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Poetical Selections.

WE NEVER PATS.

It never pays to fret and growl When Fortune seems our foe; The better-bred will push ahead And strike the braver blow. For luck is work, And those who think Should not lament their doom, But yield the play And clear the way That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride And squander wealth in show, For friends thus won are sure to run In times of want or woe. The noblest worth Of all the earth Are gems of heart and brain, A conscience clear, A household dear, And hands without a stain.

It never pays to wreck the health In drudging after gain, And he is sold who thinks that gold Is cheaply bought with pain. A humble lot, A cosy cot, Have tempted even kings, For station high That wealth will buy, Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! a blunt refrain Well worthy of a song, For age and youth must learn this truth, That nothing pays that's wrong. The good and pure Alone are cure To being prolonged success, While what is right In Heaven's sight Is always sure to bless.

Bell Metal.

THE sound of a bell depends, of course, on many different circumstances of condition. One of these is the metal of which the bell is composed. The mixed metals of alloy illustrate in an instructive way the differences of quality which result from difference in the proportion of ingredients. Copper and tin produce the metal bronze; in other proportions they yield speculum metal, for making the brilliantly white reflectors of telescopes; while in other proportions, again, they furnish bell-metal. The Chinese in their gongs, and the Europeans in their bells, have seen reason to employ pretty near the same kind of metal. There is always much more copper than tin; but every bell-founder has his favorite receipt in this matter. Some adopt simply four of copper to one of tin; some thirty-two copper to nine of tin. Big Ben has about twenty-two of copper to seven of tin. Mr. Layard found at Nineveh, bells which had as much as ten parts copper to one of tin. It is, therefore evident that no very great amount of exactness is necessary in this matter. It is considered, in a general way, that an extra dose of tin improves the sound, but renders the alloy more brittle; the founder, therefore, establishes a balance of advantages according to his judgment and experience. When a large bell is annealed very slowly, the sonorous quality of the mass is improved.

Bell-metal, though the most general, is not the only material for bells. Sometimes a little lead, arsenic or zinc is added to the copper and tin. It used to be a favorite idea that silver thrown into the melting furnace, improved the tone of a bell. In casting the tenor-bell of Javvenham Church, the neighboring gentry, after drinking of the toast of "Church and King" out of silver tankards, threw the tankards into the melting-pot. Similar bells have often been made of silver alone, as if to justify, or to be justified by the allusion to "silvery tones." At the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842, one of the lots consisted of a very beautiful silver bell made by Benvenuto Cellini, for Pope Clement the Seventh; its exterior was chased or sculptured with a profusion of lizards, grass-hoppers, flies, and other reptiles and insects; and its intended purpose was, by its silver sound to drive away all obnoxious assemblages of such creatures. Among the oddities of this subject was the bequest of a silver bell to the school at Wreay, in Sussex, by Mr. Graham in 1811. On an appointed time every year, two of the boys, who had been chosen captains, were to sally forth, each followed by his partisans, distinguished by blue and red ribbons, and march in procession to the village green; there their fighting-cocks was to have a

match; and on the result of this match was to depend the honor of possessing the silver bell for the next twelve months, the successful captain bearing it away suspended from his hat. As for other metals, besides copper, tin and silver, it is known that steel and iron are occasionally used for church bells. Such bells have been cast in Westphalia, at Sheffield, and at Dundee, near Glasgow. Steel bells are lighter and cheaper than those of bell-metal, and yield a rich and brilliant tone; but the sound is said to be unable to penetrate to a great distance. Cast-iron, with the addition of a little tin, has been tried; but the alloy was far too brittle. Glass bells, and wooden bells, are also talked about; but we do not see how the former could bear any hammering or clappering, nor how the latter could yield a sound worth hearing. One of the missionaries of Fiji, however, has described a bell or sounding instrument made from the hollowed trunk of a tree, like a trough, and placed on a coil of rope or some other elastic mass on the ground; when struck at one end with a mallet, it gives out a stifled roar, which we are told could be heard twelve miles off.

Winning a Bet.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, when a young man, was one day in the Mount—a famous Coffee-house in Mount street, Grosvenor Square—with Harvey Aston. Various persons were seated at different tables. Among others present, there was an Irishman who was very celebrated as a duellist, having killed at least half-a-dozen antagonists. Aston, talked to some of his acquaintances, swore that he would make the duellist stand bare-footed before them.

"You had better take care what you say," they replied; "he has his eye upon you."

"No matter," rejoined Aston, "I declare again that he shall stand bare-footed before you if you will make up among you a purse of fifty guineas."

They did so. Aston then said in a loud voice, "I have been in Ireland, and am well acquainted with the natives."

The Irishman was all ear. Aston went on:

"The Irish being born in bogs, are every one of them web-footed. I know it for a fact."

"Sir," roared the duellist, starting up from his table, "it is false!"

Aston persisted in his assertion.

"Sir," cried the other, "I was born in Ireland; and I will prove it to you that it is a falsehood."

So saying, in great haste he pulled off his shoes and stockings, and displayed his bare feet. The joke ended in Ashton's sharing the purse between the Irishman and himself, giving the former thirty guineas, and keeping twenty. Sir George assured that this was a true story.

A Tooth Story.

ONCE upon a time there was a young lady who had three pretty new teeth in her mouth. She bought them of a dentist, and they were fastened to a beautiful patent vulcanized rubber plate. This young lady could eat almost anything with her new teeth, and she felt very proud of them. They were so useful, and looked so well when she smiled. One day she was eating dinner just as fast as she could, and she got choked with a piece of bone. Then she ran into the woodshed and coughed until the tears came into her eyes, and her father came out and pounded her shoulders, and her mother made her drink a pint of water, and finally, she got better; but alas! her new teeth were gone. So, herself, and her mother, and her two sisters, and her big brother, and the servant girl, and the neighbor's little boy looked all over the woodshed for those teeth, but they could not find them. Then the young lady was scared, and she said to her mother: "O mother, I felt something hard in my throat when I drank that water, and I have swallowed my teeth and I shall die—I know I shall die—and what shall I do?" That scared the mother, and she put the young lady to bed and sent for the doctor. Well the teeth made her very sick. You know how thin people sometimes get from the knowings of remorse, and of course, the knowings of three patent porcelain teeth would be much worse. The doctor could do nothing and the young lady kept getting worse and worse until the doctor said she could not live more than twenty-four hours. That very day the neighbor's little boy found three teeth in the back yard, where they had been thrown whilst the young lady was coughing. He took

them them in and showed them to the young lady, who said she felt a good deal better, and got up and dressed. She is well, now, but she always takes out her teeth before she goes to dinner.

The Torpedo Explosion at Kiel.

AN eye-witness of this disaster has written a description of the scene: "Yesterday (August 11,) at 12 o'clock mid day, I went on board the 'Elbe,' a small steamer, detached to witness how our people lay the torpedoes. Three cable's length from the strand lies a powder barge, with 8,000 pounds of powder on board. The torpedoes were charged upon it. The 'Elbe' ranged herself along side. On the barge's deck lay fourteen loaded torpedoes. The long boat which had followed us, and was carried by fourteen hands laid herself along the other side of the barge and commenced shipping the torpedoes. After taking three of them on board they were to start in order to sink them. I leaned upon the boiler of the steamboat and watched them at work, not without a secret shudder at the carelessness with which the sailors handled the hellish machines.—There lay in a row, shining in the sun, leekered iron boilers; upon each glistened a white T. Involuntarily I thought to myself that must stand for 'Toderth.' Two torpedoes were deposited in the long boat, the anchor was being raised. Then rung out a fearful detonation; our eyes and our faces were smothered with a hot volume. I felt a heavy stroke on my left shoulder; I knew not what had happened. I freed my eyesight and looked round. I was standing in a rain of falling timber, iron, flesh and splinters of bone; then all was quiet. Shuddering, I rubbed my face; it was covered with fragments of flesh, so were my clothes; my cap was sprinkled with them. On the deck of the 'Elbe' lay countless specks of flesh and bone splinterings; alongside, burning pieces of wood and clothing. The deck of the powder barge was in like case. Instantly we put out the fire burning upon it and looked further round. The long boat had vanished and with her 7 men; 3 others lay wounded on the barge, one with fractured leg and mangled features, another with shattered spine, several bleeding from numerous wounds. Some were swimming in the water. What could be saved was saved, and the wounded brought on board the 'Elbe.' The seven in the long boat were literally torn to pieces, the two vessels were strewn with minute fragments of their bodies. The funnel of the 'Elbe' had two holes, and the interior of the fore cabin was almost demolished. From the powder barge, pieces of planking were torn away. Had the 8,000lb of powder but exploded, no boat, no trace of a living soul would have remained. Have you any conception of our contact torpedoes? They consist of a torpedo iron vessel charged with 103lb. of powder, which by means of iron bands is fastened to an umbrella-shaped anchor.—The iron and lead piping are filled with water, and the torpedo swims in the middle of a water-filled space, some ten feet below the surface of the water, and so soon as a ship disturbs and strikes it the charge explodes. The torpedoes lie so thick together and in so many directions across the haven that no ship can pass uninjured; others of a different construction also lie there which can be watched on shore and fired by electricity. The blow I mentioned on my shoulder lamed also my left arm. On looking closer I found my jacket and shirt pierced through, a wound in the shoulder, and two splinters of bone an inch long sticking in it—not my bones. It must have been a bone from one of the ill-fated ones which had struck me.

The Human Body.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 534 lbs. The quantity of pure water which blood contains in its natural state is very great; amounts to almost seven eighths. Liel estimates the surface of the lungs at 150 square feet, and the blood is a fifth the weight of the body. A man is taller in the morning than at night, to the extent of half an inch or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages. There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a ploughshare of twenty-four pounds or thereabouts. The human brain is the twenty-eighth part of the body, but in the horse the brain is not more than the four hundredth.

Mrs. Stowe says that in America no woman ever dies for want of speaking her mind. This, however, accounts for much of the mortality among men.

SUNDAY READING.

"How Good it is that we have a God!"

A LITTLE boy of four years old, was sleeping one night, in a low bed in the same room with his mother. He was a lovely and thoughtful child, and though so young, had always received to his mind the idea of the great God who made him, and rules over all. He was happy in having been taught to pray to this great God, and was daily in the habit of asking what he most wanted of his heavenly Father, without doubt.

But this night of which I speak, he awoke out of his sleep with a loud cry as if he had been disturbed by a frightful dream. When his mother tenderly inquired what was the matter; he told her that he was afraid, and begged to know if God would indeed take care of him.

When his mother assured him, that God would take care of him in the darkness as well as in the light, he sunk back upon his pillow, and sighed out, "How good it is to have a God." He then fell asleep peacefully, as if he felt the everlasting arms around him.

Christians, who have long been in the school of Christ, would do well to go back, and take a first lesson from this little child.

When the way is dark before them, and those trials come upon them, which they had every reason to expect, and which they need for their sanctification, instead of complaining, let them cast themselves upon the care of him who is mighty to save, and say to their hearts, "How good it is that we have a God."

So when the hour of death comes, the darkest hour of all, Christians may be sustained by the thought that comforted the dear child in that dark night; and falling back on the bosom of Jesus, may sink to rest, exclaiming, "How good it is to have a God."

Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, a full-blown rose leave him unmoved, but the violet hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from beneath a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in painting—it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty, it sheds around the countenance a halo of light, which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given to the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "Maiden's blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint a christian virgin must use, it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the alba; which blooms and dies in a few hours; but modesty gives the female character charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

The Three Sieves.

"Oh, mama!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—" "My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue we will see if your story will pass the three sieves." "What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche. "I will explain it. In the first place, is it true?" "I suppose so; I got it from Miss White and she is a friend of Edith's." "And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And, is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and mirth flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.