Martin, a sister in the church to ride, and finally brought up at his own house, and went to bed with her, when men who had watched the thing, and "smelled woolen," rang the alarm bell and collected the whole town at the elders house they were informed of the state of things, and entered against the elders protestation that no woman was in the house. They found Mrs. Martin under the bed undressed. The elder has emigrated.—NEXT!

This Reverend gentleman was of the Radical persuasion, and mixed his sermons with politics. During a revival last winter, one of the most serious problems which presented itself to this canting hypocrite for solution, was, how a democrat could be a christian.—An exchange advises him in his search for fresh fields and pastures now, to find out how a christian can be a republican "loyal" seducer.—*Binghampton Democrat.*

The Washington *Republican* says: "It is probable, if the elections in the Southern States are fairly conducted this fall, that a general amnesty bill will pass, with but little opposition at the next session of Congress." In other words, the Radicals are determined to carry the Congressional elections this fall by force or fraud, and if they succeed, will have so completly stripped the country that there will be nothing left to steal. They will be satisfied to let go then.