

Family Circle.

THE GLORIOUS PSALMS.

Sing me the Psalms! the glorious Psalms of old,
That sounded first upon Judah's plains;
All other music lifeless seems and cold,
Beside the melody of David's strains.

Sing me the Psalms that echoed from the hills,
Those favored hills, where Israel's sons had birth,
Wake, wake each harmony the soul that fills
With rapture, more allied to heaven than earth!

Sing Psalms of praise when victory is given
O'er outward foes, or over hosts unseen;
Jehovah still reigns in earth and heaven,
As strong to save as He hath ever been.

Sing, when the earth is clad in softest green;
Join Psalms of gladness to the birds' sweet song;
Praise Israel's Shepherd, when His hand is seen
Leading thy steps the quiet streams along.

Sing, when all nature wears a snowy shroud;
When ice-bound fountains into torrents rush;
When azure skies are veiled behind the cloud,
Let wondrous praises from thy Psalter gush.

Sing me the Psalms, even when the burning heat
Tells of departure from the narrow way;
Oft David's song was sad when he was here;
O'erwhelmed with sin, he turned to weep and pray.

Sing! though affliction swelleth like a tide,
When deep to deep calls, in thine hour of woe;
Thine anchor's safe within the Rock's left side;
Billows may toss, but cannot overflow.

Sing David's Psalms, when earthly light grows dim,
And ev'ry conflict but the last is o'er;
Bid mourners join in the triumphant hymn,
That wings thy spirit to the heavenly shore.
—Selected.

CELESTIAL VISITORS.

The following lines were written by the late Mrs. Bulmer, on visiting one of the churches in London, where she was wont to worship, after a time of severe affliction in which she had lost several of her friends.

"Who are these whose soft and shadowy light
Falls like a sunbeam thro' an evening cloud?
Oh, they are hosts of sainted spirits bright,
Who once beneath this hallowed temple bow'd,
But now escaped from earth away,
Tread the bright pavement of the skies;
Yet love to linger, love to stay,
Where first they learned to weep and pray,
On wings of faith to rise.

"Oh, they are those whose bosoms glowed
With zeal for thy prosperity;
Whose glistening eyes with tears o'erflowed,
Jerusalem! thy joy to see:
Thy sacred gates unson they throng;
Unheard they join the choral song;
They cleave the realms of lucid air,
With cherub lyres,
Seraphic choirs,
The solemn joys to share.

"A cloud of witnesses they stand,
A diadem of light on their brows;
And urge us to proceed;
To lead the triumphal armies on,
To spoil the foe, to take the crown,
And win the world to God."

MATCHES.

BY THE MISSES WARNER, AUTHORS OF THE "WIDE, WIDE WORLD," "OLD HELMET," &c.
Chapter II.

"And where did you learn to cry matches, my boy? I think it would take me some time to get my voice into such order,—for Johnny's cry had rung round the streets, finding its way in a sort of wiry fashion into every corner. The speaker was a young man with a pleasant face, and a voice which certainly was good for his purposes. It was a day when Johnny had been kicked and beaten and abused till he was, as he said, 'half dead,' and now very weary and hopeless he wandered along with his basket of matches, from which as yet people had bought nothing. That voice was the pleasantest thing Johnny had heard to-day, and the kind face the pleasantest thing he had seen. So instead of answering he looked up at it.

"Where did you learn?" repeated the gentleman. Johnny's face darkened again.

"I guess I learned it here," he said, slapping his pocket,—and here, he added, turning back the cuff of his ragged jacket and shewing a long bribe.

"My poor fellow," said the gentleman, "is that the way you live?"

"Pretty much so, sir," said Johnny, "taint so bad, times—and times it's worse."

"Where are you going this morning?"

"Just round, sir,—but everybody's got matches to-day. Guess I shan't get home to-night."

"I want sixpence worth," said the gentleman, taking out a bright coin.

"What do you mean by your not going home to-night?"

"Can't go home till I've sold my matches," said Johnny, shaking his head.

"There's six of the biggest boxes, sir,—them's real full."

"Are some fuller than the others?" said his friend, as he put the boxes in his own coat pocket.

"Well,—they may be," said Johnny indifferently. "All customers ain't alike, neither."

"Did you ever go to Sunday-school?" said the gentleman.

"No school, of no kind," said Johnny, "not since I can remember."

"Well suppose you come to mine next Sunday? It's in that red brick house on the corner."

"Suppose I do," said Johnny, looking up at his questioner,—"what then?"

"Then I'll try to teach you that the difference in customers ought to make no difference in the match-boxes."

"Ah, but it can't help it," said Johnny. "Some folks is good and I'll give you a lift, and some puts their hands in your pockets to get what ain't there."

"Yes, but that must not make any

difference," said Johnny's new friend; "that's not the way God deals with us; 'Aint it?' said the boy. 'Well I don't know,—we don't have much to do with him any way.'

"Oh yes you do," said the gentleman. "He hears everything you say, and knows every thing you do."

"Think so?" said Johnny. "Well, does he like to hear cursing and swearing, and lying and such like?"

"No indeed, it displeases him very much."

"Then I don't see why he don't burn our house down," said Johnny, arranging his basket strap and making ready for a move.

"Ah that is just because he is so very good—so kind to us. And because Jesus pleads for us. Did you ever hear about the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Not much," said Johnny.

"Well come to my school next Sunday and I'll teach you," said the gentleman. "And now listen. Jesus gave his life for you, that you might live. And he wants you to be good, and is very much grieved and displeased whenever you do wrong; but if you love him and trust to him, he will take care of you for ever. Pray to him, beg him to make you his child; and the Lord bless you!"

The gentleman went on his way, and Johnny trudged along with his basket, down, down, to the Fulton ferry; for this day he was going over to Brooklyn to drive his trade there. The day was pretty successful; but as he came back at night a gentleman on the boat bought some matches from the little basket, and handed Johnny a piece of money which proved to be a two and a half gold piece. I do not know whether the gentleman meant to give him such a sum, or whether it was an accident; however, Johnny took it home to his father, who was quite delighted to see so much money. And the next morning, Sunday though it was, he sent off for a gallon of brandy. There was a dreadful scene in the house after that, until at last Johnny was so worn out with scolding and abuse that he got leave to go; and once in the street he started for the red brick house where his new friend kept Sunday-school. It was a mile off, but Johnny limped gladly along—anything was better than home! Those little children who go to Sunday-school know well what beautiful things are taught there, and can guess what music the sweet words and kind voices were to Johnny's ears. And those of you who do not know, must go the very next Sunday and find out.

From this time Johnny went every Sunday when his father would give him leave; and his father—finding out that Johnny liked to go—told him that he should have leave whenever he had brought in a good deal of money the week before; but if he had sold few matches through the week then he must stay at home on Sunday. And soon he would not let him go at all.

Then Johnny tried running away, and did not go home at all for several days and nights, and he and one of his little brothers. The first night the two boys slept in the coal box at a grocer's door, and the next night the same way; and the next night they paid for a trip on one of the ferry boats, and then curled themselves up on the deck to sleep. But when the boat was moored and all quiet, one of the deck hands came along and saw the two boys in the corner. And when he heard their story, he took them down stairs and gave them some tea and bread and butter, and then bade them go to sleep on the floor of the engine room. How would you like that, little children? Would you think that was something to be thankful for? How glad Johnny would have been to sleep so warm every night! But that might not be.

Next day the boys were found and brought home, and then treated worse than ever; and Johnny resolved that the next time he ran away, it should be to some place where his father would not find him.

LETTER-WRITING.

Did you ever think what a good thing a good letter is? I was looking the other day, over a bundle of old letters, the writer of whom is in rebellion, and I sadly fear, a rebel, but whose name is dear to any heart, as the fragrance of flowers, in the spring. No word has passed between us, since the dark hour when old Virginia erased her name from her country's roll of honor, and took the downward step, which plunged her so low, but here, in the sweet soulful letters of my friend, she came back to me. I seemed to hear, the low clear voice, to see the smiling lip, and the soft, kind eyes of my darling. The little gossip about home, so trifling in itself, but so pleasant to the ear of a friend, the womanly allusions, to ribbons and rings, and bonnets, and dresses, and the sweeter pages, wherein together we commended of the things which are beyond all price, of the Savior, whose name is above every name, how vividly they brought back the past. And then the last letter, in which, with the blindness of a Southern woman, she exclaimed; "Many and bitter have been the wrongs of my poor South, but yet I hope, Virginia will not secede. I hoped and prayed that Mr. L. might not be elected, but God has willed it otherwise."

One stormy day last winter, I was looking over some old school-books. From the leaves of a grammar, there fell a tiny folded paper. I took it and found in the well-known hand of a beloved teacher, these words:

"Whether you eat or drink, or what-

ever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Straightway I remembered, how one day I had gone to this lovely lady, the idol of my childish days, with a case of conscience, and this had been her reply. Years ago, "she passed through glory's morning-gate, and walked in Paradise" but though dead, she still speaks.

It is a matter of regret that married ladies so often give up their correspondence. Engrossed in domestic cares, they gradually become weaned from the friends of girlhood, and they lose a great means of intellectual culture, besides shutting up one of those sweet springs of friendship, whose bubbling waters keep the heart ever fresh. People seem to make a bugbear of letter-writing. You shall hear a young girl, whose lively talk and winning ways make her the life of her little circle, declare that she "never can write a decent letter, her ideas take flight the moment she takes the pen in her hand."

The great trouble is, that letter-writers usually want to produce something sentimental, or beautiful or particularly proper and correct. They appear in letters as they do in photographs, in their best clothes, without a spot or a wrinkle, every muscle forced to rigid stillness, every hair in its place. When you get the letter and sit down to it, expecting a feast of friendship, it is as if, for a bouquet of June roses, one sent you an herbarium, or for a cluster of scented leaves, rustling of the Spring, a beautifully prepared phantasm. Write as you talk, friends, and your letters will come home to the heart, as you would yourself. Write, as the mother to her soldier boy, as the wife to her husband, pacing the night long on the picket line, as the soldier to his wife, on the eve of the battle. Write such warm breathing, earnest, "live" letters as Farragut and Sherman write, with nothing Napoleonic or stilted in their style, but with a great-deal heart whole, and American. First have something to say—next say it. M. E. M.

Selections.

WE NEVER DRINK.

A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* narrates the following incident, which recently came under his observation:

"On the stage were seven or eight soldiers from the 8th Maine regiment—civil, well behaved, intelligent men, as was apparent from their conversation. While at the stage-house in Lincoln, there came into the office a poor old blind man—stone blind—slowly feeling his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers and said in gentle tones, 'Boys, I hear you belong to the 8th regiment, I have a son in that regiment.' 'What is his name?' 'John—' 'Oh yes, we know him well. He was a sergeant in our company; we always liked him. He is now a lieutenant in a colored regiment, and a prisoner at Charleston.'

"For a moment the old man ventured not to reply; but at last, slowly and sadly, he said: 'I feared as much. I have not heard from him for a very long time.'

"Without waiting for another word, these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money, amounting to twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man, saying at the same time, 'If our company was here we would give a hundred dollars.' 'The old man replied, 'Boys, you must put it in my wallet for me, for I am blind.'

"But mark what followed. Another individual in the room who had looked on this scene as I had, with feelings of pride in our citizen soldiers, advanced, and said: 'Boys this is a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. I stand treat for the company.' I waited, with interest, for the reply. It came—'No sir, we thank you kindly. We appreciate your offer, but we never drink!' The scene was perfect—the first act was noble, was generous; the last, was grand."

PECULIAR MINISTERS.

"We want a peculiar man at our place." Yes, and in the next town the people want a peculiar man also. There is a growing demand everywhere for peculiar ministers. Even the older churches, that have had the reputation of being staid, and not carried about by every wind, have caught the idea. They have found out that they must have a peculiar man for their young people. And the tastes of the people have become so various that it does require a singular man to meet them all.

But what is to be done with ministers who are not peculiar? men of common sense, sound judgment and sound learning; sober, prudent, pious men; men who are able to teach others, and are suited to be wise counsellors? whose character and influence are unequivocal? We are aware that an eccentric man, who is given to saying odd and strange things, is more amusing and attractive to the young; and that common sense and refined taste are not commodities that secure one great *et alii* in the world. But ought it not to be considered whether the influence of the former is equally salutary, and as well suited to secure the salvation of souls? Doubtless God has called ninety-nine sober-minded men to preach the gospel, where he has called one peculiar man. If so, it is by their instrumentality in the main that the cause of Christ is to be carried on, and sinners saved, peculiar ministers being the exception, and not the rule.

Did not good sense and eminent fitness

in things characterize our Saviour and the religion he taught, rather than oddity and eccentricity? Would not the churches of Christ have more dignity, and exert a more salutary and saving influence, by educating the young to pay greater deference to the ordinary and divinely appointed means of grace, than by attempting to gratify their desire for novelty and entertainment? a desire which, the more it is fed, the less it is satisfied. Though the young might be less highly pleased, would they not be more contented? Though fewer were attracted by human means, would not more be drawn by the Spirit's power? We do not object to peculiar ministers in their places, but do protest against a growing depreciation of, and discontent with, the ordinary ministry of the word as God has appointed it; a depreciation and discontent which have been greatly fostered by the novel reading and popular lecturing of the day, and which are sadly affecting the stability and spiritual usefulness of the churches.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

A STORY FOR FATHERS.

I was reading lately of a little boy who was trying to be like God, by being a giver. He loved to give. He would go to his father sometimes half a dozen times in a day, with his bright eyes sparkling, and his little round face all in a glow, and say, "Pa, I want a penny to give to a poor beggar at the door," or "to the organ-grinder," or "to the little girl that wants cold victuals." And then, on Sunday mornings he would come and ask for something for the Sunday school Missionary Society, and for many other things. His father wanted him to form the habit of giving while he was young, and so he always let him have what he wanted.

But one day when he came to ask for something, his father said to him, "My son don't you think you give away a great deal of money?"

"Why, yes, pa," said he, "and I do so love to give."

"But then you come to me for all you give. It's not your own money that you are so liberal with."

This seemed to be a new thought to the little fellow, and he turned away to his play, perplexed a little by what his father had said to him. Presently, however, he came running back.

"Papa," he asked, "who gives you the money that you give away?"

"I earn it by hard labor, my son."

"But who gives you strength to labor with, pa?" asked the little fellow.

"God gives us our strength," said his father.

"And, pa, haven't you often told me that God gives us everything?"

"Yes, my son, every good thing we have God gives us."

"Well, pa, I love to give away the money God gives us; don't you love to give away the money God gives you?"

The father hugged the little boy in his arms and kissed him; gave him what he wanted and let him go. And then that father sat down to think over the question which his dear child had asked him. Like a great many other people, he had forgotten that the money which he had was not his own, but God's. All the money in the world belongs to God. In one place in the Bible God says, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine." (Hag. ii. 8.) God doesn't give us money to keep; he only lends it to us, to use for him, and to do good with it. And when we die he will call us to give an account of the use we have made of it. God loves to give, and he loves to have his people give. God is such a wonderful giver, that when he found we could not be saved or be happy in any other way, "He gave his only begotten Son" to die for us. And when we learn to give, and love to give, we become like God in this respect.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," then, because it is more like God.—*Child's Paper*.

BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE OF A GREAT MAN

Sir William Napier was one day taking along country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it; and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said, "But ye can mend it, can't ye?" My father explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence; to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl the next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "previous engagement," saying to us, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"E. H. M.," in *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, makes the following suggestions to mistresses of households:

I have a slate hanging in my pantry with pencil attached, upon which we are accustomed to write down such domestic concerns as need attention. For instance, upon one side of it is now written, "Send for corn-meal, starch and lamp chimney." "Examine butter-firkin." "Engage onions of Mr. Allen to-morrow." These are for my own attention, while upon the other side the girl is reminded to "Brown coffee; gather beans for drying." "Scald the bread box." "Wash cellar shelves." Whenever I find any little item that needs attention either from myself or the girl, I trust it to my slate, and find it much safer than to run the risk of remembering it at the right time. You often hear housekeepers exclaiming, "There, I forgot entirely to send for such a thing—or do such a thing, and now it is too late." Try the slate.

ANOTHER.—Beside the slate hangs a small blank book, also furnished with a pencil, in which I keep an account of my household expenses. The pages are variously headed, "Flour," "Sugar," "Meat," "Butter," &c., with an extra page for sundries. At the right hand corner of the page, above, I put the amount which I have decided by careful estimate is all we can afford to spend monthly, or yearly, (I have tried both ways) for the article designated. Then I enter every purchase made under its appropriate head, giving date, quantity, price and amount. At the close of each month it is easy to see whether we live within our income or not. My farmer's wives may think this neither possible nor useful for you, but I assure you if you would once try it you would find a satisfaction from it that would abundantly repay the trouble. I recommend it most earnestly, however, for the wives of salaried men, and mechanics whose income is fixed, and who purchase the staples for their family consumption.

LITTLE FANNY.

Little Fanny was a child tenderly beloved and cherished, perhaps more so than her father filled a soldier's honored grave, and she was all to the widowed mother. When that terrible and malignant disease, the small-pox, broke out in the neighborhood, her mother was so anxious for her treasure that, to escape contagion, she kept her closely in the house, and herself crept in and out through a narrow window, and scarcely dared to move, lest she should catch the infection and carry it to her darling. At last she made up her mind to send Fanny to her uncle, in another part of the city, but on communicating her intention to Fanny herself, the child asked:

"Is God at Uncle Henry's, mother?"

"I hope so, Fanny," was the mother's reply.

"And is God here, too, mother?"

The mother replied that he was.

"Then will he not take care of me here just the same as at Uncle Henry's if he does not want me to have the small-pox?"

A child's faith! The mother had been troubled and careful about many things, while the child leaned trustfully on the globe she held in her heart. This is not a solitary case. Many other children as young as little Fanny, have early given their hearts to God, with a depth of love and faith that will carry safely through; and children, it is infinitely better to give the morning bloom, yet sparkling with the dew of innocence, than to wait for the serene and withered leaves of evening time.—*Christian Times*.

CORRECT SPEAKING.

We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim if neglected is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

THE SECRET.

There were two little sisters at one house, whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprung up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling a hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother they were the same sweet-tempered little girls. "You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?" They looked up, and the eldest answered, "I s'pose 'tis 'cause Addie lets me and I let Addie." I thought a moment. "Ah, that is it," I said, "she lets you and you let her; that's it."

THE CYNIC.

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sore and morose. His criticisms and inuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he answers: Yes, in the day time. If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: Yes, as yet. Mr. A. is a religious man: Yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: Certainly: the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: It is his trade. Such a man is generous: Of other men's money. That man is obliging: To lull suspicion and cheat you. This man is upright: Because he is green. Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad,—as the vulture, when in the highest heaven, will sail by living flocks and herds, but comes like an arrow down upon the smallest carcass. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The live-long day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase, transfixing every character which is presented: His words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords.—Ps. lv. 21.

All this, to the young, seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honor a man who appears to have found out mankind. They begin to indulge themselves in flippant sneers; and with supercilious brow, and impudent tongue, wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the long tried, and the venerable.

I do believe that man is corrupt enough; but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yet, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread the crater. I tremble when I see its lava roll the fiery stream. Therefore, I am the more glad, if upon the old crust of past eruptions, I can find a single flower springing up. A flower in a howling wilderness, is yet more precious to the pilgrim, because the lonely tenant of desolation. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt; heart of a depraved race, I am eager to see their light as ever mariner was to see a star in a stormy night.

Moss will grow upon grave-stones; the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile; the mistletoe springs from the dying branch; and God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart!

Who could walk through Thebes, Palmyra, or Petrae, and survey the wide waste of broken arches, crumbled altars, fallen pillars, effaced cornices, toppling walls, and crushed statues, with no feelings but those of contempt? Who, unsorrowing, could see the stork's nest upon the carved pillar, satyrs dancing on marble pavements, and hateful scorpions nestling where beauty once dwelt, and dragons the sole tenants of royal palaces? Amid such melancholy magnificence, even the misanthrope might weep! If here and there an altar stood unbruis'd, or a graven column unbuilt, or a statue nearly perfect, he might well feel love for a man-wrought stone, so beautiful, when all else is so dreary and desolate. Thus, though man is a desolate city, and his passions are as the wild beasts of the wilderness howling in kings' palaces, yet he is God's workmanship, and a thousand touches of exquisite beauty remain. Since Christ hath put his sovereign hand to restore man's ruin, many points are remoulded, and the fair form of a new fabric already appears growing from the ruins, and the first faint flame glimmering upon the restored altar.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourages appetites, he will be not far from beastly; if he encourage a noble generosity, such will he be; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison; and he will crawl among men as a burished adder, whose life is mischief, whose errand is death.

Although experience should correct the indiscriminate confidence of the young, no experience should render them callous to goodness wherever seen. He who hunts for flowers, will find flowers; but he who hunts for vermin, will find vermin; and he who loves weeds, may find weeds. Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself mortally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. A swollen wretch, blotched all over with leprosy, may grin hideously at every wart or excrescence upon beauty. A wholesome man will be pained at it, and seek not to notice it. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man!—*H. W. Beecher*.

"BEGINNING TO WALK."

He's not got his sea legs, the darling;
He's been in our ship but a year;
He isn't yet versed in our lingo—
Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,
And learn the salt taste of the waves,
One voyage, though short, is sufficient,
When our ports are the cradle and grave.
—*Chambers' Journal*.