POETRY.

"DON'T FRET."

Has a neighbor injured you?
Don't fret—
You will yet come off the best;
He's the most to answer for,
Never mind it, let it rest;
Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?
Don't fret;
It will run itself to death;
If you let it quite alone,
It will die for want of breath:
Don't fret.

Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret—
They can't injure you a whit;
If they find you heed them not,
They will soon be glad to quit:
Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret—
Fortune's wheel keeps turning round,
Every spoke will reach the top,
Which, like you, is going down:
Don't fret.

INVOCATION.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. BY H. D. WHITE]

Oh, come to me, when on the tree,
The first sweet flowers are blushing;
When merry birds are on the wing,
Their hearts with music gushing;
When tufted wild-flowers gem the banks
Of our own Pleasant River,
And Love his brighter arrow draws
From well replenished quiver.

Oh, come to me, when all is bright,
When thy young heart is cheery,
And life unto thine eye presents
No cloud, no prospect dreary;
I'll wreathe a chaplet for thy brow
Of poesy's fadeless flowers,
And bind them with the sweetest rose
In Love's enchanted bowers.

So come to me, when on the tree
The first sweet flowers are blushing;
When merry birds are on the wing,
Their hearts with music gushing;
When Spring adorns the glossy banks
Of our own Pleasant river,
And love his brightest arrow draws,
From well replenished quiver.

A REVERIE ABOUT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Dream of splendor, bright and gay,
Disenchanted all too soon,
Dimly fading fast away
Like a half remembered tune,—
Lo my spirit's harp is sad
For the end of earthly things,
And refuses to be glad
While I touch these trembling strings.

Fountains, gushing silver light,
Sculptures, soft, and warm, and fair,
Gems that blind the dazzled sight,
Silken trophies, rich and rare,
Wondrous works of cunning skill,
Precious miracles of art,—
How your crowding memories fill,
Sorrowfully my musing heart!

Fairy giant! choicest birth,
Of the beautiful-sublime,
Seeming like the toy of earth
Given to the dotard Time,—
Glacier diamond, Alp of glass,
Sinbad's cave, Aladdin's hall,
Must it then be crushed, alas!
Must the Crystal Palace fall?

Yes! as autumn's chequered hues
Thus are tinted with decay,
As the morn's prismatic dews,
Sparkling—exhale away,
So with thee; in beauty's pride,
Ah! the brightness must depart,—
Nature's fair consumptive bride,
Fragile paragon of Art!
But—not all of thee shall die,

Or not all shall perish thus!
Thy sweet spirit ever nigh,
Will remain to gladden us,—
Thy sweet spirit—*Brotherhood!*
This was in thee like a soul,
Every part to gild with good,
And to glorify the whole!

MARTIN F. TUPPER

ALBURY, GUILDFORD.

JACK OF ALL TRADES, OR THE MAN FOR A NEW SETTLEMENT.

Parson Truman was a modest, unassuming person, who disliked mere outside display. He was a plain, practical man, a profound logician and an earnest preacher. His knowledge was not bound by the limits of his library; his labors were not confined to the pulpit; his influence extended beyond the parish where he expounded the Scriptures. For he often had to serve as a lawyer, physician, teacher, priest, and confidential friend, in new settlements where professional gentlemen are few and far between. At the time of which I write, he lived in a log house. When at home he spent a part of his leisure time in cultivating a little patch of ground which belonged to the parsonage. Sometimes his farm, as he called it, would be overrun with weeds, for his circuit extended several miles and frequently kept him from home more than a week at a time.

One day he returned and saw the weeds standing among the vegetables, like Philistines among the Israelites, and he determined to uproot them and remove them from the land.

"Wife," said he, "I must go to work in the garden to-day. If any person calls to see me, tell them I am engaged. No person can see me while I am weeding behind that regiment of cornstalks."

He pulled off his best coat, which had been black, rolled up his sleeves, and commenced the task before him. Spear grass, pig-weeds, sour-plant, and the whole tribe of weeds had taken possession of the little strip of land, and looked down contemptuously upon the stunted plants below them.

It was washing day, and Mrs. Truman was hanging her clothes upon the linen line, when a sunbrowned woodman, with an honest face, inquired if brother Truman was at home.

"Yes, but he is engaged," replied the dear little woman, with a smile, for she could be good-natured even on Monday, while at work over the wash-tub. Think of that, ye Xantipas, who fret, pout, scold and thump away at such times and under such circumstances.

"If he is at home, I must see him in a few moments."

"He left positive orders with me to allow no one to disturb him."

"I won't detain him from his studies but a short time."

"He is at work in the garden—"

The man did not stop to hear the conclusion of what she said, but, unceremoniously walked through the gate-way, and found the good man pulling up weeds as though they were unpardonable sins.

"Well, brother, I have found you at last. My horse is lame, and as you are something of a doctor, I thought I would ask your advice.'

"Is he unable to walk or work?" inquired the dominie.

"He limps about on three legs a little.—I wish you would step up to our place and see him."

"Well, I have agreed to marry a couple a short distance beyond your house, and I will call on my way to the wedding."

In order to make up lost time, the minister now worked harder than he did before he had been interrupted.

The first caller had not got out of sight, when a woman in dishabille, with her dishevilled hair streaming over her white face, came to the door, and asked if the Rev Mr. Truman was at home.

"He is at home, but his engagements are such that he cannot be interrupted just now," observed his wife.

"O dear me, what shall I do?" exclaimed the woman, wringing her hands, and weeping as though her sufferings were intense, and the minister was the only man who could relieve them.

"Wait a moment," said Mrs. Truman; "I will ask him if he can be seen."

"Husband!"

"Well, my dear what do you want now?"

"Here is a woman—"

"I cannot help it."

"Hear what I have to say. Here is a woman in great distress; she is anxious to see you immediately."

The parson threw down a handful of wicked weeds so suddenly, a stranger might have supposed he was angry; but he was only a little excited. Perhaps he thought the transgressors he was driving from his piece of land ought to be cast into outer darkness, where they would be burned.

"What do you want, my good woman?" he asked, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, sir! we have had such a row in our settlement! Mrs. Jenkins' child threw a stone, which broke Mrs. Sparkins' window, and Mrs. Sparkins told the child to clear out; and when Mrs. Jenkins heard of it, she came to Mrs. Sparkins' house, and told her she was no better than she ought to be; and Mrs. Sparkins declared she was a lier; then Mrs. Jenkins said she was a lair; then Mrs. Sparkins spat in her face; and then Mrs. Jenkins pulled her hair; and then Mrs. Sparkins tore the dress of her back; and Mrs. Jenkins cried murder, and I ran after you!"

"What were they doing when you came away?"

"Pulling hair, sir, and screaming murder!"

"What do you expect I do in such a case?"

"Why, preach to them, and bleed them, sir, and stop them from going to law," said the frightened woman," who evidently had more faith in the minister than she had in the gospel.

"How far is your settlement from where the wedding is to be this evening?"

"About a mile, sir."

"I will call about seven o'clock."

The good man returned to his garden, where he had made but little progress; but as soon as he had got hold of the enemy, a teamster climbed over the fence, and asked him if he would be so kind as to put his shoulder to the wheel, and give him a lift through a mud-hold, at the foot of the hill.

He could not put that off until he went to the wedding, so he went to work, and while they were jerking and pulling the load about, the wagon broke.

Mr Truman had a box of tools and knew how to use them. The wagon was soon repaired, and the teamster went whistling and singing on his way, and the minister returned to his garden once more.

Just as he kneeled down before a bed of onions, as though he intended to copy the example of the Egyptians, and worship them, a loud rap was heard at the door. The minister could have wept without rubbing his eyes with the onions that stood unweeded there; but he resolved to be angry, and sin not.

The door was opened, and there stood the class-leader's son, anxious to see Mr. Truman.

Mr. Truman was called into the house.

"What do you want, my son?" inquired the minister.

"Father wants to borrow the Commentary on Luke, and the last newspaper."

"Wife, get them," said he; and then turning to the boy, he remarked, "The next time you want anything of that nature, ask Mrs. Truman, she can get the books for you as well as I can."

It was now twelve o'clock; so the minister thought it best to take a "bite" of victuals. He sat down with his wife and child to a "picked up dinner." Before he rose from dinner an Irishman made his appearance, and modestly asked if the preacher lived there.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Will yer be so kind as to write a letter for me to the ould country?"

"By-and-by."

"May the blessed Virgin protect ye!"

"Take a chair."

"Will ye be afther doing it soon?"

"Right away after dinner."

The writing of the leetter occupied at least an hour, and before he concluded it, a pretty little boy came to the house and asked for that "*shot*" he (the preacher) had recommended to his sick mother.

"Powder, you mean," said Mr. Truman, with a smile.

"Yes, sir, I meant to say powder," replied the lad, blushing to his temples.

"Now, husband," said the good natured wife, "let me pursuade you not to go into the garden again this afternoon. Stay in the house and mend the children's shoes, so that they can go to school to morrow."

He finally made up his mind that it was better to sit there in the shade, than to stoop out doors in the sun; so the shoes were repaired and the weeds left undisturbed.

When the job was finished it was time to prepare for the wedding. After performing the duties of barber and boot-black, he turned hostler, and saddled his pony, departed in peace, and went on his way rejoicing. He halted at Blake's barn, and examined the "lame mare."

"She has a nail in her foot," said he; "hand me a pair of nippers, and I will remove the shoe."

"Now," continued the preacher, while he stood there with the pinchers in one hand and the shoe in the other, "bathe the foot with salt and vinegar, keep her shut up in the stable, and she will be well in a fortnight."

After marrying the couple, he mounted his pony, turned his face toward the new settlement and put up at the house of a Christian brother. He gave directions for Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs Spakkins and their friends to meet him there. The house was crowded with the parties and their acquaintances.

"Mrs. Jenkins, did your boy break Mrs. Sparkins window?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Jenkins, of course you are willing to pay for the window, are you not?"

"Certainly I am."

"Mrs. Sparkins did you spit in Mrs. Jenkins' face?"

"Yes; I did so when I was angry."

"You are sorry for it now, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, I am," she said and then rubbed her eyes with one corner of her apron.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"I do."

"Will you forgive her?"

"With all my heart."

"Now we shake hands. God bless you. Good night!"

Mr. Truman returned home another way, in order to seek the sick woman, and give further directions respecting the powders. He found the medicine curing the patient, and had the good fortune to meet the class leader there, who handed him the paper, and promised to return the Commentary in a few days.

When this useful, practical, accommodating man reached home he was quite fatigued, but happy to think the day had not been spent in vain. One reason why he was anxious to weed the garden was because there was to be a donation party at his house the next day, and he did not wish to have his premises look as though he was slothful and lazy. After a delicious sleep and pleasant dreams, the donation-day arrived. Parson Truman helped his wife to provide for a large number of guests. He made the fire, pared the potatoes, churned the butter, watched the oven, scoured the knives and forks, and made himself generally useful.

Soon after sunset, the members of different denominations began to arrive. Blake came with one horse hitched to his wagon; the mare that mated the noble animal he drove, was too lame to travel yet. He brought with him a new cheese, a quantity of sugar, and three or four bushels of corn. The sick woman sent her boy with a new dress for Mrs. Truman. The class leader brought a side of bacon and a dollar in money. Mrs. Sparkins, Mrs. Jenkins, and the young widow Gleacher, came together and brought a beautiful quilt, the result of the united labors of the ladies of the sewing circle. The sewing was most neatly executed. It was originally designed for the missionaries in Liberia, but some one suggested that the climate of Africa was warm enough without quilts, and the sewing-circle concluded to present it to Mrs. Truman. By-and-by the teamster came with a wagon-load of people from his settlement. They came quite a distance, and brought money. Their united donations amounted to fifteen dollars. The Irishman was on hand. He said he had not much to give, but he would make himself useful by taking care of the horses of other visitors.

It was a pleasant evening; the moon sailed like a ship of light through the calm heavens. When tea was over, some of the company began to joke with the minister respecting the unweeded garden.

"Sure an we might weed the garden by moonlight," said Pat.

The company took the hint, and went to work most cheerfully. Many hands make light work. When the party separated the garden was in good trim, and every guest went home with a light heart.

Time fled. Mr. Truman remained on that circuit two years, and at the expiration of that time a petition was sent to the Conference, praying that he might be removed; but it was contrary to the usages of that body to continue a minister more than two years at a time on the same circuit.

Joe Howell, the teamster, and Mary Simpson, who married the minister, were happy in each other. Shortly after they became equally with each other [illegible] that, they attended a meeting where Mr. Truman preached in Sparkins' school house. Just before the good man, who was a universal favorite, left that circuit, he married this couple. Mr. Truman got up into notice by degrees, and has now charge of one of the best stations in the jurisdiction of the Conference. He has not forgotten how to mend a pair of shoes, repair a broken wagon, dispense medicine to the sick, help his wife about the house, and act as a peace maker when the nasty in spirit are disposed to quarrel. He is just "the man for a new settlement," or any other situation.—*Southern Baptist.*

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

Dean Swift assigned as the reason why so few marriages were happy, that young ladies spent their time in early life in the formation of beautiful nets to catch husbands, instead of constructing cages to keep them after they were caught. Without supposing for a moment that there are but few happy marriages in the United States, whatever may have been the case in Great Britain at the time that the witty Dean flourished, we publish his remark for the benefit of any who may be in danger of falling into the fatal error. It may be found after a while, that those fashionable accomplishments which are acquired at an expense of so much time and money, are not so valuable as prudence, temperance, industry, self-denial, and other qualities that are most valuable in wives and mothers.—*Southern Baptist.*

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