

NUMBER 297

THE DAILY POST

THE DAILY POST.
[From the Home Journal.]
UNDER THE SUN.

BY KATYNA.

There are little birds in the spanglers trees,
Telling and singing the story they long;
Working with gladness with daylight larks,
Clearing their labor with merry song.
There are little birds waving in the rain,
Telling of labor yet to be done,
A golden harvest, and the ripened and gathered in,
Under their banners, under the sun!

Under its banners to the zenith sea,
Flowers the flower so clear and bright,
Bearing the flowers that grow in its path—
Dancing the dance of the rainbow,
Holding the boats on its bosom broad,
As its life it flows and its life it flows;
Gleaming and sparkling, as the sea
It flows forever, down under the sun!

There are great hearts aching for honor and fame,
Hoping to stand with the world to stand
Rising above men in mockery fair,
Shedding a crown in its contrived hand,
And with the world will under the sun all barred
—sinking dark shadows that all men shun;
While the prisoners, chained in their dreary cells,
And the world will under the sun all barred

Under the sun, there are *heavens*, still
 Dreaming the dream that can never grow old ;
 Treasuring treasures of wealth and light,
 Brighter than stars that the darkness untold,
 Facing forever but not their face—
 Hearing forever no voices save one—
 So dream that the dream is the dream,
 Making a *heaven*, down under the sun !

Little feet, wearied before their time,
 Little hands, folded upon the breast,
 Bright eyes, closing the sad tears come :
 To go the way of the untold time
 Of old men, laying the strong staff down,
 And the old man on the march to death :
 Death is an angel that leads the way,
 Out of the shadows down under the sun !

Graveyards, spread over hills and dale—
 Graveyards, where the dead are dead—
 Tell where our hopes and our joys lay hid,
 Safe in the depths of eternity :
 Tell where the flowers bloom from their graves,
 Or the weeds spring over the treasures won,
 Their angels look out from the heaven above,
 And watch them who live under the sun !

And the dead shall rise and do and see

There's a pair of clouds hovering over our way;
With hope and happiness shining through them,
And with the promise of something better to come,
That's steady and true, while the air is calm and clear,
But if a gale or wind should come, and all be done,
Till a gentle wind hands off a quiet hour,
And rest from all surrounding about the sun!

THE PROUDEST LADY.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

The queen is proud of her throne,
And the prince of her made-up hair;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is a little lady of Spain.

And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And spins, and weaves, and counts the
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And spins, and weaves, and counts the
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And spins, and weaves, and counts the

She is twenty by the calendar—
A little's almost as bad;
But she's a little lady by far
The proudest lady of Spain.

I've her spoken of, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,

When she rides on her jingling away,
And the wind and the road, and the
In a little hat and panty and
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,

But at times, like a pleasant dream,
A sweet mood pervades
And all her friends forlorn have
Oh! she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,
And she's a little, fine, and so, fine, and so,

Oh! he laugh'd thus off our rivalry?
 "I have no rival," said he, "and he
 In his puffed meekness, and his bright eye,
 And his smile, and his words, and his gait,
 Oh! the queen is prouder on her throne,
 And proud as she is, she is not known
 But the power she has, she has not known
 In this world, and in the world to come,
 Is the power of the senses and thought and
 The power of the senses and thought and
 To give a notice, his notice might play,
 She said, "I will give you the what may,
 To well without me."

[From the London Family Herald.]

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The shadows of life surround us on all sides, and the sweet sunshine of our existence is but a gleam between two dark clouds. Indeed, life may be compared to a long avenue of trees, in the centre of which is a broad stream of light, and the trees on either side are gloomy masses of darkness, that seem striding to meet and devour that delicious tract of brilliancy.

Such is man; on each side of him are shadows; but he may avoid them if he chooses, or make as much of them as he likes. He may be content to let them enter in their repulse from the too scorching, and

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"Say not so," she exclaimed, a gleam of light as the touch of a feather laid on his shoulder. He started, a gleam of joy shot over his features, he recognised the speaker and she said, "For such she was," this repetition she said, "and far from reminding us of our duty, and far from reminding us of our duty, it tells us how slowly we are coming to see that we are not independent. See! there is sunshine before and sunshine behind!—no look upon the moon as a monitor, a friend, and take a from a friend, and take a from a friend."

You have grown quite a philosopher the young man said, sadly, as he fondly pressed the delicate hand that was without cynicism light and hopeful. *I will try, Lucy, it is hard to part with those we've years—then—there before we meet again*

"Yes," said Frank Webster, "reply not given away lightly, or to one undeserving."

and she will not refuse her hand when proper occasion shall offer. I have no objection to your bringing girl ought to overlook. Have the same faith in me, as I have in you. I trust you."

"Dear, dear Lucy!" returned the girl, with a sweet smile, "I shall show my blessing upon your head. I do trust you will."

Leaving them to their sweet, mournful conference, for they were, in fact, a domestic period—and she was about to young hearts than the pallovers—we will say something about previous history.

Both were orphans, and each had been brought up by a relation. Lucy Dixie's mother, Frank Webster by an uncle. He received what is called a liberal education, and led a humble life, and for many years, it happened to have been a one. She could write English, with a few, knew a little of arithmetic, but was not a scholar. Her father, a good farmer, is called by his famous manager, formed her work with such taste and

day after day; did he carefully parade those
advertising columns, those advertisements
of the theatre, of splendour, business, waste,
and miseries, of the metropolis of the world?
At the end of a month he found nothing
that would have pleased him, and he was
very weary when he came to the end of a
month, no better result, he began to be
alarmed, and took to authorship. He stamped
refuge upon his thoughts, and encouraged
the things they have taught. It was one of
the leading peculiarities of a large class of
young men of the present generation, that
they had no sense of the value of the things
they had, the conclusion that they are genuine.
Some aspire to the stage—others to the high
art of writing books, and a few succeed, but
they are very few, and their success is pur-
chased by severe privations and the most un-
bearable mortifications of all kinds. They
are full of ideas, but have no less ambitious pre-
tensions, and seek a livelihood more humble
and profitable as possible.

Frank was not a thoroughly good human
being, this spring class; but he had no
genius. He possessed the machinery of
thought, but he had not the tact, solid judgment,
or the power of sustained application, which
it adequate motive power. He there-
fore wasted his time and abilities by not
knowing or earnestly striving
to know the value of any power
to keep on doing when he had made the grand
discovery. His continuous, querulous com-
plaint was, "I am not a good human being."
However he did write a book full of very
learned composition. By the advice of an ac-
quainted friend, he wrote a book of a few
chapters, and in due course waited upon

er Sir," said the latter, "your book is
very good indeed, but I won't take
any more of them. I don't want such books. They would
rather keep me wondering about California, or
Australia, or Borneo, or even Kamboja, than
about ancient Rome or Greece. Good morn-
ing."

"Three weary months wasted," Frank
sighed, as he threw his manuscript in the
fire. But youth is reckless. He took it
it is in his hands in his pocket. So Frank
continued to write cheerful letters to Lucy,
and in return, received the most affectionate
ones; but to her repeated requests that
he would send her a novel, he always returned
an evasive answer.

His second literary effort was a novel, which
met the same fate as his first. It con-
tained a few beautiful, but less pre-
tentious sources, and failed in them all. Oc-
casionally he earned a few pounds, which
inspired him with hope for a time; but he
was disappointed, and he wrote a few
pamphlets. In despair he accepted an offer to
be amanuensis to a blind author, but the lat-
ter suddenly dying, in a short time, he was
thrown upon his own resources.

He was seen no more by his
metropolitan acquaintances.

So much for the man who came to London
without a penny, and returned to his
country with no experience or natural gift,
his selected calling; for authorship not only
requires a preparatory special training, but
also a large natural gift, which, if not
naturally talent, is a blending of ability with
unabashed confidence. But Frank was only
one among thousands who enter the literary
field with bright hopes, and who are disap-
pointed in the reality of having them scorched
and blighted. Success in any department
of literature requires capacity for it, and a
special adaptation to it. The man who
will force his way anywhere; but his
discovery must be trained to follow some pe-
culiar calling, and that alone. Like the shades

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This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the right side, there is a dark, textured vertical band, likely representing the book's binding or a scanning artifact. The left side is a white page area. In the center of the white area, there is a small, faint, illegible mark that appears to be the number '2'. Below this mark, there is a small, dark, irregular speck. The overall image is very low resolution and appears to be a scan of a physical document.

This image shows a vertical strip of a book's binding. The central part is a dark, heavily textured material, likely leather or a similar durable cloth. To the right of this central strip is a thin, lighter-colored border, which appears to be gold-tooled or a different material. The overall appearance is that of an old, well-used book.

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