

A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION.

We have often wished that Soumet's touching little poem on "THE FOUNDLING GIRL,"

could be brought over into English. Sometimes we have even thought of attempting it, just as the boy thinks of becoming a hero, at some distant day. Now "Uncle Al," as he chooses to call himself, has sent to the ORPHANS' FRIEND an admirable and almost literal translation of it—a valuable contribution to the literature of the English language, and a proof of decided poetical talent and of a high order of scholarship. The excellence of the translation would not so well appear without a comparison of the English with the French. We therefore give first the French and then Uncle Al's translation, that our readers may enjoy them both as we have already done:

LA PAUVRE FILLE.

J'ai fait ce pénible sommeil  
Qu'aucun songe heureux n'accompagne;  
J'ai devancé sur la montagne  
Les premiers rayons du soleil.  
S'éveillant avec la nature,  
Le jeune oiseau chantait sur l'aubépine en fleurs,  
Sa mère lui portait la douce nourriture,  
Mes yeux se sont mouillés de larmes.  
Oh! pourquoi n'ai-je pas de mère!  
Pourquoi ne suis-je pas semblable au jeune oiseau,  
Dont le nid se balance aux branches de l'ormeau?  
Rien ne m'appartient sur la terre,  
Je n'eus pas même de berceau,  
Et je suis un enfant trouvé sur une pierre,  
Devant l'église du hameau.  
Loin de mes parents exilée,  
De leurs embrassements j'ignore la douceur,  
Et les enfants de la vallée  
Ne m'appellent jamais leur sœur!  
Je ne partage pas les jeux de la vallée;  
Jamais sous son toit de feuillée  
Le joyeux laboureur ne m'invite à m'assoier,  
Et de loin je vois sa famille,  
Autour du sarrasin qui pousse,  
Chercher sur ses genoux les caresses du soir.  
Vers la chapelle hospitalière  
En pleurant j'adresse mes pas,  
Et seule demeure ici-bas  
Où je ne sois point étrangère,  
La seule devant moi qui ne se ferme pas!  
Souvent je contemple la pierre  
Où commencent mes douleurs;  
J'y cherche la place des pleurs  
Qu'en m'y laissant, peut-être, y répandit ma mère.

Souvent aussi mes pas errants  
Pareurent des tombeaux facile solitaire;  
Mais pour moi les tombeaux sont tous indifférents.

La pauvre fille est sans parents  
Au milieu des corbeils ainsi que sur la terre!

J'ai pleuré quatorze printemps  
Loin des bras qui m'ont reposée;  
Reviens, ma mère, je t'attends  
Sur la pierre où tu m'as laissée!

THE FOUNDLING GIRL.

I have fled that painful sleep  
Which no sweet dreams attend;  
And have climbed the mountain's steep,  
To see the bright sun ascend.

Waking as the morning nears,  
The birdling sings in the hawthorne tree;  
Its mother brings food—but none to me;  
My eyes are blinded by tears,  
No mother for me appears!

Why am I not like the Blithe young bird,  
Whose nest by the breeze is gently stirred?  
Nothing on earth is my own,  
My cradle, the cold, cold stone.

Near the church of the village—I've heard,  
A babe, they left me, alone!

My parents! oh where are they?  
A stranger to love!—have they missed her  
Whom the girls in the way  
Will never call, sister?

No sport by the fireside delights me;  
To his hut no good man invites me;

At a distance from me,  
His loved ones I see,  
By the light of the sparkling fire,  
Climb up for the kiss of their sire.

To the hospital gate I go,  
With weary steps, weeping the while,  
The only abode here below.  
Where they welcome me—nobody's child;  
The only kind friend that never says no!

How often I gaze on the stone  
Whence all my sorrows have flown;  
And seek some mark of the tears she shed,  
As my mother last kissed me—then fled!  
And often with wandering feet,  
Through the home of the dead I rove;  
All tombs are the same that I meet;  
The poor girl has no one to love,  
In the coffin, nor yet, in the street.  
A fortnight of Springs I have meaned,  
From the arms of loyal ones—disowned:  
Come back, mother dear, to the stone,  
Where you left me—I'm weeping alone!

UNCLE AL.

THE GATES OF THE CONTINENTS.

British statesmen have displayed remarkable wisdom and foresight in gaining and retaining control of the Rock and Straits of Gibraltar. Now they are turning their attention to the other great gate-way of the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal. England owns a large number of shares of the stock and will buy more when the opportunity is offered. The business of the Canal is constantly increasing, because it is the gate-way between Europe and a large part of Africa and Asia. And it is because these great gate-ways of the continents are in safe hands and are kept "in working order," that the commerce of the world is largely increased, and the opposite sides of the earth seem nearer together. Asia sends her boys to school in America, Africa watches our colleges and sends large salaries for our talented men. Our quack medicines (joy go with them) are carried to Asia and we get in return fragrant coffee from Mocha, at a price competing with that of the bitter and arid Rio. Yes, we send away our nasty "bitters," "regulators" and "cholagogues," and get in return

"Sabeen odors from the spicy shores  
Of Arabia the blest."  
Let us love and bless the noble Queen who holds open the continental gates for such a fortunate and delightful exchange.

OUR SENTIMENTS EXPRESSED.

The N. C. Presbyterian says: "We have too few ministers of the right sort, and too many whom God never called." Now the Presbyterians train their ministers with great care and heavy expense, and examine them with a thoroughness which is sometimes tedious. Still the statement of the Presbyterian is true. And what shall we say of those denominations whose ministers are neither trained nor examined? It is so provoking to hear a man, who has never learned any thing, attempting to explain every thing. Human credulity is heavily taxed when we are required to believe that the Lord calls a man to explain to others what he himself does not understand. A man ought not to enter the ministry when he has not sense enough for any other profession. A man ought to preach, not because he wishes to preach, but because the Lord wishes him to preach and he wishes to obey the Lord. The Presbyterian puts it in this shape: "We must have less human policy and management, and more humble simple trust in the Lord himself, working in and by His own ordinances."

BY RETURN MAIL.

The mail is received here about 8 o'clock p. m., and leaves at the same hour every morning. If we should answer letters by return mail (as many request us to do) our answers would be too hasty. We have now a package of letters waiting till we find out what to say in reply. Give us time. The duties of this office require more sense than we have, and more study than we are able to under-

Vanderbilt University, handsomely built and largely endowed, and bearing the name of its liberal benefactor, is now drawing a large patronage of young Methodist ministers. We admire brilliant scholarship and rejoice in good schools; but we are also partial to horse-back sermonizers. We have witnessed their power in the pulpit and their ubiquity among the people. It seems to us that even a city pastor ought to keep a horse and saddle, to improve his health, to save the expense of a trip to Europe, to "take vacation" every day, to reach all his people without jading himself, and (when occasion requires) to visit "the regions beyond." Let us have the scholarship in all denominations; but let us still love and continue in the field the noble army of consecrated cavalry. They have waged a glorious warfare in the past. They will be needed in the future.

"RECOVER BACK."

The Senate of North Carolina has passed a bill which contains the following remarkable sentence:

"In case a greater rate of interest has been paid, the person by whom it has been paid, or his legal representative, may recover back, in an action in the nature of an action for debt twice the amount of the interest thus paid."

To "recover" means (as the dictionaries say) "to get back again." To "recover back" must therefore mean to get back again back. We advise the Honorable Senate to "back" out of this sentence, if possible.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Commodore Vanderbilt gave Dr. Deems twenty thousand dollars. And now that gifted divine may illustrate, in his own life, the noble

"Rarity  
Of christian charity  
Under the sun,"

which he has so often and so ably preached to others. Let us hope the opportunity will not be lost. We observe that the secular press is watching him closely, and we hope he will not be one of those ministers who, when they marry rich girls or inherit fortunes, have sore throat, or some other disease to justify retirement.

HINTS IN PRONUNCIATION.

In Afghanistan and Beloochistan, accent the last syllable and give a the sound of a in far. Say Belning's Strait, not Berring's Strait.

Say Kamtchatka, not Kamskatker.

Leyden is called Liden.

Asparagus, not sparrergrass.

China, not chaney.

Chimney, not chinibly.

Cupola, not euperlo.

February, not Febuary.

Granary, not grainery.

Girl, not gyurl, nor gal.

Lutheran, not Lutheran.

Length, not lenth.

Muskmelon, not mushmillion.

Poison, not pisen.

Parsley, not passly.

Potatoes, not taters.

Pillow, not piller.

Quay is pronounced key.

Turpentine, not turketime.

Turtle, not turkle.

Umbrella, not unberel.

Waist-coat, not wesuit.

A HARD HIT.

The following is from the *Central Protestant*:

"We have never been accustomed to do our best: we know nothing of pulling until our financial traces are tightened, and hence we have no idea of what we could do if we would. We need stirring up. We have allowed ourselves to run the cheapest church in America, and require our preachers to labor for less than any others on the Continent, and if we intend to be consistent we ought to be satisfied with the very poorest preaching that can be manufactured. It would be presumption in us to look for preaching of even a tolerable quality."

CHARITY.—(From the French.)

There were two neighbors, each having a wife and several little children dependant on his exertions for a living.

One of those men was sorely troubled, saying to himself: "If I die, or fall sick, what will become of my wife and children?" This thought never left him, and it gnawed at his heart, as a worm gnaws the fruit in which it is concealed.

Now although the same reflection had occurred also to the other father, it did not retard his efforts; for, said he; "God, who watches over all his creatures, and knows them, will watch also over me and my wife and children."

And this one lived tranquil, while the other enjoyed inwardly not a moments peace or satisfaction.

One day, while working in his field, sad and dejected by reason of his fear, he noticed some birds enter a thicket, go out, and soon after return.

Drawing near he observed two nests resting side by side, and in each several newly hatched little ones still unfeathered. And when he had returned to his work, he now and then raised his eyes and watched the birds as they went and came, bearing food to their young.

Now, just as one of the mothers was returning with her beakful, a vulture seizes her, bears her away and the poor mother, vainly struggling in his claw, uttered piercing cries. Seeing this, the man as he labored, felt his soul more than ever troubled: for, thought he the death of the mother is the death of the little ones. Mine have only me, nothing more. What will become of them, if I fail them? And all the day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he could not sleep.

The next day, on returning to the field, he said to himself: "I will see the little ones of that poor mother, some have doubtless, already died." And he made his way to the thicket. And examining, he saw the young ones in good condition; not one seemed to have suffered. Now being astonished at this, he hid himself to notice what would happen.

After a short time, he heard a light cry, and he perceived the second mother bringing in haste the food which she had secured, and she distributed it to all the birds without distinction, and all had a share, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery.

And the father who had distrusted Providence, related, that evening to the other father what he had seen:

And the latter said to him: "Why trouble ourselves? God never forsakes his own. His love has mysteries which we cannot fathom. Let us believe, let us hope, let us love, and pursue our way in peace. If I die before you, you shall be the father of my children; if you die first, I will be the father of yours. And

if both of us die before they are of age to provide for their necessities, they will have for father our Father in heaven.

UNCLE AL.

TACT AND TALENT.

Talent is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. Is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear; the judging, taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all difficulties, the surmounter of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times: it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purpose of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent; there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; tact triumphantly.

Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Talent calculates slowly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradiction, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without art outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, and tact will distance talent by half the course.

Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where humor leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded.

Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. In short, talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable; applicable—always alert—marketable. It is talent of talent; the availability of power; the eye of discrimination, and the right hand of intellect.—Lord Jeffrey.