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## Poetry.

### ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BY EMILY CLARK.

"Just across life's flowing river—
Just beyond its stormy sea,
Where the slanting moonbeams quiver,
Darling, I will wait for thee."
Fear not love, to stem the torrent,
Though its waves are dark and wide,
Angel hands will bear you over—
Heaven is on the other side.

All of love and life, and wisdom
Ripens on that unseen shore,
Fairest, sweetest, fadeless flowers,
Bloom in beauty evermore.
Linger not for fearful parting,
Swiftly flows death's turbid tide,
Launch thy bark upon the current,
Heaven is on the other side!

Blest fruition of our longings,
Answer to our fondest prayer,
Never more the tear of parting,
Never more the dark clouds of care,
Joy, my darling, God has given
What the world to us denied,
In the arms of love unending—
Heaven is on the other side!

Softly plies the unseen boatmen,
As the ripples wanton pass;
Sadly, in the voiceless silence,
Till the shore is reached at last!
Then a smile of saintly beauty
On the cold lips seems to hide,
Whispering in their peaceful quiet,
"Heaven is on the other side!"

## The Lost Wager.

### How Cousin Jack Won His Wife.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet bags were piled up in the corner of the capacious, old-fashioned hall.

How melancholily they looked, those emblems of parting and adieux. Not even the merry laughter of the two or three young girls, who were gathered around a stalwart, handsome young fellow of about twenty-five, could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief maker, torment, and tease of the whole family, and Mr. Chester, sitting by the distant window, wiped his spectacles every five minutes, and declared that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to old eyes.

'Ah, you may laugh, girls,' said Jack, applying himself vigorously to the refractory lock of a portmanteau. 'Perhaps you may one day discover that it isn't such a laughing matter. Think of the loss the family is going to sustain in my excellency.'

'But you'll come back soon, Jack, dear,' coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all the cousins, and one who kept up a perfect fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense.

There she sat on the biggest trunk of the collection, her brown curls hanging about her round face, and her eyes sparkling with a curious mixture of fun and tears.

'I'm not at all certain of that, Miss Minnie,' said Jack, decisively. 'If I succeed in finding a locality to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thornville and turn land-proprietor on my own account.'

'Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!' laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.

'I don't see anything so very ridiculous in the idea,' remarked the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his relatives. 'At all events, there's one incalculable advantage that will result from my departure.'

'And what is that, Mr. Oracle?'

'The fact that you've played your last freak on me, you tormenting little minx!'

'Don't be so certain of that, Cousin Jack!' said Minnie, shaking her long curls. 'What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I haven't settled with you for several little pieces of impertinence; but pray don't imagine they are forgotten, sir!'

'My diamond sleeve buttons to your coral necklace that you don't impose on me within the next three months, Minnie,' said Jack, naively.

'Done! said Minnie. 'Girls, you all hear the wager, don't you? I always coveted Jack's diamonds.'

'But you won't have them, Mademoiselle? How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I ring for lights, Uncle Chester? and by-the-way have you written that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne?'

'All in good time, my boy—all in good time,' said the old gentleman, depositing his huge, silver-bound spectacles in their case. 'You young men are all in such a hurry. Tell Betsy to carry a lamp into the library, girls. And Minnie, where is my gold pen? I won't be very long about it, and then we will have a nice long evening to gossip over Jack's prospects.'

When Mr. Chester in his cosy, red curtained library, revising the letter which he had been writing to his old friend, Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down in that vicinity, and requested Mr. Thorne's aid and co-operation in the selection of the same, Minnie opened the door.

'Papa, there is some one down stairs who wishes to see you immediately, for one minute.'

'Very annoying!' said the old gentleman 'just as I was finishing this letter of Jack's. However, I can seal it afterward. Minnie suppose you glance over it and dot the i's and cross the t's; I'm not so much of a penman as I used to be.'

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique table to attend to the claims of his urgent guest.

Oliver Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant hair before the dressing mirror of her own apartment, two hours later, when Minnie ran in with a countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

'My dear Minnie, what has happened?' exclaimed the elder sister, dropping the hair brush and letting all the raven tresses ripple down unheeded over her shoulders.

'I've won the diamond sleeve buttons, Olive! but, oh! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only knew it—and Cousin Jack, too?'

'Set down, you wild little elf,' said Olive, gently forcing her sister into a chair, 'and explain this mysterious riddle!'

'Well, you know papa left me to look over a letter to Mr. Thorne—and he was detained longer than he expected, almost an hour, in fact—and I couldn't help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter.'

'A parody?'

'Yes—you remember somebody telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had—so I wrote that Jack was in search of a wife, and had heard of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in life, and all that sort of thing. In short, whatever papa had written land or estate, I wrote wife! Wasn't it fun?' ejaculated the little maiden, her eyes dancing with *diablerie*. 'But you know I never once thought of sending the letter; I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well, I signed it with a great flourish of trumpets, and just then who should come in but papa and the stranger. Of course I fled, and when I came back the letter was sealed and safe in Jack's pocket-book, and, Olive, it was the wrong letter.'

'It was rather a dim light, and papa's eyes are not as keen as they were wont to be, and my impertinent missive was gone, while the real *bona fide* letter lay there among a heap of discarded papers. And I hadn't courage to confess my misdemeanor, papa is so opposed to my innocent little jokes, and Jack is off with that indescribable letter! I shall certainly win the sleeve buttons, Olive, but what a tornado there will be when my mischief leaks out.'

And Minnie looked so bewitchingly lovely in her alternate paroxysms of terror and laughter, that Olive, grave old sister though she was, had not heart to lecture her as soundly as she deserved.

The crimson sunset of the sky next evening shone radiently into the special sanctum of the worthy old Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, justice of the peace, and chairman of all the agricultural meetings for ten miles around. It was no scholary-looking library, like that of his ancient comrade, Chester, but a square, light room, with four uncurtained windows, and ornamented with numerous black framed engravings of prize cattle and giant turnips. He was seated in a leather-cushioned arm chair, looking over the files of an agricultural journal, to find some coveted information on the subjects of phosphates and super-phosphate, when a servant brought him a card and a letter.

'The gentleman is in the parlor, sir.'

Jazeb Thorne laid aside his newspaper, glanced at the card, which bore the simple inscription, 'John Lacy:' then at the letter which purported to be the introductory to that individual.

'How—ha—from my old college chum, Chester, as I live. Remarkable change in his handwriting, but time alters us all.—Haven't heard from him in twenty years, and—hello! what is this? A pretty cool request, upon my word—nephew want's a wife and has heard that I possess a daughter—has lots of money—wants me to aid him with my well-known experience in such matters. What does the rascal mean?' ejaculated Jazeb, the frings of grey hair that surrounded his bald head standing absolutely erect with indignation. 'I'll send Jeffers to kick the impudent young scamp out of the house.'

But with a moment's reflection came calmness.

'Well, after all, I don't see what there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry. Guess I'll see what Mary says.—An excellent family, these Chesters, and this letter is just like Zebedee Chester—he always was singular in his notions. Rather unlike the ordinary method of coming to an understanding on such matters, but there is nothing like a dash of originality in this world, and if the boy is rich and Mary don't object—at all events I'll see him on the subject.'

And Jazeb Thorne thrust the letter into his pocket and strode determinedly into the parlor, where young Lacy was quietly awaiting his appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment; he was half disposed to be angry with his guest's cool self-possession.

'I had thought of settling in this vicinity Mr. Thorne,' said Jack, after the ceremonies of greeting had been exchanged, 'and understood from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property that you might be disposed to part with.'

'Piece of property,' thought the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again, but controlled his emotion, and only answered, 'realy, sir, this is a very strange request; one can hardly be expected to answer definitely upon so very short notice.'

'Certainly not, Mr. Thorne, I have no wish to hurry you,' said Jack, politely; 'but I am rather anxious to see for myself, and if you will favor me with a brief description of the prominent features of——

But Mr. Thorne was fidgeting uneasily on his chair.

'What do you mean, sir?' he exclaimed, wrathfully.

Jack was rather perplexed at this cavalier reception, but he answered as courteously as possible, 'why, sir, of course it is not best to be too precipitate on a matter of such importance.'

'If this is a fair specimen of the rising generation,' thought the indignant Jabez, 'they are about as independent a set of Jackanapes as I want to see. But I owe something to my long friendship with old Zebedee Chester—I won't turn the puppy out of doors quite yet.'

'I suppose it is healthy?' asked Lacy, blandly.

'What is healthy?'

'Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds diseases are apt to prevail, and—

'Does he expect my Mary has the fever and ague? thought old Thorne, leaping briskly out of his chair as if an insect had stung him. 'I'll send my daughter to you, young man—that will settle the business at once.'

And before Lacy could express his surprise his choleric host had banged the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than her father's had been. She was attired in a white muslin, with a bouquet of crimson moss rose buds in her bosom, and a spray of the same exquisite flowers in her hair, for some rural party or picnic, at first absolutely refused to enter the parlor.

'What an idea!' she exclaimed, blushing to the very tips of those tiny shell-like ears. 'To be put on exhibition like one of your prize cattle! No, indeed! Let the young man go where he came from! A pretty impression he must have of the ladies in this quarter of the globe!'

'But, my love, Zebedee Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a very fine looking fellow, and rich into the bargain. Go in and talk to him a little while, that's a good girl! I can't stand it a minute longer.'

And old Jabez wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration was standing in big beads. And Mary burst into an uncontrolable fit of laughter.

'The whole affair is so ridiculous!' she exclaimed.

But she adjusted the moss roses nevertheless and tripped demurely into the parlor.

'Now, if there was a determined point in Jack Lacy's character it was his aversion to women in general, and if there was any one thing on which he prided himself it was his decided old bachelorism. Imagine his vexation and dismay, therefore, when, after a formal introduction, old Mr. Thorne withdrew, leaving him tete a tete whith the pretty creature in white muslin and roses. It was embarrassing enough, particularly as Mary blushed every time he looked at her, and evinced an exceedingly great disposition to laugh.

'Well,' thought Jack, 'the manners and customs of this locality are rather odd, to say the least of it, I came to consult an old man about purchasing land of him, and he bounces out of the room, and sends in his daughter. What on earth am I to say to her, I'd like to know.'

And Mary glancing shyly in the direction of her companion, came to the conclusion that he had 'beautiful Spanish eyes,' and a moustache decidedly superior in style to the hirsute adornment of the young gentleman of Thornville.

Mr. Lacy looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he to escape incontinently through the open French window. That would not be a very dignified proceeding, however so he resigned himself to destiny by making some original remark on the weather. It had the much desired effect of breaking the ice, however, and he was agreeably surprised with the arch vivacity of Miss Thorne. Only once did she seem confused; it was when she had been describing a fine grove of cedars that belonged to her father's land, regretting at the same time that he contemplated the sale of it.

'I believe I should like to become the purchaser,' said Jack. 'Your father has told you that I had some idea of settling here?'

Mary grew scarlet, and murmured some sentence or other. The conversation was effectually checked, and Jack perplexed at the effect, for which he could perceive no visible cause, rose to take leave.

'Will you mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him about this matter to-morrow morning,' he asked.

All the moss roses in Mr. Thorne's rose garden could not have rivalled the hot glow on Mary's cheeks as she fled out of the room without a word of reply.

'Very singular family this,' muttered Jack, slowly drawing on his gloves and walking down the broad garden path. 'But she is an uncommonly pretty girl—and I shall take an early walk through that grove of cedars to morrow morning before breakfast.'

He dreamed of blue-eyed Mary Thorne that night, and rose decidedly pleased that he should have a reasonable excuse for calling at her father's house so soon.

'I certainly can't be in love?' quoth he mentally. 'But how Minnie would tease me if she thought I was in danger of sueing for not only a farm but a wife.'

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves of his pet hurustiness with a gigantic pair of garden scissors that morning when young Lacy sprang over the hedge and saluted him with a buoyant good morning.'

'Well, sir,' he went on to say, 'I have seen the property, and am perfectly delighted. A fine, healthy investment—no disease about it, I'm convinced.'

'Hem!' said Mr. Thorne, dubiously.

'And I would like to take a second, more through inspection in your society, sir, if you please.'

'Really, Mr. Lacy,' said the old man, sharply, 'my daughter has not yet come down stairs, and—'

'What the mischief has his daughter to do with the matter?' thought Lacy, but he said, politely:

'Of course I will wait any time that may be convenient to you, sir. I observed a good deal of native roughness, but I cannot doubt that there is a very great susceptibility to improvement. A little judicious cultivation will accomplish wonders.'

'Let me tell you young man,' began Mr. Thorne, in a towering rage, but Lacy saw that he had committed some arch blunder, and hastened to say:

'In short, I am determined to secure the rural gem at any price. What is the sum you demand?'

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down on the gravel walk, overpowed with the avalanche of wrath which he found impossible to shape in words.

'Upon—my—word—sir!' he began:—'you talk as if this was a mere matter of business.'

Jack was puzzled enough. 'It is the way in which I have always been accustomed to treat such affairs, sir.'

'Heretofore—you have been accustomed! and pray, sir, how many such little affairs have you had on your hands!' shrieked out Thorne, growing purple in the face.

'Oh, several, sir. I am not so inexperienced as you suppose,' replied Jack, smiling.

'Are you not ashamed to confess it?'

'No; why should I be?'

'Get out my garden, you young reprobate!' screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity. 'To come here and offer to buy my daughter, as if she was a patch of potatoes! Go, I say!'

'Your daughter, Mr. Thorne?'

'Yes, my daughter, you Jack a-dandy!'

'But I'm not bargaining for your daughter. I am bargaining for that land across the river.'

'Don't tell me!' ejaculated Mr. Thorne, tugging away at the fastening of his pocket-book; 'your uncle's letter has informed me of your atrocious intention.'

'Will you allow me to see the letter, sir?'

Thorne jerked it out of the compartment where it lay, and tossed it angrily toward Lacy. He opened it, and in spite of the annoyance and mortification burst into laughter at the sight of Minnie's dainty hand-writing.

'It's nothing to laugh at, sir!' exclaimed Thorne.

'My dear Mr. Thorne, we are all the victims of a ridiculous mistake,' said Lucy.—'My uncle never wrote this letter, it is the work of my mischievous cousin, Minnie.—The genuine document must have been left behind.'

'And you didn't come to look for a wife?'

'I came to purchase real estate.'

'Whew-w!' old Jabez Thorne whistled loud and long, then offered his hand to his guest with a hearty laugh.

'Well, my boy, I'm heartily sorry I called you so many opprobrious names, but Mary and I supposed you were after her. I must go tell the little minx what a blunder we've made.'

'Stay a moment, sir,' said Jack, laying a detaining hand on the old gentleman's arm, as his quick eye detected the distant flutter of Miss Thorne's dress among the trees; will you allow me to make the necessary explanations myself? I am not at all certain that, after I have selected a home, I shall not enter into business-like negotiations for a charming young wife to preside over it.'

'As you please, my lad,' said the old gentleman, chuckling. 'I'll give my consent, if only to atone for my villainous treatment of you a little while ago.'

He resumed his gardening operations, occasionally pausing to laugh all to himself, while cousin Jack sprang up the path to seek Mary.

They were absent a long time, in fact, as old Jabez thought, an unreasonably long time before he discovered through the dense foliage of the acacia hedges their advancing forms, Mr. Lacy looking exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaning on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed and her lips wreathed in timid smiles.

'What does she say?' roared the paterfamilias.

'She says she'll consider it!' said Jack, demurely.

A week or two afterward Minnie Chester received a neat little package containing the diamond sleeve buttons and the following billet:

"DEAR MINNIE:—I've lost my wager, but cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stakes, for I have won something of infinitely more value—a wife!

COUSIN JACK.'

From which we may conclude that the result of Mary's "consideration" was very favorable.

'WHAT is that dog barking at,' asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. 'Why,' said a bystander, he sees another puppy in your boots.'

### *Vice-President Wilson's own Account of His Life.*

One of the Washington correspondents of the New York *Tribune*, who was intimate with Mr. Wilson, thus sketches his life, as he heard him tell it on one occasion:

There was nothing cold, distant, or repellant about Mr. Wilson's personal bearing, and as he always sought rather than avoided the company of the Washington correspondents, and was a frequent visitor of 'Newspaper Row,' my personal relations with him soon became very cordial, and from that time to this he has honored me, as he has other correspondents whom he found he could trust, with such a degree of his confidence that he always conversed with me very freely on all subjects of public interest, even at times when our political sympathies were widely different.

Mr. Wilson, in his conversation, very seldom referred to the events of his early life, although it was not a subject that he ever avoided. Only a few months ago, he spoke to me with an unusual feeling in regard to some cruel newspaper reports affecting the memory of his mother. He said their publication hurt him more than any personal abuse he had ever received during his whole public life. The reports were utterly untrue, for his mother was one of the very best women that ever lived, and to her teaching more than to almost any other or all other early influences he owed to the formation of the best traits of his character. He asked me if it would be proper for him to take public notice of these untrue reports, as he was anxious to do everything proper to defend his mothers memory. I heard him speak of his father only once, but it is hardly necessary to deny a report I have sometimes seen in print that his parents were gypsies; they were respectable, but very poor New-England people.

In a conversation about two years ago on the subject of labor organizations, and the condition of the laboring classes of this country now when compared with what it was 50 or even 30 years ago, he gave me a brief sketch of his boyhood and early manhood, and although the leading facts which he recited have before been published, the narrative as he related it will be none the less interesting, and I transcribe it from notes I made at the time:

"I was born," he said, 'in 1812, and at the age of ten years, was put out as an apprentice to a farmer. From the day of my birth to the day I was 21 years old I never had a dollar to spend for anything. During the whole of my apprenticeship my master but once gave me a penny. On that occasion he allowed me a holiday with permission to attend a muster seven miles from home, and gave me three cents to spend. I walked to and from the muster, and of course spent no more than that sum.

"On the day I was 21 years old—I remember it very well, one Saturday, the 16th of February—in the afternoon, my master gave me a yoke of oxen and six sheep. The latter I sold the same afternoon for $9, but, not being able to dispose of the oxen that day, I requested my master to keep them for me until Monday morning, which he did, but charged me 50 cents for it. I paid him this and took the oxen away. I sold them to a man for $75 and took his note for the amount. So when I became of age I had for eleven years' work (I was sent to school only four weeks each year) $84. I had saved 57 cents, which I had in someway obtained, but I had paid 50 of this to my master for keeping my oxen two nights. I then hired myself to a farmer, agreeing to work for $6 a month and board. I used to get up long before daylight, feed my stock, get my breakfast, and just as the cast was beginning to be streaked with red start off for the woods with my team. I used to place my dinner-pail on the sunny side of a tree and continue drawing saw logs to the mill until after dark at night. Then I went home, fed the stock, ate my supper, and went to bed. My father tended the saw mill most of the time for many years for 50 cents a day.

"In the Spring of the same year, I took my pack upon my back and started afoot for the town where I now live, Natick, Mass., 100 miles away, and the journey cost me just $1.25. I worked there at shoemaking, averaging 15 hours a day, and the last week's work I did at the bench was at bottoming shoes, for $5 a week.—Out of this I paid 50 cents for pegs, and $2 for board, so that I had left just $2.50. I have bottomed 50 pairs of men's shoes without sleeping, and that for a little more than 50 cents. But even at this rate I got some money ahead, and made up my mind to work my way through college. I lent my money to a man in Boston, and went to the Academy at Concord, N. H. I had been there six (three?) months when the man to whom I had intrusted my fortune failed, and I lost it all. I was so reduced that, although I owed for two or three week's board, I was absolutely unable to pay it, or even to take a letter from the Post-Office without borrowing money to pay the postage. But a friend invited me to remain and board with him, and pay him when I was able. So I stayed through the term, and in the winter earned money enough to pay him by teaching school.—Now the men who are working at shoemaking 10 hours a day, and earning from $3 to $5 a day, complain.

AN exchange says that, amid the general reduction of wages in these times, there is one thing whose wages is not in the least reduced, and that is sin.

### *The Value of Christianity.*

The value of Christianity has never been estimated by mere philosophers. There is grandeur in its principles, fully perceptible to the humblest being who feel their influence, but hidden from him who knows them only speculatively. The religion of Christ develops the only true principle of 'association' that can exist among mankind. Reviving in each individual principles tending to harmonious action, it gives all the elements necessary to form a perfect community. Its action is wholly integral. Perceiving the errors and follies incident to the present order of society, philosophers have devised various modes as substitutes for it; but in these modes one great principle has invariably been overlooked. The attempt has always been to modify the actions and passions of men by different methods by combining them together,—making the good qualities of one to neutralize the bad of another, thus forming a compacted whole. How far superior is the gospel plan! It takes each individual, purifies him of his faults, bestows upon him gentleness, charity, and true motives to act justly; and by the association of such as these, creates an order of society perfectly adapted to the wants of man.

Men's laws and systems seek to secure to mankind their rights, but say but very little about their duties. The consequence is, men often do wrong to gain their rights. Christ says but very little about our rights, but a great deal about our duties.—And yet, somehow, it comes to pass, that when all do their duties all seem to have rights.

Two great commands are cited by Christ as embodying the substance of divine teaching as contained in the law and prophets. And whatever men may say of the practical bearing of the requirement, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind,' there can be no doubt but the universal observance of the second command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, would revolutionize the world, change the face and character of all human society, and the reign of cruelty, hatred, strife and misrule, cause the cessation of wars, revolutions and convulsions, rebellions and disorders, and bring the world that harmony and peace

"Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found."

And if the observance of a single precept of the Gospel could regulate the whole system of human affairs, and bring order out of the moral chaos that submerges all things here, can we doubt that this precept came from the Creator himself? And that the value of Christianity to the world, even so far as it has now been diffused, is beyond all human thought or computation?

### *The Poor Drunkard.*

O, I have sometimes looked at a bright beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard.

I was once playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Connecticut; I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly, for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him:

Harry, will you go down with me to the side of the stonewall?

'O, yes!' was his cheerful reply.

We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned in the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and illumined us lay upon his porus, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine looking more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purpose of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth, and ruby lips, the perfect picture of life and peace—as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips growing white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor drunkard—then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting, increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make such a thing of a being once as fair as that little child.

### *What Counts Hereafter.*

When God made the earth it shook to and fro till he put mountains on it to keep it firm. Then the angels asked, 'O God! is there anything in Thy creation stronger than these mountains?' and God replied, 'Iron is stronger than the mountains, for it breaks them.' 'And is there anything in Thy creation stronger than iron? 'Yes, fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it.' 'Is there anything stronger than fire?'—'Yes, water for it quenches fire?' Is there anything stronger than water?' 'Yes, wind, for it puts water in motion.' 'O, our Sustainer, is there anything in Thy creation stronger than the wind?' 'Yes, a good man giving alms; if he gave it with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things.' Every good act is charity; your smiling in your brother's face; 'your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in the world to his fellow men. When he dies people will ask, what property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask, what good deeds has he sent before him?

### *Love as a Power.*

With all our grand talk concerning the duties of life, and its noble aspirations, we must admit that love is the lever which moves the world. At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life, there can be no doubt. For see what will conquer! It is not only that it prevails over selfishness, but it has the victory over weariness, tiresomeness, and familiarity.

When you are with a person loved, you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test—the only sure and abiding test of love. With the person you do not love you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of 'What shall I say next?' Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of heavenly bodies one to another, which in their silent revolutions lose none of their attractive power. Love is sufficient unto itself, finding pleasure in mere existence.

### *Some Old Cities.*

Ninevah was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty miles around, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which was seventy-five feet thick, one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof—it was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids was four hundred and eighty-one feet in length, and eight hundred and fifty-three feet on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are two and eight. It took three hundred years to build it. The labyrinth of Egypt contains five hundred chambers and twelve halls.—Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins seventy miles round, and contained three hundred and fifty thousand and five hundred citizens, and four thousand slaves. Temple of Dolphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $500,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried from it two statues. The walls of Rome were thirty miles around.

### *Backward, Pin Backward.*

Backward, pin backwark, my skirts in their flight; oh, make me small again, just for to night; I am so weary and my skirts are so long, sweeping the pavement as I walk along, gathering dirt from the muddy street, looked at by every one that I meet; mother, dear mother, I know I'm a fright; but pin back my skirts, mother, pin 'em back tight!

Mother, dear mother, the days are so warm, and I am so tired of the dress I have on; it is so clumsy, and don't fit me right; pin it back tight, mother, pin it back tight! Now I am ready; don't I look sweet?—smiling on all I happen to meet; I'm in the fashion, so that is all right. Pin back my skirts, mother, pin 'em back tight!

Mother, dear mother, I know its a sin for me to wear dresses that show off my limbs; but what is the poor girl going to do, if all the world wears them so too?—It is only those who are thin who're afraid to show off a form that is not well made. You may laugh if you please but you know I am right. Pin back my skirts, mother, pin 'em back tight!

WHERE IT CAME FROM.—A Detroit girl picked up a new bean the other evening at church, and when they reached her father's gate he accepted her invitation to go in.—He was perfumed to kill, and it was not long before his musk reached the back room where the old folks sat. The old man was heard stumbling around, muttering and growling, and presently he opened the door and passed out, and walked around the house. He came back after snuffling around for a few minutes, and pounding on the parlor door he inquired—

'E-vangeline, where's that piece of candle?'

'I don't know, father; why?' she inquired in return.

'There's a skunk or something or other under the addition, and I've got to hunt him out or we can't live here over night.'

The young man did'nt stay long after that.

ABOUT HATING.—Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts towards any one. What if this man has cheated you or that woman played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the undiscovered country? All who ill treat you now will be more sorry for it then than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be. A few more smiles, a few more pleasures, much pain, a little longer hurrying worrying through the world, some hasty greetings and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," the injured will be led away and ere long forgotten. Is it worthy to hate each other?