



A Touching Poem.

Until a few weeks since, the "Fulton Republican," a Whig paper, published at McConnellsburg, Pa., was under the editorial management of JOHN McCURDY, Esq., formerly of Shippensburg, Cumberland county. A few weeks ago he was stricken with paralysis, which resulted in sudden and total blindness. The following lines were composed by him after this calamitous misfortune befell him. The melancholy circumstances of the case invest them with peculiar interest. What renders his affliction the more severe, is the fact that a wife and children are dependent on his labors for their maintenance. We sincerely sympathize with him and them in this terrible calamity.

Fair, lovely earth! shall I no more behold thee clad in robes of green? Shall not these eyes trace landscapes o'er that they in boyhood's days have seen? Thy fertile plains, thy woody vales, Thy rivers and thy mountains high, Thy oceans with their myriad sails, All now to me in darkness lie.

Shall yonder sun's resplendent light Fall on the diamond dew of morn? And deck each flower with spangles bright, And ev'ry blade of grass adorn? And shall it pour its golden ray, Deep into every glassy stream, Where sports the trout the live-long day, And I not see its brilliant beam?

When mem'ry turns to childhood's hour, And Fancy paints its scenes anew— When ev'ry brook, and ev'ry flow'r, Rise up familiar to the view; And when the haunts were oft I've stray'd, In gleeful mood, in days of yore, Appear with all their sun and shade, I think, shall I ne'er see them more?

O, what is life! e'en when we're blest With sight, and health, and use of limb? 'Tis but a dreary day at best, Of sorrows deep and pleasures dim— A billow rude, on which must glide Hope's fair and often fragile bark— A tempest wild, where sorrows ride Upon its breast at midnight dark.

'Tis hard to stem the tide of life In darkness and in poverty— 'Gainst adverse waves, when storms are rife, Upon life's rough uncertain sea; The stoutest often fail to steer Their bark right onward but are lost; Then how shall mine in darkness rear, In safety reach life's distant coast.

But why despond?—Can He who took, Not render back the sight anew?— Can He not open out the book Of nature's beauties to our view? And should He not, 'tis His to know Why he withhold the light he gave; His purpose may be but to throw A light to lead beyond the grave.

There's Rest for thee in Heaven. Should sorrow o'er thy brow Its darkened shadow fling, And hopes that cheer the now Die in their early spring! Should pleasure at its birth Fade like the hues of even, Turn though away from earth, There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life shall seem To thee a toilsome way, And gladness cease to beam Upon its clouded day; If, like the weary dove, On shoreless ocean driven, Raise thou thine eyes above, There's rest for thee in Heaven.

But oh, if thornless flowers Throughout thy pathway bloom, And gaily fleet the hours, Unstained by early gloom; Still let not every thought To this dull world be given, Nor always be forgot Thy better rest in Heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek And duns thy lustrous eye, All pulses low and weak, Tell of a time to die! Sweet Hope shall whisper then, Though thou from earth be driven, There's bliss beyond the skies— There's rest for thee in Heaven.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only conquer our hearts, but our prejudices. But the misfortune is that we carry these prejudices into things far more serious than our friendships. Thus, there are truths which some men despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine, because they despise. There is one single instance on record where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle; but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains.

A SENTIMENT FOR PARENTS.—The prettiest design we ever saw on the tomb-stone of a child was a lark soaring upward with a rose-bud in its mouth. What could be more sweetly emblematic of infant innocence winging its way to heaven under the care of its guardian angel?

From Arthur's Home Journal. Letters to a Young Wife.

FROM A MARRIED LADY.

DEAR LIZZIE:—I have thought many, many times of your last beautiful wife-like letter. It was full of tenderness—so full of a spirit of humility—so free from all selfishness, that it called from my heart a gush of the warmest emotion. I have read it again and again, and each time with an increased feeling of interest and pleasure.

You are in the right path now, darling—God grant that you may never be induced to deviate from it! Go on as you have commenced, and, believe me, more happiness will be yours than you have ever dreamed of. There is no richer treasure in this world—no greater blessing—no more unalloyed happiness to a woman, than the perfect trust and love of a good husband. The tie that binds the wedded is one that must be guarded well or it may become partially unloosed, and it is almost impossible to fasten it as at first.

Cherish that all-absorbing love for your husband, which now so fills your breast; regard nothing as beneath your watchful attention which adds to his happiness; consult his wishes, his tastes, in all your actions, your habits, your dress. Above all, never deceive him. Be able ever to meet him with an unflinching eye, a true and honest heart. Ever be guided by the lovely light of principle; let this direct you in all your paths; keep your eye fixed upon it; lose not sight of it a moment for it beams from a beautiful home of peaceful happiness, whither it would lead you, and where all arrive who follow its guidance.

Cultivate in your heart a love for home and home duties. Strive to make or keep that place as attractive as possible, and do every thing in your power to render it an agreeable resting place for your husband. The daily routine of home duties, when performed in the right spirit, diffuse a feeling of cheerfulness over one's heart that can never be found in the applause of the world, or the gratification of any favorite desire.

Endeavor to make your husband's evenings at home as pleasant as you are able; call forth your powers of pleasing; bring up his favorite topics of conversation; amuse him with music; do all that you can to convince him that he has a most delightful wife, and trust me, dear girl, you will never fail to make his own 'single side' the happiest spot in the world to him.

I once knew a wife who complained to me, with many tears, that her husband left her evening after evening, to pass his time in the reading room of a hotel. Rallying the husband upon the desertion of so pleasant a wife, he replied, to me, that he had commenced his married life with the determination to be a kind, domestic husband, but that he had actually been driven from his home; and for what do you imagine, my dear Lizzie? Why, because he had not the simple privilege of enjoying a cigar! Yes, his wife actually would not allow him to smoke in the parlor where their evenings were passed, because, forsooth, she was afraid of spoiling her new curtains! They, it seems, were of more importance to her than the comfort of her husband. He had been confirmed in the habit of smoking for years, and could not pass an evening without it. He did not feel inclined to sit alone in a cold, cheerless room, so he went to a neighboring hotel, which he found so lively and pleasant, that he came to the conclusion for the future to enjoy his cigars there.

You may smile and look upon this as a trifle, and so it was; yet it was of sufficient importance to drive a man from his own fireside and render a woman lonely and unhappy.

Life is made up of trifles, and it is by paying attention to opportunities of winning love by little things that a wife makes herself and her husband happy. Are such means then to be neglected, when they lead to such results?

I must bid you adieu now for a while, dear Lizzie. I think of you very, very often and pray most fervently that you may be enabled so to perform your duties as a wife as to be a blessing to your husband, and an example to all womanhood.

CARRIE MERTON.

How to Admonish.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop, whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend, as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are but few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and a complacency of behavior will disarm the most obstinate; whereas, if instead of calmly pointing out their mistake we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

* A SOLDIER—many years ago—was sentenced for deserting, to have his ear cut off. After undergoing the brutal ordeal, he was escorted out of the court-yard to the tune of the rogues march. He then turned, and in meek dignity thus addressed the musicians:—"Gentlemen, I thank you! but I have no further need of your services, for I have no ear for music."

HOW TO MAKE A YOUNG WIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

The following true story might perhaps furnish matter for a little comedy. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. The one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough. Meanwhile, one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but she had already completed her twenty seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and very rich.—Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial lively, straightforward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly. "You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome: what she is to have for her fortune, you know: even in this scandalous loving world, not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old maid."

"True," replied the uncle; "but look you brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done—it is a misfortune, but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as herself." Away went the niece with the uncle. On the way home, he thus addressed her—"Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow; you had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year by a fall from his horse while hunting."

"But uncle—" "Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding ring given by your late husband. Jewels, and whatever else you need your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes." The keen witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow excited a great sensation.—The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private. "My dear sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth." "How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections—" "Nothing of the kind.—My niece is sincerely attached to you." "Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me?" "On the contrary, it is larger." "Well, what is the matter, then?" "A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in a good humor—we should not well recall it afterwards: My niece is not a widow." "What! is Colonel Lumley living?" "No, no—she is a spinster." The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself; and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

A Child's Prayer.

A dear little bright eyed child, who has been lying upon the fur rug before the sanctum fire, suddenly pauses in her disjointed, innocent chat; says little Blinky has come to town, and that her eyes are heavy; creeps up to the paternal knee, and, half asleep, repeats, very touchingly to us, we must say, and certainly in the most musical of all 'still small voices,' these lines, which a loving elder sister has taught her:

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night; Through the darkness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand bath led me, And I thank thee for thy care; Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me— Listen to my evening prayer.

The prayer itself dies upon her lips, in almost indistinct, sleepy murmurs; only when Kitty, who has come for her, is taking her away to the nursery, she says, half awakened:—

—take me, when I die, to heaven, Happy there with thee to dwell! Since little Jose went up stairs, we've been thinking of this, and because it interested us, we thought we would jot it down.—Knickerbocker.

An ark is now being built by a man out west in anticipation of the next flood—of tears shed by his wife, when he refuses to take her to the opera. He thinks he can weather the storm.

In a certain village in Massachusetts, the toppers label their rum-jugs "Washing Fluid." Very appropriate; for rum has washed many a man clean out of house, home and humanity.

TYPICAL.—Within the last ten years have been discovered the Daguerreotype, Plumbotype, and Hillotype; but of all the types yet invented, the Printing types are the most useful.

S-A-Y.—If the ladies had votes how long would it be before a bill would be enacted compelling men to go home to their wives every night before ten o'clock?

How to Behave at Fires.

The moment you hear an alarm, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way except the right way—for the farthest way around is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on top of a wood pile, so much the better, you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks out on your view, break for it immediately—but be sure you don't jump into a low window. Keep yelling all the time; and if you can't make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling too—'twill help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a "powerful auxiliary." If you attempt this however, you had better keep an eye close-ward. When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity.—If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it, or if you can't do that throw salt on a rat's tail, and make him run up, the effect will be about the same. If both be found impracticable, a few buckets of water judiciously applied, will answer almost as well. Perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump handle and pound down the chimney. Don't forget to yell all the while, as it will have a prophetic effect in frightening off the fire. You might swear a little, too, if you can do it scientifically.—If you belong to the "Eagle," d—n the "Hope," if to the "Hope," d—n the "Eagle," and if to neither, don't be partial and d—n both. The louder the better of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity the greater the necessity for "doing it brown." Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man "smoke" that interrupts you.—If it is summer and there are fruit trees in the lot, cut them down to prevent the fire roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell. Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse—he'll be alive and kicking, and if his legs don't do their duty, let him pay for the roast. Ditto as to the dogs—let them save their own bacon or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get the crow bar and pry away the stone step, or if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next cut away the wash boards in the basement story, and if that don't stop the flames, let the chair boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the devouring element still pursue the even tenor of its way, you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out pitchers and tumble out the tumbler.—Yell all the time.

If you find a baby a-bed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way, but let the kitten carefully down in the work basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers and empty their contents out of the back window, telling some body to upset the slop barrel and rain water hogshead at the same time. Of course you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown the more pieces can be made. If any body objects smash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstance, drop the tongs down from the second story—the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life; set it straddle of your shoulders, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed clothes on the floor and show the spectators that you can "beat the bugs" at knocking a bedstead apart and chopping up the pieces.

By the time you have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building burnt down. In either case your services will be no longer needed; and of course you need no further direction.

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Some years ago a lady noticing a neighbor of hers not in her seat at church on the Sabbath, called on her return home, to inquire what could detain so punctual an attendant.—On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her—

"Why, lat where have you been to-day, dressed up in your Sabbath day clothes?" "To meeting!"

"Why, what day is it?" "Sabbath day." "Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath day! Well I did not know, for my husband has got so plagy stinky he won't take the papers now, and we know nothing. It won't do we must have the newspapers again, for everything goes wrong without the paper. Bill has almost lost his reading, and Polly has got mopeish again, because she has got no poetry or stories to read. Well, if we have to take a cart load of potatoes and onions to market, I am resolved to have a newspaper."

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"How do you like it?" inquired the owner of the garden, who had been watching him.

The saliva was oozing from the corners of the fellow's mouth, and he was able only to reply: "How do I look, naber? Am I whisslin' or singin'?"

Every young man should be brought up to some useful calling. If he has property, he will find idleness harder to endure than poverty; and all his riches will not make him respected, unless he strives to do some good for his fellow man. It is the duty of every man to engage himself in business either professional or otherwise. It is owing to society; for their is no reciprocity, if one only consumes and produces nothing.

Female Education.

There are a few common phrases in circulation, respecting the duties of women, to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day, of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. "The true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber;"—"Nothing so honorable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all." These two phrases, the delight of *Noodledom*, are grown into common places upon the subject; and are not unfrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women, which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent virtues; but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence—all of short duration—or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish.—Nurse, father, mother, sister and brother, if they want it;—it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them. But, when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations; when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations above the level of common existence, which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion, and every other virtue, are the great objects we all ought to have in view, but no man and no woman can fill up the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a ploughman, and the third a merchant; and then acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations of life. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night; and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education.—Sidney Smith.

Good Breeding.

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker in his amusing and instructive publication, "The Original," as affording a fine instance of the value of good breeding, or politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:

"An Englishman, making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin he sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returned from the parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water courses, with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed and looked at the Englishman expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and, taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its owner.—The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company.—There was a murmur of surprise, and the stranger passed on.—Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity 'which never faileth.' On the regiment's being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters. In the evening he was carried to court—at that time as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited every where; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstance of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

Anecdote of a Widower.

A ministerial acquaintance of ours, who had lost his wife and had become wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage "Use this world as not abusing it," &c. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to mention some things which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In this category he placed a wife. He had, however, scarcely said, "A man may do without a wife," when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying in the simplicity of his heart, "but, my brethren it's mighty hard."

An Eastern Caliph being sorely afflicted with ennui, was advised that an exchange of shirts with a man who was perfectly happy, would cure him. After a long search he discovered such a man but was informed that the happy fellow had no shirt!

LOVE AND LAW.—A young lawyer who had paid his court to a young lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible of the power of love.

"It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by the power of attorney."

A pompous clergyman once said to a chubby faced lad, who was passing him without raising his hat—

"Do you know who I am, sir, that you pass me in this unmanly way? You are better fed than taught, I think."

"Wal, may be so, mister," said the boy, for you teaches me and I feed myself."

A school mistress asked a child what s-e-e spell. The child hesitated—"What do I do when I look at you?" said the mistress. "Thiquint," replied the pupil.

The Dutchman's Philosophy.

We extract the following crumbs from the Albany Dutchman.

People always estimate the value of an article according to its price. What is costly, they think must be valuable, while cheap articles are always reckoned among the worthless. Let a man stand in State street and offer doubloons for a shilling a piece, and he will not sell one in a week—let the same man charge fifty dollars for a galvanized watch, and he will meet with a customer in less than an hour.

The harder a man works, the less he gets.—While the poor devils who dig our canal get five shillings a day, the ruffled-shirt that overcomes them gets five dollars. Queer world, isn't it? Bees starve their drones, we starve our workers. When will men have as much sense as those who make honey for them?

The poorer the neighborhood the more they love music. The same organ grinder that will play all day before a palatial residence, without raising the first red cent, will scarcely enter a neighborhood where they use old breeches for windows, before he will be so surrounded by patrons that he will have to bend on two extra monkeys to keep up with the receipts.

Pleasure to be relished must be shared. Let a blind fiddler make his appearance in the street, and the first thing Bill Jones will do, will not be to listen, but to run for all the other dirty boys in the neighborhood to come and take part in the festivities.

Women always want something to lean upon. Like a grape vine, they are nothing without a support. For this reason, a husband should be placed by the side of a young lady the very moment she comes out. What a stick is to sweet peas, so is the masculine gender to the female women.

The less useful things are, the more they interest us. The clown that throws a double somerset is much better patronized than the philosopher, who undertakes to revolutionize society. The owner of the "industrious fleas" realized a fortune: had he got up an exhibition of the same number of industrious men, he would have been brought up in the court of bankruptcy.

To have men remember you, you must injure them. The doings of heroes and tempests are always chronicled. While every farmer can recollect the day the war raised his taxes, or the storm destroyed his crops, the quiet sunshine that gave birth to them is passed over without any more note or comment than would be bestowed on the unpretending neighbor who helped to plant them. Queer world isn't it?

Take a plant out of a green house into a field and in less than a week it will commence growing wild and taking liberties. Now, what is true of plants, is especially true of girls. Take a miss from the city in August, and give her the run of the hills and clover fields, and in less than a month she will feel as rompy as a fawn. To cure young people of pale cheeks and heavy disposition a dose of country air is worth more than all the medicine in the world.

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.—The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the playground and in the school, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness—to yield where persisting will chafe and fret others—to go a little around rather than come against another—to take an ill word or a cross look quietly, rather than resent or return it; these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured, even in humble homes, and among very poor people, as well as in families of high stations.

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