

SELECT POETRY.

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER. Here, it is here—the close of the year, And with it a spiteful letter.

A HAPPY LIFE. How happy is he born and taught, Who serves not another's will— Whose armor is his honest thought,

SELECT STORY.

INCH BY INCH.

One fine morning in August I arose at early dawn, and had just finished dressing myself, when an old black woman put her head into my room, exclaiming: "Hy, is you dressed, massa?"

was about to take the one to the left, when a voice behind me exclaimed: "Him de wrong way, massa; de left is de right way!" I turned round in surprise, and there I found my little black guide clinging to the horse's tail.

As dark as pitch, the wind every instant increasing intensity. About eleven o'clock the noise of the gale was something I had never before heard, and yet every moment it seemed to wax stronger and stronger.

Civil law never makes men morally better. A man who is restrained from doing wrong, not from a moral sense of right, but from the fear of the penalty of violated law, is only negatively good.

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