

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side,
The gleams of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing
tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's blue—
He crossed in the twilight dim and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels that met him there;
The gate of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.
Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie—I can see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark—
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the other side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, the mystic river
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail.
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
hearts;

They cross the stream and are gone for ay;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.

We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon and wait for me.
And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sounding of the boatman's oar.

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it nears the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved ones who have gone before,
And joyfully see them meeting be,
When over the river,
The angel

R., OF ALABAMA, contributes the following, under the head of "Self-A-Cocking Pistols:"

In North Carolina's where my story lies,
Among her mountains, towering toward the
skies;

The people, somewhat primitive and rather
rough,

Albeit they treat a stranger well enough.
A country church one summer afternoon;
A country parson, country bride and groom
With many friends to greet them man and wife
And see them started in their wedded life.

Begins the parson as the parties stand:
"Yu uns will take each other by the hand."

"No," said the groom, "not 'yu uns,' it hain't
right;

You must say 'we uns,' or you'd better live."

"Not much," the parson says, "fer 'yu uns'
peers

To me is right, and I've done preached ten
years."

"Say 'we uns,'" says the groom, "we know you
hasn't."

"It's 'yu uns,'" says the parson; "think I
dare'sn't?"

"Crack," "bang," they pull their guns,
And friends join in, and fast the music runs.

The bride, at once behind the pulpit dropped
And there remained until the firing stopped;

Then, looking out, she took a cool survey
Where parson, groom and friends promiscuous
lay.

She heaved a long-drawn sigh, "Ah, well!
Them self-a-cocking pistols has played h—l

With all my prospects." Nothing more she
said,

But helped the neighbors carry out the dead.

COL. LEELAND HATHAWAY was invited a week ago to deliver an address last Monday at Georgetown in behalf of the Confederate Soldiers Orphan's Home. We met several gentlemen from Scott on the train the other night, who spoke of his effort very highly indeed. It gave great satisfaction to the managers of the Home, and to all who heard it.