

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

BY EZEKIEL ELLIOT.

Sabbath holy!

To the lowly

Still thou art a welcome day,

When thou comest, earth and ocean,

Shade and brightness, rest and motion,

Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-waked forest!

Bird that scarest

O'er the mute unpurged moor!

Throstle's song, that stream-like floweth!

Wind, that over dew-drop goest!

Welcome now the wee-worn poor!

Little river,

Young forever!

Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee!

Happy woodbine, gladly weeping!

Gnat, within the wild rose keeping!

Oh, that they were blessed, as ye!

Sabbath holy!

For the lowly

Point with flowers thy glittering sod!

For affliction's sons and daughters,

Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters,

Pray to God, the poor man's God.

Pale young mother!

Gasping brother!

Sister, toiling in despair!

Cries lowed sire, that life long diest!

White-lipped child, that, sleeping, sighest!

Come and drink the light and air.

Still God liveth!

Still He giveth

What no law can take away!

And, oh Sabbath! bring gladness

Unto hearts of woe's sadness

Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day!"

Great Cities of the World.

London is the greatest city on the globe.

Including the cities and towns which it has swallowed

up and made a part of itself, it covers an area of

thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses,

most of which are four and five stories high.

It has about two millions and a half of inhabitants.

New York, reckoning among its inhabitants all

who habitually do business within eight of Trinity

steeples, is, in point of population, the second city of

the world, embracing at least a million people.

Within its chartered limits it has now probably

about eight hundred thousand inhabitants. In this

view it is the fourth city, Paris and Constantinople

being more populous.

The estimated population of the cities of Asia

have been most extravagantly exaggerated. It is

confidently stated that there is not one of them

that has a population exceeding a million. The

largest city in India—Benares—has not over six

hundred thousand inhabitants; while the great

cities of China—Pekin, Nankin, and Canton—

instead of their three, two, and one millions, are nei-

ther of them estimated to contain a population over

six or eight hundred thousand.

Philadelphia has about half a million inhabi-

tants; Vienna and Berlin nearly as many; Naples

three hundred and fifty thousand; Brooklyn, more

than two hundred thousand; and the city of Mex-

ico about the same. Baltimore has now probably

a population of nearly or quite one hundred and

ninety thousand; Cincinnati, one hundred and

seventy-five thousand; New Orleans and Boston,

about one hundred and fifty thousand each; Ven-

ice, one hundred and ten thousand; St. Louis, one

hundred thousand.

What Hope Did.—It stole on its pinions of

snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's brow

became a smile, the emblem of peace and endur-

ance.

It went to the home of mourning—and from the

lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor, which

was stretched forth at the command of unholly im-

pulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the

mother, whose sun tarred of long after the promised

time of his coming; and saved her desolation, and

the care that killeth.

It hovered about the head of the youth who had

become the bismal of society; and led him on to

works which even his enemies praised.

It matched a maiden from the jaws of death,

and went with an old man to Heaven.

No,—hope! my good brother. Have it. Beck-

on it on to your side. Wrestle with it that it may

not depart. It may lessen your pains. Life is

hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over

its mountains, and sustain you amid its billows.—

Part with all beside—but keep thy hope.

Typographical Error.—Professor French, in

his latest work on the English language, points out

in the 24th verse of the 23d chapter of Matthew.

The words, "which strain at a gnat and swallow a

camel," the professor thinks contain a misprint,

which having been passed over in the edition of

1611, has held its ground ever since. The transla-

tor intended to say, "which strain out a gnat and

swallow a camel," that being the correct rendering

of the original, as appears in Tyndale's and Cran-

mer's translations, both of which have "strain out."

A movement has recently been commu-

enced in North Carolina, to render legal the institu-

tion of marriage among the slaves; to preserve sacred

the relation between parents and their young chil-

dren; and to repeal the laws prohibiting the edu-

cation of slaves. These propositions are soon to

be submitted to the Legislature of the State. They

have, in the main, been adopted in practice for

many years in the South, but it is deemed expedi-

ent to incorporate the system into legal form.

The North British Agriculturist says the

value of labor has increased 50 per cent. within the

last two years in Scotland. A similar increase is

taking place all over Great Britain, owing to the

immense drains of the war and emigration. It ac-

counts partially for the falling in of emigration to

the United States.

Don't Do It.—Never make use of an honest

woman's name in an improper place, at an inprop-

er time, or in a mixed company. Never make an

assertion about her that you think untrue, altho

that you feel she herself would blush to hear—

When you meet with men who do not scruple to

make use of a woman's name in a most reckless

manner, shun them; for they are the very worst

members of the community—men lost to every

sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

The Impending Catastrophe at Sebastopol.

The London Morning Post says: "It is

perfectly well known that the Russian naval

and military commanders have orders to de-

stroy and retire, as a rule, when unable to

meet the forces of the Allies with success.

The same will occur at Sebastopol when

they are hard pressed. The town will be

burnt, the fortifications blown up, and the

shipping sunk, as a last resource. If the al-

lied generals have been well informed, we

shall not find the garrison of Sebastopol so

numerous as is commonly supposed. And

the fight will not last long, if we can only

get at the enemy. The place is mined, and

there are Russian special agents in Sebasto-

pol, who are supposed to have orders to pay

no respect even to their own people, but to

fire the mines as soon as there is no longer

any chance of resistance. All this is per-

fectly well known at head-quarters, and

will, no doubt, be anticipated."

It is confidently stated that, previous

to the resignation of Gen. Canrobert, at the

time of the last suspension of the Allies' in-

tervention, the Generals, chiefs of the ar-

millery and engineer departments, officially

informed the Commander-in-Chief that their

science, skill and power had done their

worst against Sebastopol and were exhaust-

ed, and the Commander-in-Chief must

henceforth ask success from other instru-

ments than theirs.

In a late appeal to the House of

Lords in support of a peace policy, Earl

Gray stated that as many as half a million

of people have now lost their lives, Rus-

sians, Turks, and Allies, in supporting or at-

tacking a government and people (Turkish)

the most fanatic, cruel, barbarous, and un-

principled that ever existed in the world.

A gentleman who was recently in

pursuit of "Christ Church," located in Salem

street, Boston, stepped into a store in the

neighborhood and inquired of the proprietor

"if he could direct him to Christ's Church?"

The proprietor stepped to his store door,

and directed the attention of the gentleman

to a tall spire which loomed up before him,

remarking, "that sir, used to be called

Christ's Church, but I don't believe he's

been there for more than two years."

Certainly in the Day of Judgment

we shall not be asked what we have read,

but what we have done—not whether we have

lived well, but whether we have

lived well.

There is nothing which contributes

more to the sweetness of life than friendship;

there is nothing which disturbs our repose

more than friends, if we have no discernment

to choose them well.—St. Bernard.

Mrs. Snizzle, my pa wants to know if

he mayn't lend himself to your axe a little

while. He had alters rather lend than bor-

row.

A husband residing in a small vil-

lage in the interior, thus announces the de-

parture from his "bed and board" of his

dearly beloved: "My wife Annie Maria, has

strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns

her will get his head broke. As for trusting

her, any body can do as he sees fit—for as

I never pay my own debts, it is not at all

likely that I will lay awake nights thinking

about other people's.

A contemporary suggests that the most neat

and appropriate place for a postage stamp is on

the flap of the envelope, where at the same time

it will answer the purpose of a seal and prevent the

letter from being broken open.

Arch-deacon Jefferys, a missionary in the

East Indies, states that for one really converted

Christian as the fruit of missionary labor, the drink-

ing practice of the English has made one thousand

drunkards in India.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

Sitting in the corner,

On a Sunday eve,

With a taper finger

Resting on your sleeve;

Star-lit eyes are casting

On your face their light;

Bless me! this is pleasant—

Sparking Sunday night.

How your heart is thumping

'Gainst your Sunday vest—

How wickedly 'tis working

On this day of rest;

Hours seem but minutes

As they take their flight;

Bless me! ain't it pleasant—

Sparking Sunday night!

Dad and mam are sleeping

On their peaceful bed,

Dreaming of the things

The folks in meeting said.

"Love ye one another?"

Ministers recite;

Bless me! don't we do it!

Sparking Sunday night!

O! am, with gentle pressure,

Lingers round her waist,

You squeeze her dimpled hand,

Her pouting lips you taste;

She freely slaps your face,

But more in love than spite;

O, thunders! ain't it pleasant—

Sparking Sunday night!

But hark! the clock is striking—

It's two o'clock, I wot,

As sure as I'm a sinner,

The hour to go has come;

You ask, with spiteful accents,

"If that old clock is right!"

And wonder if it ever

Sparked on a Sunday night.

One, two, three sweet kisses,

Four, five, six you hook—

But, thinking that you rob her,

Give back those you took;

Then, as fast you hurry

From the fair one's sight,

Don't you wish each day was

Only Sunday night!

AGRICULTURAL.

"Planting Potatoes in the Moon."

There are many farmers who believe that

potatoes planted in the "dark of the moon,"

that is, during the last quarter, will do bet-

ter than those planted after the new moon,

or during the first quarter, and make it a

rule always to plant at that season, while

many others, and perhaps the largest num-

ber, believe this to be merely a superstitious

notion, an old woman's whim. But those

who scout the idea of planting potatoes "in

the moon," don't understand the philosophy

of the theory. The "reason of the rule," is

this. In the spring time, when the farmers

begin to plant and sow, rains almost always

accompany the change of the moon from old

to new, and potatoes planted four or five

days or a week before the new moon, will re-

ceive the benefits of the warm rains which

generally attend the change of the moon,

and will grow vigorously and produce abun-

dantly, even though planted late in June,

while those planted a week or ten days after