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Poetry.

A STORY BY THE SEA.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

At mid of night beside the sea,
The moon far in the West,
I sighed for one long gone from me
Who day by day still seems to be
A dweller in my breast.

And suddenly a stranger came
As if from out the tide—
A man of bow'd yet stalwart frame,
Whose face I knew not, nor his name—
And sate him by my side.

He laid his brawny arm on mine,
That old man by the sea:
His locks were hoar with age and brine,
His eyes with fitful gleams did shine—
A weird old man was he.

"Comrade!" so spake the weird old man,
"A good God loves us all,
This world is order'd by a plan,
Too broad for thee or me to scan,
That covers great and small.

Why hug a sorrow in thy heart
And nurse it into life?
Why rub the wound until it smart?
Why turn against thyself the dart
And perish in the strife?

In other years—how long ago,
Comrade, I cannot tell,—
In sun and shine, in rain and snow,
When all was calm, when storms did blow,
I served a skipper well.

I saved his life and risk'd mine own:
A daughter fair had he:
Before another year had run
The skipper own'd me as a son—
'My husband!' whisper'd she.

I built a cabin on the shore:
Next door to heaven it seem'd;
For love came in the open door,
And from the rafters to the floor
Its blessed presence beam'd.

The God in whom we trusted sent
A babe of beauty there,
And as the seasons came and went,
They added, to our glad content,
Two others just as fair.

I went a voyage o'er the sea,
My heart still staying home;
O'er many a sea and far country
For wife, babe and our children three
I was content to roam.

My wandering journey o'er, I sought
My cot beside the sea,
For love and treasure I had brought
Beyond my boyhood's wildest thought,
For wife and children three.

My hurrying feet soon reach'd the spot:—
A ruin mock'd my sight;
Mid smoking embers, black and hot,
All, all had perish'd with the cot—
My heart died, too, that night.

Comrade! the years I count no more,
I leave them in God's hands;
I gave away my hard-earn'd store
To those who needed treasure more,
And now I watch the strand.

And when the wrecking winds do blow,
Lost vessels to the shore,
In my good life-boat forth I go,
To aid the strugglers in their woe,
As Christ had done before.

Now, comrade! ere with thee I part
This only will I say:
Go heal the sorrows of thy heart
(No matter whose'er thou art)
By doing good alway."

A far-off look was in his eyes,
As if he saw away
Beyond the sea the blessed skies,
Where no one weeps and no one sighs,
Where God's beloved stay.

The weird old man arose and sped
His way along the sea;
I ponder'd on the words he said,
And pray'd, before I sought my bed,
To be as wise as he.

Captured by Telegraph.

During the winter of 1869, I was employed as night operator in the railroad office at D——, Iowa. The principal road between Chicago and Omaha runs through D——, and the great irregular night trains, and constant danger of collision resulting therefrom, rendered the position of night operator by no means an easy one. It may be well to mention here, as necessary to the following story—that besides the railroad office, there was also at D—— a business office of the Union Company. This we always spoke of as the 'down-town office.'

One stormy night, not far from eleven o'clock, I sat at my desk—and for a wonder idle. The wires had not called for some time, and I was leaning back in my chair listening to the wind outside and reflecting upon the loneliness of my situation. The eastern train had crossed the river more than an hour ago; all the depot officials had gone off home, and so far as I knew I was entirely alone in the vast building.

Finally, tired of thinking, I picked up the evening paper and glanced listlessly over its columns. Among other things I read the detailed account of a fearful tragedy that had occurred fifty miles up the river on the previous night. Three raftsmen, well known as desperate characters in that vicinity, had entered the cottage of one Matthews, a farmer living in an isolated spot—had butchered the farmer and his children, terribly maltreated his wife, and then departed as they came, having taken with them whatever plunder was handy.—What interested me most was a full description, for purpose of identification, of the chief of the villainous trio, Tim Lynch.—Here it is:

$500 reward will be paid for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Tim Lynch, the ringleader of the Matthew tragedy. Linch is a remarkably large man six feet four inches in height, very heavy, and broad across the shoulders. Eyes of greenish gray, with a deep scar over the right one.—Hair wiry, black, and beard of same color. When first seen he was dressed in black Kossuth hat, faded army overcoat, pants of grey jean, and heavy boots. The above reward will be paid to any one furnishing me positive information of his whereabouts. (Signed)

Sheriff of——County.

At the very instant I finished reading the advertisement, there occurred the most remarkable coincidence that has ever come under my observation. I heard a heavy tread on the stair, and then the door opened and there entered—Tim Lynch! The moment I set eyes upon him I recognized him as perfectly as though I had known him all his life. The army overcoat and grey pants tucked into the heavy boots, the massive frame and shoulders the slouched hat pulled down over his right eye to conceal—I was sure—the scar, above all a desperate, hunted look in his forbiding countenance—all were not to be mistaken. I was as certain of his identity as though he had stepped forward, pulled off his hat to show the scar, and told me his name.

To say that I was not alarmed at this sudden and unwelcome intrusion would be untrue. I am not a brave man, and my present situation alone in the depot with a hunted murderer, was by no means reassuring. My heart beat violently, but from mere force of habit, I rose and asked him to be seated.—While he turned to comply I succeeded in conquering my agitation to some extent. He drew a chair noisily forward, and sitting down threw open his coat displaying by so doing a heavy navy revolver stuck in his belt. Then he freed his mouth of a quantity of tobacco julce, and spoke:

'Young feller,' he said, motioning with his head toward the battery, 'thet thar macheen is what yer call a tellygram, I s'pose?'

'Well,' I answered with a faint smile, intended to be conciliatory, 'that's what we send telegrams by.'

'Wal, I want to send a massage to a friend o' mine out in Cohoe. I tell yer aforehand I hain't got no collateral. But I kinder guess you'd better trust me, young feller.' (Here he laid his hand significantly on his belt.) 'I'll fetch it in ter morrow of it's convenient.'

I hastened to say that the charge could just as well be paid at the other end by his friend.

'Umph! Plagney little you'll got o' Jim, I reckon. Howsumdever, perceed.'

'What is the message, and to whom is it to go?'

'I want you to tell Jim Fellers, of Cohoe that the bull quit here las' night, and ther sheep'll be close on his heels.'

As he delivered this sentence he looked at me as if he expected me to be mystified. But I thought it best not to appear so, and I said carelessly:

'I suppose you are a dealer in stock and this is your partner? Ah, sir, the telegraph helps you fellows out of many a sharp bargain.'

'Ya'as,' he answered, slowly, evidently pleased with the way I took it. 'Ya'as that's um. I'm sendin' down a lot o' stock. Bought it dog cheap over in Genesee, yisterday. Purty lot as ever you see.'

I turned to my instrument. What was to be done? Though ours was a railroad office, we often sent business messages; and if I did as usual now I should probably get rid of my unwelcome visitor without further trouble. But in the short conversation with him I had somewhat recovered from my first alarm, and I now conceived the idea of attempting the capture of Tim Lynch.

I was only a poor salaried operator, trying to save enough to marry in the spring. Five hundred dollars would do me a great deal of good just now—to say nothing of the *eclat* of the thing. But how was it to be accomplished? Here was I alone in the depot with a man big enough to whip his weight in such little men as I was several times over. Any attempt to secure him single-handed was not to be thought of.—But could I not excuse myself, and going out fasten him in? No; well I knew from the distrustful look in his face that any proposal of mine to leave the room would be premptorily objected to by him. What then?

Why, simply this, I would telegraph to the down town station. But alas! That very day the connection between the two offices had been cut for repairs. It was seldom used at any time of course, But what of that? It was only a question of a few seconds more time.

All these thoughts went through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as I went to the battery. Lynch regarded me from the corner of his uncovered eye with a suspicion that made me shake in my shoes. As I sat down he arose and came to my side.

'Look a here, young feller,' he hissed in my ear, and his breath was sickening with the fumes of liquor, 'perhaps you mean fair enough—I hope ye do, for yer own sake. But I don't 'understan' nothin 'bout them tellygams, and I jist want ter tell ye that yer'd better be squar—for by the Eternal God! ef you go back on me, I'll stretch you on this yere floor as stiff as ever I did a man yit!' and I felt the cold muzzel of his revolver on my cheek. Perhaps my voice trembled a little, but I was still unmoved in my resolution, as I replied:

'Never fear, sir; I'll tell him all about the stock.' He muttered something to himself, and still remained standing over me.

You have heard perhaps how much character and expression a telegraph operator can put into his touch. Why, there were dozens of different operators communicating with our office, and I could tell at the instant, without ever making a mistake, who it was signalling. You could tell if a man was nervous from his telegraphing just as well as you could from his hand writing. The call that I sent hurrying across the State to Council Bluffs, must have rung out upon the ears of the operator like a shriek.

'*C. B. Are you there?*' was what I asked, and almost instantly came back a reply in the affirmative. Then with trembling hand, I rattled off my message:

'*For the love of God, telegraph to our down town office at once. Tell them that Tim Lynch is within two feet of me, and they must send help.*'

A short pause, as though my message occasioned some surprise, and then came the response: 'All right!' which assured me I need not repeat.

'Wal,' growled the deep voice of Lynch, 'are you going to send my message?'

'I have sent it, sir.'

'What! Does all that tickin' mean what I told you?'

'Yes, and if you will wait fifteen or twenty minutes, you'll get an answer.'

'Wal, I dunno as I want answer, Jim, he'll understan its right.'

'But I'll tell you soon whether he's there or not. Sit down.'

So Lynch reluctantly took his seat, looking around at the doors and windows once in a while in an uneasy way. I was determined to take him now at my cost; and I verily believe I should have planted myself in his path had he insisted upon going now.

'Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick;' the battery called out, and I listened to the message. 'Keep cool, Gould has gone for the police.' Strange it was, wasn't it? That I should sit there and talk through two hundred and fifty miles of space with a man not half a mile from me.

'What's thet signify? inquired my companion, as the tickin ceased; and I replied that the clerk at Cohoe, had just written off the message and sent it out. He seemed satisfied and settled back in his chair, where he sat in sullen silence, his jaws going up and down, as he chewed his weed.

O, how slowly the minutes crept along. The suspense was terrible. I sat and watched the minute hand of the clock, and five minutes seemed as many months. My companion seemed nervous too. He moved uneasy in his chair.

Ain't it about time ye heard from Jim?' he asked at length.

'We shall get word from him in a few moments now,' I answered, and fell to watching the clock again. Five minutes more passed. Lynch got up and began pacing to and fro across the room. At length he paused and said:

'I don't believe I'll wait any more. I've got to see a man down at the Pennsylvania House, and he'll be abed ef I dont get thar pretty soon.'

'Hold on a moment and I'll see what they are up to,' I cried hastily and touched the key again. 'Make haste,' was my message, 'I shall lose him if you do not. Not a moment to spare. Straightway came the reply, short but encouraging: 'A squad of police started for the depot five minutes ago.' Thank Heaven! They ought to be here now. I looked at Lynch and thought of the five hundred dollars.

'Wal, what's the word?' he growled impatiently.

'Your friend is coming,' I answered for want of a better reply.

'Comin! Comin! Whar?'

'Coming to the office of Cohoe. He probably has an answer for you.'

'An answer for me? Jim Fellers? What should he answer for?' Lynch stood in stupid thought for a moment and then he looked at me with a dangerous light in his eye.

'Look a here, young feller,' he cried, 'it's my private opinion you're lyin to me. And ef ye are—' here he uttered a horrible oath—'I'll cut yer skulkin heart out. I don't know anything 'bout thet thar masheen, but I swear Jim Fellers hain't got nothin to answer. More like he'd git up and scatter when he heerd that message.'

He stood glaring at me as he uttered these words, his hand on his revolver. I cannot account for it. As I before remarked, I am a timid man by nature. But this action only made me bolder. Everything depended upon keeping him a few seconds longer. It must be done at my cost. I tried a new plan.

'What do you mean, sir?' I shouted rising, 'by coming into this office and talking in that style? Do you think I'll endure it? Leave this room at once, sir, or I'll —' and I advanced threatingly toward him.—My unexpected attitude seemed to amuse him more than anything else, but it silenced his suspicions. He put his hands in his pockets and delivered a loud laugh in my face.

'Wal, wal, my buntum, ye needn't git so cantankerous. Who'd thought such a little breeches as you had such spunk? Haw! haw! haw! Why I could chaw you up 'thout makin two bits of ye.'

'Well, sir,' I said, still apparently unmollified, 'either sit down and hold your tongue, or else leave the office.' And he good naturedly complied.

Once more we were sitting listening to the ticking of the clock as the minutes dragged their slow length along. Would help never come? Three minutes more.—Great Heaven! The suspense was becoming intolerable. I must go to the stair and listen if I die for it. I arose and took a step toward the door, but a voice stopped me.

'Hold!' shouted Lynch, standing upright, all his suspicions aroused once more; 'yer can't go out of thet door afore me. Come back here!'

'Sir!'

Come back here, or by the Eternal—and the pistol muzzle looked me in the face.—He stood now half turned from the door and I was facing it. Slowly without a particle of noise, I saw the knob turn and a face under a blue cap peep in. Thank God! Help had come! I felt a joy uncontrolable come over me. I must keep the murder's attention an instant longer till some one could spring upon him from behind. I walked straight up to him, but his quick ear had caught a movement behind. As he turned with an oath I sprang upon him, and bore down his arm just as the revolver went off, the ball burying itself harmlessly in the floor. Before he could free himself from my grasp, half a dozen officers were upon him and he was quickly secured.

The next morning the papers were filled with glowing accounts of the capture of the murderer, and praises of my conduct. The principal business men of the town made up a purse of five hundred dollars and presented it to me; and this, with the reward that was paid me the following week, enabled me to get married at Christmas. But I shuddered at the remembrance of that half hour, I spent alone with Tim Lynch; and I don't think one thousand dollars would tempt me to go through it again.

An Exquisite Story by Lamartine.

In the tribe of Neggedeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it.—Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear as a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew had to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you.'

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home, but the rogue replied:

"I cannot rise; I have no strength left.'

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so:

"It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with him.'

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it, but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it.'

"And why not?' said Daher.

"Because,' said the noble Arab, "another might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped, as I have been.'

Struck with shame at these words, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together and became fast friends for life.

Trifles Gravely Considered.

Real tests of character lie in trifles. It is not the overwhelming grief, or the great but rare emergencies, which best unveil the soul and show forth its true stature and proportions. Many a man can rise to the heights of occasion, and put forth a marvellous strength of will under excitement, who loses his equilibrium in the unostentatious battlefields of daily experiences.—He vanquishes the giant, and then surrenders to the dwarf. It is not the oarsmen who can make the most brilliant "spurt,' and for a few moments lay out the most muscular power, who wins the race; a competitor who relies on trained endurance and educated sinews is pretty sure to bear away the palm. It is said that a young engineer that, once being engaged in constructing a railway, he ordered some Irishmen to carry some rails up a steep bank.—They boggled and shrieked and made no headway, until, angered by their shiftlessness, he seized the rails himself, and bore them up the bank alone. But the next day, on attempting to carry them back, to his fresh surprise he could not lift them from the ground. These spasms of effort are not what accomplishes the great results of life. It is the steady conquest of trifles that at last ensures the victory.

Running a Newspaper.

By some unaccountable misapprehension of facts, says the Memphis *Avalanche*, there is a large class of people in the world who think that it costs little or nothing to run a newspaper; and if they buy a copy from the newsboy, when too far from the office to come and beg one, they are regular patrons, and entitled to unlimited favors. Men call every day at newspaper offices to get a copy of the paper for nothing, who would never dream of begging a pocket-handkerchief from a dry-goods store, or a piece of candy from a confectioner, even upon the plea of old acquaintance, having bought something once before.—One paper is not much, but a hundred a day amounts to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some men who have paid two dollars at an early period of life for an advertisement worth four or five dollars, appear to think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. They demand the publication of all marriage and funeral notices, obituaries and family episodes for the next forty years, gratis. Speak of pay and they grow indignant. "Don't I patronize your paper?" "Yes; but you receive the worth of your money for what you pay." "But," says the patron, "it will not cost you anything to put this in;" which is just as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your axe on his grindstone, and graciously tell him it won't cost him a cent. It takes money to run a newspaper, as well as any other business; no paper will succeed financially that carries a dead-head system. Any mention of the people's affairs that they are anxious to see in print is worth paying for, and when printed is generally worth as much as any other investment of the same amount.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small; the proprietors risk more money for smaller profits, and the editors and reporters and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any profession requiring the given amount of intelligence, training and drudgery. The life has its charms and pleasant associations, scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and anxieties and hours of exhaustion, which also are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease and free from care, and go to the circus at night on a free ticket and to the springs on a free pass in the summer, is an idea which we desire to explode practically and theoretically.—Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, the same as banking or building bridges, keeping a hotel or running a livery stable.

No Time For Anything.

"The great difficulty in this country is, that we have no time for anything. The very walk of an American show that he is in a hurry. An Englishman buttons his coat and gloves, and goes to business as deliberately as he goes to church. An American business man flies after the car, struggling with his coat-sleeves as he runs, plunges in head-foremost, and plunges out at the end without regard to his neck. Chief amongst our accidents stand those which occur because people jump upon flying trains, or after departing boats. To wait ten minutes is something not to be thought of. Dinner is eaten, is swallowed whole; and when one comes to dessert he finds that the fruit was picked before it was ripe.

"Everything is hurried through, from the building of a house to the curing of a ham. The women who work on sewing machines stop before they come to the end of the seam. The dress-maker sends home your dress with basting-threads in it, and no loops to hang it up by.

"There is none of the slow, sure completeness of the old world about anything, and even fortunes are made in a hurry, and also in the same way. If any man we know is getting rich by slow and patient process of saving, be sure that he was not born upon this continent.

"Yet people live as long here as they do anywhere else, and the days are the same length. Why is it that we have no time to do anything?"

Don't Girls.

Don't think that yards and yards of ribbons, ruffles and lace, will add one particle to your real value. Don't make a walking milliner's shop, or jeweler's store of yourselves, covering all that is of true merit within you, with that which will attract only the shallow-brained. Don't think sensible people are to be deceived with vain show, they look for beauty of heart and mind. Don't flatter yourselves it is smart to affect ignorance of manual labor, or to be ignorant of it. Don't give the subject of matrimony a thought while in your teens except to qualify yourself for the responsible postion it places you in; you need all that time of your life to fit yourself for it. You need to study books, the laws of life and health; to be well experienced in the culinary art, as perhaps the happiness and health of hundreds are depending on your knowledge of this. Don't give your time and talents to the world or to seeking the things of time and sense that perish with their using. God has created you for a noble purpose, and made you accountable for what he has given you. Don't sell your birth-right for a mess of pottage.

The History of Zero.

"Zero," on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is curious instances of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (Zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty, hence nothing. In expressions like "ninety deg. Fahr.," the abreviation, Fahr., stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit. From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkable cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to to the coldest day of winter. As that day was the coldest that the oldest inhabitants could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called that degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or a rude weather-glass, with a scale graduated up from zero to boiling-point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded 180th on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Our nation began to use Fahrenheit's thermometer about the middle of the last century, or not for from the time when the old style was exchanged for the new style in writing of dates.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England, and America; Russia and Holland use Reaumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted eighty degrees above the freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling-point one hundred degrees from the freezing-point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best; and the triumph of convenience will be attained when zero is made the freezing-point, and when the boiling-point is put one hundred or one thousand degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

Painless Death.

Chief Justice Chase was fortunate in death as he had been in life. The immediate cause of his death was a rupture of the cerebral artery, whence followed a rush of blood to the brain; and as the rupture took place when he was asleep, he never knew pain, passing calmly away. Mere dying, it is probable, never is painful, but the circumstances that attend death sometimes are very painful; yet men suffer as much in sickness from which they recover as they do in those that terminate fatally. A strictly natural death would make no more impression on a man then was made on him by his birth. Nature is not such a blunderer as to make the inevitable a source of pain that can do no good. What is disagreeable in dying is the result of the violation of Nature's laws. To die is simply to sleep, death being the rounding of life, as Shakespeare says. To the properly constituted mind death is no more horrible than is sleep; but the properly constituted has not yet been found. Even those who die calmly or gladly do so because they have found life a Gordian knot, which can be cut only by the dart of Death, and not because they have philosophically convinced themselves that it is a matter of no moment. Be a man the most confirmed of believers, or the most confirmed of unbelievers, he must have some doubt—and where there is doubt, be it ever so small, there must be fear. So that when one departs in his sleep he avoids the last perplexity, that which waits on the death-bed of the philosopher—which was felt by Adam, and which will be felt by the last of Adam's descendents. Human egotism has not yet reached to that point in which death can be a matter of absolute indifference, and probably it will never reach it.

A Truthful Sketch.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world.—Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move or to do this thing or the other; there are spies about him, a writ is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral seive, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

Then and Now.

They lingered at the gate until he could finish that remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat, that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon.

He stood gracefully on the ouside, with one hand resting on the gate-post and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet musical voice:

"And you will always think as you do now, George?"

"Ever, dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me, Julia, loviest of your sex, that I have a right to wear it there."

"Oh, you men are so deceitful," she answered coquettishly.

"True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who, darling, could deceive you?"

"And if I were to die, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well, George?"

"Never, never. No one could ever fill your place in my heart."

"Oh, quit now. That ain't right," she murmured as she made a feint to remove his arm around her waist.

"Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered passionately, "until you have consented to be mine, and he drew her nearer to him and held tightly until he obtained the coveted boon.

It seemed but yesterday since our weary footsteps interrupted that touching little scene, but when we passed near the same locality at an early hour yesterday morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, and heard a gentle voice exclaim:

"No sir; you stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it. I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until three o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling round my door and wake the baby. Now take that and sleep on it."

It seemed but yesterday, that little scene at the gate, but when we accidentally became a witness to this latter scene, we remember it had been longer.

The Parsee, Jew and Christian.

A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire. "What!' said he to the priest, do you worship the fire?'

"Not the fire,' answered the priest: "it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his genial heat.'

"Do you, then, worship the sun a your god?' asked the Jew. "Know ye not that this luminary also is but a work of that Almighty Creator?'

"We know it,' replied the priest: "but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign, in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible being who blesses and preserves all things?'

"Do your people, then,' rejoined the Israelite, "distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their god, and, descending even from this to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame! Ye amuse the outward but blind the inward eye; and while ye hold to them the earthly ye draw from them the heavenly light! "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any image or any likeness.'"

"How do you designate the Supreme Being?' asked the Parsee.

"We call him Jehovah Adonia, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be,' answered the Jew.

"Your appellation is grand and sublime,' said the Parsee; but it is awful, too.'

A Christian then drew nigh, and said,—"We call him FATHER.'

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other, and said,—"Here is at once an image and a reality: it is a word of the heart.'

Therefore they all raised their eyes to heaven, and said, with reverence and love, "OUR FATHER!' and they took each by the hand, and all three called one another *brothers!*

A Faithful Lover.

About forty or fifty years ago, before the suppression of convents in Portugal, a young lady was engaged to be married.—For some reason or other, the marriage did not come on, and the girl was placed in a Benedictine nunnery at Oporto. Soon after came the abolition of convents; but, while the monasteries were absolutely dissolved, and the monks scattered, the nuns who were already inmates of religious houses were suffered there to remain. The young lady accordingly, on the suppression occurring, did not leave the Benedictine convent. It is to be presumed, however, that the rules of this particular establishment were somewhat relaxed, for the young gentleman who had been engaged to this nun was observed to take his constant stand before the barred window of his former mistress' cell, while she would become visible behind the grating. Here the romance I have imagined would perhaps rather lack incident, and, except in a master's hand, might grow monotonous, for this hopeless courtship lasted no fewer than four-and-thirty years, till a bowed and middleaged man paced the pavement, and looked up to a gray-haired mistress. It only ended with the death of a lady, a few years ago. Many persons have assured me that they have often been eye witnesses of what I have described, and is found that the fact was quite notorious in Oporto.