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Poetry.

COME TO THE SOUTH.

Oh, come to the South, sweet beautiful one, 'Tis the clime of the heart, 'tis the shrine of Where the sky ever shines with a passionate

And flowers spread their treasure of crimson

incense along, And gay birds are glancing in beauty and Where the summer smiles ever o'er mountain

And the best gifts of Eden, unshadowed, re-Oh, come to the South,

The shrine of the sun; And dwell in its bowers, Sweet, beautiful one. Oh, come to the South, and I'll build thee

Where winter shall never intrusively come The queen-like catalpa, the myrtle and The gold-fruited orange, the ruby-gemmed

Shall bloom 'round thy dwelling, and shade thee at noon, While birds of all music keep amorous tune By the gush of glad fountains we'll rest us

No trouble to yex us no sorrows to grieve.

Oh, come to the South. The shrine of the sun; And dwell in its bowers, Sweet beautiful one.

Oh, come to the South, 'tis the home of the heart-No sky like its own can deep passion im

And love keepeth ever his fervent control, Oh, here would thy beauty most brilliantly

And life pass away like some delicate dream Each wish of thy heart should realized be. And this beautiful land seem an Eden to

> Then, come to the South, The shrine of the sun; And dwell in its bowers, Sweet, beautiful one.

TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS:

The poem which follows is said to have been written by Charles Mackey, some time editor of the Glasgow Argus, and said to have appeared in a little volume called "Voice from the Crowd:"

Tell me ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar, Do you not know some spot Where mortals weep no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, Some valley in the West, Where free from toil and pain, The weary soul may rest ? The loud wind softened to a whisper low. And sighed for pity as it answered-"No

Tell me thou mighty deep, Whose billows round me play. Know at thou some favored spot Some island far away, Where weary man may find The bliss for which he sighs, Where sorrow never lives And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow, Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer-

And thou, serenest moon, That with such holy face Dost look upon the earth, Asleep in night's embrace, Tell me, in all thy round, Hast thou not seen some spot Where miserable man Might find a happier lot? Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe! And a voice, sweet but sad, responded

Tell me, my secret soul, Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith, Is there no resting place From sorrow, sin, and death Is there no happy spot, Where mortals may be blessed Where grief may find a balm, And weariness a rest? Faith, Hope, and Love-best boon to mortals

Waved their bright wings and whispered-"Yes! in Heaven?"

A DREAM OF A DREAM.

O for a bed of buttercups, to rest Therein, and watch the summer swallows pass;
And see the meadow-flowers I love the bes

That I might seem. Without regret. In a fair dream Of Margaret: To hold her white, warm hand, and read he

Among the fairy forests of the grass:

And feel her kiss again beside the stile! O for one hour underneath a hedge,

With boughs of full-blown May-bloom overhead. And waving weeds above its pebble bed;

To sink pown deep, With sun above, And have in sleep This dream of love-Of love that was, and may not be again: Of dear heart-love before it grew to pain!

If the delusion old delight could bring, And let me hear the gentle maiden voice Speak what was spoken once to me, and sing The song that made my sonl wake to re

Though after sleep Came aching truth, To bid me weep In bitter ruth-Yet would I walk again my shadow'd way, Ten years to dream the dream another day.

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

I love it, I love it-the laugh of a child, Ringing out on the

gush, Like the trill of a bird at the soft twilight'

Or the magic that swells in the heart of a Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free Is the pleasantest sound in the world for me.

ter; tepid is the best.

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Selected Story.

BETTER THAN HE SEEMED.

BY PAUL PLUME.

A quaint old town was Hereford. Its buildings were antiquated, and its inhabitants clung so tenaciously to the traditions of their forefathers that no more obstinate or exclusive set of land-owners could be found in the shire.

Scarcely more than two thousand souls comprised the popula- flight of young Bernier to Beltion, but what they lacked in gium." numbers was balanced by the ex treme respectability of those who little lords among the tonantry. were identical?" Hereford had its banking house.-Liverpool, but Mr. Sandhurst Tip- languidly at his fair companions. ed a cordon about his retreat .-Church, and its good vicar, Dr.

Hereford also had its Established Stole, though an austere man on just enough of the French accent the church homilies, could never- in it to establish his nationality. theless, at times be as decorously jolly as the worst of his parishionthe hounds were in full cry. The family of Mr. Sandhurst In one of the houses at the out

Tipton consisted of his wife and most unaccountably had imbibed father, the count, in ignorance of notions, altogether too plebian for his whereabouts. He therefore their nation and birth. It was Mrs. Tipton who had insisted on casion required it, and had not their being educated abroad, and Augusta boldly charged him as it ever since had been to her a being the son of Count Bernier, source of lamentation, while her and having to fly his country, it is vielded to his wife's wishes, never

say its truth, only she extenuated Lewis. her mistake as best as she could, educated at the same institution ters, and had come out sans re-

Precept and expostulation seemand they only laughed at the lectures they received, frequently re- ed gentleman, residing abroad. plying by some club-house phrase | The banker offered Mr. Lewis the they obtained, heaven knows hospitality of his house, and in- Mr. Lewis. where. Two London seasons had vited him to dine. failed to eradicate the blemish of their characters, and now Mr. Tip- ly pale, but upon the present octon and wife had resigned themselves to the unhappy conviction that they must patiently endure his forehead was still visible in a that which they could not cure.

The sisters were out one day, on horseback, and, as was their custom, they were unattended by an escort. Augusta, who was a look or sign, betrayed the thoughts dashing horsewoman, was riding near the edge of a wood that was bounded by a thick thorn hedge. On the opposite side was a young man who had fallen asleep reading a book which was lying on the green sward. At a banter from Cecily. Augusta put her horse at the hedge and leaped him clear over it. A cry of pain immediately followed, and the young sleeper sprang to his feet, then staggered and fell, with his forehead the nephew of Sandhurst Tipton ness.

prank.

Tipton's horse.

here this instant," she called to of the race course and prize ring poor fellow. How perplexing this land's most valued institutions. is, to be sure." She had sprung Mr. Tipton was sitting in his from her saddle and knelt beside room at the bank, when Tom enthe bleeding man, while he was all tered. unconscious of the fair fingers that was twisting a cambric handker- flinging himself down carelessly ber Lewis, when he one day re man's home so disagreeable that chief about his temples.

Cecily, in conformity to her sister's summons, had scrambled through the hedge, and was doing what she could to bring the stranger to consciousness.

"He's handsome-don't you other day?" Now rippling and gentle, now merry and | think so. Gussy?" she asked, gazing on his pale face.

> clutched at her vinaigrette and applied it to his nostrils. It happened that Cecily at that

moment spied a letter lying on the ground, near the book. In an instant she had caught it up, and ed his uncle. "If you refer to Mr. with womanly curiosity was ex- Lewis. who has deposited in this Don't bathe the eyes in cold wa- aming the superscription. It was bank, and who brought me a let- of laughter that the propriety of There are women who find more postmarked Brussels, and address terofintroduction from my friend her mother was shocked.

Cecily pressed her hand upon spect." her brow, as if in thought, and then handed the letter to Augusta. The latter looked sharply at the superscription, and then remarked: "Oh! that's it. How strange!"

"Where did we hear that name?". asked Cecily. "I am certain we have come across it somewhere?" "In the newspaper," replied her sister, "don't you remember, a few days since, the announcement of Count Bernier's son being implicated in that French plot, and the

sister. "Wouldn't it be romantic lived and carried themselves as if our stranger and young Bernier

Augusta pushed the letter in the asked the banker. To be sure, it was a diminutive young man's pocket none too soon, appendage of the big concern in for he opened his eves and gazed

ton, M. P., resident partner, pre- "Do you feel much pain?" insided over its dignity and lived in quired Augusta, "I really cannot the old brick mansion on the top express my sorrow at having been the hill, screened from vulgar gaze the author of your accident. It by the heavy yew trees that form- is very strange you did not hear

"I was asleep, mademoiselle." he him, dined with you." replied, in a low voice that had A half hour later and the sisters

were sitting beneath a tree, with ers, and was a rough rider when Louis Bernier telling them the be on a man. Friday week, hey? story of his life. to my cousins, they had met him skirts of Hereford, Louis Bernier two daughters. The former was had found a temporary home with a tall, stern-looking lady, with a stout yeoman named Perry enough dignity to have satisfied Hawks. There were very many the most exclusive aristocrat, while reasons why he desired obscurity the daughters, Augusta and Cecily, at that moment, and not the least to the disgust of their parents, of which was his wish to keep his springing to his feet, and confront-

gave an assumed name, when ocmore astute husband, who had op- probable he never would have reposed the scheme but nevertheless | vealed himself. But the positive and unexpected manner of Augus- leave.

failed to remind her that the con- ta Tipton had taken him at a dissequence was the result of her own advantage, and he surrendered at discretion, only stipulating that Mrs. Tipton knew this full well, if they ever met in the presence of

whither she had sent her daugh- Mr. Tipton and deposited several thousand pounds, at the same time getting grubs to go fishing. presenting a letter of introduction ed lost upon these willful girls, London friends, who spoke of

Lewis as the son of a distinguish-

Lewis' complexion was habitualeasion it was whiter than usual, and the newly-healed seam across crimson line. His introduction must have caused Augusta and Cecily some secret amusement. Be that as it may, they never, by

that passed through their minds. Every small community seems to be afflicted with one or more persons whose chief business seems to be in discovering facts regardng their neighbors hitherto unknown, and then, without loss of time, proclaiming them to the discomfiture of those concerned. In the person of Tom Delong, Hereford had one of these interprising

cut open by the hoof of Augusta The banker had for years set his The daughter of Sandhurst Tip- of life, but as "blood is thicker where he never failed to disgust his "Tie your horse and climb over aunt and her husband by his slang ernment. her sister, "I believe I've killed a __in his estimation two of Eng-

welcomed his nephew in a com- him that Count Bernier, a dismonplace way.

'fellow,'" answered the banker, ton. Her sister made no reply, but with some severity of tone. "Oh, you object to the term, do

> it by calling him a chap." "Quite as objectionable as your previous expression, sir," respond-

so often a few years past. By wrong motive. Jove I knew I had heard the tice his death in The Post?"

seat and grasped the paper. Sure enough, Colonel Branford had falldead at his club. Verdict. apoplexy. So sudden was the news that the banker felt sick and was obliged to swallow some wine. Branford and himself had been "True enough," responded her schoolfellows; in a few days he was to have seen him.

"What were you going to say regarding Mr. Lewis, Thomas?"

that he is what he represents himreason you'll come down from that high horse you are on and listen with more attention to what Bernier had obtained Mr. Tipton's their wives' and children's sakes I have to say. Please tell me the consent to propose to his daugh- that men are tempted to overtax day that Mr. Lewis, as you call ter.

"Let me see." replied the banker, running over the days in his mind-"it was last Friday week." bet on a horse, whatever it may Well, Uncle Sand, for a week or | grand time at the Tipton mansion; | probably not understand them if more previous to his introduction

every few days, and as far as they were concerned I don't think an Augusta was to marry a nobleman acute pain than to simply endure introduction was at all necessary." after all. Her mother's cup of assertion?" cried the banker,

ngs myself," replied Tom, with the utmost coolness, "and I dare but if you don't believe it, why of | will come out ahead." course it don't make any difference to me. Good-by," and he arose to

"Stay!" responded his uncle,

'tell me all about it." Tom seated himself again, and gave a detailed account of the therefore she never sought to gain- others they should know him as Mr. times he had seen Augusta and Cecily meet Lewis. Each time Shortly after the event just they met near the scene of the acreminding her lord that she was narrated, a young man named cident by the wood. Tom never Lewis appeared at the bank of heard any conversation between them; he was up among the trees

Mr. Tipton left the bank earlier to that gentleman from one of his than usual that day, and on his arrival home his daugh ers were summoned to his presence and requested to give an explanation of their previous acquaintance with

In a short decisive way, Augusta related the accident that occurred on her leaping the hedge, and frankly admitted that both herself and Cecily had met Lewis

even as Tom Delong had reported. "Then why did you not mention it, at least why did you let me suppose you were strangers when I brought him to my house? Ex-

plain that, if you please." "I cannot do it," replied his daughter, "at least without violating his confidence."

"His confidence," sneered her "Ho! it's come to that, has it? That will do."

Mr. Lewis received a short, curt note through the post, in the handwriting of Sandhurst Tipton, requesting a suspension of his visits to his house, and declining individuals. Moreover, he was any intercourse except upon busi-

By the same mail came a foreign ance for counsel fees, to enable the face against his nephew's manner letter for Lewis (whose retreat, it wife to prosecute a suit for diseems, had been discovered), givton possessed a courageous mind. than water." he could not cast off ing him intelligence of the death She neither screamed nor wept at his dead sister's child, so Tom had of his father, and requesting his dence enough in the case to sesecured his pardon from the Gov-

> Notwithstanding the vigilance wife's temper and conduct no of Mr. Tipton and Tom Delong, share in making him so? It was Augusta and Lewis had a final interview, then he was seen no his wife's fingers, but was it quite

A year had passed away and man to listen to music that he did "Good day, uncle," he said, Mr. Tipton had ceased to remem- not want? Is it wise to make a ceived a letter from the Britist | he must either seek quiet and re-Mr. Tipton raised his eyes and Ambassador at Paris informing tinguished nobleman, at that time to the pet-bird episode, it would be "Who was that fellow you had in the King's service, was about to interesting to hear in what kind up to the house at dinner the visit England, and that he would of tone the wife asked her husband have the pleasure of giving him a to sit on one side; and before con-"I am not aware that I had any letter of introduction to Mr. Tip- demning without reserve that mo-

cation with feelings of pleasure .- a dim feeling of regret that the woyou?" replied Tom; "let me qualify It was always gratifying to his man he had courted in days gone vanity to be the recipient of such | by had love to spare for her canacommunications. His wife, to ries, but none for him. Again, why whom he exhibited the letter, at should a wife's nerves be jarred once began to plan a match for ner daughter Augusta. The latterindulged in such hearty screams

ed to Mons. Louis Bernier, Lon- Colonel Branford, I request you It was arranged that a grand tained in all the seven-octaves of to speak of him with more re- dinner should be given in honor their pianofortes, or all the artless of the count's arrival. A malicious trills of their pet canaries. Was "Branford! Branford!" replied smile was ever playing upon the it not partly her own fault that Tom, "why that's the name of the lips of Augusta, which both her the plaintiff in this case found the shooter who used to stop with you father and mother attributed to a midnight ring so disagreeable to

We submit these points less

In his old accustomed seat at name somewhere. Did you no- the bank, Sandhurst Tipton was with reference to the litigant sitting some months afterward. Thompsons than to the scores of Mr. Tipton started from his when the card of Count Bernier was handed him. "Show him in immediately,"

> cried the banker, springing toward the door. The next moment he had mechanically grasped the hand of the in these days. Men are too apt count, and the two stood regarding to carry their business faces and each other in silence. At length | their business thoughts home with

Mr. Tipton spoke: "How is this? I believe I am coldness, hardness, and reserve to looking upon Mr. Lewis?"

The count smiled, and sitting On the other hand, women are "I was simply going to state down by the banker, explained all not ready enough to make allowthat I have good reason to doubt that was mysterious in his first ance for the wear and tear of our visit to Hereford, and completely self, and perhaps if I give you my satisfied the banker of the pro- and temper of the man who has priety of his actions.

"Come down stairs," cried the selves prematurely old, in the en-

banker, as he arrived at his door, deavor to get rich or to maintain absolutely forgetting, for the mo- a certain social position. There ment, his decorum, "come down are many thing that clouds a "Friday is an unlucky day to here and see an old acquaintance." man's brow and sour his temper.

A few weeks later there was a | Wife into his confidence. She would every one was jolly, and none he did, and the attempt to transmore so than Dr. Stole, as he fussed and fumed about the rooms. "How dare you make such an joy almost ran over. Tom Delong the fact that the boiling kettle was there, but he didn't call the count a "fellow," and suspended ing his nephew with face alternate- his slang phrases, except in one In the same way the active brain solitary instance. When his aunt "Because Interrupted the meet- asked him what he thought of business man will, in spite of himthe ceremony, he replied, "Well, the parson gave them a fair start, assert anything I know to be true; and I think on a square heat Gussy cincts of home. A wise wife will

Miscellaneous.

MARRIED LIFE.

getting what the marriage cove-In denying the preliminary apnant is. As Judge Donohue reolication of a wife to enable her minded the sensitive Mrs. Thompo bring a suit for divorce against her husland, Judge Donohue, of son, people take in marriage "certain duties on themselves, and unthe New York Supreme Court, dertake to bear the infirmities of gave some very sound advice to humanity which each possesses.' married people who are troubled Whether "for better or for worse, with "incompatibility of temperafor richer or poorer," is expressly ment." The case, whose abrupt convenanted or not, the conditions termination afforded the occasion are distinctly understood, and marfor these remarks, appears to have ried people are as obviously bound been a very frivolous one. The to accommodate their tastes and 'cruel and inhuman treatment" tempers to each other as they are complained of by the wife seems o respect the inviolability of their to have mainly consisted of occaneighbor's property. They have sional exhibitions of boorishness no right to subject their children, on the part of the husband .if they have any, to the demora-On one ocassion he was bored izing influences of a contentious with her piano playing, and athome, or to the shame inseparable tempted to summarily stop the from a broken marriage bond. annovance by closing the lid of They have just as little right to theinstrument. His wife resisted. weaken the tie which holds society and got her fingers pinched. together by treating the marriage another time he refused to budge yow as a thing terminable at the from the two chairs he occupied caprice or the vindictive impulse before the window to enable her to of either of the parties to it. remove some pet birds which were There has been a great deal too hanging outside. A third specifimuch twaddle talked and pubcation related to the violent ringlished about the sentimental side ing of the door bell at night by of this question. On the stage. the defendant. Acts like these in the court of justice, in the were the head and front of the church, even, we have had too husband's offending, and yet they many exposures of the morbid anwere deemed sufficient to warrant atomy of the minds of vain or a demand for alimony and allowvicious people, who chafe under the ties of matrimony. It is about time that the simple and imperavorce from bed and board. There seems to have been evi- tive duty of married men and wo-

its gradual but certain cure.

jury that the nusband had behaved like a "brute." But then had his ture, we commend Judge Donohue's brief remarks to public attenvery wrong to close the piano on A HOMESICK TRAY .- A "valler" right to insist on compelling a dog has covered himself with glory as a traveler or pilgrim or madrupedestrian. He was taken ast fall from Indiana to Kansas. But he didn't like Kansas, and nose outside of it, or resort to was homesick through and force to secure them inside? As through. He found meat scarce and was averse to a diet of grassoppers. So he tramped it over miles and miles of desolate prairies; he swam the Kansas and Missouri rivers: and one day, footsore, rose and surly person, it might be weary, and lean, he barked at the The banker read the communi- only fair to give him some credit for old door. He was six weeks upon the journey; and the first thing he did upon getting home was to eat his dinner calmly, the next to drive the pigs out of the yard according to his ancient custom. He had by her husband's ring at the doorearned something, but he had forbell, even if it were late at night? gotten nothing.

Will all hash intoxicate? melody in that sound than is conWASHINGTON'S AGRICUL-TURAL LIFE:

The following extracts from Irving's Life of Washington will be cherished by every enlightened and working farmer: "A large Virginia estate in those

days was a little empire. The mansion house was the seat of government, with its numerous married couples whose "difficuldependencies, such as kitchens, ties" are fairly illustrated by the smoke-house, work-shops, and stacomplaint in the case in question. bles. In this mansion the planter The old-fashioned theory of muruled supreme; his steward, or tual obligation in the marriage reoverseer, was his prime minis lation is a good deal lost sight of ter and executive officer; he had his legion of house negroes for domestic service, and his host of field negroes for the culture of tothem, and so bring nothing but bacco, Indian corn and other crops, and for other out of door the society of wife and children. labor. Their quarters formed a kind of hamlet apart, composed of various huts with little gardens and poultry yards, all well stockcommercial life upon the nerves ed, and swarms of little negroes gamboling in the sunshine. Then to bear the brunt of the struggle. there were large wooden edifices Before leaving the bank Count It is to a very large extent for for curing tobacco, the staple and most profitable production, and mills for grinding wheat and Intheir energies, and to make themdian corn, of which large fields were cultivated for the supply of the family and the maintenance of the negroes. * * * * The Virginia planters were prone to leave the care of their estates too about which he cannot take his much to their overseers, and to think personal labor a degradation. Washington carried into his rural affairs the same method, activity late these troubles into definite and circumspection, that distinspeech is to many men a more guished him in military life. He kept his own accounts, posted up them. Women may have noticed his books, and balanced them with mercantile exactness. We have continues to bubble for a little afexamined them as well as his diater it has been lifted from the fire. ries recording his daily occupations, and his letter-books containof the hard-worked professional or ng entries of shipments of tobacco. and correspondence with his Lonself, run on the affairs of his office don agents. They are monuments after he has come within the preof business habits. "The products of his estate also

make allowance for the occasionbecame so noted for the faithful al gruffness whose source she canness, as to quality and quantity not understand, and will make it with which they were put up, that her business to smooth out the it is said any barrel of flour which hard lines of the troubled face, and bore the brand of 'Geo. Washgently to allow the soothing inington, Mount Vernon,' was exfluence of a pleasant home to work empt from the customary inspection in the West India ports. Of course, deeper than all faults "He was an early riser; often of heedlessness or want of heart before day-break, in the winter, is the radical moral error of forwhen the nights were long. On such occasions he lit his own fire. and wrote or read by candle-light. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter, two small

cups of tea and three or four cakes of Indian meal (called hoe cake.) formed his frugal repast. Imme diately after breakfast he mounted his horse, and visited those parts of the estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes, and often aidng with his own hands. "Dinner was served at tw 'clock. He ate heartily, but was

or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea. of which he was very fond, early in the evening, and retired for the night about nine o'clock. "If confined to the house by bad weather, he took that occasion to arrange his papers, post up his accounts, or write letters; passing

a part of the time in reading, and

occasionally reading aloud to the "He treated his negroes with kindness; attended to their comof them in sickness; but never faithful performance of all their tirely at their ease.

on a new invention of his own. house an untidy air and an un-This after two or three failures, he | wholesome odor. accomplished. Then with less than his usual judgment, he put his two chariot horses to the mony," straightened up again.

plow and ran a great risk of spoiling them, in giving his new invention a trial on ground thickly

"Anon, during a thunder-storm, frightened negro alarms the house with the word that the mill is giving way, upon which there is a general turn out of all the forces, with Washington at their Wolfe, no less than that of the head wheeling and shoveling military hero. gravel, during a pelting rain, to check the rushing water."

WHAT I BEGIN TO BELLEVE. thing else so popular. Their genius

that money makes the man, and at a few illustrations: dresses the woman.

are the most devout on Sunday. an avowed Socinian, in 1790. I begin to believe that man was made to enjoy life, but to keep him- Christian lyric, and Toplady has self miserable in the pursuit and left nothing half so precious: He ossession of riches.

tight money market is an extrav- pute, but his spirit lost all its agant expenditure on the part of harshness when he tuned the inindividuals-to keep money mov- strument of sacred song.

fortes are more necessary in a religious feeling than "Come, ye family than meat and potatoes. 1 begin to believe that a boy author was Joseph Hart, born in who does not swear, smoke and London, 1712. He began life as a chew tobacco, may be a very good | teacher. boy, but is naturally stupid.

would be thrown out of employment. I begin to believe that he has the most merit who makes the most noise in his own behalf . and that when Gabriel comes-not to

be behind the times-he, too, will blow his own horn pretty loud. A New York correspondent reates a marvellous story of how vell known charitable lady of that city recently had her pocket picked of seven hundred dollars, which she was carrying home from fair for the benefit of the poor. The fact of the robbery is not in itself so very remarkable, but the romance of the story comes in the recital of how a day or two after the theft, a rough looking man rang the door bell of the lady's house, and beng admitted, returned the seven hundred dollars, adding: "The Fraternity, Madam, desired me to say that you are known and admired by them, and that the annovance you have suffered in the loss theology, which few clergymen of this money was owing to a mistake. The person who took it did not recognize you. Further, that you never need be worried should you lose money in this city again; if you do lose any, it will be by accident, and will certainly be restored to you, as this has been. Appreciating your good ful poets. "One sweetly solemn no epicure, nor critical about his food. His beverage was small beer deeds, the Fraternity take the iberty of adding one hundred dollars to the amount returned, and now I will bid you good day." This smacks of the genuine footpad of romance, and makes the reader think that Sherwood Forest has been transported to New York,

and that a modern Robin Hood is

cutting throats and dispensing

charity, as did his prototype of

WAY .- A correspondent of the forts, and was particularly careful New York Sun. calls attention of not live alway." Not satisfied all consumers of kerosene oil with its spirit, the author has tolerated idleness, and exacted a to the pernicious and unhealthy practice of using lamps filled with | teachings, writing in 1868 an addiallotted tasks. He had a quick that article with the wicks tional verse, which breathes the eye at calculating each man's turned down. The gas which true feeling of resignation. This capabilities. An entry in his should be consumed by the flames is not generally found, however, men should be a little more insist- diary gives a curious instance of is by this means left heavily in with the older verses. ed on, and as a contribution to this. Four of his negroes employ- the air, while the cost of the oil what is in danger of becoming a ed as carpenters, were hewing and thus saved at present prices would rather scanty department of litera- shaping timber. It appeared, to scarce be one dollar a year for him in noticing the amount of the lamps of a household. His atwork accomplished between two tention was called particularly to succeeding mornings, that they this custom by boarding in the loitered at their labor. Sitting country where kerosene was the down quietly he timed their op- only available light. A large famierations. How long it took them ly of children living in the same to get their cross-cut saw and house were taken ill one night, other implements ready; how and on going to the nursery the long to clear away the branches mother found the room nearly from the trunk of a fallen tree; suffocating, with a lamp turned how long to hew and saw it; what down, whereupon the physician time was expended in considering forbade the use of a lamp at night, and consulting; and after all, how unless turned at full head. He much work was accomplished in says he could quote many cases the time he looked on. From one of a young girl subject to fits these he made his computation of faintness, which if not induced. how much they could accomplish were greatly increased by sleepin the course of a day, working en- ing in a room with the lamp almost turned out. Besides the "At another time we find him damage to health, it spoils the paworking a part of two days with per and curtains, soils the mirrors Peter, his smith, to make a plow, and windows, and gives the whole

. A man who was "bent on matri-

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WRITERS OF ONE HYMN.

The fame of many writers rests on a single production. Defoe was a voluminous author, but 'Robinson Crusoe" is all that has come down to us. "The Burisl of Sir John Moore" has embalmed the memory of the Rev. Charles

It is so in sacred poetry. Take most favorite hymns, and you will find their authors composed noseems to have been exhausted by I begin to believe, now-a-days, a single happy effort. Let us look

"Come, thou fount of every I begin to believe that the blessing," was the earliest and purse is more potent than the best performance of Robert Robsword and the pen put togeth- ertson, awakened under the preaching of Whitefield. He was unsta-I begin to believe that those ble, becoming Methodist, Indewho sin the most during the week | pendent, Baptist, and finally dying

"Rock of Ages" is a glorious

began his ministry among the I begin to believe that the beautiful hills of Devon, in 1768. surest remedy for hard times and Toplady was bitter enough in dis-Few hymns have been more fre-I begin to believe that piano quently sung at times of special

The Rev. Edward Perronet gave I begin to believe that if the dev- to the Church that grand march il should die one-half the world of the saints. "All hail the power of Jesus' name." His father was a clergyman of the English Establishment, but he himself labored

under the patronage of Lady

sinners, poor and needy." Its

Huntingdon, who died in 1791. "Nearer, my God, to thee," has probably touched more hearts than any other modern hymn. Sarah Fuller Flower, its author, was the younger of iwo daughters of Benjamin Flower. In 1834 she was married to Adams, a civil engineer, and died in 1849, at the age of forty-four. She was buried

near Harlow, Essex. How many weary pilgrims have been cheered in passing through the dark valley by the consolation of "Just as I am, without one plea." Charlotte Elliott was an invalid from early years, and died in 1871. She was the third daughter of Charles Elliott, of Clapham, Eng-

Timothy Dwight, elected President of Yale College in 1795, prepared four ponderous volumes of take from the shelf. His classic version of the 137th Psalm. "I love thy kingdom, Lord," will per-

petuate his memory. A few years ago, in New York, Phœbe Carey died of consumption, at the age of forty-six. She and her sister Alice were both gracethought," written by Phœbe, in its pensive sadness touches the heart

like a dirge.

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," one of the most inspiring songs for the great congregation, was composed by Sir Walter Shirley, converted under the ministry of Venn, who died in 1796. Shirley afterwards preached in England and Ireland.

About fifty years ago, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Rector of St. BURN KEROSENE THE RIGHT Luke's Hospital, New York, wrote the well-known hymn, "I would since endeavored to correct its

How to Break Off Bad Hab ITS.-Understand the reason, and all the reasons why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice-a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it is an easy thing that you have andertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day . which may have been gathering long years.