

Poetry.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the hand of woman! Angels guard his strength and grace. In the palace, cottage, hotel, O, no matter where the place! Would that never storm assailed it, Rainbows ever stately curled; For the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rocks the world.

Selected Story.

SERVED OUT.

In the year 1833—there lived at Bordeaux, the last—or one of the last—of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call the Code of Honor. This was a certain Comte de V., a man of great physical strength, impetuous and unscrupulous, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit—the dueling fit—was not on him; but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of a quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the code aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France; just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire, only the less noxious vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was dealt out to the human brute.

latent strength of character.—Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte de V., and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were in that pleasant fold. As the Count approached this table, it became sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence; and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited—especially when we are out of danger ourselves. The strawberry-eater's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which—the weather being warm—he had placed on the table by his side.—“He is a foreigner,” whispered some in the dress-circle. “Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte.” Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the table opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, “Garcon!” “Garcon!” he said, when that functionary appeared, take away that nasty thing!” pointing to the hat aforesaid. Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the brim of the “nasty thing,” which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garcon was embarrassed. “Do you hear me?” thundered the Count. “Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place his hat on the table.” “I beg your pardon,” said the strawberry-eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; “I will make room for Monsieur.” The garcon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him—“Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?” “But Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself.” “What does that matter to me?” “But, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible.” “What is impossible?” “That I should take the gentleman's hat.” “By no means,” observed the stranger, uncovering again. “Be so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter, and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge of it for the present.” “You speak French passably well for a foreigner,” said the bully, stretching his arms over the table, and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter of contempt going round the circle. “I am not a foreigner, Monsieur.” “I am sorry for that.” “So am I.” “May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?” “Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very rudely.” “Meaning me?” “Meaning precisely you.” “Do you know who I am?” asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on, as much as to say, “Now observe how I will crush this poor creature.” “Monsieur,” replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, “I have the honor not to know you.” “Death of my life! I am the Comte de V.” The strawberry-eater looked up and the easy, good-natured face was gone. In its place was one with two gray eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly. “The Comte de V.,” he repeated in a low voice. “Yes, Monsieur. And what have you to say against him?” “I? O nothing.” “And that is?” “That he is a coward.” “That there are those who say he is a coward?” “That is enough,” said the bully, starting to his feet. “Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address,” flinging him a card. “I shall not trouble myself to seek Monsieur le Comte,” replied the strawberry-eater, calmly tearing the card in two. “Then I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me.” “And that is?” “That he is a coward.” “You may say what you please, Monsieur le Comte. Those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not—my faith! what care I what they think?” “And thou—thou art a Frenchman?” “No one but a Frenchman could

have thrown so much disdain as he did into the “thou.” The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called “Garcon!” The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off. “Garcon,” said the stranger, “is there a room vacant in the hotel?” “Without doubt, Monsieur.” “A large one?” “But certainly. They are all large—own apartments.” “Then engage the largest for me to-day, and another—no matter what—for Monsieur le Comte.” “Monsieur, I give my own orders when necessary,” said the Count, loftily. “I thought to spare you the trouble. Go, if you please,” (this to the waiter,) “and prepare my rooms.” “Then the strawberry-eater returned to his strawberries. The bully gnawed his lip. He could not make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad that the Count had found one who was likely to suit him, and that he would have to seek elsewhere what he wanted. The murmur that went round roused the bully. “Monsieur,” he hissed, “has presumed to make use of a word which among men of honor—” “I beg your pardon?” “Which among men of honor—” “But what can Monsieur le Comte possibly know what is felt among men of honor?” asked the other, with a shrug of incredulity. “Will you fight yourself with me, or will you not?” roared the Count, goaded to fury. “If Monsieur le Comte will give himself the trouble to accompany me to the apartment which, no doubt, is now prepared for me,” replied the stranger, rising, “I will satisfy him.” “Good,” said the other, kicking down his chair; “I am with you. I waive the usual preliminaries—I only beg to observe that I am without arms; but if you—” “O, don't trouble yourself on that score,” said the stranger, with a grim smile. “If you are not afraid, follow me.” This he said in a voice sufficiently loud for the nearest to hear, and the circle parted right and left, like startled sheep as the two walked towards the house. Was there no one to call “police,” no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent? Not a soul! The dreaded duelist had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely now that he knew the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed it would end there. The count and his friend (?) were ushered into the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the garcon had left, took off his coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to move the furniture so as to leave the room free for what was to follow—the count standing with folded arms, glaring at him the while. The duels being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantel-piece behind him, and said: “I think you might have helped a little, but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?” “Perfectly.” “Thank you, I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England, at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycees, I should, perhaps, have gained more book knowledge, but as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is, not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?” “I cannot flatter myself that I do.” “Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one who takes advantage of more brute strength against the weak, or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?” “I came here, Monsieur—” “Never mind for what you came, be content with what you will get. For example—to follow what I was observing—if a man skilled with the small sword, for the mere vicious love of quarreling, goes to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more a cowardly murderer, and a knave.” “I think I catch your meaning; but if you have pistols here—” roared the bully.

“I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket,” replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. “Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned, would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at.” “Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur,” said the Count; “let this farce end.” “Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguishes some—who have not had a similar enlightenment—education—would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating chastisement befitting his knavery and his cowardice.” “Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with,” sneered the Count. “Yes, I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its provisions.” “You will fight me then?” “Yes. At the school we have been speaking of, I learned, among other things, the use of my hands; and if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got.” “You would take advantage of your skill in the box?” said the Count, getting a little pale. “Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small sword with poor young B—” “But it is degrading—brutal!” “My dear Monsieur, just consider. You are four inches taller and some thirty to forty kilograms heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow, it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—had got over your guard, it would have gone hard with you. But, then I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or so, unhappily in front; whereas you killed him.” “I will not accept this barbarous encounter.” “You must; I have done talking. Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard, then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fit to appear, then you shall have your revenge—even with the small-sword, if you please. At present, bully—coward—knave, take that, and that!” And the wiry little Anglo-Frank was as good as his word. In less time than it takes to write it the great bragart was rendered unrecognizable for many a long day. That number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; that number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; that number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other things had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and breeches and flung him out of it on to the flower-bed below. The strawberry-eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfill his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then, again, the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had Angelo for a master as well as Owen Swift, and after a few passes the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown out of the hotel window, and ridicule—so awful to a Frenchman—rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the Battle of the Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.—Temple Bar.

Miscellaneous.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

A great experience meeting some years ago was to be held one evening in a church, where the speakers were all to be reformed drunkards. An estimable woman whom we will call Alice was induced to attend. When the meeting was somewhat advanced a late member of Congress arose with apparent sadness and hesitation. “Though I have consented, at your urgent solicitation, to address this assembly to-night,” he said, “yet I felt so great a reluctance in doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty that I could drag myself forward. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. I could wish that ten years of my life were blotted out.” He paused a moment, much affected, and then added in a final voice—“Something must be said of my own case, or I fail to make the impression on your own minds that I wish to produce.” “Your speaker once stood among the respected members of the bar. Nay, more than that, he occupied a seat in Congress for two congressional periods. And more than that,” he continued, his voice sinking into a tone expressive of deep emotion, “he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all these honors, all these blessings have departed from him. He is unworthy to retain them. His constituents let him drop because he had debased himself and disgraced them. And more than all she who had loved him devotedly, the mother of his two babes, was forced to abandon him and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there to so debase me that my fellow-beings spurned me, and even the wife of my bosom turned away heart-broken from me? Alas, my friends, it was a mad indulgence in intoxicating drinks. But for this I were a useful and honorable representative in the hall of legislation, and blessed with home, and wife, and children. “But I have not told you all. After my wife was separated from me, I sank rapidly. A state of sobriety was too terrible for my thoughts. I drank more deeply, and was rarely, if ever, free from the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. At last I became so abandoned that my wife urged by her friends no doubt filed an application for a divorce, and as application could be readily shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared; and to complete my disgrace, at the congressional canvass I was left off my ticket as unfit to represent the district. “When I heard of the Sons of Temperance, I sneered at first, then wondered, listened at last, and then I threw myself on the great brotherhood that was marching on in triumph, in the hope of being carried off by them out of the reach of danger. Nor did I hope with a vain hope. The Order did for me all, and more than all I could have desired. It set me once more on my feet, once more made a man of me. “A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, restored me to much that I had lost; but not all, not the richest treasure that I had proved myself unworthy to retain—not my wife and children. Between myself and these I laid its stern, impassable interdictions. I have no longer a wife, no longer children, though my heart goes towards these loved ones with the tenderest yearning. Pictures of our earlier days of wedded love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fire-side circle, I see ever before me the placid face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into mine with intelligent confidence; the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ears.” Here the speaker's emotion overcame him; his utterance became choked, and he stood silent, with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half-sifted sobs. “At this moment there was a move in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every eye appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by the speaker until she had come nearly

Miscellaneous.

FATHER TERRY ON GENESIS.

Of all the methods proposed to reconcile Genesis and Geology, that offered by the Rev. Mr. Terry, a Roman Catholic priest of Chicago, is by far the most effective, if not the most orthodox or most satisfactory. Science, according to this view, is all fact and Genesis all fiction; and as fact and fiction cannot be said to contradict each other, Science and Genesis cannot be said to disagree. The book of Genesis, Father Terry teaches, is a grand epic. The stories of Eden and of man's creation are poems. So is that of the creation of Eve out of one of Adam's ribs. Pearls of revelation are contained in them, it is true. The acid of criticism will redeem them from their insincerity. The story of the deluge and the rainbow in the Bible are no better than those concerning the rib and the garden; nor are they of a different nature. Sodom and Gomorrah were burned just as Chicago was. There was nothing mysterious in their burning. God had no more to do with it than He had with the great Chicago fire of 1871. Not an avenging Deity, but the West-side shingles and the high winds were the cause of that disaster. If this be Catholic doctrine, it can no longer be said that the Catholic Church is immovable.—Indeed, if it be the Catholic doctrine, the Catholic Church is the most advanced of all churches.—Father Terry has reconciled science and religion in such a way that they can never quarrel again. If it be urged that God did not create the world in six days, the future Catholic theologian will answer: Of course not—that is all poverty. If a proselyte finds it difficult to subscribe to the account of the fall; how the tempter took the shape of a serpent and induced the first woman by its eloquence to eat the apple, his doubts may be calmed by the assurance that this is one canto of an epic. If it be suggested that Christ is not the Redeemer of the world in the commonly accepted sense, the skeptic may be confirmed in his position by the assurance that since man's fall is a fiction, there was no need of such a redeemer; that, therefore, Christ is not a redeemer but only an example. Having begun this, Father Terry will do well to continue. Let the Young Men's Catholic Library Association have a series of lectures of the same character as that on Thursday night. And from the same gentleman—one on the Poetry of Job, a fourth on the Poetry of the Virgin Mary, and a fifth on the Poetry of the Judgment. If Father Terry is only consistent throughout, and induces the rest of the Catholic Church to follow him, he will find Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer humbly knocking at the door, begging admission into the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and ready to use their influence in favor of Father Terry for Pope of Rome.—Chicago Tribune.

Miscellaneous.

OLD LOVE REKINDLED.

The wedding was that of Mr. Conger, member of Congress from Michigan, with Mrs. Sibley, widow of Major Sibley, United States army. She was Miss Humphries, daughter of Judge Humphries of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, and twenty seven years ago was affianced to Mr. Conger, then a handsome, blooming youth. They quarreled and parted. In six months the quarrel was forgotten, and they were again engaged. Miss Humphries was pretty, a belle, and a flirt.—Her flirting propensities did not please Mr. Conger, and he remonstrated with her. Being a high-spirited girl, she again and finally broke the engagement, telling him she would never marry him. He left the State. She married and he married. Major Sibley lived twelve years. There were no children, and at his death she went abroad. Mrs. Conger lived a few years, and left three children. In October, weary of European life, Mrs. Sibley determined to return to her home in Cincinnati. Arriving in New York, it occurred to her to come to Washington for a few weeks. Oh, women, how mysterious are thy ways! One day time hanging wearily on her hands, she wandered (?) to Congress of course, never dreaming that in this august body sat her affinity. An hour passed: the debates were prosy and tedious. So, gathering her wraps about her, she prepared to leave the gallery, when there was a tap on her shoulder. Turning, who did she behold but the lover of her youth! After commonplace greetings in an agitated voice, she made the inquiry: “I suppose your family are with you?” “Did you not know that my wife was dead?” With tragic start she averred she did not. They chatted some time, and on leaving she said: “I am at the Arlington—will you come and see me?” Meditation on his part, blushed on hers, and then in a low voice replied Conger: “I will come if you take back what you said to me twenty-five years ago.” “I will,” she answered, and she wilted. The engagement was very brief, and the happy twain were united Saturday, May 23d, at eleven o'clock A. M. The bride wore a pearl-colored satin brocade, with diamond ornaments, and looked very well, albeit she could not look sentimental, for she is not very young, and weighs about one hundred and ninety-five pounds. A GREAT KNIFE-SWALLOWER.—A writer in the *Steele*, of Paris gives the following account of an American sailor, named John Cummings: On the first occasion this man swallowed fourteen knives. As may be supposed he was ill in consequence; but he recovered, and was able to re-commence his exploits. Being made a prisoner by an English ship in 1807, he suffered himself to be persuaded to satisfy the curiosity of the crew. This time he swallowed seventeen knives in the course of two consecutive days. But he was then attacked by excessive pains which required the aid of a surgeon, under whose care he remained eighteen months. He was then dismissed as incapable of service.—Twice in the year 1807 he entered Guy's Hospital, London, and was attended there by Dr. Babington, who had much difficulty in believing the account which the man gave of the origin of his illness.—He left the establishment, but again returned to it in 1808 under the care of Dr. Currie, and died there in the following year, after seven months suffering. When the body was opened there was found in it fourteen knives all corroded and partly dissolved. On one of them, however, the name of the maker might be still distinguished; a copper button and part of a silver setting which had adorned another were scarcely touched, but the nails, springs, and horn handles were in a state of decomposition. The final malady and death had been caused by the half of a large knife becoming fixed across the intestines. The stomach itself was not at all injured, and Comings, after his last experiment, had eaten with excellent appetite. You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the windowing machine.

Miscellaneous.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones: A company of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast of garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost: “Come, John,” said the superintendent, “what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?” “Please sir,” said John, “I am cutting it to take with me. My dear mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress and it is all that I have to remember her by.” And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break. But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico in his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow. We know many an eye will moisten as the story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go to God for the fatherless and motherless in all great cities and all places. Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well we are sure obeyed. Bear this in mind that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your willfulness or disobedience. [Old School Presbyterian.] CONCERN.—Hardly anything is more contemptible than the conceit which rests merely upon social position—the conceit of those who imagine that thus they are divorced from the clay of common men, of those who shrink with horror from the plea of work, as something which degrades by its very contact, and yet, who very likely owe their present position to some not remote ancestor, who, recognizing his call to work, lived more honestly in the world than they do, and was not ashamed of soiled thumbs. It is one of the meanest things for people to be ashamed of the work from which they draw their income, and which glorified their ancestors more with their soiled aprons and black gowns, than themselves with their ribbons and flash jewelry. It might be a fine thing to be like the lilies, more gloriously clothed than Solomon, and doing nothing, if we were only lilies. Advantageous position is only a more emphatic call to work; and while those who hold the advantage may not be compelled to manual drudgery, they should recognize the fact that manual drudgery may be performed in the same spirit as that which characterizes their own work, and therefore that it is equally honorable.—Rev. Dr. Chapin.

Miscellaneous.

THE IRISH IN CIVIL RIGHTS.

It was on Saturday night last that Fred Wiley, an Adonis of charcoal hue, who acts as an assistant in the kitchen of the Lamar House, approached Miss Mary Donahue, a buxom Irish maiden whose renowned skill as the pastry cook of the Lamar House is known the city over, and said to her that as the Civil Rights bill had passed, he wanted her to array herself in her best finery the next morning and to go to church with him. The maiden looked up in surprise, and noticing that the dusky Adonis seemed in earnest, demanded to know if he meant what he said.—All unaware of the danger of insulting a maiden of the brave, virtuous and impulsive Irish race, he replied that he did. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than down upon his great skull came, with terrific force, the heavy wooden ladle which Mary held in her hand, and the blood flowed profusely from the wound that the blow caused. His first experiment in “civil rights” slightly cooled his ardor. [Knowville Chronicle.] What comes after cheese?—mice.

A housekeeper's affairs had for a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not what to do to get out of her difficulties. After a time she betrothed herself of a wise old hermit who lived in the neighborhood, and to him repaired for advice. She related to him all her trouble, saying: “Things go on badly enough—nothing prospers indoors or out. Pray, sir, can you not advise some remedy for my misfortunes?” The hermit—a shrewd, rosy man—begged her to wait, and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, after a short time brought out a very curious-looking box, carefully sealed up. “Take this,” said he “and keep it for one year; but you must, three times a day, and three times a night, carry it into the kitchen, the cellar, and stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it that you will shortly find things improve. But be sure that at the end of the year you bring back the box. Now farewell.” The good woman received the precious box with many thanks and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pittance of beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a supper of omelets. In the stable she discovered and corrected some new faults. At the end of the year, faithful to her promise, carried the box to the hermit, and besought him to let her keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect. “Only let me keep it one year longer,” she said, “and I am sure all will be remedied.” The hermit smiled and replied: “I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within you shall have.” He opened the box, and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper on which was written this couplet: Would you thrive most prosperously Yourself must every corner see. PLUCK.—The hopelessness of any one accomplishing anything without pluck is illustrated by an East India fable. A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician was kept in such constant distress by its fear of a cat, that the magician, taking pity on it, turned it into a cat itself. Immediately it began to suffer from its fear of a dog, so that the magician turned it into a dog.—Then it began to suffer from the fear of a tiger, and the magician turned it into a tiger. Then it began to suffer from the fear of a huntsman, and the magician, in disgust, said, “Be a mouse again, as you have only the heart of a mouse; it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal.” And the poor creature again became a mouse. It is the same with mouse-hearted men.—He may be clothed with the powers, and placed in the position of brave men, but he will always act like a mouse; the public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such a person, “Go back to your obscurity again.—You have only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless to try to make a lion of you.” NOBLE THOUGHTS.—I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind.—Of all trees, observe that God has chosen the vine; a lowly plant that creeps the hopeful wall; of all the beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all the fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar nor the spreading palm, but a bush—a humble abject bush—as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing productive love like humility; nothing hate like pride. IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution,—to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it. Words are little things but they sometimes strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like sunshine, the dew, and the fertilizing rain; but when unskillfully, like the frost, the hail, and desolating tempest.