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JOHN H. EMERSON.

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Poetry.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

How goes the money? Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;
It goes for rent and water rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps and carpets, hoops and hose—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats, and capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Sure,
I wish the many ways were fewer;
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paints, *pomate* and *sue-de-rose*—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Now
I've scarce begun the mention how;
It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls, and other baby things,
Whips, whistles, handies, bells and bows!
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Come
I know it did not go for rum;
It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity sometimes,
For missions and such things as those—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? There,
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays and diamond pins,
For public alms and private sins,
For hollow shams and silly shows—
And that's the way the money goes!

"CHARGE IT:"
A Story with a Moral.

BY EXPERIENCE.

"That is all, this afternoon, I think,' said young Mrs. Gray, looking over the bundles in her market-basket, as she stood before the counter of the village store.—'Let me see—sugar, coffee, tea, starch, soda cream of tartar, raisins, spices, and a can of fresh lobsters. The two bags of flour you will send, I suppose?'

'Yes, m,' said the shopman, after a second's hesitation, which Mrs. Gray did not notice.

'I would like them by seven in the evening, if convenient.'

The clerk bowed.

Mrs. Gray lifted her basket from the counter.

'As for these things,' said she, with a merry laugh, to which the clerk did not respond, even by a smile, 'I am not such a fine lady that I cannot carry them home myself. You will charge them, if you please. Good afternoon.'

'Good afternoon, ma'am,' replied the clerk.

He was a tall, middle-aged, somewhat stiff-mannered man. Something seemed to be on his mind, which he knew not how to express.

And before Mrs. Gray had crossed the threshold of of the store, he had passed down to the desk at the lower end of the building, and laid a memorandum of the things just sold to her before his master, who sat there, pouring over a great account book.

'Mrs. Gray, sir,' said the clerk, 'you told me to let you know about her next order, sir. There it is. She said 'charge it,' as usual, and I didn't know what to do, as you gave no directions.'

The merchant looked over the order with a slight frown. Then he turned over a few leaves in the account-book before him, and glanced down the two opposite pages at which he paused.

'Make out her bill, and send it in this evening, with compliments, and request a speedy settlement,' said he. 'Say that I have heavy bills to meet next week, and would feel obliged by the immediate receipt of the money.'

'There are two bags of flour also ordered sir. One of Graham—one of superfine.—Shall I send those down to-day?'

'Were they ordered for to-day?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then send them, and the bill with them. Or, stay, Mr. Richards, let the porter take the flour at once, and do you deliver the bill this evening when you go home to supper. Perhaps she may be able to pay it at once. If so, you can receipt the bill.'

The middle-aged clerk went back to his place, not much relishing the task that lay before him. To draw off the bill was nothing—to present it was much, since, as he fully believed, pretty Mrs. Gray would not have the money on hand with which to pay it.

'And then she will look scared and grieved, for I don't think she has any idea how those things are mounting up here, day by day,' thought the clerk. 'And I know she has not much to depend upon, except her house and garden; and that pension money that came to her after her husband's death. To be sure, she is rather extravagant, but then she is very pretty, and she likes to look nice—and she does look nice, too, in the things she buys of us! I felt sorry all the time she was filling that basket to-day—thought it wasn't my place to say anything. And I wish the governor would send some other clerk on this errand—that I do. However, it must be done! I fancy I see his face, if I should ask to be excused from dunning poor little Mrs. Gray, because I felt sorry for her, as a soldier's widow, and because she is the prettiest woman in town. I should get my walking papers to a certainty, and do her no good either, poor soul!'

Meanwhile, Mrs. Gray, utterly unaware of the storm-cloud gathering in her sky, tripped out of the store, and was joined, before she descended the steps, by her cousin, Miss Roxy Sanderson, a tall, gaunt and singularly plain spinster of five and fifty, who had been buying a skein of linen thread at the other counter; and who therefore had been a witness of this little scene.

Greeting each other after a friendly fashion, the two ladies walked down the street toward Mrs. Gray's cottage, which stood in a pretty garden at the extreme end of the village.

When they reached the house, the charming little widow asked her cousin to go in and take a cup of tea with her.

'I will,' said Miss Roxy, solemnly. 'The fact is, Ellen, I want to say something special to you, and this is as good a time as any.'

'Come in, then, and get it off of your mind,' said Mrs. Gray, laughing. 'But let me get the tea on the table first—there's a good soul.'

A brisk little fire burned in the grate of the cottage kitchen, which was one of the neatest, brightest, cosiest places one could wish to see.

The tea table was ready in a moment, the tea was steeped, the cold bread, cold ham, fresh butter and cranberry preserves were quickly in their place. Then the widow placed a plate of rich-looking cake on one side of the table, and opening the can which she had brought from the store, she filled a glass dish with the preserved lobster, and set it down opposite the cake with a look of pleasant triumph in her deep blue eyes.

'There, Cousin Roxy!' she exclaimed.—'If you do not say that this is a nice supper, I shall never invite you here again.'

'Very nice, Ellen, very nice inded!' quoth the spinster, taking her appointed chair. 'If it was only all paid for,' she thought, eyeing the dainties with a serious face. 'But there—I know what I can do to help her, for once in a way, if she is in a fix.'

And so Miss Roxy ate and drank and praised the viands till the hospitable heart of the fair widow glowed within her with delight.

'It is so pleasant to have some little nice things like this, and then share it with a friend,' said she, as they left the tea table. 'I often wish I was rich, Cousin Roxy—I should like to entertain people all the time, and get nice meals ready for them to eat,'

Cousin Roxy was silent. She was wondering how without seeming ungracious after the welcome and treatment she had received, she could introduce the subject that was lying heavy at her heart. Just then the gate latch clicked. Mrs. Gray looked out.

'Why, here is Mr. Richards from the store!' she exclaimed. 'Surely he is not bringing that flour all the way himself.—But I don't see the porter. Do you, Cousin Roxy?'

Miss Sanderson shook her head.

'It is coming upon her now without one moment's warning,' she thought. 'I am glad I am here, for Ellen is no more fit to meet trouble alone than a baby six months old would be.'

'Good evening, Mrs. Gray,' said the voice at the open door, where the young widow was now standing. 'Mr. Morton requested me to hand you this bill, and say that, as the account has been running a long time, he would feel greatly obliged if you could settle it at once. He has some heavy bills of his own to meet next week, or he would not trouble you.'

'Oh it is no trouble at all, Mr. Richards,' said Mrs. Gray, flushing a little as she took the paper. 'If you will walk in, I have some money in the house, and I will pay it now.'

She ushered the middle-aged bachelor (who seemed strangely agitated and nervous) into the sitting-room, and opened the folded paper, to glance at the amount.

'Twenty dollars,' said she, quickly, 'I will get the bill for you.'

She had just that amount in her pocket-book. It was all that she had to depend upon till the next payment of her pension, and three months must elapse before that remittance would arrive.

Yet she would not seem to hesitate.—Since the merchant had asked for his money, he should have it at any inconvenience to herself. She turned to leave the room.

'I—I—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gray!' stammered Mr. Richards, turning very red. 'I think you read the figures wrongly at the foot of the column. It is not twenty dollars that is due, but two hundred.'

She glanced at the sum total again, the bright color fading from her cheeks and leaving an awful graveness and pallor in its stead.

Yes, there were the horrible figures staring her in the face.

Two hundred dollars! Had she been mad? Every penny of her pension money must be taken to satisfy this claim! And Mr. Morton wanted his money at once—this very evening, perhaps—and it was out of her power to give it to him for three long months to come. What would they do to her? Sell her house? Put her in jail?

'I have not so much money in the house' she began, looking up at the clerk with a wild and harrassed glance.

And then the ringing in her ears and the beating at her heart increased, the room turned black before her eyes, and the next thing she was conscious of was that she was supported in Mr. Richards' arms, with his anxious face looking down helplessly at her, while Cousin Roxy, scolding vigorously, was sprinkling her temples with camphor and directing him to lay her on the sofa as carefully as he could.

'And then go; don't let her see you when she comes clear to,' she heard the spinster say. 'And John Richards, do you keep a still tongue about this business, if you have the heart of a man.'

'I'll never breathe a word,' an earnest voice replied. 'But may I call late in the evening, just to see if she is better?'

'Come at nine, and I'll speak to you through the door, said Roxy, in a whisper. 'And as for your bill, I'll see that it is all right.'

'It isn't the bill—it's her replied the agitated voice.

And then the door closed, and Cousin Roxy took the slender little figure up in her strong arms and went back into the cosy kitchen, where, in the familiar glow and comfort of the fire, the scattered senses of the widow soon came back.

'Oh, Roxy, what shall I do?' she said, weeping, after she had related to her cousin the story of the bill. I had no idea I owed much over twenty dollars there.—Two hundred! Just fancy! Oh, how could I have been so foolish as to get things charged! If I once get out of this scrape, I'll never buy another thing in my life unless I have the money in my hand to pay for it.'

'Do you really mean that?' asked Miss Roxy, bending over the fire.

'Indeed I do. I never suffered like this in my life before, and if I starve, I'll do without things unless I can pay for them in future, rather than suffer like this again! What must Mr. Richards think of me?' she added, her color deepening. 'It seems to me as if I had been stealing. Perhaps he thinks just the same.'

'Humph!' said Miss Roxy, lifting her head and looking keenly at the blushing little beauty.

'Well, said she, after a pause, 'just let John Richards alone and listen to me. I've been feeling concerned about you for some time past, Ellen. I was afraid you were spending a great deal more than you knew about by getting things charged. I tried that way myself once. It was mighty pleasant and mighty easy to step into the store, and take anything I wanted, and put off the payment to a more convenient day. But, oh my! when the settlement came!'

She held up both hands and shuddered.

'What was it? What happened to you?' asked Mrs. Gray, deeply interested.

'Well, you see I wasn't pretty, to begin with,' said the spinster with a knowing glance 'And there was no one to say a good word for me, or to feel sorry if I was sold up on the spot. It was up in Massachusetts, and the store keeper was a crusty old fellow—more like Mr. Morton than John Richards, by a long way. Says he: 'What did you get the goods for if you had nothing to pay for them with? I have to make my living out of my store, says he; 'and I may pretty soon shut up shop, turn bankrupt, if I am to be kept waiting for the money like this,' says he. I thought I should have dropped, Ellen, I felt so small and so mean while he was abusing me.—And every word he said was right and true—that was the worst of all!'

'And what did you do, Roxy?'

'I did something that I have never got over from that day to this,' said the spinster, swallowing hard and wiping a tear away from her eyes. 'I had a diamond ring that my poor mother gave me on her death bed. I had to pawn it to pay that hateful debt. I tried my best to redeem it, but sickness and trouble of every kind came upon me that year. At last I saved the money and went after the ring. I went on the evening of the day that my pawn ticket expired. I forgot that I had borrowed the money in the forenoon of the other day. So the time was up—legally. They said the ring had been sold that very day to a stranger. I did not believe them. But what could I do? I went home crying all the way, and from that moment I have never bought anything unless I could pay the cash down for it. When I had not the money I went without. And that is why I came here to lecture you to-day, Ellen. I was afraid you were going on the same road, and I meant to stop you in time if I could.

'It is too late,' said Mrs. Gray, sadly.—'And I have no diamond ring to save me, Roxy.'

'You have me,' said Miss Roxy.

Mrs. Gray burst into tears.

'There child, there—don't you cry!' said the old maid, patting the bowed head kindly. 'I have some money in the bank and I'll lend you the two hundred if you'll give me your word and honor never to have anything charged again.'

'I never will,' said Mrs. Gray, kissing her gratefully. 'But Roxy, how am I to pay you back?'

'You can give me one hundred dollars out of your pension money this year, and let the rest lie at interest for another year if you like.'

'Oh, how good you are! Are you sure you can spare it?'

'Of course I can. But there is nine o'clock striking, and there is John Richards knocking at the front door. Will you go? or shall I?'

'Oh, let me go said the young widow, blushing again as she hastily arranged her hair before the glass and wiped the traces of tears from her eyes, 'I want to tell him that I can pay the money at once—thanks to you, you dear kind old soul!'

She went. Mr. Richards was again ushered into the sitting-room, and the door was closed. Miss Roxy sat musing over the fire, her head leaning on her clasped hands, and took no note of time. Suddenly the clock struck ten.

'Bless us and save us! Is that man going to stay all night?' exclaimed Miss Roxy, aloud.

A merry laugh answered her. Miss Roxy looked up, and nearly fell off her chair.

Before her stood Mr. John Rickards, his arms completely encircling the pretty widow's waist, and his face lit up with an expression that made him quite a handsome man.

'I'm coming soon, to stay always, I hope, Miss Roxy,' said he, as he shook hands with her. 'And you will find Mr. Richards as good and grateful a friend of yours as Mrs. Gray has been, he added with a meaning smile.

So the white cottage received a new master, and became once more a happy home. But the 'credit system' found no favor there. 'Cash on delivery,' was the order of the day, and Mrs. Richards never knew again the brief but awful feeling of shame and degredation that pretty Mrs. Grey endured through 'running up a bill.'

Drinking Water.

Dr. Hall is opposed to the immoderate drinking of water. He says: The longer one puts off drinking water in the morning, especially in the summer, the less he will require during the day; if much is drank during the forenoon the thirst often increases, and a very unpleasant fullness is observed in addition to a metallic taste in the mouth. The less a man drinks the better for him, beyond a moderate amount.—The more water a man drinks the more strength he has to expend in getting rid of it, for all the fluid taken into the system must be carried out, and as there is but little nourishment in water, tea, coffee, beer, and the like, more strength is expended in carrying them out of the system than they impart to it. The more he drinks the more he must perspire, either by the lungs or through the skin; the more he prespires the more carbon is taken from the system; but this carbon is necessary for nutrition, hence the less a man is nourishen the less strength he has.

Drinking water largely diminishes the strength in two ways, and yet many are under the impression that the more water swallowed the more thoroughly is the system "washed out." Thus, the less we drink at meals the better for us. If the amount were limited to a single cup of hot tea or hot milk and water at each meal, an immeasurable good would result to us all. Many persons have fallen into the habit of drinking several glasses of cold water, or several cups of hot tea or coffee at meals. All such will be greatly benefitted by breaking it up at once. It may be very well to drink a little at each meal, and, perhaps, it will be found that in all cases it is much better to take a single cup of hot tea at each meal than a glass of cold water, however pure.

Strong Drink.

I have heard the wail of children crying for bread, and their mother had none to give them. I have seen the babe pulling the breasts as dry as if the starved mother had been dead. I have known a father turn a step-daughter into the street at night, bidding the sobbing girl who bloomed into womanhood, seek her living there as others did. I have been over the foul pallet of a dying lad, to hear him whisper, and his father and mother, who were sitting half drunk by the fireside, had pulled the blankets off his body to sell them for drink. I have seen the children blanched like plants in a cellar—for weeks they never breathed a mouthful of fresh air for want of rags to cover the nakedness; and they lived in continual terror of drunken father or mother coming home to beat them. I do not recollect ever seeing a mother in these wretched dwellings handling her infant, or of hearing the little ones crow or laugh. These are some of drink's doings; but nobody can know the misery suffered amid these scenes of wretchedness, woe, want and sin.

BEAUTIFUL SAYING OF A DYING MAN.—The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death addressed his wife as follows: "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone; you will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of a Christian; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE following were a few of the maxims of that king of printers, Benjamin Franklin: Trade is the mother of money; be beforehand with your business; spend and be free, but make no waste; prayer and provender hinder no journey; credit is like a looking-glass, easily broken; he who looks not before, finds himself behind; keep thy office and thy office will keep thee; they can never thrive who spend their time in beer-houses, and in gaming-houses; God helps them who help themselves.

WHY is a lawyer like a restless man in bed? Because he first lies on one side and then on the other.

Drunk.

The word I have placed at the head of this article is now very frequently seen in our newspapers and police reports. It has but five letters, and yet to what varied and painful reflections does it give rise. It is a short word, and yet what awful consequences have followed in its train. In the papers we read: "John Jones arrested by the police. Drunk and disorderly. Fined ten dollars, or sent sixty days to the work house.'

Disorderly, sure enough. The whole man when drunk, becomes disordered from head to foot, and he walks, thinks and acts disorderly if he does at all. Now what is the cause of this disorder and disarrangement of things which takes a man from home, his business and his family, and shuts him up in lock-up all night and next morning carts him off to prison? What has come over this man that he should permit the police to lay violent hands upon his person and be compelled to submit to the most degrading punishment? What was it that took his liberty, his self-respect and his money needed by his family, and earned perhaps by the most severe physical labor.

We answer, it was ardent spirits that brought him so low and humbled him in the dust. He had drunk too much. No, I will not use this term, because it implies that a man may drink with moderation.—I will then say he had been drinking, was drunk, and therefore disorderly as a matter of course. He could not be orderly in such a state any more than water could be made to run up hill.

A large number of words are coined from the use of ardent spirits, drunk—drunkenness, degradation, dissipation, disorder, delirium; to say nothing of devilry damnation, and death. And just look at the words beginning with P. If you drink you have poverty, privation, palsy, and pain, as well as the prison and the poor-house staring you in the face. So, young man, if you wish to save your credit, and your character, don't drink. If you do you permit others to have power over your person or your purse; two things over which man should have the most absolute control.

In passing through life you will be many times invited to take a social glass, and perhaps in case of refusal attempts will be made to drag you to the bar; but I say resist If it breaks friendship, and tears the coat from your back. Let no man or woman tempt you to drink. The moment a man drinks, treats or is treated he ceases to be independent and responsible, and by these acts places himself in the power of others, and is on the road to ruin and death.

The Power of Truth.

In a history of Persia is related this beautiful and impressive story:

Abdool Kader, of Ghilam, had, when a child, a vision which impressed him with feeling that he must devote himself to God. So he went to his mother in the morning and told her about it.

"She wept,' he says, "when I informed her what I had seen. Then taking out eighty diners, she told me that, as I had a brother, half of that was all of my inheritance. She made me promise, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and then bade me farewell, exclaiming, "Go, my son; I trust thee to God; we shall not meet again until the day of judgement.'

"I went on well,' he adds, "till I came near to Hamadam, when our Kafillan was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got.'

"Forty diners,' said I, "are sewn under my garments.'

"The fellow laughed, thinking no doubt; I was joaking with him.'

"What have you got?' said another.

"I gave him the same answer.'

When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to a mound where the chief stood. "What property have you got my little fellow?' said he.

"I have told two of your men already,' I replied; I have forty diners sewed up in my clothes.'

"He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.'

"And how came you,' said he, with surprise, "to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden?'

"Because,' I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised I will never tell a lie.'

"Child,' said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand innocent boy,' the robber continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it.'

"He did so,' his followers all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt,' they said to the chief, "be now our leader in the path of virtue;' and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoils, and vowed repentance on my hand.

BOSSING THE RANCHE.—While stopping over night at a farm out West, a traveler was astonished to see his hostess walk up to her husband about every ten minutes and box his ears or give his hair a pull.—In the morning the guest, seeing the woman alone, asked an explanation of her strange conduct, and her reply was:—You see, stranger, me and the old man has been fightin' for ten years to see who shall boss this 'ere ranche, and I have just got him cowed, but if I should let up on him for a day he would turn on me again, and my work would all be for nothing.

A Death-Bed Sermon.

A New York secular paper gives the following incident as a warning to the multitudes of poor rich men whom we meet continually:

A gentleman died last week, at his residence in one of our up-town fashionable streets, leaving $11,000,000. He was a member of the Prestbyterian Church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thriving citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind and gave continual expression to his remorse at what his conscience told him had been an ill spent life. "Oh!' he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed—"Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could be spared only for a few years. I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a life time. It is a life devoted to money getting I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter!'—His clergyman endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. "You have never reproved my avaricious spirit,' he said to the minister. "You have called it a wise economy and forethought, but my riches have only been a snare to my soul! I would give all I possess to have hope for my poor soul!' In this state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from his bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire. All knew him to be a progressing Christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dissmissed from memory. He would give all his wealth for a single hope of heaven.

Two Brave Tailors.

There were two tailors who were continually quarreling with each other, and always taunting each other with cowardice. The man for whom they worked was greatly annoyed at this, and finally said to them one day:

"Why don't you fight it out like men, and not be forever jawing like a couple of women?'

"He don't dare to fight me,' they both said.

"Now I will settle this business for you, and then it will be final. You shall fight a duel.'

"I'm ready,' they both replied.

"All right there shall be no time lost; here are two revolvers of equal size, and loaded exactly the same.

The two tailors exchanged glances, and both grew pale.

"I will put these curtains across the centre of the shop, in this way: one of you shall stand on this side, and the other on that, and after the curtains have been pulled you shall commence firing at each other. Now then take your places. I will go out into the entry and give the word for you to begin. Come, no reluctance,' said the master, as he noticed hesitancy on the part of both.

But he drew the curtains, put each man in his place on either side of them, withdrew to the entry, and gave the word for them to commence firing.

He waited about five minutes and hearing no firing, he opened the door and went in. Neither of the men was to be found. One had jumped from the front and the other from the back window, and had escaped.

STRIKE THE KNOT.—"Strike the knot!' said a gentleman to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his axe over a log which he had in vain tried to cleave.—Then looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and chipped all around the knot without hitting it.—Taking the axe he struck a few sharp blows on the knot, and split the log without difficulty. Smiling, he handed the axe to his son saying:

"Always strike the knot!'

This was good advice. It is good for you, children, as it was for the boy to whom it was given. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Are you leaving home to live for the first time?—Strike the knot! Look your trouble in the eye, as the bold lion hunter looks in the face of a lion. Never shrink from a painful duty, but step right up to it and do it, Yes, strike the knot! Strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties.

Deep Things.

One of the deep things of God is his word. No fathoming line has ever touched its depth. No consumption of its pure, refreshing waters have ever lowered it an inch. Within it play the leviathans. Its sublime utterances are as the sound of many waters. "Deep calleth unto deep." And in its profound bosom lie all manner of pearls and precious stones; any one of them is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams. That single pearl, "God is love," outweighs the globe in value.—Just compare, too, all the human books ever written, with this one book, as the subject and pulpit of private study. Upon this book the most cultured and devout minds have been engaged for centuries.—Millions of spiritual and soul-saving discourses have been drawn out of it. And the Bible is as fresh and faithful as when Augustine explored it twelve hundred years ago. Men run dry; the Bible never.

The Origin of the Sexes.

Aristophanes, the funny man of classic Greece, gives the following myth: "Once upon a time, a man had three sexes and a double nature; besides this, he was perfectly round and had four hands and four feet, one head with two faces looking opposite ways, set on a single neck. When these creatures pleased, they could walk as men do now, but if they wanted to go faster, they would roll over and over with all their four legs in the air, like a tumbler turning summersaults; and their pride and strength were such that they made war upon the gods. Jupiter resented their insolence but hardly liked to kill them with thunder bolts as the gods would loose their sacrifices. At last he hit upon a plan. "I will cut them in two,' he said, "so that they shall walk upon two legs instead of four. They will then only be half as insolent, but twice as numerous and we shall get twice as many sacrifices." This was done, and the two halves are continually going about looking for one another; and if we mortals (says Aristophanes, with a comic air apprehension) are not obedient to the god, there is a danger that we shall be split up again, and shall have to go about in lasso-relievo, like those figures with only half a nose which you may see sculptured on our columns."

We Are Passing Away.

The first sweet flowers of Spring time, in all their beauty, pass quickly from us, and summer's gentle breezes, as they sweep through verdant fields, and kiss the murmuring brook, softly whisper, "We are passing away.' Autumn's withered leaf and golden grain are emblems fair of human life; they speak in accents plain, "We all do fade!' Then Winter comes with frosty breath, and in hoarser, sterner tones exclaims: "Mortal, thou too must pass away!' Thus, in Nature's book are displayed many truths; upon every leaf is infallibly engraven, "We are passing away!' How emblematical of life are all her teachings; we tarry yet a few more days, and the places that now know us will know us no more! We shall be missed at the social meal, a seat at the fireside will be vacated, and we shall have passed away.

THE MOST WONDERFUL SIGHT IN CHRISTENDOM.—John de Wert, the general of the Spanish army happened to be a prisoner of war on parole during the detention of M. de St. Cyran. Whilst he stayed at Paris the Cardinal de Richelieu gave a superb ballet, to which he invited the Spanish nobleman; and every expense was lavished upon the decorations which would contribute to give the foreigner a high idea of French magnificence. The Cardinal retained his noble guest next to him during the whole of his performance, which he beheld in perfect silence; at which M. de Richelieu, not a little chagrined, asked him "what he considered as the most marvellous spectacle he had ever seen?" John de Wert immediately replied, "that of all the wonders he had ever seen none had so much astonished him as to see in the dominions of *his very Christian majesty* bishops amusing themselves at theatres, while saints languished in prisons."—*Tour to Alet*, vol. i.

HAPPY ARITHMETIC.—Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the starving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. If you are young depend upon it it will tell for you when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happy down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum looks at the result. If you send one person away happily through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have mdae 14,900 persons happy—at all events for a time.

VOICE OF GRACE.—It is marvelous and beautiful to observe how various are the voices of free grace. "I am thirsty," says one. "Come to the waters,' she cries.

"I am hungry,' says another. "Then eat ye that which is good,' she says, "and let the soul delight itself in fatness.'

"But I am poor, and have nothing to buy with.' "Come buy wine and milk without money and without price.'

"We are weary,' sigh the laborers in the sun-beaten fields. "Come unto me,' breathes her answer, like a breeze from the water, "and I will give you rest.'

"Cast thy burdens on the Lord, and He will sustain thee,' she whispers to the pilgrim ready to faint on the highway.

"Behold the fountain,' she cries to the guilty; the fountain open for sin and uncleanness.

GIVE a boy a market basket full of groceries to carry home and he will swing it across his spine, bend half way to the ground and groan with agony, but give him that weight of base ball bats and he will go along as merry as a potato bug in a ten-acre lot.

A wife, who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated, became incensed and exclaimed: "Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!' To which the hardened wretch hiccoughed: 'Tai—'taint no use, old woman, to bo—bore for water here."