

BELOVED NIGHT.

Beloved night! That latest dawn
Thy curtain on our griefs and fears,
In vail's deepness dost thou drown
Our frets and falling tears?
In thine engulfing swallow up
Life's plainings and its poignant woes,
The foam flood of love's brimming cup,
And its outwringled lees?
Though in thy beauty thou art dumb,
And canst not speak to us again,
From out thy vastness seems to come
An answer to our pain.

GRANNY'S EXPERIENCE.

It was the evening of the donation
arty at the Rev. Simeon Slide's.
At Grovehill they had not many ex-
tremes, and to the simple villagers
this donation party was as thrilling an
event as the charity ball would be to a
town belle, or a court presentation to a
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,
and basted fresh lace frillings into the
neck and sleeves.

The squire himself, blacking his boots
on the kitchen porch, congratulated
himself, in a complacent sort of way,
on the contents of the box-wagon,
which stood under the shade of the old
apple tree.

"If everybody takes as creditable a
load to the parson's as that," said the
squire, "I guess they won't starve
there. A ham, a bag o' mixed chicken-
feed, a firkin of first-class butter, six
dressed fowls, a bushel o' russet apples,
and a loaf of plum-cake, made after
grandmother Field's receipt; and be-
sides all that—"

"Good gracious pa!" said Jessie who
was tucking away her curls under the
strings of her spit-straw gypsy hat,
"how are aunt Bess and I ever going to
ride with all that load?"

"Well," said the squire, with an ole-
agnous little chuckle, "you'll have to
contrive it somehow. One of you can
sit on the butter-firkin, and sort o'
steady it, and there's plenty o' room
for the other along o' me on the seat,
and hold the plum-cake on your lap.
And coming back I ain't no ways dis-
turbed but that you'll get plenty o'
beaux, gals always do. The moon will
be at its full, and Peter Peck and
Hiram Jellifer is both to be there
and—"

"Don't talk nonsense, pa!" said
Jessie, laughing, and looking provok-
ingly pretty, just as aunt Betsey, glanc-
ing over her shoulder into the glass,
saw the reflection of her own face and
sighed softly.

just the same," said Peter. "How was
it, granny?"
"He took me out a-riding," said the
old lady, assisting her memory with a
goodly pinch of rose-scented snuff.

"That's it exactly," said Peter. "I've
harnessed up Red Robin, and washed
off the wagon, and I calculate to ask
her to ride home with me from the
donation party."

"And it was a very dreadful moon-
shiny night—" reflectively added the
old lady.
"Moon's at the full," exultingly mut-
tered Peter, "I believe there's a fate in it!"

"And he set up close to me, and
squeezed my hand with the hand he
wasn't a drivin' with, and he said I
was the prettiest gal he'd ever seen,
and could I be contented to come and
live at Hawk's farm."

"And we was married the next fall.
Ah, deary me, deary me! how long ago
all that seems!"

"It sounds easy enough," said Peter
despondently. "But I'd rather clear off
a whole patch o' hickory woods."

"Don't be afraid, Peter," said the
old lady, laying a kindly hand on his
right shoulder, "if she's a gal with
havin', she'll know you're a good lad,
and I'll bet a cookey she'll say
'Yes.'"

"I only wish I could think so, gran-
ny," said Peter, with a sigh.
"Is it Kate Lanney?" said Mrs.
Peck, "or Mary Elsley?"

"Taint neither one," said Peter
sheepishly. "It's Jessie Field!"

"Land o' massey!" said granny Peck,
elevating her withered hands. "What
on airth is a pretty pink-and-white piece
of china like her to do in a wild place
like this?"

And then Peter took courage to kiss
her, and then Red Robin shied at a tree
stump and then, all too soon, appeared
Squire Field's large red house behind
the apple trees.

And Peter helped his fiance out as
tenderly as if she were a box of solid
gold and he a miser.

And up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's
varnished side-box road wagon, and
turning around, Peter Peck saw spring-
ing from it Jessie Field.

Was it witchcraft? Nothing of the
sort. There, close to him, smiling and
blushing in the moonlight, with her
veil thrown aside was Miss Betsey.

And it was Miss Betsey to whom he
had proposed, and Miss Betsey who had
accepted him. Peter Peck gave a con-
vulsive gasp for breath. What was he
to do? Should he tell Miss Betsey that
it was all a mistake—that he had taken
her for her niece, or should he—

But at that instant he caught a fleet-
ing glimpse of Jessie's radiant face
turned up to Jellifer's and it was like
a revelation to him.

"Hang it all!" groaned Peter to him-
self, "that other fellow has been ahead
of me! And I don't care a halfpenny
—she's only a feather-headed little
coquette after all, and Miss Betsey is
worth two of her, and I ain't so very
young myself, and there never was a
Peck yet that didn't stick by a thing
when once he'd said it."

So, taking Miss Betsey's arm ten-
derly under his own, he proceeded val-
iantly into the house to ask the squire's
consent and blessing.

As for Jessie, she lingered long under
the trees in the moonlight, talking
with Mr. Jellifer.

When at last she came upstairs to
the room which aunt and niece shared
together she looked earnestly at her
companion.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A flow of words is no proof of wis-
dom.
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
some tears were shed behind it.

Good company and good conversa-
tion 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.

Pretenes 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 inter-
est about thirty years after date.

A certain lecture is worth all the
sermons in the world for teaching the
virtues of patience and long suffering.

There is nothing that is meritorious
but virtue and friendship; and, indeed,
friendship itself is only a part of vir-
tue.

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

To say little and perform much is
the characteristic of a good mind. Ad-
versity borrows its sharpest sting from
impudence.

the crew commend themselves to the
Sea Dragon in a frightfully noisy reli-
gious service. Offerings of food are
thrown into the sea, and one of the
crew holds up burning joss paper to-
ward the sun, while the others produce
an ear-splitting din on gongs and eym-
bals. During the service the whole
vessel, but especially the stern, is de-
corated with banners of every shape
and every conceivable device. Thus
the protection of the Sea Dragon is in-
voked, and the timber junks start on
their seaward journey.

The sampans, the family house-boat,
are one of the most curious phases of
domestic life in China. There are
many thousands of them on every
great 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
the old truism that "man wants but
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
beds set end to end, and covered at
night by a series of telescopic sliding
roofs of bamboo matting. Here man
and wife, grandparents and little chil-
dren, cook, sleep and worship; for no
matter how tiny the boat, the family
altar is never crowded out. It occu-
pies the place of honor, and the very
poorest often contrive to lay aside a
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
sunset the family specially commend
themselves to her care. A large num-
ber of the sampan population at
Foo-Choo have attached themselves
to the Roman Catholic mission, and
these are distinguished by the substi-
tution of the blessed Virgin and child,
and by the little brass crucifix or me-
dallion worn by the family.

As a general thing roses are probably
covered too early—and probably too
closely also. About Thanksgiving time,
when hard freezing weather sets in, is
generally the right time here for cov-
ering the roses; but the season varies in
different years, as well as the plan for
covering. One method is to put earth
about the bush to the height of eight or
ten inches, putting it on one fashion,
and outside of this a liberal dressing of
stable compost. As the earth is next
the stock, there is no danger of heat-
ing, even under a bed of snow or in a
warm, "open" winter. After the
ground freezes it is well to put on some
leaves or pine boughs. These can be
removed early in the spring, but the
other covering should only be removed
gradually and according to the advance
of the season—the compost, of course,
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.

Another way is to peg down the
bush close to the ground, cover it over
with six or eight inches of leaves, or
rough litter, which is quite as well—the
bed of clear leaves is apt to pack down
too tightly. Over it place some ever-
green 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
do it gradually. A part may be re-
moved in this neighborhood about
March 20, usually, but that will de-
pend on the season; the remainder at
say two different times up to the mid-
dle or the twentieth of April. It is bet-
ter to be a week too late than a day to
soon. If the roses are well established
and healthy plants this latter method
will save them as a rule. It will gener-
ally 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-
posite extreme.

With a large majority of the native
females in Turkey, the prevailing tint
is yellow. Nine out of ten of them
are pigeon-toed and all the blondes have
freckles. They never wither and dry
up in growing old, as do the natives to
the north and west, but fatten and
grow oily, developing ridges where
they ought to be hollows, growing at
the edges and settling in height, until
at early womanhood they have no more
shape or figure than a Hubbard squash.
If I were to have my choice of the
whole invoice, I should take an Abyssin-
ian brunetta. They are divinely tall
and slender and black as the ace of
spades. The features are clearly cut
and regular, the eyes liquid and the lips
red and full. The hair is black and
waving, but somewhat coarse in fiber.
They dress in pure white, and the black
face and red lips against the white set-
ting of the burnous give an effect that
is as enchanting as a picture.

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
hurt.
A good garden may have some
weeds.

THE MIA RIVER.

Chinese junks and Chinese jife-boats
in general are singularly fascinating
from an artistic point of view, and I
had ample opportunities of improving
my acquaintance with them while liv-
ing in a house-boat on the river Mia,
above Foo-Choo, and also during a vis-
it to friends, whose home, in the
Chinese quarter of Nantai (facing the
city of Foo-Choo), lay on the brink of
the river, which at certain states of
tide, is literally covered with native
vessels of all shapes and sizes. It is so
extraordinary to watch large junks
coming down the river mid-stream,
propelled only by two gigantic sculls,
one on each side of the ship, and each
worked by about a dozen men. The
end of this huge oar is attached to the
junk by a strong leathern thong, and
the scull works round and round cir-
cuitously, somewhat on the principal
of the screw. All the time the men
are at this, or any other labor involv-
ing 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 (Wanshoukiao)
which connects the Isle of Nantai with
the mainland of Foo-Choo; and many
delightful hours have I spent rowing
among these to select the most striking
group, 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
strange scenes—these extraordinary
combinations of form and color. Here
we have a whole flotilla moored side
by side and we look up at the extraordi-
nary high stems, 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
varied banners can scarcely excel the
brilliance of the vessel.

But the overhanging stern and huge,
unwieldy rudder cast deep shadows,
which are carried down in the reflec-
tions, and the gray granite bridge,
and gray and white clouds softening
the blue sky and the distant hills, har-
monize the whole. Now we may
change our position, so as to watch the
great timber junks taking on their car-
go. I say 'on' advisedly, for it is all
fastened on outside, and only the stem
and stern of a laden vessel are visible,
to great is the bulk of timber fastened
to her on either side; of course she
thus becomes exceedingly buoyant, for
the cargo is self supporting, floating on
its own account. The prow of these
vessels is shaped and painted to repre-
sent the face of a gigantic and gaudy
fish, with huge staring eyes, and the
heavy anchor hung from its mouth.
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
run up to dry at early morning, and
when half furled the bamboo ribbing
is singularly suggestive of the wing of
the flying-fish from which doubtless
the idea was first taken. When a junk
is fully laden, and on the eve of sailing,

The Lapps in summer.
The Lapps seemed to consider the in-
terior of their houses somewhat stuffy
on a summer night for they were all
lying in the open air, wrapped in their
rugs of reindeer skin—men, women,
and children, and the old grandmother
of all the Lapps. The men wear tight
trousers and jackets of untanned leath-
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 unprepossessing race
of quaint elfish looking little creatures,
with straight, sandy colored hair, small
grey eyes. The men have stubby
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 exhib-
ited her new-born baby—a queer little
creature, with a yellow, leathery look-
ing face. The babies are strapped on
to boards, and so carried on the mater-
nal back, after the manner of the In-
dian papoose.

A wholesale manufactory of Swiss
stamps of old issues has just been dis-
covered in Zurich. The forgers have
gone about their work very thoroughly;
they have collected scraps of old letters
bearing post-marks with various dates
from 1843 to 1860; and the better to
deceive the unwary, they have stuck
the stamps on to these pieces of envel-
ops.

Work of hand or head is not an end
in itself, but a means to the develop-
ment, progress, and happiness of man.
So far as it fulfills that, it is success; so
far as it sacrifices that, it is a bubble
which bursts and is seen no more.
This is his mission in the world; and a
grand mission it is—one on which every
true worker must fix his eyes and to
which he must direct his steps.

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