BELOVED NIGHT.

it, granny?"

donation party."

old lady.

in it!"

Beloved night! That lettest down Thy curtain on our griefs and fears, In vaulty deepness dost thou drown Our frets and falling tears?

In thine engulphing swallow up Life's plainings and its porgnancies, The foam flood of love's brimming cup, And its outwringed lees?

Though in thy beauty thou art dumb, And canst not speak to us again, From out thy vastness sems to come An answer to our pain.

As though from all those lustrous eyes, In heaven's mysterious face alight, A glance thou bend'st to sympathize With us-beloved night !

GRANNY'S EXPERIENCE.

It was the evening of the donation live at Hawk's farm. arty at the Rev. Simeon Slide's. At Grovehill they had not many exitements, and to the simple villagers all that seems !" this donation party was as thrilling an event as the charity ball would be to a town belle, or a court presentation to a a whole patch o' hickory woods." London debutante.

Jessie Field had retrimmed her white muslin dress with apple green ribbon, and even aunt Betsey had washed and ironed the French cambric dress which constituted the cream of her wardrobe, Yes." and basted fresh lace frillings into the neck and sleeves. ny," said Peter, with a sigh.

The squire himself, blacking his boots on the kitchen porch, congratulated | Peck, "or Mary Elsley ?" himself, in a complacent sort of way, on the contents of the box - wagon, sheepishly. "It's Jessie Field !" which stood under the shade of the old apple tree.

"If everybody takes as creditable a on airth is a pretty pink-and-white piece load to the parson's as that," said the of china like her to do in a wild place squire, "I guess they won't starve like this ?" there. A ham, a bag o' mixed chickenfeed, a firkin of first-class butter, six Peter. dressed fowls. a bushel o' russet apples, and a loaf of plum-cake, made arter get her here, you'll see that she'll be grandmother Field's receipt ; and be- all right." sides all that ____ "

"Good graclous pa!" said Jessie who ens and jar of apple-sauce into the back was tucking away her curls under the of the roomy old buggy, and drove strings of her split-straw gipsy hat, away to the donation party as full of "how are aunt Bess and I ever going to hopes and fears as any young girl. And ride with all that load ?"

aginous little chuckle, "you'll have to pomatum and cologne, in a city-cut this is!" contrive it somehow. One of you can suit of clothes, and hair brushed to a sit on the butter-firkin, and sort o' peak over his forehead, his heart sank steady it, and there's plenty o' room | within him. for the other along o' me on the seat, and hold the plum-cake on your lap. thought. And coming back I ain't noways disturbed but that you'll get plenty o' her niece, as they were clearing the dinbeaux, gais always do. The moon will ing-room for the games which followed be at its full, and Peter Peck and upon the old-fashioned supper, "do take Hiram Jellifer is both to be there a little notice of poor Peter Peck. and _____ " "Don't talk nonsense, pa !" said And you have hardly been decently po-

Jessie, laughing, and looking provok. lite to him." ingly pretty, just as aunt Betsey, glan. "Peter Peck, indeed!" said Jessne, cing over her shoulder into the glass, radiant in the consciousness of being sighed softly.

And then Peter took sourage to kiss just the same," said Peter. "How was her, and then Red Robin shied at a tree

"He took me out a-ridin'," said the stump and then, all too ioon, appeared old lady, assisting her memory with a Squire Field's large red house behind goodly pinch of rose-scented snuff. the apple trees.

And Peter helped his fiance out as "That's it ezactly," said Peter. "I've tenderly as if she were box of solid barnessed up Red Robin, and washed off the wagon, and I calculate to ask gold and he a miser, her to ride home with me from the And up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished side-box road wagon, and

turning around, Peter Peck saw spring-"And it was a very dreadful mooning from it Jessie Field. shiny night ------ " reflectively added the Was it witcheraft? Nothing of the

"Moon's at the full," exultingly mut- sort. There, close to him, smiling and diseases, as pneumonia or rheumatism, tered Peter, "I believe there's a fate blushing in the moonlight, with her can generally trace the beginning of the veil thrown aside was Miss Betsey.

And it was Miss Betsey to whom he "And he set up close to me, and squeezed my hand with the hand he had proposed, and Miss Betsey who had wasn't a drivin' with, and he said I accepted him. Peter Peck gave a con- sufficient closhing. If these facts were was the prettiest gal he'd ever seen, vulsive gasp for breath. What was he generally understood and acted upon, and could I be contented to come and to do? Should he tell Miss Betsey that thousands of fives might be saved every it was all a mistake-that he had taken "And we was married the next fall. her for her niece, or should he----

But at that instant he caught a fleet- at all seasons of the year, seldom have Ah, deary me, deary me! how long ago ing glimpse of Jessie's radiant face pneumonia, and that rheumatism with "It sounds easy enough," said Peter turned up to Jellifer's and it was like them, comes, as a rule, only from undespondently. But I'd rather clear off a revelation to him.

"Hang it all!" groaned Peter to him- two facts that should be learned by self, "that other fellow has been ahead every person capable of appreciating "Don't be afraid, Peter," said the old lady, laying a kindly hand on his of me! And I don't care a halfpenny them, and should never be lost sight of right shoulder, "If she's a gal wuth - she's only a feather-headed little for a moment. havin', she'll know you're a good lad, coquette after all, and Miss Betsey is One is that exhalations from the And I'll bet a cookey she'll say worth two of her, and I ain't so very lungs-the breath-are a deadly poison. young myself, and there never was a containing the products of combustion "I only wish I could think so, gran-Peck yet that didn't stick by a thing in the form of carbonic acid gas, and if when once he'd said it."

So, taking Miss Betsey's arm ten- unmixed with the oxygen of the air, it derly under his own, he proceeded val- would prove as destructive to life as "'Taint neither one," said Peter iantly into the house to ask the squire's the fumes of charcoal.

consent and blessing. "Land o' massey I' said granny Peck, As for Jessie, she lingered long under ent, in force, in assemblies of people, elevating her withered hands. "What the trees in the moonlight, talking and only a constant and free infusion of

with Mr. Jellifer. When at last she came upstairs to chief that would be immediately apparthe room which aunt and niece shared ent. The other fact is that pure air is together she looked earnestly at her the antidote to this poison. The oxy-

companion. "Aunt Bess," said she, "what is the ers. Rapid streams of water that pass

"Because Mr. Peck has asked me to age, become pure again through the "and I have answered him yes."

cried.

łuck?" "It's all right granny," said Peter.

Granny Peck looked doubtfully

round. "Well," said she, "I'm glad

Bad Air.

the crew commend themselves to the Sea Dragoon in a frightfully noisy re-When a person has remained for an ligious service. Offerings of food are hour or more in a crowded and poorly thrown into the sea, and one of the ventilated room or railroad car, the crew holds up burning joss paper tosystem is already contaminated to a ward the sun, while the others produce greater or less extent by breathing air an ear-splitting din on gongs and cymvitiated by exhalations from the lungs, bals. During the service the whole bodles and clothing of the occupants. vessel, but especially the stern, is dec-The immediate effect of these poisons orated with banners of every shape is to delibitate, to lower vitality, and to and every conceivable device. Thus impair the natural power of the system the protection of the Sea Dragon is into resist disease. Hence it is that pervoked, and the timber junks start on sons who are attacked by inflammatory their seaward journey. The sampans, the family house-boat, are one of the most curious phases of

disease to a chill felt on coming out of a domestic life in China. There are crowded room into the cold or damp many thousands of them on every air, wearing perhaps thin shoes and ingreat river, and here at Foo-Choo it was an endless source of interest to watch these from our verandas on the river's brink. They particularly prove year. It is a well known fact that men the old truism that "man wants but who "camp out," sleeping on the ground little here below," for the "little" which forms the clean and apparently happy home of three generations is a boat about the size of two four-post warranted imprudences. There are night by a series of telescopic sliding roofs of bamboo matting. Here man

and wife, grandparents and little children, cook, sleep and worship; for no matter how tiny the boat, the family altar is never crowded out. It occupies the place of honor, and the very poorest often contrive to lay aside a a person were compelled to reinhale it few cash to buy flowers to place before the little image of the goddess of mercy, with the young child, and a few sticks of incense to burn, when at sunrise and This is an enemy that is always pressunset the family specially commend themselves to her care. A large number. of the sampan population at fresh air prevents it from doing mis-

Foo-Choo have attached themselves to the Roman Catholic mission, and these are distinguished by the substitution of the blessed Virgin and child. gen of the air is the greatest of purifiand by the little brass cruciflx or mematter? Why do you look so happy?" through large cities, receiving the sewdallion worn by the family.

> miles. Air is the best of all "blood As a general thing roses are probably exercise to make it effective, it will closely also. About Thanksgiving time,

..... The Min River. Chinese junks and Chinese jife-boats from an artistic point of view, and I ten inches, putting it on cone fashion, had ample opportunities of improving and outside of this a liberal dressing of ing in a house-boat on the river Min, the stock, there is no danger of heat- tory over force and vanity. above Foo-Choo, and also during a vis- ing, even under a bed of snow or in a

tide, is literally covered with native other covering should only be removed

extraordinary to watch large junks of the season-the compost, of course,

FOOD FUR THOUGHT

A flow of words is no preef of wisdom

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.

There never was a mask so gay but iome tears were shed behind it.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Oh! it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Pretences go a great way with men that take fair words and magisterial looks for current payment.

Society is a crucible in which all gold melts. Out of it is drawn only one or two prizes-vanity or disgust.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

A curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and lorg suffering. There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, beds set end to end, and covered at friendship itself is only a part of virtue.

> The fruits of true wisdom are modesty and humility. A vain or proud man is in a positive sense an igiorant man.

To say little and perform much is the characteristic of a good mind. Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience.

The same littleness of soul which makes a man despise his inferiors and trample on them makes him obsequious to superiors.

It is a wrong use of my understanding to make it the rule and measure of another man's; a use which it is neither fit for nor capable of.

If a man empties bis purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature. Art is nothing but the bighest sagacity and exertion of human nature; and what nature will he honor who honors not the human.

Good breeding is the art of showing regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

generally the right time here for cov-It is only in some corner of the brain ering the roses; but the season varies in which we have empty that vice can obdifferent years, as well as the plan for tain a lodging. When she knocks at covering. One method is to put earth our door be able to say; "No room for

True modesty is beautiful, because it announces the supremacy of the idea candle and fire when at last Peter came my acquaintance with them while liv-candle and fire when at last Peter came my acquaintance with them while liv-time, gives truth and sincerity the vic-

Self-distrust is the cause of most of it to friends, whose home, in the warm, "open" winter. After the our failures. In the assurance of Chinese quarter of Nantai (facing the ground freezes it is well to put on some strength there is strength, and they are city of Foo-Choo), lay on the brink of leaves or pine boughs. These can be the weakest, however strong, who have the river, which at certain states of removed early in the spring, but the no faith in themselves or their pow-

vessels of all shapes and sizes. It is so gradually and according to the advance be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with everything that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them. Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as if the short Spring days were an eternity. Rumor is a pipe, blown by surmises. alousies, conjectures; and of so easy and " plain a stop that the blunt monster, with uncounted heads-the still discordant wavering multitude-can play upon it. If you have great talents industry will unprove them; if very moderate abilities industry will su ply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to welldirected labor. Nothing is ever to be How much pleasanter this world would be to live in were it as easy to there in the morning and as easy to get up in the morning as it is to talk of getting up when you go to bed. No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being bethelped and comforted by the very exstence of that goodness. When God would educate a max He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities rather than to the graces, that, by also the eternal consolation. We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense except those who agree with us in opinion. When such occasions do occur, our self-love always induces a decision in favor of their judgment. Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, spect for himself, and they also prove his respect for those whom he addres-

And then strange to say they both in general are singularly fascinating about the bush to the height of eight or your ladyship-pass on.

"Well Peter," said she " what

See how his eyes are following you. months."

"Well if that isn't strange!" cried purifiers." Combined with vigorous covered too early-and probably too men, by external signs, the internal Jessie squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt. "And I have engaged cure any curable case of consumption. when hard freezing weather sets in, is myself to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, aunt "Well," said the squire, with an ole- lage store-clerk, enter, all redolent of Bess, what a sweet, bright happy world

"It is-it is!" answered aunt Bess.

Granny Peck was sitting up, by her

"I've asked her, and she has consented, and I'm to bring her here in three

marry him," replied aunt Betsey softly, action of the air after running a few

teen and thirty!

"I was pretty too, when I was a girl," said aunt Betsey to herself. I self, if you please." don't suppose I am positively ill-looking now. But the dimples are gone and shrank blushingly a way. the roses, and the smooth velvety curves of cheek and chin. There are I-I am so little acquainted with him." crow's-feet around my eyes, and a Half-an-hour afterwards, Peter Peck. wrinkle on my forehead, and when I go unable to make up his mind to ask took?" to parties I am left to sit among the old pretty Jessie to allow him to take her ladies by the wall,"

But Miss Betsey Field did not speak sidled up to the squire. out these words; she only said-

"There'll be plenty of room, Jessie. I shall go on to the parsonage at once, Field home?" and help Mrs. Slide get ready for the evening. She needs some one to assist those little children."

"So kind and thoughtful of you aunt, Bessl" said Jessie, with a kiss. "But you're always thoughtful. You're the to himself. darlingest little old maid that ever Was. "

the sunny, grass-carpeted lawn, while Jessie leisurely finished her toilet and fresh air of the autumn evening. And pinned fresh roses into her belt. Peter not until they were safe out on the high in the woods-like Nimrod of old he thus securing a tete-a-tete with the grey eyes. The men have stubbly was a mighty hunter on the face of the earth- and prepared a quarter of venison, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth, sheepishly. for his share of the donation party. Old Mrs. Peck, his grandmother, had fished a jar of apple sauce out of the arded. cellar, and dressed some tender spring chickens.

"I'm past going to church myself," one to believe in the dissemination of accents of the young farmer. the Gospel, so I don't grudge the "It aint no use skirmishin' around fingers, "how many years is it since now." grandfather courted you ?"

"Good land o' Goshen!" said granny Peck, "what is the boy talkin' about?"

roots of his hair.

"I'm a goin' courtin' myself, granny. and I hain't had uo experience, and I don't know how to go to work."

"Well I never!" said granny Peck. "Try to remember, there's a good soul I'' urged Peter coaxingly.

"It's so long ago," said granny Peck, with a sympathetic moisture beginning to suffuse her bloared eyelids. "Times | said Peter rapturously. is changed now."

"Bet human natur' is human natur', the veil.

possibly be bothered with him, aunt Ah the sad difference between eigh. Bess; none of your backwoodsmen for Field."

"You can go and talk with him your-But aunt Betsey shyer than any child,

"Is it Kate Lanney?" said Mrs.

"She's as smart as a steel-trap," said

"Don't you worry, granny. Once I

So Peter piled his venison, and chick-

when he saw Hiram Jellifer, the vil-

"I hain" no chance at all,' he

"Jessie," whispered aunt Betsey to

"No," said she, 'I couldn't do that.

home with Red Robin and the buggy, stolidly.

"Squire," said he, jerking the words out with an effort, "can I take Miss

"Much obleeged, I'm sure," said the squire. "I have the box-wagon here: so be as you'd like company."

Peter drew a long breath.

moonlight, a slight figure came out, So Betsey Field set out to walk down under Squire Field's escort, all mu filed, shawled and veiled, against the chill, Peck, who lived up on a comfortable road, at Red Robin's best trot, did he of quaint elfish looking little creatures, farm on the mountain had shot a deer credit his extraordinary good luck in with straight, sandy colored hair, small

belle of the evening. "It's a nice shiny evening," said he

"Very," answered a soft voice.

"I hope I don't crowd you?" he haz-

"Oh not in the least," responded his companion.

And then followed an appalling sisaid granny Pick, "but I always was lence, broken at last by the vehement

chickens and the apple sass. Be sure like this," said he. It's got to be said, you carry 'em careful, Peter, and ____ and the sooner I say it the better, be-"Granny !" suddenly burst in the hon- cause it's a-chokin' of me all the while! est young giant, who was tying his I love you, Miss Field! I can't live nocravat before the glass with laborious how, without you. There, it's all out

> Oh, Mr. Peck !" faltered Miss Field.

"Do you s'pose," said honest Peter, "Because I want to know what he with a dim remembrance of his grandat Hawk's Farm?"

"Oh, Mr. Peck !"

"But say yes or no !" pleaded Peter velope. 'Will you be my wife, Miss Field?''

And the word which floated upon Peter's ears, through the veils and wraps which he was now valorously hugging close up to him was "Yes!"

"I never was so happy in all my life,"

you've succeeded, Peter. But I'm a coming down the river mid-stream,

Jessie at all. Jessie is going to marry that Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Bessie cultousiy, somewhat on the principal Field the squire's sister, as I've proposed to."

"Well, I never!" said Granny Peck, "How could I have been so mis-"I'm sure I don't know," said Peter

The Lapps in Summer.

The Lapps seemed to consider the interior of their houses somewhat stuffy on a summer night for they were all her, with her sickly daughter and all but I don't mind riding home alone, if lying in the open air, wrapped in their rugs of reindeer skin-men, women, and children, and the old grandmother "It's as good as settled now," said he of all the Lapps. The men wear tight trousers and jackets of untanned leath-His heart beat high when in the misty er, as do also their children, and the women have a sort of loose blouse of the same material, stopping above the knees, their legs being smathed in cloth.

> bound in long strips of leather. They are a very un prepossessing race moustaches, suggestive of a retired tooth brush. They are all undersized, the average height of the men being five feet, and the women four and a half. When the others had departed to seek the reindeer, we made friends with a woman who was by herself in a small grass hut, and who very proudly exhibit ing face. The babies are strapped on

to boards, and so carried on the materdian papoose.

S wiss Stamps.

Work of hand or head is not an end in itself, but a means to the development, progress, and happiness of man. So far as it fulfils that, it is success; so far as it sacrifices that, it is a bubble | when half furled the bamboo ribbing which bursts and is seen no more. is singularly suggestive of the wing of This is its mission in the world; and a grand mission it is-one on which every "Nor I," whispered the voice behind tree worker must fix his eye and to the idea was first taken. When a junk which he must airect his steps.

saw the reflection of her own face and the prettiest girl in the room I couldn't little afeard all these home spun things propelled only by two gigantic sculls, won't be fine enough for Miss Jessie one on each side of the ship, and each worked by about a dozen men. The "Jessie!" echoed Peter, with an ex- end of this huge oar is attached to the cellent imitation of surprise. "It ain't junk by a strong leathern thong, and the scull works round and round cir-

> of the screw. All the time the men are at this, or any other labor involving continuous action (such as rowing or dragging a heavy cart), they keep up the ceaseless chorus.

There are generally a multitude of singularly picturesque junks lying at anchor just below the great bridge of Ten Thousand Ages (Wanshowkeaou) which connects the Isle of Nantai with the mainland of Feo-Choe ; and many do it gradually. A part may be regroup, and then sketching peacefully from the house-boat which lay securely moored at the point thus chosen. But no brush-certainly not mine-could convey any correct impression of these combinations of form and color. Here we have a whole flotilla moored side by side and we look up at the extraordinary high sterns, so fantastic in shape, covered with brilliant pictures of huge birds, and gruesome dragons, or groups of mythological scenes. Emerald green, scarlet, white and gold, sienna and

madder and Prussian blue are so freely used, that even the gorgeous and very brilliancy of the vessel.

the stamps on to these pieces of en- heavy anchor hung from its mouth. is as enchanting as a picture. Very quaint, too are the huge sails of

brown or yellow matting, supported by cross-ribs of bamboo. After a wet night all the sails are

runup to dry at early morning, and the flying-fish from which doubtless | hurt.

is fully laden, and on the eve of sailing.

being spaded in, as food for the plant, when the spring is well established. Probably the rosebush will be found winter-killed at the top, but that does not matter-the wood would have to be pruned down, anyway, as the blossoms are always on the young wood.

As To Protecting Roses.

Another way is to peg down the bush close to the ground, cover it over with six or eight inches of leaves, or rough lifter, which is quite as well-the bed of clear leaves is apt to pack down too tightly. Over it place some evergreen boughs, to hold the leaves against gales of wind. If covered too early the shoots will be smothered and decay. It is important, too, not to remove the covering too soon in the spring and to attained without it. delightful hours have I spent rowing moved in this neighborhood about among these to select the most striking March 20, usually, but that will de- go to to bed at night as it is to remain pend on the season; the remainder at say two different times up to the middle or the twentieth of April. It is better to be a week too late than a day to soon. If the roses are well established strange scenes-these extraordinary and healthy plants this latter method her for it, without somebody being will save them as a rule. It will generally work better, probably, than the one first described. More roses have been lost, about Hartford, for example, from over protection-from too heavy and close covering-than from the op- knowing all suffering, he may know posite extreme.

An Abyssinian Beile.

With a large majority of the native varied banners can scancely excel the females in Turkey, the prevailing tint is yellow. Nine out of ten of them But the overhanging stern and huge, are pigeon-toed and all the blondes have unwieldy rudder cast deep shadows, freckles. They never wither and dry which are carried down in the reflec- up in growing old, as do the natives to no matter what his garb, or however tions, and the gray granite bridge, the north and west, but fatten and slender his purse. They prove his reited her new-born baby-a queer little and gray and white clouds softening grow oily, developing ridges where creature, with a yellow, leathery look the blue sky and the distant hills, har- they ought to be hollows, growing at monize the whole. Now we may the edges and settling in height, until change our position, so as to watch the at early womanhood they have no more nal back, after the manner 32 the In- great timber junks taking on their car- shape or figure than a Hubbard squash. go. I say 'on' advisedly, for it is all If I were to have my choice of the fastened on outside, and only the stem whole involce, I should take an Abysand stern of a laden vessel are visible, sinian brunette. They are divinely tall A wholesale manufactory of Swiss to great is the bulk of timber fastened and slender and black as the ace of stamps of old issues has just been dis- o her on either side; of course she spades. The features are clearly cut covered in Zurich. The forgers have thus becomes exceedingly buoyant, for and regular, the eyes liquid and the lips gone about their work very thoroughly; the cargo is self supporting, floating on | red and full. The hair is black and they have collected scraps of old letters is own account. The prow of these waving, but somewhat coarse in fiber. bearing post-marks with various dates vessels is shaped and painted to repre- They dress in pure white, and the black said," said Peler, reddening to the very mother's lesson, ,'you could be happy from 1843 to 1860; and the better to set the face of a gigantic and gaudy face and red lips against the white setdeceive the unwary, they have stuck fish, with huge staring eyes, and the ting of the burnous give an effect that

Wealth is not always fortune. Concession is the best peacemaker. Never play at any game of chance. A good example is the best sermon. The brave only know how to forgive. A man is not so soon healed as

A good garden may have some

The road to success is not to be run upon by seven-leagued boots. Step by step, little by little, bit by bit, that is the way to wealth that is the way to wisdom, that is the way to glory. Pounds are the sons, not of pounds. hat a pence.

The sea drowns both ship and sailor, like a grain of dust, and we call it fate: bat let him learn to swim, let him trim his bark, and the water which drowned him will be cloven by it, and will carry it like its own foam-a plume and a power.

What is called ill-nature and want of generosity, is very often nothing more than a quick eye for the injustice and onableness of others, and a determination not to gratify it; not the desire to save one's own money or trou-

To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves How can our works and change. thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change indeed is painful, yet never needful; and, if memory have its force. and worth, so also has hope.