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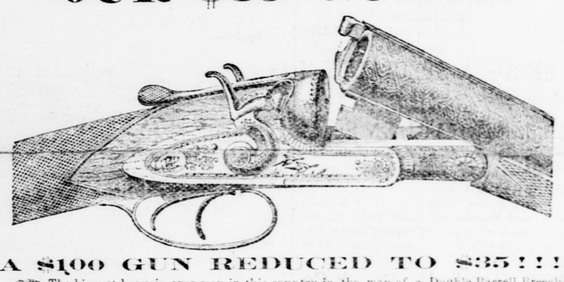

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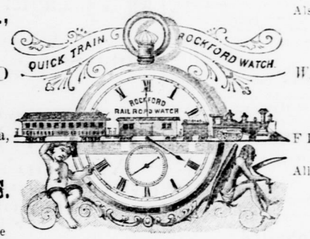

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Original Poetry.

[Written for the TIMES.]

HYMEUS ST. FXAVERII.

BY LOSTOW.

O Deus, Ego amo te,
Nec amo te, ut salvus me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Aeternas punis igne.
Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me,
Amplexus es in cruce.

Tulisti claves lancam,
Mutampie ignominiam,
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem, et hoc propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore!
Cur igitur non amen te,
O Jesu amantissime?

Non ut in coelo salvus me,
Aut te adorem domines me,
Nec praemii ullius spe,
Sed sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te,
Solum quia Rex meus es
Et solum quia tu Deus es!

TRANSLATION

O God! to thee my heart's best love I give,
Nor do I love—eternally to live,
Or knowing that those who love not thy name,
Thou dost condemn to the eternal flame!
Thou, thou my God, hast me entwined entire,
When on the cross thou suffering didst expire.

The piercing of the nails—the cruel spear,
And manifold disgrace thou didst not fear;
And direst griefs and anguished sweat of blood
For me were borne, on the blood stained cross of wood;
And death alone thy love could satisfy,—
For me a sinner thou didst deign to die!
Shall I not therefore give to thee my love,
For thee my God, my fond affection prove?

Not that in bliss I may abide in heaven
Nor lest my soul to endless pains be given;
Not with the hope of any fixed reward
I dare to love thee, Mercy's chosen Lord!
But in the way that time has shown thy love,
So would I willing my devotion prove!
Simply because thou reignest in heaven *King*,
And art *my God*—to thee my love I bring.

A Select Story.

THE CURATE'S COAT.

When the Rev. Arthur Leslie, entered on the curacy of Bransley, that prettiest of villages was much exercised in its mind as to which extreme his "views" might tend.

And it fo d Mr. Leslie had no views at all beyond doing his appointed work in a most simple, earnest and quiet fashion, as a man who could never work hard enough.

Socially, the curate was not, at first generally popular. He had a manner almost shy and repellant, and seemed to have little to say.

The great man of Bransley was the 'squire Mr. Meldon, of the Grange. His estate was a moderate one of sly but rich soil and splendid timber.

Miss Meldon was a handsome girl, with violet eyes, luxuriant golden hair, a sunny temper, and a passionate fondness for outdoor exercise.

She certainly had a dislike for those of her sex who cluster around curates, and she was too candid to pretend an interest in many schemes propounded under their auspices. Once or twice she had met Arthur Lester at her father's table, and the superb young beauty had dismissed him from her mind after noting that he seemed a shy, awkward man, plain in features, but with stongly-expressive dark eyes. He, on his part, had taken little notice of the girl, except once to glance somewhat critically at her as he heard her pronounce some of her eccentric theories to Gerald Warley, her cousin and fiance a handsome, insouciant and slightly supercilious man, who held a sinecure government post which gave him a good income and unlimitted time for London society and rural recreation, chief of which was hunting a point of similarity between them which had much to do in making Flora promise to link her fu ure with his.

Flora was very fond of her cousin: he had many graceful and manly accomplishments, and a good deal of fascination in his manner; and he on his part loved his pretty cousin—next to himself. Their engagement met with universal family approval.

The curate, glancing at the pair on the occasion mentioned, was struck by the thought that dowered as both were with nature's gifts, the woman was indefinitely the nobler of the two, with all her imperfections.

"Though," he murmered to himself, walking homeward; "she by no means is what a helpmate should be, as far as I can judge, but what have I to do with such speculations?" he continued half sadly.

Yet, nevertheless, it was no less sad than true that the Rev. Arthur Leslie began to find the vision of that beautiful mobile face continually coming before his mind at odd seasons. He sternly reprobated himself and immersed himself more than ever with all his devotion and gentle zeal in his daily work, and by the strength of his trained will succeeded, in a great measure, in banishing the fancies in which Flora Meldon played so important a part; but the truth was the poor curate was under the restless spell which dominates humanity's strength. He was in love.

He was shocked when this fact was forced upon his mind.

"In love," he groaned at night when sitting up in the small hours in his humble lodgings at Mrs. Tibbs, the widow, who adored him for his manifold kindness, he wrestled with his aching heart.

"In love with another man's betrothed! And, as if that were not bad enough, with a brilliant beauty who is a gilded princess in her own sphere, and has no notion I suppose, that the ugly, shabby curate could venture to think twice of her. Oh, shame, shame! Well, it must be hidden and fought down forever. My work! that ought to fill my soul and heart," and his stern face was set into marble calm.

So, never one of those around him guessing his secret, Leslie went about his duties assiduously as of yore, unconscious as ever of his self abnigation and true humility. No difference was seen in his manner save that, on one pretext or another, he refused all invitations to the 'squire's much to the latter's discontent, for the curate's love and knowledge of botany and other entiralling things were as great as his own.

Flora hardly noticed his absence. If there was any man whom she really admired it was her handsome, traveled accomplished cousin. Content in his society she bestowed no thought on any one else.

It chanced one day that the pair cantering up a green lane—Flora dashing and radiant Gerald bronzed and bearded, matching his bay hunter in thoroughbred aspect—met the curate walking in the midst of a throng of happy boys with whom he had been playing cricket. His eyes darkened with irrepressible pain and a shadow swept over his face as he raised his hat. Flora Meldon saw the look, momentary as it was, and pitied the curate as having some secret sorrow, but not being so conscious of her own charms as some of her compeers, who hated her "fast ways" as they called her love of horses and dogs, she did not attribute the look to the right cause. But it haunted her memory.

Mrs. Tibbs entered with the curate's frugal supper. She cast a sympathetic glance at the weary face as he stood at the window, looking into the summer twilight.

"Mr. Dalton, sir, called and told me to remind you of the meeting tomorrow night."

Leslie remembered. Yes, it was a parish meeting, yearly held, at which he was to preside and which was well attended.

"I 'spose sir," Mrs. Tibbs continued, hesitating and looking at the rusty old coat, "I'd better send your best coat down to Thacket in the morning to repair; the sleeve's ripped where you caught it getting honeysuckles for May—willful little thing."

"My coat sleeve," said Leslie, coming with a start out of his sad reverie. "Yes, certainly, Mrs. Tibbs. You can take away the tray; I am not hungry, and I am rather tired."

"Dear heart, sir, but you don't eat near half enough, and no wonder if you are tired, seeing all you do," murmured the sympathizing Mrs. Tibb, as she reluctantly removed the tray.

"I don't do half enough," said the curate when alone. "If I did more perhaps, I should eradicate this wicked folly. I wonder," he added abruptly, "if he really knows the splendid qualities hidden in her being. But, *mea maxima culpa!*" and he resolutely turned to his examination papers, writing on till long after the church clock chimed midnight.

The morning came with a cool breeze rustling through the myriad old fashioned village flowers. The curate, after a broken night, had an apology for a broken breakfast—he always was careless about food—and went off. Mrs. Tibb cleared the table, signing over her lodger's small appetite, and Jimmy, her eldest hope, was sent with the best coat to Thacket the tailor, who, as not unusual, had gone off with some boon companions for the day, and would not be fit to return to pull his own coat off, much less to mend any one else's.

Mrs. Tibb sat down and lamented; there was the meeting in the evening; with the numerous critical and foreign (to Bransley) attendants, and it was an absolute necessity for the credit of the cloth and parish that the clergyman should have a decent coat on. She couldn't mend it. She was "allers a botcher." Mrs. Tibb felt distressed, and was contemplating the coat dispairingly, when a silvery voice called her, and starting up she saw the squire's beautiful daughter holding a little basket.

"Here, Mrs. Tibb," said she, "are the eggs I promised you from my Hapsburgs. Put them under your Dorking hen and you'll have a blood which will lay the year round, and then poor Mr. Leslie—I know he's out, for I saw him cross the meadows—can have new laid eggs every morning."

Mrs. Tibb was profuse with thanks, bemoaned the curates scant appetite, told Miss Meldon two or three instances of his simple heroism and unpretending charity, which made the young lady look at her with serious eyes, as one hearing unsuspected truths, and then explained her present perplexity about the coat.

"I will help you, Mrs. Tibb," smiled Flora; "though people don't know it, I can draw fine and repair wonderfully. Give me the coat," and the young lady seating herself in Mrs. Tibb's old fashioned arm chair, made a charming picture as she deftly repaired the damaged sleeve, Mrs. Tibb standing by in open mouthed wonder.

"There," said Flora, as she gave it back. "I'm proud of my work. Mind you don't tell who did it," she added, with a faint blush; and Mrs. Tibb vowed she wouldn't as she courtesied the young lady out of the pretty cottage.

Of course she did within half an hour, and to the very last man she should have done so. Gerald Warley, coming in with botanical specimens which the squire asked him to leave, found Mrs. Tibb in ecstacies over the curate's coat, and she, thinking Flora's praises could not be too loudly sounded, told her visitor.

His face was immobile while in her presence, but as he went down the garden to the road he frowned savagely. To his shallow and conventional nature this act of Flora's was a dire offence—"setting all the fools tongues to wagging," he said, viciously cutting at the ledges with his stick, and then turning a corner, he came on his fiancee, and notwithstanding her charming completeness, told her his mind in a tone and manner quite new to the high spirited girl, who at first opened ker eyes in quiet astonishment, and then resenting the authoritative manner, and seeing with a clearness of perception inherent in her how artificial was the nature she had deemed so genuine, retorted proudly on him, and at last, taking off her ring, gave it to him at the same time cancelling their engagement.

Mr. Warley lost his usual composure and raved. Ultimately this struck him as ridiculous in a public road, and he sulkily followed Flora to the house, where she had told everything to her father, who of course, yielded to his petted daughter, sympathized with his nephew, but agreed that the best thing that he could do was to return to London, which he did. Flora unseen saw him go, and thought of—the coat.

Meanwhile the curate had returned and heard the story from Mrs. Tibb. His color changed, and he stood looking at the rent which Flora's deft fingers had repaired as if he could read a story there. Suddenly he threw the coat down with a murmer of self reproach and tried to forget it. But it was a hard task, and the meeting that night had a very inefficient chairman, much to the village astonishment and their rival neighbor's secret exultation.

But the summer days went on, and Arthur Leslie went about his parish the same kind and tender pastor, gentle, strong, and clear of judgement. But the strain told on him. Now and then, with a joy he could not hide guilty as he felt it, he saw the beautiful girl he was doomed to madly love. The ecstacy of seeing her and hearing her voice only aggravated to so stern a judge as himself his wrong. Departure was the only remedy. With wrenching pain this he resolved on, and told the squire, not giving his reasons.

The next day he saw Flora in the village, and each flushed crimson on seeing the other. Then the girl, like all her sex, growing composed first, asked him why, as all were sorry to hear, he was going to resign his curacy.

"I will tell you," he said very pale. "Such wrong deserves plain speaking. I have been mad enough to love you, you engaged to another man."

There was a silence. At last looking up, Leslie saw her face suffused by a charming blush, and a shy, happy light in her eyes.

"But I'm not engaged," she murmered very low.

The sagacious reader can guess the explanations and arrangements which followed, and that the curate—soon a rector—ever had an affection for that happy coat.

Select Miscellany.

In Regard to Editors.

Every editor loves to have his friends, and particularly his readers, call on him. They belong to the same family, as it were. But when you call to see the editor don't stay too long. Editors are generally very busy in business hours. If you have any suggestions to make or news to communicate, state it in as few words as possible. Don't offer any excuses or indulge in a long preface to what you have to say. Blurt it right out; tell the editor you wish him well, and bid him good-day. Editors dote on such men as that; they love to receive calls from them. Don't argue with them; don't try to do it; he has not time for argument while at his work. When you write to an editor for publication make it short—boil it down. Pitch right into the middle of your subject and be sure to stop writting when you are through. Editors always like something fresh and original in the way of communications, and are especially fond of news. But the editor must always be the judge of what is worthy of publication. Of course every writer thinks his own production the best, just as every mother thinks of her own baby the prettiest that ever was born. But the editor may be so stupid as to have a different opinion. If so, it can't be helped. Don't try to argue him out of his notion. If he is too stupid to appreciate a good thing, you can't expect to remedy his dullness. You may think your are a good deal smarter than the editor, and that may be true, but the editor may be responsible and you are not. There is no class of people so covetuous of the good opinion of others. It is well to remember that fact.—*Printers' Circular.*

AN INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

A Night on a Veranda at Coney Island—How to Bait a Trap for Thieves.

It was one o'clock on Friday morning. I sat on the almost deserted piazza of one of the big hotels at Coney Island. The day had been insufferably hot, and a fairly cool breeze had set in. Turning to the bartender I remarked that I felt like dropping asleep in my chair, and remaining in the open air all night. He laughed. "You'd be cleaned out in a half an hour," he said. "Your watch and chain would be on a Chatham street shelf before noon to-morrow. I don't know where all the thieves come from, but let a man go to sleep in a seat after dark anywhere on Coney Island, and a thief will apparently rise right out of the sand and go through him."

One word brought on another, and the bartender finally proposed to fish for thieves. We padded his Sunday suit, put out the most of the lights and placed it on a chair. An immense brass curb fell in a yellow festoom from a pocket of the waistcoat. At a distance the image looked like a hearty old gentleman indulging in a cat-nap before turning in for the night. We could see through an open window and awaited developments.

Ten minutes passed. I was becoming impatient, when my comrade pointed his finger over the flooring of the veranda. I saw a head cautiously raised above the edge of the stoop near a pillar. After a moment's observation it sank from our line of vision, and I heard receding foot-steps. Next we heard a man mounting the stairs at the further end of the portico. He was a tall, spare fellow. He came down the stretch of boards like one in deep meditation, and walked past our window, after casting a keen glance at his victim. Then he turned slowly and retracted his meditative steps, taking a closer view of the prey. On the next lap he laid his hand on the back of the chair and shook it very lightly. "Say, Colonel," he said, in a voice just loud enough to test the soundness of the nap, "hadn't you better be getting inside? You'll catch cold out here."

His hand slid gently down toward the glittering chain. At this moment more footsteps were heard on the piazza. Prowler No. 2 appeared. The first comer assumed an air of companionship with the sleeper. He soon drew up a chair and took a position at his side. Prowler No. 2 hummed an air from The Mascotte and made several laps, closely observing the couple as he passed them. At last, however, he disappeared at the extreme end of the porch. The original speculator hesitated a second, and again extended his hand toward the chain. We alarmed him by a tap on the window. He was off in a jiffy. Without looking around he sprang across the piazza, dropped to the ground and disappeared.

After displaying anew the attractiveness of our bait we again ensconced ourselves at the side of the window. Prowler No 2 reappeared. He glanced suspiciously at the form of the sleeper, saw the watch-chain, and seemed surprised at the absence of the tall man. He mused within himself some time. The shining lure acted like a charm. Gaining confidence, he approached the quarry. "Say Judge," he ventured as a feeler, "you'll be robbed if you don't go inside." The Judge made no response. Prowler No 2 slipped behind his chair, and, reaching down over his shoulder, gently detached the chain from the buttonhole. He was tugging at the supposed watch when the bartender yelled at him. He shot into the darkness like a bullet, leaving the chain dangling loosely from the pocket.

We again doctored the image. Scarcely were we out of sight when a reconnoitering party, consisting of a man and a boy, appeared. They made a concerted effort to clean out the slumberer by approaching him simultaneously from opposite directions. The attempt, however, was checkmated by a persistent thumping on the window.

By this time the bartender thought that I had received an instructive lesson. He said that the fun might be kept up till daylight, but it would become too monotonous. While we were talking about taking in the fingure a tall, lank man, evidently the original speculator, rushed across the platform and made a dash for the chain. He yanked at it with such a force that the jerked the sleeper from the chair. For an instant he seemed dazed by the catastrophe. Then, recovering himself, he swept the effigy up in his arms and ran over the sand like a deer. Before the bartender had recovered from his surprise he was out of sight. A long chase followed. The bartender returned, panting and streaming with perspiration.

"Well, by thunder," he exclaimed, "that fellow got his work in well. He didn't quit loser. That suit of togs cost me $40. It wasn't a paying circus. I'm blowed if it was. If this thing goes on and we stay on the island all the summer, we'll have to sleep in the safe."

Kept Alive by Eggs.

The late Edward John Trelawney, in 1823, when fighting with Lord Byron for the Greeks in the struggle for independence, was dangerouslp wounded. For twenty days he persisted in remaining in the same place and in the same posture, sitting and leaning against a rock, determined to leave everything to nature. In his "Records of Shelley, Byron and the Author," he says: "I did not change or remove any portion of my dress, nor use any extra covering. I would not be bandaged, plastered, poulticed, or even washed; nor would I allow anybody to look at my wound. I was kept alive by yolks of eggs and water." He was reduced during the process from 182 pounds to 144, but his recovery when once begun was rapid and complete.

"In these days of practicality," asks an exchange, "wouldn't it be well for fair managers to offer a prize for the best tidy made by the cook, and for the best bread made by the fashionable belle?" It might be; but I would rather eat the tidy made by the cook than the bread made by the fashionable belle.

Mr. Spoopendyke is Ill.

HE EXPRESSES HIS OPINION OF THE DOCTOR.

"How long is it since I've been out of this measly old barracks?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, turning painfully in his bed, and gazing in a vague, half dazed gay toward a long line of antidotes on the mantel.

"About two weeks, dear," said Mrs. Spospendyke, coming towards him with a bowl of gruel and smiling pleasantly. "The doctor says you are not likely to have another attack if you keep very quiet and follow his instructions."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, making a vain effort to sit up, and falling back with a groan. "He says I won't have another attack. Now, what do suppose that dod gasted, bald pated pill roller knows about my case any way. Perhaps you think he could make an Egyptain mummy dance a highland fling, and put life into a cigar sign. All he needs is three bulletins a day and unlimited chain to become one of the leading physicians of the country; I suppose if I take all that stuff up there I shall be born again, and see that next Centennial. What does that bone sawing blistering old ape know about the future any way? How can he tell whether I'll have another attack or not? Perhaps he will tell you the name of you next husband, and the color of his hair, for 50 cents. Perhaps he is a dod gasted Spiritualist. What's that?"

"Gruel," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Gruel, always gruel," said Mr. Spoopendyke, turning his face to the wall. "Do you imagine I'm a Sheltering Arms and St. John's Guild excursion thrown into one? Why don't you tie a bib around my neck, get me a rubber to chew on and put a rattle in my hand?"

"But the doctor says you must not eat solid food just at pres—."

"Oh, I am not to eat solid food," said Mr. Spoopendyke kicking viciously at the footboard. "A diet of connon balls and scrap iron won't agree with me. It won't do for me to attempt digesting street rails and bridge girders. He thinks they wouldn't agree with me, does he? The measly, old rattle brained powder mixer. Here give me that stuff," and Mr. Spoopendyke knocked the bowl out of his wife's hands, spilling the contents over the bed clothes. "There, now, I suppose you are satisfied," he said, squirming over toward the wall, and digging his face in the pillow, while Mrs. Spoopendyke gathered up the pieces and said it was so fortunate the bowl was only earthenware.

Too Poor to Take a Paper.

Moore of the "Rural New Yorker," was sitting in his office one afternoon when a farmer friend of his came in.

"Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but the times are so hard I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? "I'm very sorry to learn that you are so hard run. I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let me see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe?

"Yes, a few; but they don't bring anything hardly."

"Don't they! Neither does my payer cost anything hardly. Now, I have a proposition to make you. I will contnue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or in chickens, and I will call it square."

"All right, Brother Moore," and the farmer chuckled as he went at what he thought a clever bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke on himself, and says that he has never had the cheek to say that he was to poor to take a paper since.

VARIETIES.

It is supposed that pockets are ripe all the year round, as those who follow the business of picking them make no distinction in seasons.

If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck, he cannot hurt you, says a Western paper. To be perfectly safe, it would be well to let the hired man to do the grasping.

"You don't know how it pains me to punish you," said the teacher. I guess there's the most pain at the end of the stick," replied the boy feelingly, "At any rate, I'd be willing to swap."

"You must feel lonely since your husband went away," consolingly observed a neighbor to her lady friend. "Not at all," she replied, "It's the first holiday I've had since I was a school girl."

"It's a long way from this world to the next," said a dying man to a friend who stood at the bedside. "Oh, never mind it, my dear fellow," answered the friend, consolingly, "you'll have it all down hill."

A gentleman who had grown tired of a suit of clothes said to his valet, "John, I have a great mind to give you this suit of clothes. Suppose yon try it on and see if it will fit?" John replied in language not propitious to the farther exhibition of generous impulses, "I am sure it will fit me, sir, for I tried it on the other night, and wore it to the circus."

This is the latest Western form of saying a man was hanged: "He was unanimously chosen by a convention of six property-holders to jump from a new pine platform into the sweet subsequently."