POETRY.

CRAVING REST.

Oh for the leisure to lie and to dream
By some woodland well, or some rippling stream,
With a cool green coverlet of trees overhead,
And fern or moss for my verdurous bed.

To rest and trifle with rushes and reeds,
Threading wild berries like chaplets of beads,
Letting the breeze fan my feverish brow,
Hearing the birds sing their summery vows.

Oh! for the leisure to lie without thought,
Upon the mind's anvil the ingot unwrought:
The hammers that beat in my temples at rest;
Calm in life's atmosphere, calm in the breast!

To loll or saunter, to laugh or to weep,
Waken the echoes, or silence to keep,
With no human being at hand to intrude,
Or question the wherefore of manner or mood.

Oh! for such leisure to rest and to stray,
In green haunts of nature, if but for a day,
Through leaves to look at the sky from the sod,
Alone with my heart, my hopes and my God.

HAIL! AND FAREWELL!

Hail! and Farewell! such is the frail condition
Of earthly intercourse. We meet to part.
Joy perishes in rapture of fruition,
Alas my heart!
The flowers we gather wither in the grasping;
On beauty's cheek no fadeless lilies dwell;
The hand we clasp grows throbless in the clasping.
Hail! and Farewell!

Hail! and Farewell! The smile of welcome beameth,
Brief as effulgent upon lover's lips;
In hope exultant youth but little dreameth
Of hope's eclipse;
Nor cares to think that Time, who looks so radiant,
Is disenchanting Fancy's magic spell—
To dust dissolving all her fairy peagent.
Hail! and Farewell!

Hail! and Farewell! 'Tis thus each short-lived pleasure
Fades from our vision like a phantom wan;
We turn to gaze upon our new-found treasure,
And lo! 'tis gone!
'Mid the delights that we most keenly covet,
Still are we startled by fond Memory's knell!
Ave! et vale! Oh! my heart's beloved,
Hail! and Farewell!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS.

It is as impossible to 'make' a chemist, or an engineer, or an naturalist, of a boy, if he has no special taste or aptness for those studies, as to make a poet out of a Digger Indian. It is no unusual circumstance for parents who have boys just entering upon manhood to come to us desiring counsel in regard to placing them in a chemical laboratory, that they may 'learn the trade,' as to their eyes the business appears remunerative. They have no special genuis, no training in preparatory studies, no decided leaning towards chemical manipulation or research, but the desire is to have them 'made' into chemists.

There is a mistaken idea, common to many parents, that their children are as well adapted to one employment as another, and that they only need opportunities to learn regarding this pursuit or that, to become proficients, and rise to eminence. More than half the sad failures so commonly observed are due to being forced into the wrong road in early life. Young men are forced into pulpits, when they should be following the plough; forced into courts of law, when they should be driving the plane in a carpenter's shop; forced into sick rooms, as physicians, when they should be driving a locomotive, or heading an exploring party in the Rocky Mountains; forced into industrial laboratories, when they should be in the counting room or shop.

It is a wise provision of Providence that nearly every boy born in the world has some peculiar distinctive capability, some aptness for a particular calling or pursuit; and if he is driven into channels contrary to his instincts and tastes, he is in antagonism with nature, and the odds are against him. One of the earliest and most anxious inquiries of parents should be directed to the discovery of the leanings of their children, and if they find that their boy, who they earnestly desire shall adorn the bar or the pulpit, is pesistently engaged in constructing toy ships, and wading in every puddle of water, to test their sailing qualities; if he reads books of voyages, and when in a seaport steals away to the wharves, to visit ships and talk with sailors, it is certain he is born for the sea. Fit him out with a sailor's rig, put him in the best possible position for rising to the honorable post of ship-master, and you have discharged your duty.

If, on the other hand, he is logical, discriminating, keen, fond of argument, let him enter the law; if he is fond of whittling, planing, sawing, constructing, and neglects his studies, turn him over to a good carpenter, to learn the trade. If he begins early to spend his pennies for sulphur, nitre, oil of vitriol, aquafortis, etc., if he is such a experimenter that you fear he will kill himself, or set your buildings on fire; if his pockets are full of abominable drugs, and his clothing so charged with the odor of stale eggs that you refuse to admit him to the table at meal times, why, the chances are that he is a 'born' chemist, and it will be safe to start him off to some technical school for instruction.

The questisn is, not what we will make of our boys, but what petition are they manifestly designed to fill; in what direction does nature point, as respects avocations or pursuits in life which will be in harmony with their capabilities and instincts? It is no use for us to repine and find fault with the supposed vulgar tastes of our boys. We must remember that no industrial calling is vulgar; every kind of labor is honorable; and it is far better to be distinguished as a first class cobbler or pedlar, than to live the contemptible life of a fifth-rate lawyer or clergyman.

There are thousands of boys born into the world possessing scarcely a trace of ambition. Such do not care for distinction, or even for wealth; if they can procure the humblest fare, by constant toil, the aspirations of their boyhood, and subsequently of their manhood, are fully met. They are negative characters, happy with nothing, and suffer no elation or depression whether in sunshine or under a cloud. These boys, who often afford mortification to ambitious parents, fill a most important niche in the world; in fact, the world could not do without them. They constitute the great army of men who build our railroads, tunnel our mountains, load and unload our ships, cut down our forests, and manipulate the red-hot iron masses which come from our blast furnaces. Scold and fret as we may, we cannot alter the temperament or proclivities of such boys.

Nature is stronger than we are, and well is it for us that it is so. If our boys are born to live in subordinate or humble positions, we can hardly help it; we may hold them in a false position by the power of wealth, or strong controlling influences, but when these fail they fall at once to their place, in obedience to a law as irresistible as that which Newton discovered in the fall of the apple.

What shall we do with our boys? Study to learn what they are capable of doing for themselves; aid them encourage them to do well whatever work is suited to their natures. Regard every calling as honorable, the labor of which is honorably performed, and thus insure happiness and prosperity to our offspring.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

NOTHING BUT CLARET.

MRS. NELLIE AMES.

'It never hurt me!'

There was defiance and decision in the tone of Walter Uxbride Esq., as he looked into the handsome, motherly face on the opposite side of the dining room.

'No, Walter, I don't think it never did; but then, my dear, there are very few in this world who can do exactly as they please. Don't you know what St. Paul says about putting stumbling blocks in our brother's way?'

'Don't quote St. Paul, for goodness sake. What don't he say. A sensible conservative one minute, recommending a little wine for the stomach's sake, and the next an out and out tetotaller, forbidding meat and fish as well as strong drink.'

'But you know, well enough, what he means, whatever he has said. You are only talking that way to tease me. St. Paul thought it proper for a man who was master of his own spirit, to take a little wine if he needed it, but not to do this in a place where he could influence others weaker than he, or where it would be likely to hurt another's feelings.'

'That is, he approved of drinking behind the door, something I shall never be guilty of, Mary, all the world is welcome to know what I do, and comment on my doings if it sees fit. This claret is excellent. I never heard of anybody getting drunk on claret, did you?'

'I have no fear of Frank, that I know of,' said Mrs. Uxbridge thoughtfully.

'Perhaps it is Mildred, then interrupted her husband.

'No, nor Mildred'—

'Strange that you should have no fears of your daughter becoming a drunkard,' interrupted Mr. Uxbridge again.

The irony of this remark had not the effect intended, for the lady went on thoughtfully, almost as if she had not heard.

'No, nor Mildred, although intemperance is not unknown among women.'

'Well, then, who in the world are you worrying about?' broke in the gentleman again. 'You feel confident that Frank is beyond temptation, and there isn't any one else as I can see. Perhaps you are afraid that I shall lose my equilibrium some time!' and Mr. Uxbridge dropped another piece of ice in his glass, and surveyed the ruby liquid with the expression of an amateur.

'It is no special credit to you that you are not a drunkard,' continued the wife in a firmer tone. 'Strong drink does not tempt you in every way, save in an epicurean sort of a fashion, that leads you to desire all good things, wine, no more than others. You do not drink to excess for the best of reasons, your appetite does not lead you so far, if it did you would be like other drunkards. The question seems to be now, have we no duties outside of our own especial family? Oughtn't we to be as particular in regard to our neighbor's children as our own. To love our neighbor as ourself, requires great watchfulness, because it isn't so easy. I don't believe, Walter, that it is right to have wine on our dinner table, or to offer it to our friends, unless we are morally sure it can do no harm. I am very much stirred up on this subject.'

'I should think so,' laughed Mr. Uxbridge, with most imperturable good humor. 'You women are strange creatures. After going along easy for a number of years, all of a sudden you fly off on a tangent, get your backs up, quarrel with your bread and butter, abuse the bridge that has carried you safe over, and stir up things generally. You'd make jolly rulers, you would! Strain at a gnat and swallow, a camel; that's just it exactly.'

'Oh, mamma,' interrupted a sweet voice just at this moment; and a young lady entered, followed by a gentleman evidently very much at home. 'Oh, mamma Harry and I have had such a delightful ride The horses acted splendidly, and do you believe, Harry couldn't keep up with me to save his life;' and Miss Mildred, the skirt of her long riding habit gracefully disposed on her arm, her bright face flushed with excitement, hurried to her room to prepare for dinner.

'Don't wait for Mildred, Harry,' said Mrs. Uxbridge, 'it will take her some minutes to change her dress. You must be hungry after your ride'

'As a shark,' laughingly responded the visitor, as he took his seat at the host's right hand.

'Here's some excellent claret,' said Mr. Uxbridge, passing the bottle. The light faded from his wife's face as she waited to see what reply their visitor would make. Very deliberately the young man transferred some pieces of ice to his glass, then, as if he had weighed the matter thoroughly, and decided not to touch it, said:

'No, I guess not. If Mrs. Uxbridge will give me a cup of coffee, I think I should like it better. I am sufficiently warm now without any more heating.'

'But, man alive, claret is cooling. There's nothing in the world that will cool a man off so quick.'

Mrs. Uxbridge passed the coffee, and tried to change the subject. No use. Mine host was in the minority, and that would never do. His wife was against him, his prospective son-in-law disagreed with him, and Walter Uxbridge, Esq., felt himself quite insulted. Just then Mildred entered, and seated herself opposite her lover.

'Have a little Claret, Mildred?' inquired papa, bottle in hand, ready to fill her glass.

'Just a little bit,' she replied. 'Claret makes one feel so comfortably cool. Are you not taking any, Harry? Help him, papa, I have a toast to offer.'

Mr. Uxbridge obeyed with alacrity. Mildred raised her glass gracefully, and said, as her lover followed her example

'Here's to the health of Harry Carleton, Esq. May he never mount a worse horse than the one he rode to-day, and may he at last conquer all fear of the noble animal, and learn to keep pace with his companion.'

A hearty laugh followed, in which all joined but Mrs. Uxbridge. She hid her face behind the coffee urn, and did her best to keep from breaking down. Why should she feel so sick at heart about so trifling a matter as the drinking of a little claret? she asked herself. Why should she shudder and grow cold as she lifted her eyes to the radiant face of her daughter? The visitor drained his glass, and his host promptly refilled it. Mildred sipped a little of hers. Wine evidently had no charm for this light-hearted, brilliant young lady. The next day Mrs. Uxbridge tried to make her daughter understand how keenly she felt one this subject of wine, the drinking, and how miserable occurrences of the previous evening had made her.

'I thought something was the matter, mother,' Mildred replied, 'but you need have no fears about Harry He never touches liquor of any kind. He told me so himself. Claret is so simple, you know—scarcely more than lemonade. If it had been anything else, I should not have thought of offering it, of course.'

That evening Mildred waited in vain for her lover.

'Where do you think he is, mother?' she asked, returning from the window for the dozenth time. 'He never disappointed me before. We shall be too late for the first act, even if he should come this minute;' and Mildred removed her gloves and tasteful opera hat, and prepared to spend the remainder of the evening at home. The next day passed, and the next, and still no tidings from the absent lover. Mr. Uxbridge called at his home, and discovered that he had not been seen by any of his relatives since the day he went horseback riding with Mildred. It lacked one day of a week when the young lady received the following note:

DEAR MILDRED: Was taken very ill the night I left your house. Stopped at the 5th Avenue Hotel, and have been here ever since, most of the time unconscious. Am very much better, and shall see you tomorrow.'

He came, looking very ill, and Mrs. Uxbridge took him right into her heart, and nursed him like one of her own children. During the time that intervened between this and the marriage, only a little more than three months, Mildred had several times been called upon to wonder at the strange absences of her lover. His excuse was illness on each occasion, and his haggard face and woe-begone appearance generally, testified to its truth Mr. Uxbridge feared the young man would become a confirmed invalid; Mrs. Uxbridge was filled with gloomy forebodings, and Mildred, bereft of her usual light-heartedness, prepared for the wedding.

'Sometimes I think, Walter,' said the anxious mother one evening just before the wedding, 'or rather *fear* that Harry dissipates at these times he is away. He will not consent to see our physician; declares there is nothing especially the matter, and still I can't see that he improves in the least. I am free to confess that my confidence is shaken, and I desire very much that this marriage shall be postponed until I come to a more thorough understanding of the case.

'If all the women were like you, wife, this world would be a purgotary,' responded Mr. Uxbridge, with his usual coarse, good-natured laugh.

'You torment yourself,' he continued, 'and you try to torment me. If you had your way, Mildred would be an old maid, I should live on bread and butter and weak tea, and when my friends came to see me, they would be treated to a glass of cold water and a temperance lecture. Now you've mounted a new Pegasus, and I suppose you'll ride him till he is played out, and then hunt up something else. Let the young folks alone, and don't bother your head any more.'

Thus repulsed, Mrs. Uxbridge knew not what to do. She dared not whisper a word of her dreadful suspicion to her daughter, and there was no way of possessing herself of the information she stood so much in need of. With a heart almost paralyzed, she watched the progress of events. Inexorable old time brought the wedding day at last, and with grief unutterable, the fond mother parted with her daughter for her wedding trip. Mr. Uxbridge superintended the wine department, and champagne sparkled in fair hands, and fair lips had pledged the newly-wedded pair in numberless toasts. Harry Carleton touched not, tasted not.

'Now, my son,' said Mr. Uxbridge with great impressment, passing him a glass of wine with his own hands. 'Here's to you and yours, yours and mine! drink man,' as the young gentleman made no motion to touch his lips to the scintillating beverage.

'You will please excuse me,' stammered the new-made husband with a painful blush; 'you know I am not very well, and champagne does not agree with me.'

'All right,' said Mr. Uxbridge. 'You and my wife will do to go together; but I'm not sure but two temperance advocates in one family will be too much for me'

The wedding journey came to an end, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carleton went to housekeeping in their own pleasant home, and for a while everything went on smoothly, and the heart of the mother grew light. Six months of delightful companionship, prompt attendance at business, and then the cloud descended. The young husband remained away from home for days at a time, without giving the least excuse. To his wife's tearful entreaties to know the cause of his absence, he turned a deaf ear.

'It wouldn't do you any good to know where I have been,' he replied, almost brutally, on one occasion, after she had implored for his confidence.

'But, Harry, I can't endure it,' sobbed the poor little wife. 'I am worried almost to death when you stay so.'

'And you think you would like it better if I should come come at these times?'

'O, Harry, how can you ask such a question? of course I should.'

'Very well, then; I promise never to remain away again,' and he was as good as his word.

A month after that, a bleared, disfigured man reeled into the handsome home of the Carletons.

'O, Harry, what is the matter?' groaned poor Mildred, as her husband staggered to a seat.

Drunk,' he answered with a demoniac laugh. 'You needn't be afraid of me, I shan't hurt you, as the poor child drew away, 'and before I get so bad I can't talk, I have something to say to you. I never could drink liquor; never could touch it without just such consequences as these. It is a hereditary curse. I had not touched a drop of anything for five years until that night at your father's house, when you pledged me in claret, and I didn't know how to refuse. I have never been myself since.'

And he was never himself again. A few months more, and the unhappy soul was released from the curse of inheritance, and Mildred Carleton was a drunkard's widow.

PRESENT DUTY.

The way to make easy times is as clear as daylight.

Let every man or woman who owes money pay it at once, if it is possible.

Be willing to make a sacrifice in order to meet promptly all your engagements.

Stop grumbling at the faults or mistakes of others, and attend faithfully to your own affairs.

Deal fairly, leniently, and cheerfully with all persons who owe you or are in pecuniary trouble.

If you are out of debt, thank the Lord; and then go round among your friends, and enemies too if you have them, and render them all the assistance in your power.

Don't hoard your money; but loan it or use it to relieve the needy, on the same principle as you would give bread to the needy in a day of famine.

Do what you can in every way to relieve pecuniary distress, to check the current of financial embarrassment and restore public confidence.

If you are a bank officer or director, don't be cross a minute. Smile as a Christian duty, from morning till night. Give an encouraging word, if possible, to all, and by all means strain every nerve to help all who need it.—*Independent.*

SHORT AND SWEET.

The San Leandro *Herald* gives this illustration of the style of marriage in a mining country: "During the Wall perjury case an interesting and poetical little episode occurred. Colonel Stevenson was in the midst of important testimony as to the initial points of the Great Eastern and great Western lodes. Much whispering had been noticeable between Dr. Clinton and members of the police force for some little time, interfering with the thread of the story being told by the witness, when suddenly, from the back room, entered two ladies and two or three men, one of the former and one of the latter planting themselves close up to the witness. Everybody gazed with open mouths at this unexpected interruption.

'Take the other side,' said the Doctor and the lady marched around to the left. Then reading from a slip of paper on which were names, the officiating magistrate continued:

'Augustus, are you willing to take Anna for your wife and be true and faithful to her?'

'Yes,' replied Augustus, beaming with prospective happiness.

'Anna, are you willing to take Augustus for your husband and be true and faithful to him?'

Anna had nothing to say, or else was too slow, as her lips did not open, and the doctor continued:

'Then by virtue and authority of my office, as magistrate, I pronounce you man and wife, and may God add his blessing and enable you to keep your covenants. I will give you your certificate to morrow. Go on with your testimony, Mr. Stevens, I have to be prepared for anything.' During the latter portion of these remarks, which at the first the couple were inclined to consider part of the marriage ceremony, the newly-made bride and groom disappeared through the same door by which they entered, the testimony as to the mining ledges being at once resumed."

HOME AND ITS QUEEN.

There is probably not an unperverted man or woman living who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and the best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever of good there may be in their characters or conditions.

Home, based upon legitimate marriage, is so evidently an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is planted, there stands the bulwark of the State. Wherever it is pure and true to virtuous ideas, there lives an institution conservative of all the nobler interests of society.

Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes its cue and hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted—she consciously or unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man, uncrowded by power or eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what their mothers made them, as a rule, and the voice which those men speak in the expression of their power is the voice of the women who bore and bred them.

There can be no substitute for this. There is no possible way in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficently upon society and the State. Neither woman nor the nation can afford to have home demoralized or in any way deteriorated by the loss of her influence there. As a nation, we rise or fall as the character of our home, presided over by woman, rises or falls; and the best guage of our present prosperity is to be found in the measure by which these homes find multiplication in the land. In true marriage, and the struggle after the highest ordeal of home life, is to be found the solution of more of the ugly problems that confront the present generation moral, social, and political—than we have space to enumerate.

SYMPTOMS OF OLD MAIDENHOOD.

When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a sympton.

When a woman begins to read love stories abed—that's a sympton.

When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a sympton.

When a woman begins to say she's refused many an offer—that's a sympton.

When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a sympton.

When a wonan begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a sympton.

When a woman begins to find fault with her looking glass and says that it dosen't show her features right—that's a sympton.

When a woman begins talking about cold drafts, and stop up the crevices in the dooos and windows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begfns to say what a "Dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she woldn't be bothered with one for the world"—that's a sympton.

When a begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have cat at her elbow at meal time, and gives it sweetened milk to drink—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business with a sweetheart—that's a sympton.

When a woman begins to rub her fingers over chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a sympton.

When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and flannel nightcap on—that's a spmptom.

When a woman begins to put her fingers before her mouth when talking to any one, for fear they should see she's losing her teeth.—that's a symptom.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Accidental circumstances, as regards time and place, of course, contribute much to success in life: but it may be laid down as a general rule, that men who seemed to be successful have not attained to eminence without intense and continued thought and perseverance. A stickling about hours of work, professedly for the sake af recreation, is obstructive of all success beyond a humble mediocrity. Never was their a truer word uttered than that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." In the book, "Physic and Physicians," (issued about 1846) there occurred some remarks worth quoting: "In no department of life do men rise to eminence who have not undergone a long and diligent prepration; for whatever be the difference in the mental powers of individuals, it is the cultivation of the mind alone which leads to distinction. If we look around and contemplate the history of men whose talents and acquirements we most esteem, we find that their superiority of knowledge has been the result of great labor and diligence. It is an ill-founded notion to say that merit in the long run is neglected. It is sometimes joined to circumstances that may have a little influence in counteracting it, as an infortunate manner and temper; but it generally meets with its due reward. The world are not fools—every person of merit has the best chance of success, and who would be ambitious of public approbation, if he had not the power of discriminating?"

THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

ANGER.

As the whirlwind in it's fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature; or as an earthquake in it's convulsions overturneth cities, so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider, and forget not, thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of Anger it is whetting a sword to wound thy own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest, thy mind shall not reproach thee.

Seeth thou not, that the angry man loseth his understanding? Whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in thy passion; why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it: avoid, therefore, all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches; but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breast; it will torment thy heart, and discolor it's best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury: he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lies in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heart; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger; and thou wilt wonder, that any but fools should be wroth.

In folly or weakness it aways beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heel of Folly treadeth Shame: at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

PITY.

As blossoms and flowers strewed upon the earth by the hand of Spring; as the kindness of Summer produceth in perfection the bounties of Harvest: so the smiles of Pity shed blessings on the children of Misfortune.

He who pitieth another, remembereth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel mocked with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter ehan dew-drops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

Shut not thine ear, therefore, against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow; O pity their affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have nene to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street shivtring with cold, destitute of habitation, let bounty open thine heart; let the wings of charity shelter him from death that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!

DESIRE AND LOVE.

Beware, young man, beware the allurements of *Wontonness*; and let not the harlot tempt thee to her delights.

The madness of desire shall defeat it's own pursuits; from the blindness of it's rage thou shalt rush upon destruction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her sweet enticements; neither suffer thy soul be enslaved by her enchanting delusions.

The fountain of health, which must supply the stream of pleasure, shall quickly be dried up, and every spring of joy shall be exhausted.

In the prime of thy life old age shall overtake thee; thy sun shall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven; and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist.

The whitness of her bosom transcendeth the lily; her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey; the perfumes of Arabia breath from her lips.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of *Love*; the purity of it's flame shall ennoble thine heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

RANDOM READINGS

I cannot afford to waste my time in making money.—*Agassiz.*

The latest parlor game—sitting up. It takes two to play it.

Some men are like tallow candles: they always smoke when they are going out.

Little fish have the right notion as to the commencement of life; they always begin it on a small scale.

What is the difference between a cloud and a whipped child? One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.

"Grandma, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" "Well, you see, child, I'm getting old now, and can't take care of one, as I used to, you know."

A farmer gives this bit of advice, which contains a good hit: "If you want the boys to stay on the farm, don't bear on too hard when the boy is turning the gridstone."

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy. what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anna Dominie, 1862, and that wasn't mother, for her name was Lucy Jenkins when she was a girl."

"The honorable gentleman who has just addressed this House is a sharp politician," Mr. President, a very sharp politician, sneeringly said a member of the Louisiana Legislature. "I accept the compliment my honorable friend has paid me," was the retort, "but truth demands that I should say that however sharp a politician I may be, he is a *sharper*."

The customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of trouble by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their tubs and casks repaired, buying but very little work. "I stood it long enough, however," said he, "until old Sam Crabtree brought me an old bung to which he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust."

A SPIDER'S APPETITE.—In order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we arose about daybreak one morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught, and was now being fastened on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at 5½ a. m., in September. At 7 a. m., the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting a little while, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at 9 a. m. A little after nine o'clock we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten at noon. At one o'clock a blowfly was greedly seized, and with an appetite, apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blowfly. During the day, and towards the evening, a great many small green flies; or what are popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty, al' dead, and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering at all from indigestion, or in any other way from his previous meal. Instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat and ate. This process he repeated, carrying up the lot in little detachments, until the whole web was eaten, for the web was bundled up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before daylight another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak a small alligator was eaten; at 7, a.m., lamb; at 6, a. m., a young cameileopard; at at one o'clack a sheep; and during the night one hundred and twenty larks. This, we believe, would be a fair allowance for one man during twenty-four hours; and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and such a digestion, we might readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.

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