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Poetry

The Christian Monks of the middle ages, who assumed themselves in emblematic poetry, preferred for their hymns the form of

THE CROSS.

Bliss they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit weak,
The way of truth,
To the Lord's temple now display,
Christ as the only true and living way,
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make clean hearts of caldies lies in heaven,
And even on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Father's face.

The church's joy,
His Father's crown,
For then he wrote
The church's name,
Nailed to the cross,
Keared his pain,
That his life's love
Might be their gain,
Then haste to choose,
That better part,
Now do we see,
The Lord your heart,
Let His declare—
If now you meet,
And deep despair
Shall be your lot.

Now let us say, with an Oh my dear God,
And trust Him alone, who was there crucified!

Miscellaneous Selections.

WHAT A LITTLE SONG CAN DO.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A gay young visitor said to me the other day, "M—do you remember that little English girl who was making dresses for me last summer?"

"Yes," I replied, "she usually worked by the corner window of your sitting-room; a delicate, fair-haired girl, wasn't she?—seemed to be a rapid sewer—what of her?"

"Why, I heard her story the other day—a terrible story; and do you know it seems so strange to think that during all those days when she used to sit and sew for me, I never thought of her as an individual?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. She never appeared to me in the light of an individual. She was just the dressmaker; and whenever I thought of her it was only in connection with fashions and mantua-making. I remember that the sunshine fell brightly upon her head as she sat, looking up and that she had a shy, trembling way with her. But it never occurred to me that she had interests apart from her work—her own affairs, you know, such as you and I have. It's awful to say it, but it's really true. I don't believe it ever crossed my mind that she ever cared for anything but making dresses. And oh! such a life as that poor girl led—an awful life! She'd die, and I'm glad of it, poor thing, Good-by!"

"Wait a moment, Lu," I cried; "what a strange child you are! You surely won't go without telling me more?"

"Yes, I must. It's time for my music lesson. Good-by, dear; I'll come again soon;" and off she ran, lightly humming a tune as she hastened down the stairway.

I have not seen her since; or I would perhaps be able to tell you the poor sewing-girl's story. But I can relate an incident that came vividly to my mind even before the sound of Lu's light, receding footsteps had died away.

One lovely day in the spring of 18—, I made a startling discovery. Just when the fields were putting on their brightest green, and the fruit trees were wreathing themselves with blossoms, I suddenly became aware that I needed a dress. All my last year's stock seemed shabby amid the vernal freshness of the season. In short, as my friend, Helen Fitz, tenderly hinted, there was nothing left but either to look a night or get out of the house.

Then arose a new trouble; the mantua-makers were in the height of their busy season. Not one could I find who would take in another order. What was I to do? The Flora said within me growl—per-
haps I should make a dress myself, it wouldn't have a particle of style. So my best friends assured me, with a mysterious shudder which made me feel only too thankful that my humble aspiration had been nipped in the bud.

(And all this time Nature was laughing with her blossoms, and slipping so softly and easily into her new dress!)

Well, the only plan open for me was to employ a visiting mantua-maker. After what seemed, at the time, an endless succession of vexations and disappointments, I succeeded in carrying on that *para arde*—a dressmaker who not only could, but would make a dress, and a "perfect treasure," as Helen declared—could fit admirably—her only fault was that she was slow. If I could stand that, Mrs. Bond was the very person I wanted; and, wonderful to relate! she had a few disengaged days. So I sent a messenger, and received a word in return that she would be with me early on Monday morning.

Was I satisfied then? Not quite. A strange unrest came over me—an unrest that increased as the date of engagement and the day of Monday approached.

To make this feeling clear, I must confess that I am of a peculiar temperment. Employees of all kinds hold a mysterious power over me. I shrink from my waiter girl, and feel condemned in the presence of my cook. Sometimes I am almost tempted to say, "Excuse me Ann; forgive me, Kitty. It's not entirely my fault that some must work while others play. I know you are far more clever at washing windows, ironing and cooking than I should be. I never in the world could wait" on the table, or answer the door bell as patiently and cheerfully as you. I'm afraid I wouldn't have the fortitude to rise before daylight on snowy winter mornings, and attend early masses before commencing a hard day's work. I am not sure that I could deny myself as you do, in order to send money across the water to bring my cousins over. In short, Ann and Kitty, if life seems hard to you; if my kitchen is dreary and my visitors too many, forgive me—bear with me. You might, either of you, have been a poor, helpless lady yourself, you know!

The same feeling comes when

with those who, higher in the social scale, still serve me; for all mankind are, after all, servants in some sense. I always submit my pulse gratefully to my physician, fearful lest my case be too unimportant for so august a personage; wonder what I should do if I had to consult a lawyer; and in church I sometimes feel so crestfallen and ashamed, that I can scarcely restrain my tears. I like the Lord Chamberlain in suppressed greatness and noiseless sublimity. I would, during the service, ask him to step up to the pulpit and tell Dr. Blot that if my particular case of stiffness aggravated him, I would willingly go up and go home.

Every shopman is a formidable creature in my eyes. When at Stuart's I never can throw off the impression that the clerk who is waiting upon me owns the entire establishment. But all this is nothing to the appalling influence of fashionable milliners and dressmakers. Only the thought of the lilies of the field can sustain me when in their presence.

What wonder, then, that I dreamed of this particular Monday? It came all the same, however, and when, just before breakfast, the door-bell rang, Ann, who answered the summons of a grander, lighter-hearted young woman than her mistress who stood in an upper room bracing herself to meet the coming presence.

In a moment Ann came up, saying, mysteriously: "She's downstairs, and she's waiting for you to have breakfast. My! but she's the queerest looking old creature, though!"

"Show her up, Ann."

She entered—a quiet looking mild old woman of seventy!

I had not expected that. Fancy had conjured a drowsy, fussy young person, with a manner as quick and snipping as her scissors, and a roll of fashion-plates in her hand—some body with an iron will, who knew the exact size that a lady's waist ought to be—lungs or no lungs.

But the quiet, sober old body, clad in dingy black—how could I ask her to make up my finery?

"Good morning!" Is Mrs. Bond?" I asked, half hoping that it was not she.

"Believe it is," she answered, with a pleasant smile, taking off her shawl and bonnet as she spoke, and addressing her spectacles carefully, so as not to tear any white cap.

"Shall I sit here, ma'am?"

"Oh! yes, certainly," and, somehow before I knew it, the old lady was sitting up on a chair, and I was up stairs again (after having taken a long look at the old lady's face, her running up the breaths of a skirt, everything just as easy and natural as possible).

Yes, she *was* slow, but I think it was because she took so much interest in her work; that she never lingered over it. It was wonderful to see how she would turn a refractory bit of goods this way and that, until at last, it would fit in exactly where it was needed; wonderful to see her stitch, in such a steady, resist way, all the time, with that placid expression on her face, her wrinkled little mouth pursed up, and her gray eyebrows arching mild over her spectacles!

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, without looking up from her work, she said: "Mrs. D., would it be asking to much if I wanted a cup of tea at lunch-time? It keeps me awake for the afternoon, and I can do better justice to the work."

"Awake for the afternoon? Poor old soul!"

"Certainly! not at all!" I exclaimed, in a startled way. "We always have tea at luncheon; but, whether or not, you shall have it, and welcome. Why not lie down a while, though? Please do. Rest yourself now, on that lounge."

"Oh! no, no indeed! thank you; and she laughed—a quiet, sober little laugh, with a tear in it. "The tea'll keep me up now, ma'am," she added, cheerfully; "if you'll please get ready to try on, I'll be through in a minute."

She staid with me for three days, working slowly and steadily all the time, kept awake by the tea, and resolving, as I was, my creature, that she should take an occasional nap. One particularly puzzled me. On several occasions, when, after a brief absence, I entered the room, I saw her quietly slip something into the pocket of her basket, which sat on the floor beside her, and resume her work as I approached. Though she, she sewed as steadily as though she were moved by machinery.

But if Ann and Kitty aware spoiled-gone creatures with their own much more patient, silver-haired old lady. I could scarcely bear to see her working for me, and it was only the planning various trifling benefits for her that I could feel in a way reconciled to it. She was old, poor soul and yet she so firmly thrust away the infirmities of age, as if saying constantly to herself: "That's right—back, keep straight eyes; keep strong fingers; keep a level head; for I have this dress to make."

At 11 o'clock, for me to come upon her, I thought, a real heart-rending sorrow, she could not be like this. For it so happened that I had one important ally, were youth and strength. But I did not understand her yet.

On the third day—I hardly can say how it came about—she told me the story of her life, or rather it seemed to slip from her as the work slipped through her fingers—and I kept a life it was! Trial upon trial, sorrow upon sorrow; prosperity at first, then misfortune and poverty then twelve years of married life, and three of four little graves; sickness; the poor man's death; widowhood, a helpless invalid; then widowhood, with four children to support and educate next, one of the children a hopeless cripple—labor, ceaseless labor, then sorrow and trouble and heart-breaking misfortune, then her two daughters, widowed and in delicate health, and with several young children, all upon her hands, she their only ark and refuge! If young and only son, she had bravely recoiled to it. She all. He had finally joined the Union army without a word of opposition from her. At that very moment he might be lying wounded on the battlefield or his bones might be gathered in some nameless grave, for

Some Idea of the Religion of Charles Dickens.

Those narrow minded persons who so little share the intense humanity of Christ that they cannot appreciate his spirit in Charles Dickens, and know only that if he is a Christian, they are not, ought to be treated to a course of New Testament reading in alternation with the Duke's novels, from the old Curiosity Shop through the long list. They would not find in literature more exquisite embodiments of the gospel than this man has given—if they could only bring their eyes to see it. For only one touch thereof, read from the "Bleak House" or the death-bed of poor Joe—

"After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near to his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: 'Joe! Did you ever know a praying man?' Not so much as one short prayer—"

"No, sir. Not that at all. Mr. Chadbands was a prayin' man at Mr. Squeggs's office, and I heard him, but he sounded as if he was speakin' to himself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothin' on it. Different times, there was other gentlemen come down to Tom-All-Alone's a-prayin', but they all prayed as if 'dinner was prayin' at, and all mostly sounded to be at-takin' to themselves, or a blame to the others, and not a talkin' to us. We never know nothin'. I never knowed what it was all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, the matter of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay Joe! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin' ground sir," he returns, with a wild look.

"Go down and pray, Joe. What's that berryin' ground, Joe?"

"Where they laid him as was very good to me, very good to me indeed he was. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin' ground, and to pray, and to have come there to be laid along with a comin'."

"By-and-by, Joe. By-and-by?"

"Ah! Praps they wouldn't do it if I was to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"Will indeed?"

"Thank'ee, sir. They'll have to get the key of the gate after they can get me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used to clean with a broom. It's turned very dark, sir, is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Joe."

"Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end."

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin'—a gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand!"

"Joe, can you say what I say, sir, for I know his good."

"Oh, Father—yes, that's very good, sir."

"Which art in Heaven?"

"Art in Heaven—is the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be Thy Name!"

"Hallowed be—thy—"

The light has come upon the dark benighted way. Dead!

Reasons for going to Church.

My desire is to give you one or two good reasons for going to church on a Sunday, and depend upon the authenticity of Christianity or upon the Christian Sabbath at all.

My first reason is, that unless a man puts himself into a fine shirt, polished boots and good clothing once a week, and goes out into the public, he is almost certain to lapse into semi-barbarism. You know that unless you do this on the Sabbath, you cannot do it at all, for you labor all the week.

There is nothing like standing alone, with no place in the machinery of society to one's self respect. You must be aware that you are looked upon as an outsider, because you refuse to come in contact with society on its broadest and best ground.

I tell you, it is a good thing for a man to wash his face clean and put on his best clothes and walk to the house of God with the children on the Sabbath day, whether he believes in the Sabbath or not. The church is at least a place where good morals are inculcated, and the vices of community are denounced. You can afford to stand by so much of the church, and by so doing say: "Here am I, and here are mine, with a stake in the welfare of society, and an interest in good morals."

My dear friend, this little operation gone through with on Sunday, would give you self-respect, help you to keep your head above water, and bring you into sympathy with the best society of the world possessors.

—Dr. Holland.

To Prevent a Place from Throwing.

If you wish to keep a town or city from throwing, don't put up any more buildings than you can conveniently occupy yourself. If you should build any more, you would be dwelling and any one wants to throw, ask him about three times the actual value of it. Demand a Shylock price for every spot of ground God have given you steadily. If you have a cold shoulder to every mechanic or business man seeking a home among you. Look at every new comer with a scowl.

Run down the work of every new workman. Go abroad for wages, rather than trade with those who seek to do business in our midst. Wrap yourselves up within yourselves with a coat of imperiousness. There is no more effectual way to retard the growth of a town than to cover the purpose of the Orientals, and there are people in every town who are pursuing the above course every day of their lives, and to whom the above remarks are respectfully offered for their careful attention.

A Funny Bird.

A recent traveler in Australia thus describes the performance of a tame cockatoo, known by its pet name of "the Doctor":

"It pretends to have a violent toothache, and nurses its beak in its claw, rocking itself backward and forward as if in the greatest agony, and in answer to all the remedies which were proposed, croaking out, 'Oh, it aches a dilly of good' and, finally, sitting up to the edge of its perch, and saying, in a hoarse but confidential whisper: 'Give us a drop of whisky, do.' It would also pretend to sew, holding a little piece of cloth in its beak, and which rested on the perch and going through the motions with the other, getting into difficulties with the thread, and finally setting up a loud song in praise of sewing machines as if it were an advertisement. The 'Doctor's' best performance is when he imitates a hawk. He reserves this fine piece of acting until his mistress is feeding her poultry; then, when all the hens and chickens, turkeys, and pigeons, are in the quiet enjoyment of their breakfast or supper, the peculiar shrill cry of a hawk is heard overhead, and the 'Doctor' is seen circling in the air, uttering a scream occasionally. The hawk never finds out that it is a hawk, but runs to the shelter, cackling in the greatest alarm—hens cackling loudly for their chicks, turkeys cackling under the bushes, the pigeons taking refuge in the clover. As soon as the ground is clear, the cocky changes his wild note for peals of laughter from a high tree, and, finally, alighting on the top of a hencoop filled with trembling chickens, remarks in a suffocated voice, 'You'll be the death of me!'

CLIPPING.

A barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance.

When a draft passes through the bank, does it give the clerks cold?

What is society, after all, but a mixture of mysteries and miseries?

A pretty female artist can draw the men equally with a brush and a bluish.

Why is kissing a girl like eating soup with a fork? Because you can't get enough.

"Are you fond of tongue sir?" I was always fond of tongue, ma'am, and I like it still!"

"No verbal contracts good with out a stamp," is the fiat of a rural New York magistrate.

A young man who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a gal-vanic battery.

An exchange wants to know if, when young women blush and weep, they can be said to raise a hue and cry.

The song of the repentent husband after knocking his wife down—Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear!

A young Neapolitan Princess, whose bright toilet is just completed, has sixteen lace dresses, finest quality.

"I believe in going to the bottom of things," as the schoolmaster said when she laid a refractory pupil over her knee.

A little girl of eight or ten summers being asked what dust was, replied "that it was mud with the juice squeezed out."

"Bob, how is your sweet-heart getting along?"

"Pretty well, she says I need not call any more."

A man who has a wife or sweetheart named Liza is not to be believed in anything for he's always telling Liza about everything.

An affected singer at a Dublin theater was told by a wag in the gallery to "come out from behind his nose and sing his song like other people."

"I don't believe in fighting; tho' I am solemnly against getting licked. After a fit is once opened, all the virtue there is in it is to lick the other party."

"I hope this hand is not counterfeited," said a lover as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the most reply.

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says, "what is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epithets at him."

"Pomp, what am I de jury of inked-up 'Diva' once they nigger a jury of inked-up a lot of fellows wot sots down on a dead man to find out whether he ain't dead for sartin or only playin' possum."

A young man courting a young woman was interrogated by her father as to his occupation. "I am a vengeful hangar upon a large scale," he replied. He married the girl, and turned out to be a bill sticker.

An excellent old deacon, who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severely orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the fowl, that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

Cesar! go catch my big horse there!" "Yes, sir. What you call he name sir?" "Olympus. Don't you know what the poet says about 'high Olympus'?" "I don't know about Hio; but he limps nut—dat for sartin."

A good natured traveler fell asleep in a train a short time ago, and was carried a few miles beyond his destination. "A pretty good joke, this ain't it?" said to a fellow passenger. "Yes, a little too far fetched," was the rejoinder.

One of the Russian singers at Pittsburgh, the other day, thought he had got far enough along in English to call for food at the table, and accordingly asked the lady at his side to pass him "some kase." She blushed, and he repeated the unfortunate appendix. "The same you gave me this morning." She arose from her seat with indignation, the boarders glanced on the wretch who would thus flaunt his crime, while he barely retained strength enough to get up and reach the desired viand. It was cheese.

A few days since, says the Springfield Republican, an artist of a New York illustrated paper, visited New Adams to make a sketch of the coolie shakers. He went through the establishment and made a drawing of the various workrooms, and afterwards at the dinner hour he undertook to sketch the Orientals, who were partaking of their noon day meal. While absorbed in this, unknown to himself, he was handsomely caricatured by one of the artistic China-men, who, by some means, had discovered the purpose of the artist's strange visit. The sketch was very clever, and disclosed the fact that the new bootmakers are possessed of accomplishments not before suspected.

with those who, higher in the social scale, still serve me; for all mankind are, after all, servants in some sense. I always submit my pulse gratefully to my physician, fearful lest my case be too unimportant for so august a personage; wonder what I should do if I had to consult a lawyer; and in church I sometimes feel so crestfallen and ashamed, that I can scarcely restrain my tears. I like the Lord Chamberlain in suppressed greatness and noiseless sublimity. I would, during the service, ask him to step up to the pulpit and tell Dr. Blot that if my particular case of stiffness aggravated him, I would willingly go up and go home.

Every shopman is a formidable creature in my eyes. When at Stuart's I never can throw off the impression that the clerk who is waiting upon me owns the entire establishment. But all this is nothing to the appalling influence of fashionable milliners and dressmakers. Only the thought of the lilies of the field can sustain me when in their presence.

What wonder, then, that I dreamed of this particular Monday? It came all the same, however, and when, just before breakfast, the door-bell rang, Ann, who answered the summons of a grander, lighter-hearted young woman than her mistress who stood in an upper room bracing herself to meet the coming presence.

In a moment Ann came up, saying, mysteriously: "She's downstairs, and she's waiting for you to have breakfast. My! but she's the queerest looking old creature, though!"

"Show her up, Ann."

She entered—a quiet looking mild old woman of seventy!

I had not expected that. Fancy had conjured a drowsy, fussy young person, with a manner as quick and snipping as her scissors, and a roll of fashion-plates in her hand—some body with an iron will, who knew the exact size that a lady's waist ought to be—lungs or no lungs.

But the quiet, sober old body, clad in dingy black—how could I ask her to make up my finery?

"Good morning!" Is Mrs. Bond?" I asked, half hoping that it was not she.

"Believe it is," she answered, with a pleasant smile, taking off her shawl and bonnet as she spoke, and addressing her spectacles carefully, so as not to tear any white cap.

"Shall I sit here, ma'am?"

"Oh! yes, certainly," and, somehow before I knew it, the old lady was sitting up on a chair, and I was up stairs again (after having taken a long look at the old lady's face, her running up the breaths of a skirt, everything just as easy and natural as possible).

Yes, she *was* slow, but I think it was because she took so much interest in her work; that she never lingered over it. It was wonderful to see how she would turn a refractory bit of goods this way and that, until at last, it would fit in exactly where it was needed; wonderful to see her stitch, in such a steady, resist way, all the time, with that placid expression on her face, her wrinkled little mouth pursed up, and her gray eyebrows arching mild over her spectacles!

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, without looking up from her work, she said: "Mrs. D., would it be asking to much if I wanted a cup of tea at lunch-time? It keeps me awake for the afternoon, and I can do better justice to the work."

"Awake for the afternoon? Poor old soul!"

"Certainly! not at all!" I exclaimed, in a startled way. "We always have tea at luncheon; but, whether or not, you shall have it, and welcome. Why not lie down a while, though? Please do. Rest yourself now, on that lounge."

"Oh! no, no indeed! thank you; and she laughed—a quiet, sober little laugh, with a tear in it. "The tea'll keep me up now, ma'am," she added, cheerfully; "if you'll please get ready to try on, I'll be through in a minute."

She staid with me for three days, working slowly and steadily all the time, kept awake by the tea, and resolving, as I was, my creature, that she should take an occasional nap. One particularly puzzled me. On several occasions, when, after a brief absence, I entered the room, I saw her quietly slip something into the pocket of her basket, which sat on the floor beside her, and resume her work as I approached. Though she, she sewed as steadily as though she were moved by machinery.

But if Ann and Kitty aware spoiled-gone creatures with their own much more patient, silver-haired old lady. I could scarcely bear to see her working for me, and it was only the planning various trifling benefits for her that I could feel in a way reconciled to it. She was old, poor soul and yet she so firmly thrust away the infirmities of age, as if saying constantly to herself: "That's right—back, keep straight eyes; keep strong fingers; keep a level head; for I have this dress to make."

At 11 o'clock, for me to come upon her, I thought, a real heart-rending sorrow, she could not be like this. For it so happened that I had one important ally, were youth and strength. But I did not understand her yet.

On the third day—I hardly can say how it came about—she told me the story of her life, or rather it seemed to slip from her as the work slipped through her fingers—and I kept a life it was! Trial upon trial, sorrow upon sorrow; prosperity at first, then misfortune and poverty then twelve years of married life, and three of four little graves; sickness; the poor man's death; widowhood, a helpless invalid; then widowhood, with four children to support and educate next, one of the children a hopeless cripple—labor, ceaseless labor, then sorrow and trouble and heart-breaking misfortune, then her two daughters, widowed and in delicate health, and with several young children, all upon her hands, she their only ark and refuge! If young and only son, she had bravely recoiled to it. She all. He had finally joined the Union army without a word of opposition from her. At that very moment he might be lying wounded on the battlefield or his bones might be gathered in some nameless grave, for

with those who, higher in the social scale, still serve me; for all mankind are, after all, servants in some sense. I always submit my pulse gratefully to my physician, fearful lest my case be too unimportant for so august a personage; wonder what I should do if I had to consult a lawyer; and in church I sometimes feel so crestfallen and ashamed, that I can scarcely restrain my tears. I like the Lord Chamberlain in suppressed greatness and noiseless sublimity. I would, during the service, ask him to step up to the pulpit and tell Dr. Blot that if my particular case of stiffness aggravated him, I would willingly go up and go home.

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