

Old Rye Makes a Speech.

I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drunk.
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

GENUINE COMFORT.

While travelling, a few years since, I was detained some days in one of our Western cities. My room overlooked a lane or alleyway, in which were several houses occupied by the better class of artisans, and I became much interested in one of these; so much so, that no sooner did I hear a glad shout from a little voice than I knew it was meal-time, and "Daddy was coming," and I took up my point of observation in harmless and admiring scrutiny of the well governed house. On the way in, the father raised the rejoicing child in his arms, and gave it two or three resounding smacks; another one had crept to the door-sill, and this was lifted also, and its little cheek laid tenderly upon his shoulder, which was hunched up to bring it closer to that of the father's. By this time, the wife had brought a bowl of water and a white, coarse towel. Then she took the children down, applying also sundry pats, now on the shoulders of the little ones, and now on the broad, fatherly ones; and while the husband gave a last rub of the hard, rough hands, he stretched out his neck and kissed the pretty, girlish wife, who would be hovering near him. They said grace; they dined at the plain, wholesome board, and more that once I found myself wafting them a benediction with the tears in my eyes. It is so brutish to pass without a word of recognition of the great Giver. The husband was a grave man, and the wife a lively, cheery woman, neat as a new pin, and very chatty. I thought them wonderfully well matched, for there was no moroseness in the man nor levity in the woman. And when Sabbath came, and the little household, dressed in all their finery, baby and all, went out to church, it was a sight to behold.—Herald of Health.

THE IRISH BOY'S SONG.—A man going to the station to take the train, heard a little Irish boy singing:

"There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there!"

"Where?" asked he, for his mind was impressed by the words "there'll be no sorrow." The boy answered:

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

The man hastened to take the train; but he could not forget the simple words of the hymn. A world where there is no sorrow! This was a great thought which filled his mind. He had been an infidel, but now he resolved to be a Christian; and he did become one, and began to live a life of preparation for that land where there is no sorrow.

The Laughing Plant.

The London Garden copies from Palgrave's work on Central and Eastern Arabia, an account of a plant whose seeds procure effects similar to those of laughing gas. It is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety of it is found at Kaseem, and another variety at Oman, which attains to a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, wide-spreading branches, and produced in clusters, and of a bright yellow color. The seed pods are soft and woolly in texture, and contain two or three seeds of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium, and their taste is sweet; the odor from them produces a sickening sensation and is slightly offensive. The seeds contain the essential property of this extraordinary plant; and, when pulverised and taken in small doses, operate on a person in a most peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly, boisterously; then he sings, dances, and cuts all manner of fantastic capers. Such extravagance of gesture and manner was never produced by any other kind of dosing. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is uproariously comical. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor falls into a deep sleep, which continues for an hour or more; and when he awakens, he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been enacted by him. We usually say that there is nothing new under the sun; but this peculiar plant, recently discovered, as it exercises the most extraordinary influence over the human brain, demands from men of science a careful investigation.

Overdressed School Girls.

An American family, in which were several girls, came to live in this city, says the New York Times, some time last year. The parents had moved in a good social circle, and had been held in considerable esteem in the town where they previously resided. They were respectable, but not rich. While living comfortable, they refused to spend more than they could afford for dress. In a short time the eldest girl, who was about thirteen or fourteen years of age, and very anxious to go on with her education, became a pupil at one of the public schools. She remained there only a few weeks, being fairly driven away by the taunts and sneers which were leveled at her on account of her homely apparel. After a short interval she tried another school, but with the same result. She was avoided by the other girls, treated with neglect and superciliousness, and at last was obliged to leave. The consequence was that neither she nor her sisters attended any school, and thus for the sake of any unseemly abuse, which it is the interest of everybody to put down, the education of those children ceased.

"What is your name?" asked a census taker. "John Corcoran." "Your age?" "Twenty-one." "What nativity?" "Well that's what bothers me. I'll tell you, and may be you can make it out. My father was Irish, but is now a naturalized American citizen; my mother English; and I was born on a Dutch frigate, under the French flag, in Turkish waters. Now, how is it?"

If you cannot speak well of your friend, it is better to be silent when he is spoken of.

Heroic Defence.

Boys who have good stuff in them show it in emergencies. They are cool and brave in facing danger, and have all their resources at command. The Portland Press tells of a fine fellow who has the making of a man in him: Recently, Mr. Joseph F. Denison, who resides in Wilnot, Nova Scotia, went, accompanied by his wife, to make a call upon a neighbor, leaving his little boy, nine years old, and two younger sisters, alone in the house. The children were startled soon after their parents left by the appearance of a large wild cat, which suddenly dropped in upon them. The boy, with great courage, caught up a billet of wood and assaulted the animal, while the little girls, mounted on a table, watched the conflict, and encouraged their champion by shouts, "Give it to him, Sammy!" And Sammy did give it to him. The fight was long and fierce; but the boy conquered at last, and when his father and mother got home, they found the great cat dead on the floor, and Sammy standing over him, very proud, as he had reason to be, of his exploit.

What Attracts.

It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawls, or your ringed fingers that attract the attention of men of sense. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and fast in your conversation, no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve the outward looks while the bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by gewgaws and the fashionable by shows dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the fool, the good and truly great will love to linger by your side.

What is Man?

What is man? The answer depends upon the person of whom the question is asked. Plato said that a man is a biped without feathers. The next day Diogenes walked into the Academy, and putting a plucked fowl in front of the students, said, "Behold Plato's man." A chemist would answer the question by enumerating the several substances of which man was made up. Among other things, he might call attention to the fact that a full-grown man carries about his body a pound and three-fourths of phosphorus. This is enough to make four thousand ordinary boxes of matches, provided he was supplied with sulphur to match. He has not, however, enough of this to strike fire; but he has sufficient magnesium to make a light which would be seen twenty miles.

Writing of the chemical nature of man, reminds us of the remark of a doctor to his daughter, who attempted to move him by her tears: "Don't cry, my dear," said he. "Tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water."

A good life is valuable, but a bad life often costs more.

What he Reserved.

The anecdote, related of John Jacob Astor, as follows, may be known to many of our readers:—In a public conveyance, on a certain occasion, Mr. Astor overheard a young man expressing the wish that he could possess 'that old man's wealth,' whereupon Mr. A. turned to the speaker, and said to him,—"Young man, I sometimes feel weary, and would gladly throw off my load. For what will you take charge of my business, and take care of my property, watching with ever-vigilant eye that there be no leak—no mistake; and at the end of each quarter rendering up a clear and sure balance sheet?"

The young man opened wide his eyes. He knew not what to say. Said Mr. Astor,—"If you are capable, and will do this, I will pay you your absolute necessary expenses of living."

As may be supposed, the young man expressed his surprise in his looks, observing which the old merchant simply added—"That's all I get."

"The Fat Sheep."

Some twenty-five years ago, when I was pastor of a church in —, I took occasion one evening to visit a social meeting in the church. One after another gave in his or her experience. After a time, a man in humble circumstances, small stature, and effeminate, squeaking voice, rose to give in a piece of his experience, which was done in the following manner:

"Brethren, I have been a member of this church for many years. I have seen hard times. My family has been much afflicted, but I have, for the first time in my life, to see my pastor or the trustees of this church cross the threshold of my door."

No sooner had he uttered this part of his experience, than he was interrupted by one of the trustees an aged man, who rose up and said in a firm loud voice: "My dear brother, you must put the devil behind you!" Crying his seat the pastor in charge arose and replied to the little man as follows:

"Dear brother, you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the lost sheep of the house of Isaac." Whereupon the little man arose again, and in answer, said in a very loud tone of voice: "Yes, and if I'd been a fat one you'd have found me long ago."

The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described.

A dead man can drift down stream, but it takes a live man to pull up against it. That is the time that tries man's soul—when the tide is against him.

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