

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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## SELECT POETRY.



### UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Ye who have secured each other  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In the past faded year,  
Ye who, by word or deed,  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come gather here.

Let sinned against, and sinning,  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now;  
No links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,  
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,  
Sister and brother,  
In the past faded year,  
Mother and sire and child,  
Young man and maiden mild,  
Come gather here;

And let your hearts grow fonder,  
As memory's strings begin to ring,  
Each past unbroken year,  
Old love and younger wooing  
Are sweet in the renewing  
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,  
Estranged from hope and gladness,  
In the past faded year,  
Ye, with burdened mind,  
Made aliens from your kind,  
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow  
Pursue you night and morn,  
If'er you hope, hope now—  
Take heart, uncloud your faces,  
And join in our embraces  
Under the holly bough.

### SPEAK GENTLY TO THY WIFE.

Speak gently, kindly, to thy wife,  
She knows enough of sorrow;  
O seek not from each little ill  
An angry word to borrow.  
The early light of household love  
Has more than golden worth,  
Which from her heart one smile of thine  
Can call in beauty forth.

When thou art distant, stern and cold,  
And through harsh words of thine,  
Its sunny ray of gentleness  
At home may never shine,  
Upon the heart such cold words fall  
And chill love's tender life,  
Oh, ever, when home trials come,  
Speak gently to thy wife.

Far nobler in life's battle scene  
Is he who breeds the storm  
With many a curse when abroad,  
And living words at home,  
Than he, who, groveling all his days,  
A traitor to his kind,  
A petty tyrant proves at home  
The meanness of his mind.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### SMALL SAVINGS.

#### A PRACTICAL STORY.

"I don't see how Holmes does it," said John Stetson, with a very puzzled expression.

"Does what?" asked his wife, looking up from her sewing.

"Why, save so much money from his salary."

"Then he does save, does he?"

"You know the half acre lot adjoining his house."

"Yes."

"Well, he has bought it for a hundred dollars, and what is more, paid for it with money saved out of his salary for this year."

"How does his salary compare with yours?"

"He has only seven hundred dollars a year, while I have eight. Then our families are the same; each of us has two children."

"Yet I am afraid you don't save near that amount."

"No, I guess not. The fact is, if I find myself square at the end of the year, I think I am lucky."

"And yet, John," said his wife gravely, "it seems to me as though we ought to lay up something."

"It is easy enough to say so, but the question is, how are we to do it? There's Margaret's music lessons at ten dollars a quarter. That's the only way I can think of, and I shouldn't like to have those stopped."

"No, of course not; but isn't there any other way?"

"What are you trying to arrive at, my dear woman?"

"I am going to make a proposition to you."

"I'm all attention."

"You say you don't mind a few cents a day."

"Then I propose that a small box be obtained, with a slit in the lid, just like the children's tin savings box, in short, only larger; and that for every cent you spend for cigars, ice-cream, theatres, or any such luxury, you deposit an equal amount in the box."

John laughed.

"I dare say," he remarked, "it would bring me out a perfect Croesus at the end of the year."

"Do you agree?" asked his wife, with some appearance of anxiety.

"Yes, I have no great objections, if you desire it, though I acknowledge it seems a little foolish."

"Never mind about that. I have your promise, and we'll try the experiment one year. If it doesn't amount to enough to make it an object, then it will be time to give it up."

"You must take all the trouble of it. I can't engage to do anything about it, except to furnish the money when called for."

"That is all I require of you. But I shall expect you every night to give an account of all you have disposed of, in these ways, and be prepared with an actual amount of change for deposit."

"Very well, I'll try."

This conversation took place at the breakfast table. Having drained his second cup of coffee, John Stetson put on his overcoat and took his way to his place of business. I may as well mention in this connection that he was cashier of a bank, and as his duties occupied him but a few hours in the day, he was more likely from the leisure enjoyed, to indulge in useless expenses.

"My wife is an enthusiast," said he as he was walking down, "however, her hobby won't cost much, so I might as well indulge her in it."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Stetson proceeded to the shop of a cabinet maker.

"I want you," she said, "to make a mahogany box, twelve inches long, the other dimensions being four inches. In the centre of the top is to be a slit large enough to admit the largest coin."

"A money box?"

"Yes."

"It will be pretty large for that purpose won't it?"

"Rather," said Mrs. Stetson, smiling, "but better too large than too small."

John Stetson fell in with a companion in the afternoon with whom he had a social chat. As they were walking leisurely along they passed an oyster saloon.

Stetson was particularly fond of the bivalves, and he proposed that they should go in and have some.

To this his friend did not demur, and they accordingly entered. Two plates of oysters came to twenty five cents. Besides this they took a glass of ale each, which made twelve cents more. This brought the bill up to thirty seven cents, which Stetson paid. Accordingly, adding to this twelve cents for cigars, he deposited forty-nine cents in his wife's hands that evening.

"I might as well make it fifty," said he smiling.

"No, not a cent over. I want the savings to represent exactly what you spend on these little luxuries, and not a cent more."

"Never mind," said his wife, "I don't want you to increase your expenditures on my account. I am inclined to think they will not often be as small as they are just now."

She was right.

free; but then something else was sure to come of equivalent cost, such as a ride, or show, or a concert.

Time slipped away.

The necessity, according to the bargain, of giving his wife as much as he spent for incidental expenses, no doubt contributed to check him somewhat, so that he did not spend more than two-thirds as much in this way as he did before the agreement—still he kept up the average of the first week.

We will now suppose the year to have glided by. John Stetson came into his comfortable sitting room with a pre-occupied air.

"What are you thinking of, asked his wife.

"About the half acre lot adjoining the one Holmes bought."

"Do you wish to purchase it?"

"I should like to, but of course can't, not having the money."

"How much do they ask for it?"

"Holmes paid a hundred dollars for his. This on some accounts is preferable, and they hold it at one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Perhaps you could raise the money," said his wife quietly.

"By borrowing; I don't want to do that."

"You remember our fund?"

"Pshaw! that may amount to thirty or forty dollars."

"Suppose we count it, as the year is up to-day."

"Well."

The box was opened, and husband and wife commenced counting. They soon reached and passed forty dollars."

"Bless my soul! I had no idea there was so much."

What was his astonishment when the total amount in the box proved to be one hundred and twenty-nine dollars forty-eight cents.

"You see you can buy the lot," said his wife.

"But haven't you swelled the amount from your own allowance?"

"Not a cent; and don't you see, John, that if you had refrained from half the expenses we spoke of, we might have in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars, now?"

John Stetson did see it, and he determined that the lesson should be a serviceable one.

The half-acre lot was bought, and now, at the end of five years, it is worth double what he paid for it. He has also lain aside two hundred dollars during this period, and all by small savings.

### POLITENESS.

An acute critic has said that any one who caught the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, could not fail to be a gentleman. There is much truth in the remark, for the Christian spirit which enjoins a careful consideration of the feelings of others makes its possessor polite and courteous. An exchange sets forth some of the advantages of politeness, which costs nothing:

One of the English infidels was so struck with the politeness and good feeling manifested in St. Paul's writings, that he affirmed if St. Paul had said that he himself had ever performed a miracle, he would believe it, as he deemed him too much of a gentleman to tell an untruth. Whatever we may think of this remark, we cannot but be struck with the power which politeness had over the infidel. And as this infidel is not an exception, it may be well to show some few of the advantages of being polite.

1. We conform to the Scriptures. If St. Paul taught politeness by his example, so did he in his writing. He tells us, "In honor we must prefer one another." Here is the great secret of politeness, viz: Forgetfulness of self. In another he says, "Be courteous," in other words be polite.

2. We make friends. Nothing so wins upon strangers as true politeness. A little attention shown in a stage, or in the cars, or at a public table, costs us very little. What an effect it has upon the persons to whom the attention is shown! The pleased look, the gratified smile, show us we have gained a friend.

### WHAT IS A YEAR.

What is a year? 'Tis but a trave  
On life's dark rolling stream,  
Which is so quickly gone that we  
Account it but a dream.

'Tis but a single earnest thro'p,  
Of time's old iron heart,  
Which tireless is, and strong as when  
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn  
Of Time's old brass wheel,  
Or but a page upon the book  
Which death must shortly seal.

'Tis but a step upon the road  
Which we must travel o'er;  
A few more steps and we shall walk  
Life's weary rounds no more.

HEAVEN.—Were there a country on earth uniting all that is beautiful in nature, all that is great in virtue; genius and the liberal arts, and numbering among its citizens the most illustrious patriots, poets, philosophers, and philanthropists of our age, how eagerly would we cross to visit it! And how immeasurably greater is the attraction of Heaven! There live the elder brethren of creation, the songs of the morning, who sang for joy at the creation of our race; there the great and good of all ages and climes; the friends, benefactors, deliverers, ornaments of their race; the patriarch, prophet, apostle and martyr; true heroes of public, and still more, of private life; the mother, wife, child, who unrecorded by man, have walked before God in the beauty of love and self-sacrificing virtue. There are all who have built up in our hearts the power of goodness and truth, the writers from whose countenances have shed light through our dwellings, and peace and strength through our hearts. There they are gathered together, safe from every storm, and triumphant over all evil, and they say to us, "Come and join us in our everlasting blessedness; come and bear part in our songs of praise; share our adoration, friendship, progress and work of love."

Hope is a wonderful gift of God, and one of the most powerful principles in the human mind. It is the grand support of all mankind in tribulation; it is the mainspring of action throughout the earth; nothing like hope inspires courage in difficulties and dangers; and what but hope can wipe away tears, and cheer the sorrowful heart? Hope for better things in time to come, is the support of all sufferers in the world; it is also the life and vigor of all adventurers. We shall find this principle at work everywhere. It is inscribed on the prison-door, on the merchant's vessel, on the warrior's banner, on the pilgrim's staff, and on the pillow of the dying. It animates the lawyer at the bar, the preacher in the pulpit, the parent at the head of his family, and the starving poor, while passing through the dreary winter. We plough in hope, we sow in hope; we live in hope, and we die in hope. Fill the earth with hope, and you fill it with life and light, with vigor and exertion. Banish hope from the earth, you fill it with a moment full of darkness and despair. Where hope dies, exertion ends, and a man is buried in gloom and despondency. While hope lives, man looks forward, and strives to rise to happiness and glory.

CALL THEM BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.—A contemporary is very anxious to have everything called by its proper and legitimate name. In a man steals call him a thief; if he commits perjury, call him by his name, a perjurer; if he commits murder, let him be known and treated as all persons convicted of such a heinous crime are treated; if he be guilty of treason and perjury, let him be known, at least as such. Men who are known to sympathize with the traitors in arms against the federal government, and still remain in the loyal States, and who boldly exult over any temporary success of the rebels; who talk treason whenever they think they can do so without danger of arrest, and who, whenever arrested, do not hesitate to take the oath of allegiance to the federal government, and then boldly say they do not regard it because it was "forced upon them," are poor "peace men."

Many of those men and women who are most brilliant, fascinating and gentle in society at large, reserve their demon— their evil temper, for some unfortunate home slave, on whom they think they can vent it safely, since the wretch does not complain. A bad temper prefers one victim out of a family; on that one it vents its spite, indulging all the others, that it may have defenders with the world.

Among the pitfalls in our way  
The best of us walk blindly;  
So man, be wary, watch and pray,  
And judge your brother kindly.

The happiest of pillows is not that which love first expresses; it is that which death has frowned on and passed over.

Pack your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.

When'er a duty waits for thee,  
With sober judgment view it,  
And never idly waste it done;  
Begin at once and do it.

The last years of a vicious man are ever miserable. An ill spent life, like an ill-worn shoe, runs down at the heel.

A man with a small intellect, and large self-esteem, is a bore to society; while he with large intellect and small self-esteem, is fearful of being one.

### A Good Joke all Round.

There is a quaint humor attached to somebody connected with the Rochester Express that breaks out in spots occasionally in that sheet, as witness the following:

"A gentleman, (whose name we suppress for obvious reasons,) while returning home with the family purchases on Saturday evening, stopped into an oyster saloon on Main street to refresh himself with a stew. While thus engaged, a friend who had followed him in, abstracted from his groceries a package containing a pound of ground coffee, and having emptied it, refilled the paper with saw dust, and restored it to its original place. The mistake was not discovered until the following morning, when the wife of the 'injured man' prepared his breakfast. Laboring under the misapprehension that the grocer had swindled him, the husband returned the sawdust in the morning, and indignantly demanded, and finally received, its equivalent in old Java. The unhappy grocer, who is notoriously subject to its transient mindedness, declared most solemnly that it was unintentional, and that, really, it was little the worst mistake he ever committed! What renders the transaction still more perplexing is, that 'for the life of him he can't remember where he got the sawdust!'"

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