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IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then, as they do now?

Ah! those little, ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping, by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seemed one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb!

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses—
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day—
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

"LITTLE MAJESTY."

[From Appleton's Literary Journal.]

The sexton of an Episcopal church, in an old-fashioned country town, was one day laboriously digging in the garden plots which lay beside the flagged pathway leading to the door of the porch, when he suddenly stopped, and, looking up, called—

"Little Majesty!"

The porch door was open, and a little girl was playing dolls on the floor within, with a red pew-cushion for a dummy neighbor, who was about to give a large party. But, on hearing her name, she instantly got up and walked to the door-way.

"Well, Thomas," she responded. She was speaking to her father. She had caught the habit of using his Christian name from her mother, who was now dead; but the poor sexton was far from resenting it, inasmuch as his name thus pronounced provoked sensations of pleasure which came rarely enough from other sources.

"I am very much afraid," said the sexton, leaning on his spade, "that I have a particular bad piece of news for you."

"Oh, very well," replied she, gravely, at the same time clasping her fingers together. "I think, however, I am prepared for it. I saw the masons and two of the church committee here yesterday. Isn't it about the birds?" She gave a glance and a slight toss of her head upward, as if indicating something connected with the region above her.

"Yes," was the answer, "I am sorry to say it is about the birds. They have come here regularly for many years." Here the sexton shaded his eyes with his hands, and looked up at the belfry. "It seems hard to turn them out, for they're as much a part of the church as I am. But it was not my work, Majesty; I was in favor of letting the ceiling go until the middle of the winter. I'm as sorry as you are, and I shall miss them as much—"

"I am afraid not," interpolated the little girl, with decision; "you are too old to care much for birds, except in a pie; though I am much obliged to you for pretending to be sorry just because I am. It takes a young person to comprehend them, father." She waited for a moment, and then added, with a sigh, "So I suppose I had better go up and take leave of them pretty soon, or else they will be driven out without a word of comfort. Only think—how should we like to be turned out of doors to wander up and down the streets, and to have our house pulled down and knocked into little pieces by cruel giants who would like nothing better than—than to strike us and kill us with their clubs! I—I—"

Her lips quivered while she stared straight at her father with her eyes full of tears. The sexton quickly began to dig again. A few moments after he heard some steps advancing over the flags.

"Here comes the lady and the cross man again," said the little girl, who had been loath to depart on the errand she had set for herself, and who still stood in the shadow of the porch furtively looking out.

The sexton at once quitted his work and took off his straw hat.

The lady, who was pale and very beautiful, and who was clad in deep mourning, quickly approached him, while her companion, a severe-looking and restless man, loitered a little behind. In her eyes there was an expression of great anxiety; and, notwithstanding her eagerness, she seemed to dread to ask her question, though she smiled as she spoke.

"Have they found it yet?"

"No," replied the sexton, shaking his head and looking down upon the walk, unable to bear her look of disappointment; "three of us have searched high and low in every nook and corner, and there's not a sign of it to be found. All the others are there since 1808, and set regularly in a row. But we can't find a single leaf of the book for 1815. I'm sorry, ma'am. It looks to me as though somebody had spirited it away."

"Give him a little money," said the lady's friend, cynically, in an undertone. She was nervous, and absently folded and unfolded the waistband of her glove, while she looked vacantly off toward a stretch of woodland in the distance. Being thus absorbed, she did not hear, but the sexton did. His florid face grew redder, and he put his straw hat on again.

"That won't help it, sir," said he, with an angry look; "what I wouldn't do for herself, and I'd like to know what that is, I couldn't be hired to do for money."

"Elegant, by George!" said the gentleman, with a laugh, adding presently, "I apologize, sexton," and then, as if having administered sufficient balm, he looked toward the lady, expecting her to go.

She was in tears.

"You are always crying, Mary," said he, with impatience.

"I know it is weak," she returned between her frequent sobs, "but it is hard that we and our children should suffer to the end of our lives because only a book is lost. We can not do without it before a judge, and what will they say when we tell them it is missing? Will they not suspect us? Will not every one become prejudiced against us? It will not seem fair and lawful. Where can I find the town clerk?" She turned suddenly to the sexton again.

"He is busy hunting everywhere, ma'am, and his helper is with him, and there are two more men looking over the papers of the old clerk who died in 1840."

"Ah, then, they have not given up yet?" said the lady with a more cheerful tone.

"Oh, no," returned the sexton; and then, feeling that he must account for his absence from the crew of searchers, he added, "I was with them nearly all night, and they sent me away this morning; but I am going to try again this evening."

The lady looked at him with a grateful surprise, and her hand quietly into his.

"You must know I thank you a little, Thomas; I can not thank you enough. You see," she cried, turning to her husband, still holding the sexton's awkward hand, "that we find our best friends even when our enemies are the most numerous. We have few to give us good words," she said, returning with a smile to the uncomfortable man, "and still fewer to give us kind acts; and I am sure I can never, never forget what you have done." She was about stepping away from him, leaving him confused and entranced with her graciousness, when her glance fell upon the church porch.

"Ah!" she suddenly cried, "there is Little Majesty."

The child flew down the steps, and ran toward her with outstretched arms. It was only in the presence of this lady, whom she loved next her father, that she was at all likely to ignore a certain old manner which she had acquired by being perpetually in the company of her elders. It was in joyful moments like the present that she acted and thought like a child.

The two strolled apart and chatted together, while the sexton resumed his digging, with his back savagely turned upon the gentleman, who, for his part, seemed to forget altogether about the sexton.

When the lady and the little girl returned, which they did hand in hand, the gentleman asked, with a rather unpleasant look:

"How came she to be called Little Majesty?"

"Oh!" replied the lady, patting the head that lay close to her hand, "I gave it to her a year ago, when we first began to have trouble about the missing book. She awed me one day by showing me into the clerk's office with an enormous bunch of steel keys. She commanded me not to lay the tip of my finger on anything in the room, and she stood before me with her eyes covering me from head to foot, and now and then dropping those terrible rattling keys from one hand into the other. She was as a statue. Do you remember, Little Majesty?"

"Yes, indeed," said the child, with a laugh, affectionately seizing her hand, "I remember; but that was a year ago. I would not act so foolishly now, at least, to you."

When the two visitors finally went away the little girl began to ask questions of her father concerning the trouble about the missing book.

In effect he replied that it was a register of births, marriages and deaths which had taken place in the town for a certain year, and that it was wanted by the lady as evidence in a suit brought against her to deprive her of her possessions. The particular volume that she wished was lost. The sexton whispered that he faintly suspected the clerk had hidden it until a reward was offered, when it would be discovered and produced. (Little Majesty stared at this, and emphatically shook her head. The clerk had been accustomed to furnish her with cardamon seeds). Without the book the lady would be weak in court, and it was possible that she and her children might become suddenly poor.

"Isn't that disagreeable man her husband?" demanded Majesty, with sudden fire.

"Yes, but he lives in another city. He only came here because he is afraid his income will slip through his fingers. He is a bird of prey, Majesty; a vulture, a sparrow-hawk!" The last was a triumphant epithet, for it supplied the gentleman, in a breath, with the most malignant and rapacious character.

"How dreadfully cruel!" murmured the child to herself with a shudder.

She went slowly back to her dolls on the porch floor, but, instead of playing with them, she gathered them up, and sat down upon one of the gallery steps to pity her friend in secret. She was wondering if there were any means by which she might help her.

A little while later a twittering flight of swallows dashed down from above, and gathered for a moment upon the iron chains of the fence in front of the church. Then they disappeared in a tumultuous clatter. The incident at once brought to the little girl's mind the other unhappy subject—the impending destruction of the nests in the belfrey.

"I'll go up right away," said she to herself, "for I should never feel at ease again if the men should come this afternoon and drive them off while I was occupied with other things. I'll go now, immediately."

She brought a stool and reached the belfry key from its peg, and then proceeded up the winding stairs, with her short dress gathered in front of her.

The jaunt was not a long one, but the steps were high for one of her stature, and the turns were many and various. In the first gallery above the porch she stopped to look out at the small windows upon the brilliant landscape. It seemed that she was a tremendous distance above the earth, and, as she never had a great liking for such positions, she shrank a little, even while she felt the soft breeze and breathed the perfumed air from the gardens below.

Presently she began to climb the remaining stairs, some of them leading her into dark corners, through which she groped with the aid of her hands. Once she came to a little door with a tough lock, which was rusty and obstinate; but her nervous little fingers were too much for it, and she turned the key. When she passed this, she found a short ladder, the upper end of which rested against the bell platform. She clambered up the rounds with a timid heart, and suddenly came to the open belfry, where hung the mighty bell, half green and half brown, with a pendent tongue ten times as large as her doubled fists.

At the four corners of the belfry were solid pillars of masonry, which supported the spire above; but between these towers there were no screens or lattices—all was open to the eye from the outside. A pretty strong burst of air rushed through the belfry, and laid a violent hold on Majesty's hair; but she clung tight to the rounds, and held her breath until all was quiet again. She looked down. It seemed a frightful distance. She was above the roofs of the town, above most of the trees, and she could see over some of the hills. She began to quake, but when her eyes fell upon the gray swallows' nests she became courageous again. Leaning against the side of the huge frame, in the midst of which hung the bell, was a narrow bit of plank, across which was nailed a series of wooden strips, intended to serve as tootholds to those who ascended to the top of the structure. It had been used principally by the sexton, whose duty it was to oil the various wheels and joints in the machinery, and the child now determined to make use of it to get into the neighborhood of the birds above her head.

It was an act which required courage and nerve, especially in her, but she accomplished it by mounting slowly on her feet and hands. Presently she stood breathless and half erect upon one of the wide beams, tightly grasping the rim of the large and slender wheel by means of which the bell was rung. But still there was a loftier foothold. It was the top of the thick, wooden cross-piece, from which the bell suspended. It was broad, bolted and braced with iron clamps, and was arched in such a manner that it afforded a step of at least six inches in elevation. Timidly did little Majesty place her tiny foot upon this formidable height. She pressed toward and at the same time she raised her hand above her head and placed her fingers against the dingy and shattered ceiling. She drew her other foot slowly after her, and then, gasping with fright, and still with her face glowing with excitement, she gradually ventured to look around her. For a while she did not dare to move. "I hope," she said to herself, with a momentary sinking of her heart; "I hope they will not think of ringing the bell." Presently, however, she felt safe enough to shake her head at the few remaining birds, who looked at her with great curiosity from their holes in their nests, a pretty smile irradiated her face, though it went and came just as the soft breeze frightened her or left her alone. So slender was she, and so delicate was her hold, that it seemed certain that a puff must soon come that would carry her away, and float her out at the window.

She began to talk to the birds.

At first she chirruped and soothed them to suit her fancy, and then she proceeded to more serious business.

"Poor dears, poor dears," she began, in a sympathetic voice; "I hoped you listened to what the mason said about you yesterday, and that you would be gone long before this. Didn't you hear him? didn't you understand? don't you know that the ceiling is so cracked and broken that they have got to take it all down, and that all your nests have got to come with it? No? Then what ears you must have! They talked loud enough, I'm sure. And they are a terribly fierce set of men—they have no feeling, not a bit of sympathy. They will come with spades and hooks, and will send you flying without a syllable of warning. Isn't that hard? say, isn't it hard?" She shook her curls and looked sorrowful. "Ah! you dear little simpletons, you can bob your heads as much as you choose; I don't care whether you believe me or not, but it's true. You must go, and so I thought I'd come and warn you. I am not hard-hearted, and I shall miss you dreadfully—dreadfully." She then looked at them intently for a while, and she had to laugh at their grave manner of looking at her, first with one eye and then with the other. "What a frivolous set you are, to be sure!" she cried; "don't you know your position—don't you? Do you want to wait until the swearing men come and tear everything to pieces, and make a dust thick enough to choke you? I tell you you'd better not. Don't sit there. Fly away. Sh-h-h-h! Sh-h-h-h!"

She frantically shook her hand and rustled her skirts, at the same time emitting from between her teeth the very mildest of dispersive sounds.

Still the birds only fluttered a little. Then she began to scold, half in fun and half in earnest.

Suddenly a series of sharp shouts and cries came up from the street. She paused midway in a gesture and listened like a frightened deer. All at once there was a soft rattle below her. She grew deathly pale and instinctively tightened her only hold—namely, that upon the ceiling. It was weak and fragile as a crust, and it broke away. She cast a glance above her at the wide aperture she had made, and then with another piercing shriek she darted downward and clasped the sinking beam upon which her feet had rested. Somebody was ringing the bell. And it was not a leisurely motion. It was not slowly tolled, as if for a funeral, but the hands upon the rope below pulled with fire and vigor. The shivering, clinging little cloud of white flew down and the yawning bell flew up. From one there came a second shrill cry, and from the other an overwhelming clang which sounded over hill and dale miles away. Her slender arms, now as strong as iron, hugged the friendly beam, and her soft fingers wound themselves around the rusty bolt-heads with the rigidity of death. Then she came to the surface fluttering like a dove, with her face wild with terror. She caught but a glimpse of the blue sky, the glowing landscape, and then she was down again, screaming frightfully in the midst of the drowning clamor. Her ears began to grow deat to all noises whatever. She came up twice and thrice. She had to take a fresh hold. Then another. Then it seemed that the bolts were coming apart, and that they had suddenly grown soft in her hands. She forgot to scream; she could do nothing but hold on tight. Even the resolution to do that vital thing presently began to fade. Deafened, dizzy and weakened, the child grasped and struggled for a little while longer; then there came that crisis when to move, or even to breathe, is an invitation to destruction; that last moment when the failing muscles just hold their own, and are capable of no more effort. Her senses failed her.

At that instant the bell stopped its mad revolutions, and stopped as suddenly as it had started.

Majesty's arms, now bereft of their strength, loosened their hold, and she fell upon the platform with her long hair streaming over her face. The huge bell was poised above her, still giving out its dying tone. Had it fallen it would have dealt her languid body a crushing blow; but some strong hand in the porch held it tight and steadfast. A dozen feet came bounding and racing up the stairs, stumbling in the dark, but still pushing on with great energy. Foremost among the people was the sexton, wild with anxiety. He rushed forward, and caught up the child as if she were a feather.

"Thank God!" he cried, with his eyes overflowing with tears, "she is not dead. Majesty, Majesty!"

Her trembling eyelids just parted, and then closed again.

The lady, Majesty's friend, who had followed close behind, it being she in fact who had discovered the catastrophe from without, now took the child into her more tender hands, and the little procession marched down again, and across the broad green in front of the church to the sexton's cottage.

Here, during the remainder of the day, lay little Majesty, holding the lady's hand fast in her own, and now and then burying her face and eyes in it, as there recurred to her mind the scene in the belfry.

The lady sang, and tried a thousand arts to soothe her. But she was sure to find the half-frightened and waxen face of the child intent upon an imagined bell, whose awful image was never done swaying this way and that, and which ever and anon gave out a terrible clang as the mighty tongue fell in its cavern of metal.

The night came on and the moon arose. Without, upon the green and the lofty trees, there was shed a brilliant light, which illuminated each quiet leaf and each blade of grass, almost as if another sun had followed the vanished one, and now looked upon the earth.

The child had now become so quieted that she was enabled to put together, in their proper order, all the events and incidents of the day. She became rational, and was able to listen to the good lady, who, without cessation, lavished on her all the tender words and caresses that ever a mother knew. Little Majesty soon began to talk, and even to laugh. This encouraged the trembling sexton to approach her again, he having retired to the fathest corner when they first lay the child upon the bed. He now appeared, and cautiously examined her from a distance.

She called him, and put out her hand with a smile. He lumbered over the floor and caught her in his arms.

"O Majesty, Majesty! what good would there be in life without you? Eh, baby, tell us! What would be the use! Where would be the comfort! Tell us."

There being no reply but a half-suppressed sob, he said nothing more, but presently it seemed as though he inwardly determined to keep such words in his own breast, inasmuch as he suddenly rose from beside her and said, rather cheerfully:

"I suppose it is safe for me to go now, isn't it, mem, she's safe, I expect."

"Where are you going?" asked the lady and the child in the same breath.

"Only a short distance. To the clerk's house, to look after the book."

"Ah," said the child to her herself, "that is it. It is the book I have been trying to think about."

She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if endeavoring to recall some half-forgotten incident or view.

Her anxiety was great; her smooth forehead corrugated into a hundred wrinkles, and she shut her eyes and pressed her lips together. In vain did the lady question her; she would give no answer but "I am trying to think."

She frequently stopped, as if despairing; but, before her friend could get her to confess what her puzzle was, she would plunge into it again, and would seemingly march quite up to the exact point of solution, but no farther.

"I wish I could help you, Little Majesty," whispered the lady, contemplating these attempts with some uneasiness.

"And I wish," cried the child, with a burst of tears, and throwing her arms around her neck, "that I could help you. I would love dearly to make you happy, but I'm so confused, so turned around, so mixed up!"

She went over the day's adventures time and again; she reflected upon each incident with great exactness, but still they yielded her nothing. If the exercise of her brain was a little severe, yet it was intensely interesting. She did not care to talk, as it only broke the course of her thought; and so, after some moments, she sank into a tranquil state, which resembled sleep. Her eyes closed, her hands dropped down, while she again began to search her memory for the thing she desired. She lay quite still, now faintly smiling as she remembered the doll's party and the caresses of her friend, and now becoming sober, and even turning a little pale as the subsequent events arose before her. All was silent; the moonlight came in in broad patches; nothing moved within the house or out upon the green.

It was a long while before she stirred. Then she suddenly opened her eyes, a flush stole over her face, and she arose to a sitting posture.

"I've got it at last," she whispered, in triumph.

She looked around. She was alone. The chair in which the lady had been sitting was empty. She had doubtless gone upon some errand, thinking the child was a-sleep.

"Never mind," thought Majesty to herself; "I'll go alone, if I can stand. It will be a greater surprise to her."

She put her feet timidly upon the floor, and slowly trusted herself upon them, half fearing her limbs might give away beneath her. But she was stronger than she thought. She caught up a wrapper made of some woolen stuff, and then softly went to a cupboard from which she took a bunch of three large keys.

Then she slipped into the entry, lifted the latch of the door, and passed out into the open air. No one had seen her; she was entirely alone. She stepped out briskly, straight across the green, holding the keys tight in her hand, and with her eyes raised, half in fear and half in curiosity, to the spire of the church, which was brilliant with the moonlight.

Nothing disturbed her, save a skulking cat or two; but Little Majesty needed all her courage, for it was silent and lonely. She came to the wooden doors with their ponderous hinges of iron, and she selected the proper key with which to open them.

It was an easy lock, as she mastered it with little trouble. Her heart stood still as she shut herself in the porch alone. Then it began to thump as she put her foot on the belfry stairs and as the smallest movement of her dress sounded like a gust of stormy wind. It was a separate and distinct act of courage to put one foot before the other. But she advanced with hardly a falter, and again came to the belfry door. She found it swinging open.

"Ah!" thought she, "I frightened them so that they forgot to lock it."

She came to the ladder. She now felt the cool night air, and she gave an extra turn to the wrapper about her neck, and put her keys in her pocket. Then she laid hold of the rounds, and began to ascend. Presently, her frightened face emerged above the belfry floor where it turned slowly to contemplate the wonderful landscape spread for miles around, lying white and tranquil in the mysterious light. There was no sound, save now and then the distant bark of some farmer's dog and the faint rush of the stream over the milldam.

After a moment, Majesty spurred herself to clamber up farther. She could not help a fit of trembling as she beheld the bell, but she bravely walked straight to the plank again. Again she ascended it, and again she clutched the large and slender wheel. Turning quickly from this, she placed her foot for the second time upon the broad crossbeam beneath which hung the awful monster which had nearly killed her, and also for the second time she put her hand upon the ceiling. Up to this point, her actions were but counterparts of those she had performed earlier in the day; but her next one was different.

She placed a second hand upon the ceiling, and, rising to the tips of her toes, she groped with the other near the edge of the tracture in the plaster. Her arm vibrated a few inches either way, and finally stopped, while at the same time a cry of joy burst from the lips. She sank back upon her feet, careless of danger, saying to herself:

"I daren't take it down, for it may not be the right one, after all. But wouldn't it please her! It must be the right one. At any rate we'll see."

She again thrust her hand into the hole, and in a moment she withdrew from its hiding place a leather-covered book, an inch thick, and fifteen by eighteen inches in size. A glow of delight overspread her face, and she tried to see the date upon the back of the binding, but the guilding had faded, so she carefully drew the tip of her finger over the embossed figures.

"Eighteen hundred and fifteen!" said she, with a laugh.

In a moment she had scrambled down the plank, holding her picture close, and conjuring pictures of her friends delight. It was not until she got to the porch again that she stopped and asked herself:

"How came the book in the belfry ceiling?"

Majesty's faith in human nature received a shock.

"It must have been the wicked clerk," thought she. "O Maple! I did not think it of you; and you were so kind a man!"

She slowly emerged from the church door and locked it. Then, with both arms clasping the musty book, and with her keys hanging from her finger, she dashed off down the flags and over the stretch of turf.

Midway in her flight a running figure, hastening in an opposite direction and exactly for the church door, sprang upon her as if from the ground. It was Maple, the town clerk. He was white as a ghost.

"Majesty!" cried he, catching her by the muffler.

"Oh! it is you, Maple," faltered she, sinking with terror.

"What have you been doing, miss!" cried he. "Been taking books from my room, Majesty! Is that it? Is that it?"

"No, I did not get it from your room; I got it out of the belfry ceiling, where you put it."

For an instant the sallow-faced man glared upon her, and then, moved by a savage impulse, he suddenly lay hold of the book with all his strength, and tried savagely to wrest it from her. A piercing scream issued from her lips, while she desperately clung to her prize.

Suddenly Maple's heels flew up into the air, and his head and shoulders disappeared backward, while in their places appeared the rough face and broad chest of the sexton, while Majesty at the same moment was folded in the protecting arms of her best friends.

They had come in search of her, and, having discovered the absence of the keys of the church, they were hastening thither, thinking it reasonably indicated that she was there.

The sexton had no mercy for Maple, and, with a rough hand at his neck and a harder one at the small of his back, he pushed him off toward the rector's house, while the other two went back to the sexton's.

"O Majesty, my brave little darling," cried the lady, in a trembling voice, "what can I say to you to tell you how happy and grateful you have made me? How my children in their cradles at home will thank you some day! and how much better than all the fairy tales will be the true story about you and the ringing bell!"

Little Majesty did nothing but hang her pretty head and walk along in silence, meanwhile pressing her cheek against the lady's hand, and thinking to herself that she was one of the blessed.

Personal Appearance of Jesus.

A correspondent of the Washington *Chronicle* writes: "On Sunday last Rev. Dr. Newman delivered a discourse upon the humanity of Jesus Christ, in which he stated that nothing had been handed down to us in regard to His personal appearance, many different views being entertained on that subject. Inclosed you will find a letter written by Publius Lentulus, president of Judea, and sent by him to the Senate of Rome, when the fame of Jesus began to be spread abroad in the world. These are his words:

"'There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem a prophet, but His own followers adore Him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or a touch. He is tall and well shaped; of an amicable, reverend aspect. His hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls below His ears, and very agreeably touching on His shoulders, parted on the crown of the head, like the Nazarite. His forehead is smooth and large; His cheeks without other spot, save that of a lovely red: His nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry: His beard thick, and of a color suitable to the hair of His head, reaching an inch below His chin and parting in the middle like a fork; His eyes bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness; His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant and grave. No man has seen him laugh, but He has wept frequently. He is very temperate, modest and wise; a man, for His excellent beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men.'"

The Chinese *carte de visite* is a curiosity. It consists of a huge sheet of bright scarlet paper, with the owner's name inscribed in large letters—the bigger the more exquisite. For extra grand occasions this card is folded ten times, the name is written in the right hand lower corner with a humiliating prefix like "your very stupid brother," "your unworthy friend who bows his head and pays his respects," etc., the words "your stupid" taking the place of "yours respectfully." It is etiquette to return these cards to the visitor, it being presumable that their expense is too great for general distribution.

The *Sibyl*, a paper published by the young ladies of Elmira College, has this: "A certain sophomore suggested, in regard to the junior class-pins, that a moon was chosen as the form on account of the man in it. How deep are sophomore meditations!" The *Sibyl* makes the following important announcement: "The young ladies of Elmira College do *not* do housework."

An Irishman a short time since, while leading a pig through the streets of Lewiston, Maine, wished to fill his pipe, and tied his piggy to the wheel of a hack while he charged his "dudeen." In the meantime the hackman, all unconscious of the weight attached to the carriage wheel, took his seat and drove off, dragging the pig after him. Pat was last seen picking up stray pieces of pork in the street.

UNREST.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

"I was so lonely!" a violet said,
As it nestled close to an eagle's breast,
"So tired too, of the dust and the dew;
God sent you, I think, to give me rest.
Bear me away to the gates of day,
To heights that are forever glad and green;
And safe on your breast as a bird in its nest,
Let me learn what living and loving mean."

The wind crept cold to the eyrie's edge,
That night from its cavern beside the sea,
And the bird slept well; but the pride of the dell,
Forgotten and faded, cried "Ah me,
For the sweet, sweet dream by the shadowy stream!
For the lonely life I used to hate!
For the dusk and the dew, so tender and true,"
But the wind made answer, "Too late, too late.

To-day, in the calm of his cold content,
High on the cliffs the bold bird sits,
And never a thought of the harm he wrought
Through the sunny space of his memory flits.
But the wind in glee, creeps up from the sea,
And finding the violet doomed and dead,
Waits it away from the "gates of day,"
And buries it down where the dirges are shed.

—[Home Journal.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

The Thirty-fifth Parallel Route to the Pacific—What the Half-breeds Think About Surrendering Their Territory—A Sabbath in the Indian Nation—Western Railroad Fares.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who is traveling through the Indian Territory, and thence over the proposed route of the Atlantic and Pacific road to the Pacific, writes from Vinita, on the Cherokee reservation:

Hitherto my journeys have been over the Central route, diverging for only short periods from the main line of connection. Postoffices, stages, telegraph lines, and even railroads were seldom far distant; and though I "dragged at each new one a lengthy chain," still it was a chain connecting me by close links with home, friends and civilization. But for this reason I take a new route, but little known to the general correspondent, through Southern Kansas, the Indian Territory, New Mexico and Arizona to the Pacific, following as nearly as possible the line of the proposed Southern Pacific. For I now consider it settled we must have a Southern Pacific railroad—the thirty-fifth parallel of the El Paso line—for despite his magnificent circulars, I am not persuaded that the winter blockades on the Union Pacific railroad are to be relieved by Jay Cooke's great hyperborean route. My aim is also to examine and report upon the the Indian Territory, just now attracting some attention from the government.

On the morning of the twenty-first—a bitter cold day—I left St. Louis by way of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, and ran all day through the poorest country I ever saw east of the American Desert. The general direction of the road is west-southwest; on the one side the streams flow eastward into the Mississippi, and on the other northward into the Missouri; and for the entire distance this road seems to wind about so as to keep exactly on the "divide" between these headwaters on hard, barren ridges. Its present terminus is at Vinita, some forty miles into the Indian Territory, and 365 from St. Louis, for which distance each passenger pays the moderate price (for this country) of $18 50.

Nothing surprises Eastern pilgrims so much, and I may add, so painfully, as the steady increase of prices as they go westward. The traveler from New York to San Francisco finds a regularly increasing tariff, at the rate of one or two cents per mile, at each change of the road. On the New York Central he pays two cents per mile; on the Michigan Central three cents; from Chicago westward four cents, with liberal discount for through tickets, and through Iowa five cents. On crossing the Missouri river he takes a big jump and pays seven cents per mile on the Union Pacific, and at Ogden changes to the Central Pacific at ten cents per mile (currency), thence to San Francisco. If he grumbles he is told: "It's the custom of the country. Everything is high out here," etc.; at least that's all the satisfaction I ever got. Stage fare increases even at a greater ratio: five cents in the East, ten in Iowa and Nebraska, and twenty in the Territories. Provisions also increase in price, but in much smaller ratio. To travel long out West, a man must be, in a local phrase, "well heeled." This road, if I may judge from the country, ought to charge fifty cents per mile, for surely there can be no way trade worth naming.

An hour's run through "the Nation" brought us to this place. The terminus of the Atlantic and Pacific is only a mile beyond, and here it is crossed by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad, running due south. By the treaty of 1866 two railroads were to be allowed to run through the Indian Territory, and by government charter this privilege was granted to the two roads which reached the border first. The Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston road and the Kansas and Fort Scott road both started for it, but were distanced by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, hence both of them terminate at the border. The Atlantic and Pacific reached it first from the East, nearly one year ago, was soon after completed here and stopped, "waiting the action of Congress" the people say. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas runs to Canadian river, seventy miles south of here, whence stages run through Texas to El Paso, in Mexico, and Fort Sill, in the western part of this Territory. The railroad is to continue on to the gulf, or tap the Texas Central. Here, at Vinita, is the junction of two long lines in a new country, with good soil, climate and timber, and we should naturally expect to see a place.

In Kansas or Nebraska we should see a city of life and activity—lots selling at from $100 to $2000 dollars, dwellings and stores going up on every hand, one or two live journals blowing the place as the "future metropolis of the boundless West, the last great chance for profitable investment," etc., and a dozen streets lively with the rattle of active commerce. Here, we do see nothing. We feel the dried calm of stagnation; we breathe the atmosphere of laziness. There is one tolerable hotel, one stone store and two frame ones, kept respectively by a Cherokee and a Delaware; and, besides the railroad employes, there is a population of perhaps a hundred—a few good men, more shiftless whites, average Indians and suspicious looking half-breeds. New comers soon get disgusted and leave. The railroads own the adjacent land, and last September laid off a town and had a sale of lots. They ranged from $80 to $200. In February last the same lots sold at from $15 to $50.

The trade of the country is next to nothing. Cattle are the only export, and the money received for them is all that comes into the country. Nowhere is there a surplus of grain raised, and along the border there is considerable import of staples from Missouri and Arkansas. This portion of the Cherokee country is but little settled. Most of the tribe live on Grand river, extending a continuous line of settlements down to Talequah, their capital, seventy miles from here.

My first Sabbath in the "Nation" was bright and clear, with a shade of green upon the prairies and all the indications of advancing spring; and being informed that there was an "Injin schoolhouse with preaching some'ers three miles down on Cabin creek," I started to hunt it. Before I was a mile on my way the wind rose with surprising suddenness and blew almost a hurricane for the rest of the day. This is the most windy part of the West I have yet visited, and I suppose it is for that reason I always find the Indians living in the timber along the creeks.

Nobody could tell me what route to take, so I called at the first house, where I was directed to the next occupant, who announced himself as a "White Cherokee."

"Is your neighbor an Indian?" I asked.

"Well, he has an Injin family."

"And the next man?"

"Well, he's sorter white, but he's married to a Shawnee girl. Next house thar lives a white Cherokee, but that man over thar knows most about the country. Better ask him."

I went as directed to a pretentious frame house, the nicest I had yet seen in the "Nation," where I found a family of nine children and young people, of just nine different shades of color, from pure white, with blue eyes and red hair, to almost pure Indian.

I found the owner very communicative, and rather intelligent. His first wife, he informed me, was half Shawnee, from Canada, and her first husband was a full blood Cherokee. Hence the three of that union were nearly full blood. By this woman he had four children, only quarter blood, but differing very much in shade. He then married an Irish woman; they had two children, one a clear-skinned, freckled, blue-eyed Celt, the other dark enough to pass for a "White Cherokee."

"It's singular how it will come back in this country," he explained. "I've known 'em to have regular Injun children after two generations of nearly white, and children of pure white people born here are often very dark. I know two white Cherokees, married, that you couldn't tell either of 'em from a regular white person, and they've a whole family of nearly full bloods. Old Injuns say it comes back on 'em sometimes after people have done forgot they had any Injun blood in 'em." This statement has been confirmed by all the "white Cherokees" I have talked with on the subject.

A mile farther on I was overtaken by a Mr. Parks and family and accepted a ride with them to the church. Like the more intelligent citizens of the "Nation," he was quite communicative, and, learning my business, insisted on my spending the day, after church, at his house. He was a native of East Tennessee, his father a white man and his mother a half Cherokee, who refused to come with the main body of the tribe in the spring of 1839. He fought through the war on the Southern side, then came out and claimed his citizenship in the "Nation," to which he was admitted by the Supreme Court (or principal chiefs), after proving his ancestry. He showed not the slightest trace of Indian blood, but his little boy looked like a half-breed. His youngest daughter had the rolling black eye and sad expression of the Cherokee with a fair skin, while the older ones, misses of eighteen or twenty, were both fair and beautiful. Both were dressed very richly with black silk dresses and mantillas. Rich dresses were numerous at church, particularly of corn-color silk, this and black and red being the prevailing colors. Many of these people were quite wealthy before the war, and remnants of their wealth remain in costly shawls and jewelry, which seem oddly out of place amid the general poverty.

The place of worship was a rude log schoolhouse, perhaps twenty-five feet square, the cracks covered with clapboards, and the congregation consisted of fifty-two persons—not a full-blooded Indian among them.

And, by the way, I have been in the Indian Territory four days and have seen just four full bloods, two of them merchants in this city. Most of that color live east of Grand river, I am told, and this is considered rather a community of half-bloods. The school teacher, with whom I conversed after service, was as white a woman as I ever saw, with blue eyes and light brown hair; yet she is considered a Cherokee, and traces her ancestry from pure bloods. Rev. Mr. Valentine, who preached to us, is also considered "a citizen of the Nation," and, though of pure white blood, was born and reared among the Cherokees. Just as, before the war, we called every man a "nigger" who had the faintest trace of negro blood, though it were but a sixteenth, so here all are called Cherokees who have a drop of Cherokee blood. The phrase "white Cherokee" is generally applied to those of less than half Indian blood.

The services were conducted in the order of the Baptist church, to which sect the minister belongs, as do a majority of the Cherokee Christians. The Moravians, Methodists and Episcopalians number many converts among the other nations, and some among the Cherokees, while the Presbyterians are quite numerous among the Delawares and Shawnees and farther west.

The Indians seem to be naturally prone to fatalism, and their theology, even when Christian, is of a singularly cold and melancholy character; not so bad, however, as the California Chinese, which is the most gloomy, chilling and repellant of all ethnic religions, but enough like it to point to a kinship of race. The Senecas alone of all the tribes in this vicinity (they live just east of Grand river) retain their aboriginal heathenism. Sacrifices, incantations and a separate priesthood are still maintained, and once a year they burn a certain number of dogs to propitiate the spirit of evil.

That entire tribe numbers but ninety persons, and my host informed me that when last he visited them they had one child only in the tribe. Their decay has been rapid. Strangely enough, nearly all the more intelligent admit the steady decay of the pure bloods, and, though there is a slight increase at present in the Cherokee Nation at large, yet in the pure bloods there is a decrease. I have only given, thus far, a few points gleaned from my conversation with the "white Cherokees," but our talk at dinner assumed a more personal and political turn. Mr. Parks had invited some of the older citizens to dine with us, and, as at a Sunday dinner in the country districts of Ohio, politics came up for discussion.

"What will you do with us?" was the gist of the first question. "Will the government give half our lands to railroads, and let the whites come in on us to try for the other half?"

"The government will not establish a Territory here, and throw it open to white settlers, unless the Indians are willing; but why are you not willing, if you can have a farm secured first to each citizen of the Nation?"

"Because our more ignorant people and full-bloods can't live with the Yankees settled all among them. Some tell us we can't hold our land in common the way we do. Why can't we? If we can't, then let it be allotted, so much to each family, and the rest common pasturage. These full-blood Cherokees are the most simple-minded, honest people in the world. They don't know anything about trading or scheming with white folks. But you know it is the nature of white people to be grasping. Let them settle here and they would take all advantage in trades and the Indians could not live here."

The principal talker, and aged "white Cherokee," continued at some length and in good language to argue against the "bill to establish the Territory of Ocklahoma," of which he produced a copy and read extracts. He related, with increasing pathos, the principal facts in the history of the Cherokees: their first general war with the whites, many years before the revolution; their removal to the hill country of Georgia, Carolina and Alabama; their second move to Arkansas and a band to Texas; their expulsion from all other places and settlement here.

As he progressed a growing sadness showed on every face. He concluded, and an oppressive silence settled upon the company—so profound that I could feel the reproach which seemed thus cast upon my nation. The melancholy gravity natural to the Cherokee countenance seemed to deepen to the intensity of a fixed despair; young and old had the same solemn quiet, and even the rosy little girl bowed her head almost to the table, and her sweet sad face seemed shadowed with the wrongs of three generations of her race. But these were rare specimens of