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Poetry.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny heart that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep thro',
When the ominous clouds are lifted;
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the one before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives assunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder.

Too Late.

"Drive hard, drive hard, my man!" exclaimed Miles Harvey, as he leaned forward in the cab, his eyes bent anxiously on the depot, and his face as a ghost's. 'Drive hard, I say!'

As he utttered this last exclamation, the Cincinnati express thundered out of the station at Dayton, regardless of the cries of the unhappy man, who had missed his passage by two minutes.

"Too late, sir," said the driver, in a sullen and unsympathizing way that cabmen often display. "Too late, sir, next train doesn't leave till 2.40," and he reined up his horses, and, turning about, looked at his passenger as if to inquire what he had further to direct.

Miles laid back in his seat and wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, as a heavy sigh came from his half-parted lips.

"To the hotel," he said, and immediately the cab was whirling back to the spot where, fifteen minutes before, it had picked him up.

Two minutes sooner and Miles Harvey would have put a world of trouble between himself and his pursuers. Now he would have to wait nearly three mortal hours.—And what might occur during this time? He shuddered when he thought of it.

"Here you are, sir," said the driver, as he stopped in front of the hotel. Miles was lying back in his seat absorbed in his own thoughts, and did not hear the expression until the man had repeated it. Then he started up nervously, took out his pocket-book, paid the fare, and, jumped out upon the side walk, almost landed in the arms of a fleshy-faced, broad-shouldered man, with small, cunning gray eyes, and heavy, bull-dog visage.

Miles Harvey staggered back a few steps and the two men stood regarding each other.

"Mr. Miles Harvey," said he of the bull-dog visage.

"So you have tracked me, Branton?" exclaimed Harvey, in a despairing way, which plainly said, "It's no use, I'll give up. Fate is against me, and I'll strive no longer."

"Well, yes, sir," replied the other, "but I imagine I had no time to spare. You have moved pretty smart for the past two days, and have been so wary that even a dispatch couldn't head you off."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Harvey.

"Take you back to Cincinnati," replied Branton. "After that my duty is ended, and you'll have to answer to others."

"What time do we start?" inquired Harvey, looking at his watch.

"Ten minutes past two," answered Branton.

"All right," continued Harvey. "I've had no breakfast yet. Come, let us go and get something to eat. I'll give you no trouble. I don't want to escape; the fact is, I am rather glad I am arrested, it takes a load off my mind. The constant anxiety I have experienced for a few days past has derived me of sleep and appetite. It's all over now and I'm hungry," and he forthwith entered the hotel, followed by Branton, the detective.

"I'm glad you are so philosophical," said the man; "'tis the only true way to act in unpleasant cases, though, to say the truth, I don't see what you should be frightened about. You've committed no very great crime; the fact is, I don't know if it's a crime at all. You owed certain debts you couldn't pay, and instead of acknowledging the fact, you ran away, thinking you could evade the responsibility."

Harvey nodded his head, took a seat at the table, pointed to another for Branton, and the two were soon doing justice to an ample meal.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Miles, as he put down his knife and fork and took a swallow of wine, "I was born too late. I ought to have been born the day before I came into the world. Had it been so I would have inherited my maternal uncle's fortune. He died just twenty hours too soon for my benefit, leaving his entire wealth to my cousin, with whom, unfortunately, I am not on good terms. Life has been a mistake with me all the way through. I don't see what was the use of bringing me into the world."

"Tut, tut," replied Branton, who had begun to feel comfortable over his dinner and wine; "tut, tut, Mr. Harvey, you shouldn't take such a gloomy view of things. I'll bet you'll be a rich man yet, and no thanks to relatives either."

"Never, never," responded Harvey;—"that tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, etc., entirely escaped me. It's always been low water with me ever since I could remember, and stand where I would the wave of chance never washed anything at my feet."

"Well, Mr. Harvey, perhaps you know the best," replied the detective, "but it's about time we were moving," and with that Miles started for the train in custody of Ichabod Branton.

Miles Harvey duly arrived at his destination, had a hearing, gave the required bail, and in due time went into bankruptcy.

Five years later and Miles Harvey was in business again, but he wasn't making a fortune; a bare living was all he expected of the world, and the world seemed determined not to disappoint him. Miles went into the oil business, hoping that he might slide along the highway of life as quickly as possible, and really matters looked as if the turning point had come with him, and things were putting on a bright hue. But the lease of his store expired, and though he was notified of the fact he delayed from day to day calling upon the agent, until he unexpectedly found that the property had been rented to Grimes, who kept a rival store further down the street.

The day this catastrophe happened him he received a neat little note written on rose-colored paper and highly perfumed.—It came from Mollie Wales. She asked him to call and escort her to a friend's, where there would be an entertainment.—Poor Harvey's head was so full of other matters that he never gave Mollie Wales or her note another answer. One could scarcely blame Miles, for he scarcely knew what to do in the way of business. He would not have offended Mollie for the world. She had money in her own right, and there was still more to come from her father. Besides, she was a fine girl, and handsome. Miles had been paying her attention for a year past, and although Mollie had often thought that it was about time he had declared his intentions, she was a quiet girl and waited and waited, until her constancy was put to a severe test.

The following day Miles called on Mollie to make explanations, etc. He found her occupied with Sandy Briggs, who had often aspired to be his rival, and had it not been that Mollie made fun of Sandy, and declared that she was perfectly indifferent to him Miles would, perhaps, have been uneasy, at all events he would have been jealous. This day he found Sandy sitting with Mollie, and she was in the best possible humor. Sandy had escorted Mollie the previous evening to the entertainment, and was apparently in high favor. The two men regarded each other with angry looks, but were studiously polite in her presence. It was not until Sandy had departed that Miles began his apology to Mollie for not complying with her request. She really felt sorry for his troubles, and before he left she had forgiven him the mortification he had occasioned her and once more he was restored to her favor. That evening when Mollie sat alone in her chamber she was revolving in her mind the best way to bring Harvey to terms, when it occurred to her to write him a anonymous letter. Seizing a pen she dashed off a short note in a disguised hand, telling him that unless he acted promptly Mr. Sandy Briggs would propose to Miss Wales. Miles received the letter and ran his fingers through his long, brown hair in an abstracted way.

"Can it be true?" he murmured, "that a puppy like Sandy Briggs would dare to propose to Mollie Wales?"

At first he was disposed to regard the information with disdain, but when he had reflected a little while, he began to admit there might be little truth in it. He must attend to the matter; he would go that very evening and offer himself to Mollie Wales. 'Twould be a mere matter of form, for Mollie must understand his intentions. He got out his clothes. No, he wouldn't put on the brown suit, he thought he would wear black, 'twas a solemn occasion anyhow, and somehow suited the color. Suddenly he recollected that it was Friday. He had attempted to run away from his creditors on a Friday; and last, but not least, it was on a Friday that he had called to renew his lease, and found that he was twenty-four hours too late.

No, no, he would not go to see Mollie Wales on Friday, much less propose to her. One day would make but little difference, perhaps none at all. He would visit Mollie on Saturday morning, and go early before Sandy Briggs could make a visit.—"That for Sandy Briggs," he exclaimed as he snapped his fingers. He put away his brown suit and his black suit laid by his lavender necktie and his lavender gloves. He threw the blacking brush into the corner, and slipping on his smoking jacket and Turkish cap, sat down in his comfortable chair, and began to puff his cigar, and watch the blue smoke curl up to the ceiling.

Saturday saw Mr. Miles Harvey at the Wales mansion. As he was about to ascend the steps the door suddenly opened, and Sandy Briggs, with a smiling face, tripped down and greeted Harvey with a good-natured salutation.

"Curse that fellow!" muttered Miles, "lately he's always been grinning when I meet him; he'll laugh on the other side of his mouth when he hears that Mollie and I are going to be married."

Miles strutted about the parlor, and admired himself in the mirror. Truly he was a good looking fellow, with manly proportions. Sandy Briggs could not compare with him in point of personal appearance. He wondered how Mollie could tolerate such an ape.

By and by, there came a light step on the stairs, and Mollie entered, radient with smiles, and seemed in unusually high spirits.

Miles was a fluent talker, and at once went into business with a gush. Not a doubt had ever entered his mind that he had only to propose to be accepted. What then was his astonishment when Miss Wales, in a grave but gracious manner, informed him that Mr. Sandy Briggs had proposed the previous evening, and that she had accepted him.

"But yesterday was Friday," groaned Miles. "I was coming to propose myself, when I happened to recollect the day."

"Well, sir," replied Miss Wales, "you are just fourteen hours too late."

"Too late!" cried Harvey, with a despairing cry. "Too late, did you say?—Will I ever be in time for anything in this world?" and he wrung his hands.

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Harvey,' replied Mollie, "but it is all your own fault. My wedding day is fixed, and matters have gone too far to be altered now. I always liked you but I think you are too slow. The world moves, and we must move with it if we expect to make a respectable figure in the race of life."

'Maddened with anger, Miles Harvey rushed from the presence of the lady and hurried toward the ferry, intending to take a sail upon the river to cool and quiet his agitated nerves. The gang plank had just been hauled in and the boat was backing out of the pier. Miles was desperate; he made a jump for the deck, and missed it by about a foot. Down into the river he went, and the cry of "a man overboard," rang from the wharf and the steamboat.—Boats, lines and preservers were seen on the face of the water, waiting for Miles Harvey to make his appearance, that they might snatch him from a watery grave;—but Miles forgot to appear until a week had passed, and in the meantime his obituary had been read by his acquaintances in the newspapers. Poor fellow, he was too late for everything in this world; let us hope he was more fortunate in the one he so suddenly entered.

A Sceptic's Conversion.

A minister had among his congregation an eminent lawyer who was an infidel. He had long desired the salvation of the sceptic, and one day, knowing that he was to be present in the meeting, he prepared a sermon especially for him, hoping and praying that through it he might be converted.

The infidel came. It was an icy winters day, he listensd to the sermon, and went his way, and not long after confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Chrsst. The minister rejoiced, and in conversing with him inquired of him what portion of the sermon it was which especially affected his mind and led to such a desirable result.

He answered: "It was not your sermon at all; I did not hear it; I was making a brief all the while you were preaching. But after meeting closed, as I came out I saw old black aunt Chloe trying to get down the slippery steps. I stepped forward and helped her down over the ice to the crossing, and as I left her she looked up in my face and said: 'Oh! massa, I wish you loved my dear Jesus.' Those words rung in my ears and I could not get rid of them, until I went to my office and bowed myself on my knees and gave myself to Christ. It was not your sermon, but it was old aunt Chloe's words that led me to the Savior."

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts;" Is the constantly recurring lesson which God teaches us by circumstance like this. Shall we appreciate the divine instruction, and learn to make the Lord our confidence and trust, believing that in him alone is victory and strength.

OREGON'S BOILING SPRINGS.—The Oregon papers describe some boiling springs in Wasco county whence flow streams of chloride of silver. The waters are so surcharged with soapy gray silver that a stone will not sink in them, and when a crowbar is forced down into a pool the specific gravity of the mass will throw it back into the air like an arrow shot from an Indian's bow. The amalgam is worth $9,000 a ton and there are 160 acres of these springs. As a matter of course, the Comstock lode will be abandoned and all Nevada will move to Oregon? A Gold Hill reporter springs to the rescue of Nevada. The streets of the town were macadamized with silver ore of low grade from the waste of the mines and are literally paved with silver. A handful of gravel which the reporter picked up in a trench on Main street yielded $2 25 gold and $3.75 silver, the average being $6 to the ton. The rarity of the atmosphere in these western towns seems to favor elasticity of imagination.

The room for improvement is probably the largest room in the world.

Four Revolutions in a Day.

The Mexicans, like all their Spanish-American brethern, are skilled in getting up revolutions. Some political leader fails of an election. He straightway issues a *pronunciamento*,—Spanish for a proclamation,—gathers a hundred or two of ragged, half-starved loafers, a lot of rusty muskets and bayonets, and a worm-eaten cannon. He marches to the public square, deprives the citizens of a night's rest, and in the morning there is to be a revolution. The fighting is generally carried onin the night, so that the brave men may not hurt each other.

During the summer of 1863, a Southern gentleman happened to be in Matamoras, the capital of the State of Tamaulipas, Republic of Mexico.

One morning his black servant failed to put in an appearance until two hours after his usual time.

"What's the matter, Ben?" exclaimed the master, as the negro, in great excitement, came running in.

"Don't know, massa. Spec' dar's a revolution going on. I'se been in de calaboose dese two hours."

Going out to get his breakfast, the gentleman saw Gov. Ruiz making excellent time down the street, bareheaded, and pursued by a file of soldiers. Knowing that the first act in a Mexican revolution was to lock up all persons found out, the gentleman retired to his room. After waiting two hours, he ventured out, and was told that since the previous night, Matamoras had had two chief magistrates, and that the third, one Serna, was now to be inaugurated.

Having a slight acquaintance with Serna, the gentleman went to his office to obtain a passport, that he might leave Matamoras before the dawn of another revolution. He reached the office to find the officials engaged in a vigorous discussion as to what one was Secretary of State. It was summarily decided by the one having the worst of the argument being marched off to prison with two bayonets.

The gentleman obtained his passport, and if he had left at once, all would have been well. But going back to the hotel for his horses and buggy, and baggage, brought him in contact with another revolution.

Driving to the suburbs, he met a party of cavalry, and at once showed his passport. The officer began its attentive reading, upside down. As the operation seemed likely to last for some time, the gentleman remarked that it was all right, as Gov. Serna himself had granted it.

With a lowering brow, the officer replied that the passport was useless, as Serna was no longer governor of Tamaulipas, but Cortina was.

Here was a pretty fix,—the passport's signature scarcely dry, and the man who wrote it deposed! At this rate, two or three revolutions would occur before the horses could trot out of Matamoras.

A bright thought came to the gentleman's aid.

He drew out five bright Mexican dollars.

The brow of the officer relaxed,—but he held on to the passport.

The gentleman drew out five dollars more. The officer's brow was clear, and with a cordial smile of farewell, he gracefully handed back the passport, saying, with a Mexican's politeness, "*Bueno, adios senor.*"

No grass grew under those horses' feet until they had crorssed the Rio Grande and got into Texas.

Human Destiny.

Unremitted labor and unceasing vigilance are the lowest prices at which man, in this world, can obtain happiness and safety. The primeval curse.

"In the sweet of thy face shalt thou eat bread," includes within its scope not only the bodily, but the mental and moral powers of man. And reason and philosophy, not less than revelation, clearly demonstrate that all nature, both within us and without, is so formed and constituted as to enforce this destiny.

Not only does this uncultivated earth bring forth thorns and thistles rather than fruit, but its tempting fruits, unless discriminated, may poisen us. And the air we breathe, the fire that warms us, and the innumerable other objects which are essential to our existance or enjoyment, must be for the most part, laboriously sought, and must all be cautiously distinguished, and appropriated, and used, if we would secure the benifits and escape the mischiefs which in some form, each has the power to occasion.

And if we seek for happiness in the exercise of mental and moral powers, the same toil and danger await us. The temple of science stands at the summit of an almost inacessible mountain. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Moral rectitude is a critical medium, the two extremes from which are vices. And even the path to heaven, as we are instructed from the sacred desk, is narrow and difficult, with a broad road leading from it to perdition; so that earth and heaven are legibly inscribed by the finger of the creator with the sublunary doom of man—toil and watchfulness.

And yet, such is intrinsic constitution of human nature, that this apparently severe destiny is the efficient cause of its highest dignity and happiness. Perils and impediments in our path prompt us to vigilant and energetic action. Our chief happiness consists in successful effort—in acquiring the desirable objects around us not in their supine enjoyment—in eluding, or grabbing with and overcoming, danger, not in quiet, lifeless exemption from it.

The Emperor and the Preacher.

There are some preachers who are ever striving for dramatic effect, and who take much pains to prepare things beforehand for some unstudied burst of eloquence which they have carefully committed to memory against the appointed time. We remember one minister who requested another one to occupy a certain position on the rostrum at a public meeting, that he, while speaking, might make an allusion to one of his dead friends. The preacher did not propose to take part in that kind of a "show business," and so the eloquent allusion perished on the parent stock.

It appears that the chief court preacher of the Emperor William, of Germany came to grief a while ago in showing off some of these tactics. Instead of preaching Christ and him crucified, he undertook to preach Queen Louise, and her glorified, and gave an elaborate and pathetic account of of her interview at Schwdt, after the disastrous defeat of the Prussians by Napoleon at Jena, October 14th, 1806, with her two sons, the late king and present emperor, whom she urged to redeem their country from disaster, and avenge the wrongs committed by France.

Of course such a sermon, viewed in the light of the recent war between France and Germany, was deeply interesting, and moved all to tears and applause, except the Emperor. He sat stearn and unmoved.—After the oration was ended, he waited patiently until the preacher had laid aside his clerical robes and stood at the chapel door ready to go home, when he addressed him thus:—

"No such scene as you have elaborately described ever took place. The words attributed to her certainly expressed my mother's sentiments, but all that she said to her son was, 'You see me in tears. I weep for the sad fate which has overtaken us. The king has been mistaken as to the efficiency of his army and its leaders;—therefore, we have been defeated, and are obliged to fly.'

The preacher, thus corrected, could neither excuse or defend himself. The emperor added, "Let me advise you not again to give a sermon of this sort. My family and myself go to church to worship God and to hear the Gospel preached; not to listen to flattering notices of our deceased ancestors."

From which it appears that emperors are not always destitute of common sense, though preachers are sometimes woefully lacking in that respect.—*Common People.*

Judge Not.

We have no right to judge others until we know all of the circumstances that influence their conduct. In many cases we might imitate those we condemn, under like circumstances.

A young man employed in a printing office in one of our large cities, incurred the ridicule of the other compositors, on account of his poor clothes, and unsocial behavior. On several occasions, subscription papers were presented to him for various objects, but he refused to give his money.

One day a compositor asked him to contribute for a picnic party, but was politely refused. "You are the most niggardly man ever employed in this office," said the compositor, angrily. "Stop," said the young man, choking with feeling, "you have insulted me." The other compositors gathered around the excited man.—The young man looked at them for a few minutes with a famished look, and a strage fire in his eyes. "You little know," he said, "how unjustly you have been treating me. For more than a year, I have been strving myself to save money enough to send my poor blind sister to Paris, to be treated by a physician who has treated many cases of blindness, similar to hers. I have always done my duty here in this office, and have minded my own business. I am sacrificing everything in life for another. Would either of you do as much? Could any one do more?" He had been judged without a knowledge of circumstances. Be slow to censure and condemn. We cannot read the hearts of others, and, in many cases, to know all is to judge all. "Judge not that ye be not judged."

THE LUXURY OF GRIEF.—A pet grievance becomes a hobby with many men.—In setting forth their grievances to the world or even on brooding over it in solitude, they are necessarily dwelling upon their own virtues. And it is not surprising that, in many cases, the habit should generate an unreasonable self-complacency. We should doubt, however, whether this doctrine is wide enough to cover all cases. The most familiar examples of the "luxury of grief" seem to be but indirectly connected with any form of vanity. A sentimentalist takes a perverse pleasure in cultivating melancholy, after the fashion of Jacques, and delights in selfabatement and exaggeration of his own incapacity for action; or a widow cherishes her grief for a dead husband till she resents any attempts at comfort and takes a pride in self-torture. In such cases, unfortunately familiar enough, it is often almost impossible to say what are the ultimate components of the passion. We have such marvelous skill in deceiving ourselves that nothing is more difficult than to give a fair account of our own emotions.—*Home Journal.*

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

Sensation of Starving.

Though it is true, as Shakespeare says, that "they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve on nothing," yet the glutton does not suffer as the starving. A writer thus describes the sensation of starving:

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are perhaps more acute than the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach day and night. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantials; but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by a nausea.—The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earliest stages.

Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes after his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a live lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day, his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color is ashen pale, and his eyes are wild, glassy and cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an over-powering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy—the ghost of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne, yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion.

The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile, the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and strange impulse.

The Letter.

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his salvation.—He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge, by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last the master thought of reaching his mind, and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the Gospel, by writing him a note and asking him to come and see him at six o'clock, after he left "the works."

He came promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into the room, his master inquired:

"Do you wish to see me, James?"

James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said:

"The letter; the letter."

"Oh," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent the message, you came at once."

"Surely, sir, surely, sir," replied James.

"Well, see, here is another letter sent to you by one equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper, with some texts of scripture written on it.

James took the paper and began to read slowly, "Come-unto-me-all-ye-that-labor," etc. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, grasping his large, red handkerchief, with which he had covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired:

"Am I just to believe in the same way that I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."

This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Christ, and to walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be pursuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in his word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honorable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "He cannot deny Himself."

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a deal of lying.

The best thing in this world is to take things as they come—take them easy—and take a good many of them.

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with things as they go.

Every minnow wants to be a whale; but it is best to be a little fish when you have but little water.

Who Is Poor?

The man who spends every dollar he can get and runs in debt besides to buy land that he cannot till, houses he cannot live in, horses that he cannot drive, clothes that he cannot wear, he is poor.

The man who treats himself, and his wife and children worse than he does any help that he can hire, making them work harder, fare worse, and have less, is poor.

The man who has spent the value of a good farm for tea, coffee, rum, tobacco, snuff and cigars, and who cannot afford to take a paper, is poor.

The man who pays five dollars to take his family to the circus half a day, and cannot pay five cents to have them go to meeting a year, or a dollar for something for them to read and inform their minds, is poor.

The young man who spent his big wages for a "nobby suit," and then stole from his employers to pay for the beer, the cigars, the ice creams and the theatre tickets for himself and his "friends," and who has been out of work until he has sold his "nobby suit" to pay his board, and slept in garrets and station houses, and begged his bread, and gone hungry, is poor.

The young lady who spent all her wages on silks, ribbons, thin shoes, brass jewelry, and butterfly gew gaws to catch this same fast young man,—and failed to do it—who was too proud to wear plain honest clothes as her mother did before her, and must sweep the streets with yards of satin, or switch her tawdry ruffles and abominable flounces around about her work like a peacock's feathers in a wet day, and who now is hungry, homeless, friendless, and on the very verge of perdition,—she is poor! May God help her before she is beyond all help!

Now all these people are to be pitied, and as far as practicable helped. The poor have the Gospel preached to them.—They are not to be cast off nor left to perish because they have been ignorant, ill-trained, extravagant or vicious. They must suffer, it is true,—they deserve to suffer,—but they must not be spurned, cast off, nor utterly forsaken. They are our brothers and our sisters; and some of them have never had much teaching till it has come to them in the shape of hard, grinding experience. Let us counsel them, teach them, aid them, and try to save them.—*Common People.*

"Dick" and "Jim."

"Dick" is the name of a favorite canary bird, and a no less favored Maltese cat responds to "Jim." Both belong to Rev. Mr. Way, the pastor of the Methodist church at Holly, Mich.

"Dick" escaped. One morning, while Mrs. May was cleaning out his cage, and tying it into a large willow tree, standing in front of the house, he gave expression in warbles and trills to his joy at being released from prison.

All the household and many of the neighbors tried in vain for several hours to capture the fugitive canary. "Jim" moved among them, an interested but unassisting spectator. At length the hunters retired, and "Dick" enjoyed his freedom all that day and night.

The next morning, the familiar warblings were heard, and "Dick" was seen, as happy as a bird of freedom could be, in the willow tree. No attempt, however, was made to capture him.

But about ten o'clock, "Jim" with "Dick in his mouth, appeared in the wood shed, where a daughter of Mrs. Way was engaged in washing clothes. Surprised, she ran to the cat. "Jim" opened his mouth as Miss Way put out her hand and took the bird. But "Dick" escaped, for the young lady was too fearful of hurting him, and again his warbles were heard in the willow tree.

An hour later, the family heard the cat mewing at the front door. Miss Way ran out, and there was "Jim" with "Dick" in his mouth. He was let in, the door shut, and the bird taken this time with care and restored to his cage. "Dick" was not injured in the slightest, and in a few minutes indicated by his warbling that he was "Home again, from a foreign shore."

"Jim" had been distinguished by his skill in hunting birds, but never before had he brought into the house a live bird. He and "Dick" were raised in the same house, His mistress would frequently permit him to stand near the bird, and if he made any signs of seizing it, would punish him.

AN INTEMPERATE MAN'S WARNING.—The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set foot in the flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to precive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking forward for this night's repetition of folly; could he feel the death, out of which I cry hourly with feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.—*Charles Lamb.*