POETRY.

ST. JOHN, THE AGED.

The following anonymous poem was found, about eight years ago, in a magazine published at Philadelphia. Its beauty of language, fervour of feeling and exalted religious sentiment, claim for it a wider circulation than it has yet attained:—

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with the weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him—my Master—oft
From Galilee to Judah, yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with His groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered round my couch;
My eyes so dim they cannot see their tears.
God lays His hand upon me:—yea His *hand*,
And not His *rod*—the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.
I'm old, so old. I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face that every word He spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with Him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles. How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in the wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields,
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed,
For the first time on the sweet face. Those eyes,
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then His words
Broke on the silence of my heart and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me and claims me for his own.
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had,
Through harvest fields and desolate dreary wastes;
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore him. Lord! now *I* am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on thee!
So, put Thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.
Come let us leave these noisy streets and take
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal,
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to his kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills
And touch my Master. Oh! how oft I've seen
The touching of his garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church—once more,
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now. I think he must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the veil, which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So, raise up my head.
How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
My little children! God so loved the world
He gave His Son; so love ye one another;
Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this.
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What, call the folk my name? The Holy John:
Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

Lay me down
Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when we mounted towards the pearly gates.
I knew the way! I trod it once before.
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these who crowd
The shining way? Say! joy! 'tis the eleven!
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face!
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
Is next my Master. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
How bright thou art, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

We had been married just three years—Mary and I, God had blessed us with two as lovely little children as ever delighted the hearts of parents, and if ever man had cause to be proud I had; and one would have thought that I would have asked no higher honor than to work for and surround with comforts these so dear to me but of whom I was so unworthy.

To describe my wife as she was thirty years ago—the time at which the events I am about to chronicle took place—would [...] a younger and far more brilliant pen [...] nine; suffice it to say that hers was a [...]olden beauty,' such as we love to picture to ourselves as the attribute of angels, and what is far more rare, her face was the index of her heart; and as she sits near me now, studying her favorite volume, 'God's Holy Word,' and though her golden locks are thickly sprinkled with grey, and, 'Time's hand' has left its mark upon her brow, still even in the old woman traces of the lovely girl are plainly seen.

All this beauty was my own, accompanied with a wealth of love that seldom falls to the lot of mortal man.

You will scarcely believe me then when I tell you, that with all this love, and all these motives to become a hero in 'Life's battle,' I allowed myself day by day, week by week, and month by month, to be overcome by that mortal enemy to human happiness, 'drink.'

Article after article of our worldly goods were swept away, my means of support gone, having long since been discharged from a situation both lucrative and pleasant.

I beheld my family reduced to beggary, and worse than all, I visited upon their innocent head sins that were mine alone, and though it was thirty years ago, my heart bleeds to tell it, still it is true; I even visited blows upon my angel wife, and she was obliged to seek refuge with her parents, who gave her a home on the condition that she would never more hold communication with me,—a condition which the sequel, I think, will clearly show was neither good nor sound; and oh! how much misery and sorrow would be avoided in such cases if parents, while hating the sin, would try and save the sinner.

What a fearful thing it is that at the present day divorces are the rule, not the exception; man dissolving ties which God has reserved to himself alone the right to sunder.

For months I wandered about, an outcast from home, sinking day by day deeper into the mire of misery and sin.

Five days before Christmas I was sitting in my usual place, the bar-room, when, on the shelf, I chanced to see a revolver between some decanters; for hours I watched and at last obtained the chance I had waited for, and, unperceived, gained possession of the weapon.

Christmas-eve, thirty years ago, was to be my last night on earth. I had just finished a farewell letter to my wife, and was about to leave my room for the place I had chosen to end my wretched life, when the door opened and Mary and her children stood before me.

'Frank, I cannot live without you. To spend Christmas away from my husband and my children's father, not knowing but that he was in want, would break my heart.'

Placing her hand on my head, she told me that the curly head she loved so well should not lie in a dishonored grave, until every art and prayer at her command failed, and right nobly she kept her word.

I won't trouble the reader with the details of our struggle up. Suffice it to say that as I write I am sitting in a home of comfort and luxury, a home earned by my own exertions, exertions which would never be put forth but for her who has made the fruit of each labor doubly sweet.

My son Tom is up stairs writing his Christmas sermon, and knows not how near he came to being the son of a drunken suidide, and having to battle alone with a cold, pitless world, amid temptations and hardships from which, thank God, it has been mw happy lot to shield him.

Sorrow has never crossed the path. God grant it never may, for right nobly is he doing his Master's work.

My daughter Mary, with my two young grandsons, are coming next week to prepare the 'Christmas tree.'

A happy family here, we all hope to be be happy hereafter, through him whose glorious birth we are soon again to celebrate. But for a true wife's love how different would have been the story!

One word of advice; young husbands who are tempted to leave your wives, don't; young wives who are tempted to leave your husbands, dont. Marriage once contracted is sacred before God. Christ himself ordained it, and the further from the path of right the wife or husband may stray, the greater will be his or her reward, who brings the wanderer back. For remember that it was for just such as I was thirty years ago, that he whose birthday we so joyfully celebrate, bled and died. Remember that these lost ones are jewels which he covets, in the glorious setting of his crown there is a place reserved for each one of these. Think then what will be the reward of those who may be instrumental in placing in the glorious setting of the 'Diadem of Heaven,' a jewel for which the King of Kings and Lord of Glory shed his blood.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

The English and Scotch language is rich in proverbs, but other nations have ample lists. The Turk has his pithy sayings, of which many are similar to our own. We may here quote a few, which will show how pithy the Mahommedan can be:—

A horse is his who mounts it, a sword his who girds it on, a bridge his who passes over it.

The horse and mule kick each other; between them the donkey dies.

He sees a glow-worm and thinks it a conflagration.

The hungry man is not satisfied by looking in the full moon's face.

For a *man*, what needs *words* of blame? a look is enough.

A *man* is one who is faithful to his word.

A man becomes learned by asking questions.

The hind-wheel of a carriage will pass where the fore-wheel has passed.

He gives grass to the lion, meat to the horse.

He who gives little, gives from his heart; he who gives much from his wealth.

The lining is more costly than the original material. (Lit., "The *face*.")

The eye of the master is the horse's grooming.

That man is to be feared who fears not God.

The vein of shame in his forehead has burst.

Would that his mother had given birth to a stone instead.

One may not boast of father and mother.

Talking with him is like playing with a snappish dog. (Lit., 'a biter.')

A distinguished house! his father a radish, his mother a turnip.

His mother an onion, his father garlic, himself comes out conserve of roses.

You must stretch out your feet according to the size of your coverlet.

You have the meat, I'll take the bone.

There is a remedy for all things but the appointed time to die. (The last five words *one* word Turkish).

It is no time to gossip with the dying.

The courteous learns his courtesy from the discourteous.

If you are a *man*, show yourself.

A man dies, his name remains.

The old Osmanlies have mounted the old time-horses and departed. (A striking confession of national degeneracy.)

Don't rummage among old straw.

The donkey dies on the mountain, his loss comes home.

Don't let escape the opportunity of the present moment, it will not return.

The scales you are hunting for are weighing chestnuts at Brusa.

The sheep that wanders from the flock the wolf seizes.

If to speak be silver, to be silent is gold.

For a poet, even a rush may be vocal.

It does not thunder till the lightning has struck.

They say fame is a calamity—take care!

The sheikh's miracles are those of his own telling.

Satan's friendship reaches us to the prison door.

To the well man every day is a feast-day.

Patience is bitter, but its end is yellow gold.

Patience is the key of paradise

Even the hen, when it drinks water, looks towards heaven.

A true word needs no oath.

The prayer of the stranger is accepted.

God makes the nest of the strange bird.

Usage is preferable to purism (a translation of the sense, not literal.)

Profit is loss, brother.

The worth of good is not known but by the experience of evil.

The fish that escapes is a big one.

Women have long hair, but short intellect

You should believe one word in forty that a woman speaks.

He knows neither Moses nor Jesus—only himself.

If a diamond be thrown into the mire it is a diamond still.

The owner has one house, the renter a thousand.

The master of the house is the guest's servant.

He who has no rest at home is in the world's hell.

He who does not beat his child will afterwards beat his own breast (same verb, transitive and reflexive.)

He that does good shall find good: he that does evil shall find evil.

Good for good is natural; good for evil is manly.

Well-doing is the best capital.

Well-doing is not lost.

Good advice can be given; a good name cannot be given.

One already wet does not fear the rain.

Ague and fever says, 'I know one I have once seized forty years afterwards.'

Sweetmeats have been carried to the priest's house! Well, what is that to you?

A man doesn't seek his luck, luck seeks its man.

You see a man: what do you know of what is in his heart?

Man is harsher than iron, harder than stone, more delicate than a rose.

Equity is half of religion.

He wants work and then runs from work.

He became an infidel remaining between two mosques.

Two watermelons cannot be held under one arm.

Two captains sink the ship.

When two persons are conversing together, don't you make the third.

The beginning and finishing of this work remains.

I've shot my arrow and hung up my bow.

Like the conversation of ducks, nothing but wah, wah, wah, wah.

He bites those before and kicks those behind.

Those who are sorry for the orphans are many; there are none who give them bread.

A shameless face and endless gab.

Don't awaken the sleeping lion.

Eat the fruit and don't inquire about the tree.

A father gave his son a vineyard; the son gave his father—not even a cluster of grapes.

The bird of prosperity has lodged on his head.

Content is an inexhaustible treasure

Any one can kill a bound foe.

The mouth is not sweetened by saying Honey, honey.

The fish comes to his senses after he gets into the net.

A man had better die than lose his good name.

A nightingale was put in a golden cage; 'O for my home,' she said!

Be my enemy far from me,—he may live a thousand years.

To day's egg is better than to-morrow's hen.

One affliction is worth a thousand exhortations.

The Sultan's interdict lasts three days.

He neither fears God nor knows Turkish.

Just like trusting a cat with a piece of liver!

To a lazy man every day is a holiday.

Don't fall into the fire to be saved from the smoke.

Bagdad is not remote for a lover.

He that gives quickly gives trouble.

It is the cat and dog that go where they are not called.

Of lawful wealth Satan takes the half; of unlawful wealth, the whole and the owner too.

He who accomplishes his ends by deceit shall render up his soul with anguish.

A traitor is a coward.

He who has not learned to serve cannot command.

It is better to be sick than care for the sick.

Rejoice not in another's sorrow.

If people praise you for virtue you do not possess, take care! be not proud, but sorry the rather.

He that conceals his grief finds no remedy for it.

If the judge be your accuser, may God be your helper!

Like carrying water to the sea.

The world is the infidel's paradise.

But yesterday out of the egg; to-day he despises the shell.

The kick of a camel is soft, but stunning.

Why is your neck crooked, was asked of the camel. What have I that is straight? he said.

The female bird builds the nest.

The tongue kills quicker than the sword.

He steal's money from the beggar's dish.

No road is long with good company.

If the time don't suit you, suit yourself to the time.

Beauty comes not by forcing.

Unless you wish to have your enemy to know your secret, tell it not to your friend.

We eat and drink at your house, and laugh and play at mine!

His tongue has never had fever and ague.

Let me cook you an egg,—but the egg is at the vineyard and the vineyard is on the mountain; 'obaghda, bagh da daghda.'

When one hits you with a stone, you hit him with a piece of cotton.

You don't know the difference between alum and sugar.

A weapon is an enemy even to its owner.

Peace is in holding one's tongue.

Marry a girl who is your inferior; don't give your daughter to a superior.

All earthly joys are less than the one joy of doing kindnesses. Some men never did a kindness in their life; they prefer to live in a mean environment of self. The selfish man can never be really happy. He is always morose and discontented; and no one can be sorry for him.

If many professing Christians should speak out the things they really felt, instead of the smooth prayers which they do pray, they would say when they go home at night, "O Lord, I met a poor wretch of yours to-day—a miserable unwashed brat—and I gave him sixpence, and I have been sorry for it ever since.

Women of high intellectual endowment and much dignity of deportment have the greatest difficulty in marrying, and stand most in need of a mother's help. And this is not because they are themselves fastidious, for they are often as little so as any, but because men are not humble enough to wish to have their superiors for their wives.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, when asked by a friend how he was able to despatch the multitude of affairs with which he was engaged, replied, that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. "If," says he, I have any necessary despatches to make I think of nothing else till they are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them till they are set in order.

Higher Education of Women.—Forty years ago, in one of the academies near Boston, a number of girls went along with a set of their schoolboy friends in the entire preparation for Harvard University. The girls knew mathematics and Greek as well as the boys did, and formed a plan for going to the university with them. We cannot say whether the plan grew out of a keen zeal for knowledge, or out of an unwillingness to break off the very pleasant companionship; probably from both. The girls did not think there could be much objections to admitting them to the university; they thought the reason there were no girls at the university was that none had wanted to go, or had been fitted to go. They proposed to live at home, so there would be no difficulty on the score of college residence. However, as their request was new, it occurred to them that a little diplomacy might be required in presenting it, so they deputed the most prudent of the party to do the talking, and imposed strict silence upon the youngest and most impulsive one, from whom we have the story. The girls called upon old President Quincy, told him what they had done in their studies, that they had passed the examination with the boys, and wished to be admitted to the university. President Quincy listened to their story, and evinced so much admiration for their work and aims, that they at first felt sure of success. But he seemed slow in coming to the point. He talked of the newness and difficulties of the scheme, and proposed other opportunities of study for them, till at length this youngest one, forgetting in her impatience her promise to keep silent, said "Well, President Quincy, you feel sure the trustees will let us come don't you?" "Oh, by no means," was the reply, "this is a place only for men." The girl of sixteen burst into tears and exclaimed with vehemence, "I wish I could annihilate the women, and let the man have everything to themselves." This, so far as we know, was the first effort made by women to get into an American university, but the incident was too trifling to make any impression, and we narrate it only as marking the beginning of the demand for university advantages for women.—*Westminster Review.*

RANDOM READINGS.

An imaginary quantity—A lady's age

"Money is very tight," said a thief who was trying to break open a bank vault.

"Time cuts down all, both great and small." How about the provision and grocery bills?

It is rather a curious coincidence that the "Virginius," which was commanded by Capt. Fry, sank on Frying Pan Shoals.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at work quarrels with bread and butter.

Wisdom of Silence.—Sagacious people know how to keep silence on subjects with which they are not acquainted, and they escape hard hits like the following:

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor, and his noblest acquisition. It is that ray of Divinity which dignifies humanity.

It is a comforter to Christians apart to think that their prayers meet before a throne of grace, and their persons will meet before a throne of glory.

Nothing so humanizes the soul as sympathy. Nothing so thoroughly proves the man as his sympathizing with and alleviating the miseries of his fellow-creatures.

Jones, being told that he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied, "The hard wear business—look at my wardrobe."

Let us help one another.—This little sentence should be written on every heart, and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule, not only practised in every household, but throughout the world.

"Good-by, you old scolding red-headed heathen," wrote a Dubupue man to his wife the last thing before suiciding. She says she'd like to have got hold of him for about one York minute.

A young lady from Georgetown came to the city the other day to have her picture taken. When the artist showed her the "proof" and asked her how she liked it, she placidly remarked that he "put too darned much mouth on it to suit her."

'Thomas,' said a father to his son, 'don't let that girl make a fool of you. Look sharp. Remember the old adage, that love is blind.' 'Oh, that adage won't wash,' said Tom; 'talk about love being blind! Why, I see ten times as much in that girl as you do.'

A Precentor who had a bad cold occupied the "desk" so badly, that the minister whispered to him over the side of the pulpit,—"What's the matter wi ye, John?" John whispered back—"That there was an unco kittlin in the paup o' his hass." "A kittling do ye caw't? It sounds to me like an auld tam cat."

Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do just what is right. If a friend ask you a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind

A person is not worth much that has not had troubles, You cannot subdue selfishness without a struggle. You cannot restrain pride without a conflict. You cannot expect to go through life without bearing burdens. But you are going to have help under circumstances that will redeem you from these things. You are going to experience more victories than defeats. Your suffering will only be here and there—little spots in a whole field of peace and joy.

During the interview of some friends with Marshal Bazaine, the day after his conviction, the name of M. Gambetta was pronounced. "You must feel much hatred for that man," said his interlocuter. "Hatred?" he rejoined; "why? Does any one hate a child that tries to bite him? All that can be done is to pull his ears. Gambetta is a great child. On the whole, owe him some gratitude. He once call-s led me a trator, but for three long month I was for him 'brave Bazaine,' 'the glorious Bazaine,' a hero, almost a god! You see, therefore, I am still his debtor.

A courtier of Alexander the Great paid a visit to the studio of Apelles, the celebrated painter, and was received with the consideration due to his rank. This excited his vanity, and unhappily he talked about the art of painting, exposing his ignorance in a variety of questions and criticisms. Appelles interrupted him at length in a low voice: "Do you see those boys that are grinding my colors? While you were silent, they admired you, dazzled with the splendor of the purple and gold with which your habit glitters; but ever since you began to talk about what you do not understand, they have done nothing but laugh at you."

'I have lost flesh,' said a toper to his companion. 'No great loss,' replied the other, 'since you have made it up in spirits.'

'How old are you?' lately asked a St. Louis Justice of a bridal candidate. 'Eighteen,' replied the girl, who looked five years younger than that. 'In what year were you born!' continued the justiee. The girl stammered, blushed, and guessed it was in 1859. The hard-hearted official thereupon refused to perform the ceremony, and she went out counting on her fingers how much eighteen from 1873 left, so as to be prepared for the next trial

Judicial Eloquence.—The following specimen is given by a Kausas paper, of how a Judge in that State admonishes the prisoners who are brought before him: "Brumley, you infamous scoundrel! You are an unredeemed villian! You hain't a single redeeming trait in your character. Your wife and family wish we had sent you to the penitentiary. This is the fifth time I have had you before me, and you have put me to more trouble than your neck is worth. I've exhorted and prayed over you long enough, you scoundrel! Just go home and take one glimpse at your family, and be off in short order. Don't let's ever hear of you again. The Grand Jury have found two other indictments against you, but I'll discharge you on your recognizance; and if I ketch you in this neck of woods to-morrow morning at daylight I'll sock you right square in jail and bump you off to Jeffersonville in less than no time, you infernal scoundrel! If I ever ketch you crossing your finger at a man, woman, or child I'll sock you right square into the jug! Stand up, you scoundrel, while I pass sentence on you.

NEW EDITION OF WALKER.

The Baker rolls.
The Butcher shambles.
The Banker balances himself well.
The Cook has a mincing gait.
The Livery-stable Keeper has a '*musing* gait.'
The Excursionist trips along.
The Fishmonger flounders on.
The Poulterer waddles like a duck.
The Gardener does not allow the grass to grow under his feet.
The Grocer treads gingerly.
The India-rubber Manufacturer has an elastic step.
The Rogue shuffles, and
The Doctor's pace is killing.
—*Punch's Almanac.*

One mistake in principle is worse than a thousand errors in opinion.

Too many persons are far less ashamed of having done wrong than of being found out.

The duty of society to the poor in hard times—Employment first, and then benevolence

Francis Jeffrey and the Catechism.—It happened, one autumn, that the late Lord Jeffrey, after the rising of the Court of Session, came to spend the long vacation in the parish of L——. Soon after his arrival the minister intimated from the pulpit that upon a certain day he would "hold a diet of catechizing" in the district, which included the dwelling of the eminent judge. True to his time, he appeared at Lord Jeffrey's house, and requested that the entire establishment might be collected. This was readily done, for almost all Scotch clergymen, though the catechizing process has become obsolete, still visit each house in the parish once a year, and collect the family to listen to a fireside lecture. But what was Lord Jeffrey's consternation when, the entire household being assembled in the drawing-room, the worthy minister said in a solemn voice, "My Lord, I always begin my examination with the head of the family. Will you tell me, then, what is effectual calling?" Never was an Edinburgh reviewer more thoroughly nonplussed. After a pause, during which the servants looked on in horror (!) at the thought that a Judge should not know his catechism, his lordship recovered speech, and answered the question in terms which completely dumbfounded the minister;—"Why, Mr. Smith, a man may be said to discharge the duties of his calling effectually when he performs them with ability and success.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

TEMPERANCE.

The nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from Heaven health, wisdom, and peace of mind.

These blessings, if thou possessest, and would preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of Voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let Reason stand firmly on her guard.

For, if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth, changed to madness; and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection; she hath debauched and palled their appetites, and they have now no relish for her nicest dainties; her votaries have become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she, that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes; and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise, who begot her on Temperance: their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the northern regions of *San Tan Hoe.*

They are brave, active and lively; and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves; strength dwelleth in their bones; and labor is their delight all the day long.

The employment of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions, is their delight; to conquer evil habits, their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates.

Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity, have raised desire in the bosom of lascivious Love.

She standeth in her bower, she courteth their regard, she spreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are soft, her air is delicate, her attire is loose; Wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sits Temptation: she beckoneth them with her finger; she wooeth them with her looks, and by the smoothness of her tongue she endeavoureth to decieve.

Ah! fly from her allurements; stop thine ears to her enchanting words. If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes, if thou hearest the softness of her voice, if she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains forever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care, and repentance.

Enfeebled by Dalliance, with Luxury pampered, and softened by Sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitution; thy days shall be few, and those inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.

HOPE AND FEAR.

The promises of Hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of Fear are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheless, let not Hope allure, nor Fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors of death are no terrors to the good; restrain thy hand from evil, and thy soul shall have nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despaireth of success, thou shalt not succeed.

Terrify not thy soul with vain fears; neither let thy heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.

From fear proceedeth misfortune; but he that hopeth helpeth himself.

As the ostrich when pursued hideth his head, but forgetteth his body, so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

If thou believeth a thing impossible, thy despondency shall make it so; but he that preserveth shall overcome all difficulties.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise, pursueth it not.

In all thy desires let reason go before thee; and fix not thy hopes beyond the bonds of probability so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart shall not be vexed with dissapointment.

JOY AND GRIEF.

Let not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind; nor thy sorrow so heavy as to depress thy heart; this world affordeth no good so transporting, nor inflicteth no evil so severe, as should raise thee far above, or sink thee much beneath, the balance of moderation.

Lo! yonder standeth the house of *joy*; it is painted on the outside, and looketh gay; thou mayest know it by the noise of mirth and exultation that issueth from it.

The mistress standeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that pass by; she singeth, and shouteth, and laugheth without ceasing.

She inviteth them to taste the pleasures of life, which she telleth them, are no where to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter not thou into her gate; neither associate thyself with those that frequent her house.

They call themselves the sons of joy, they laugh and seem delighted; but madness and folly are in all their doings.

They are linked with mischief hand in hand, and their steps lead down to evil; dangers beset them round about, and the pit of destruction yawneth beneath their feet.

Look now on the other side and behold in that vale overshadowed with trees, and hid from the sight of men, the habitation of *Sorrow*.

Her bosom heaveth with sighs her mouth is filled with lamentations; she delighteth to dwell on the subject of human misery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life, and weepeth; the weakness and wickedness of man is the theme of her lips.

All nature to her teemeth with evil; every object she seeth, is tinged with the gloom of her mind, and the voice of complaint saddeneth her dwelling day and night.

Come not near her cell, her breath is contagious; she will blast the fruits, and wither the flowers, that adorn, and sweeten, the garden of life.

In avoiding the house of joy, let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this dismal mansion; but pursue with care the middle path, which shall lead the by a gentle ascent to the bower of *Contentment*.

With her dwelleth peace; with her dwell safety and tranquillity. She is cheerful, but not gay; she is serious, but not grave; she vieweth the joys and the sorrows of life with steadiness and serenity.

From hence, as from an eminence, saalt thou behold the folly and the misery of those, who either, led by the gaiety of their hearts, take up their abode with the companions of jollity and riotous mirth; or, insected by gloominess and melancholy, spend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of human life.

Thou shalt view them both with pity; and the error of their ways shall keep thy feet from straying.

Germany requires about 5,000,000 more rifles to place its army on a peace footing.

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