The Oregon Republican.

DALLAS, SATURDAY, MAR. 30.

Despair.

Ah! what is so dead as a perished delight!
Or a passion outlived! or a scheme overthrown!
Save the bankrupt heart it has left in its flight
Still as quick as the eye, but as cold as a stone;

The honey-bee hoards for its winter long need,
The treasure it gathers in joy from the flowers;
And drinks from each slip of its silvery mead
The flavor and flush of the sweet summer hours.

But a pleasure expires at its earliest breath;
Nor labor can hoard it, no cunning can save:
For the song of its life is the sigh of its death,
And the sense it has thrilled is its shroud and its grave.

Ah! what is our love, with its tincture of lust,
And its pleasure that pains us and pain that endears,
But joy in an armful of beautiful dust
That crumbles, and flies on the wings of the years.

And what is ambition for glory and power,
But desire to be reel oned the uppermost fool
Of millions of fools for a pitiful hour,
And be cursed for a tyrant, and kicked for a tool?

Nay, what is the noblest that art can achieve,
But to conjure a vision of light to the eye's,
That will pale ere we paint it, and pall ere we leave
On the heart it betrays and the hand it defies?

We love, and we long with an infinite greed
For a love that will fill our great longing, in vain
The cup that we drink of is pleasant, indeed,
Yet it holds but a drop of the heavenly rain.

We plan for our powers the divinest we can;
We do with our powers the supremest we may;
And winning or losing, for labor and plan
The best that we garner is—rest and decay!

Sunday Reading.

The great purpose of all affliction where God is already feared, is to oblige us to cleave more closely to Him, by allowing us no other source of consolation. We never value the grace of God so much as when we are obliged to have recourse to it for our support against what would otherwise be overwhelming

There are little things that trouble us and that render us impatient of the end. Yet God is as much alive to these as to those of greater magnitude. Let us trust Him then, in these. The fret and worry of soul concerning them, in which so many indulge, is idle. Worse than that, it is sinful and works harm

An education which makes children deceive their parents for the good of the church, which sows seeds of discord between them, which causes them to bow; down to idols instead of the one living and true God, which tends to make them trust in a woman more than in Christ, the image of the invincible God an education which does this is too cheap at any price.

There are those in this world to whom religion is something, but not much. They are anxious to save themselves, but since they must confess some imperfections, they use the merits of Christ as a sort of make-weight for their slight deficiencies. Their robe is almost long enough, and by adding a little fringe of the Redeemer's grace it becomes all they can wish.

THE PRAYER OF HOPE.—O, eternal Light! which we cannot live, abide with us is this sad world of night and sin. O, Sun of life and grace show Thyself to us, when we are about to quit this vale of tears! O, Prince of life! when our eyes are closed on the light of day, take us by the hand, and lift us up to the palace of Thy glory, where we shall behold Thee with open face, on the day of the resurrection of the just. With the warmth of Thy divine love, revive the ashes in our tombs on the great day of the restitution of all things; and from these ashes raise those plants which shall bloom forever and adorn the paradise of God.

"You have been preaching twenty years, and you have only got one man converted," said a taunting unbeliever to a minister.

"Have I got one converted?" meekly inquired the preacher.

"Yes," said the fault-finder, "there is Mr.———, who has really been converted under your labors."

"Well, then, here's twenty years more for another," said the patient toiler, and he girded himself anew for his work.

He who enters some parts of the gospel mission field needs the same spirit to sustain his efforts and endure his trials. One sinner eternally saved is worth a whole life of weary toil, and when God appoints our lot and labor, we may safely trust him for results.

THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE.—Fear not, thou that longest to be at home. A few steps more and you are there. Death to God's people is but a ferry-boat. Every day and every hour, the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more. Soon, O believer; it will be said to thee, as to her in the Gospel. "The master is come, and calleth for thee." When you have got to the boundary of your race below, and stand on the verge of heaven and the confines of immortality, then there will be nothing but the short valley of death between you and the promised land; the labors of your pilgrimage will then be on the point of conclusion and you will have nothing to do but to entreat God as Moses did, "I pray Thee, let me go over. and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, and goodly mountain, and Lebanon.

Facts and Fancies.

Nebraska has an editor who spells wife, yf.

"Going to press".—Visiting your sweetheart.

If a small boy is a lad, is a big boy a ladder?

To blacken a man's character thoroughly, use ink.

To farmers—How many clods make one wiseacre?

Whatever good an umbrella performs, it is "put up" to it.

"Two emigrants to one immigrant" is the ratio in Virginia.

A Newport swain received a love letter sixty-seven pages long.

To be humble, or even contrite, it is not necessary to live in a basement.

Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.

One of Judy's godchildren is too little to spell cat. She spells kitten, though easily.

It is all very well to say, "Take things as they come," but suppose they don't come?

Why is an umbrella in wet weather like a worn-out horse? Because it is used up.

To lawyers—Can you make a blind man liable for a bill, if it is payable at sight?

Turkeys and chickens know when Thanksgiving comes, they get their "dispatches."

The Japanese make a strong string of paper, and we have seen a very good cord of wood.

Pillars, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

Bloggs had his nose pulled, and was asked by a friend to resent. He said he would next tweak.

The book to which reference is most frequently made during the holidays, is the pocket-book.

What kind of a drum is that which is always the best when it can't be beaten? A conundrum.

Who is the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph; because Pharaoh made a ruler out of him.

"The Dying Prince Hat" is among the latest and funniest conceits of the Cincinnati hat manufactures.

Why is Ireland likely to become the richest country in the world? Because the capitol is always Dub-lin.

A sea captain explained to an inquisitive lady that they used shrouds aboard ship to bury dead calms at sea.

Mr. Archer, of Indiana, struck at his dog with the but of his gun. The forgiving beast now howls above his masters grave

A bankum fence was described by a witness under examination in court, as a fence that is bull strong, horse high and pig tight.

A grave digger who had buried a Mr. Button, sent the following curious bill to his widow: "To making a Button hole, two shillings."

The Boston *Post* says: "One thousand saddles of venison are waiting at St. Cloud, Minn., for some one to stirrup the transportation companies."

Says an Irishman of Chicago: "Shoor there are no people at all in the mos' densely populated dis'rict, and the sidewalks are in the middle of the street."

Taking the animals from the tents and exhibiting them in the huge board enclosure known as the Rink, was the best way to Barn'em for the winter.

Daily newspaper paragraphing is getting to be fearfully abbreviated Here's a speciman recording a death: "Clay Spencer, colored, pint of Memphis whiskey."

Lord Braxfield, the Scotch Judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar: you're a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging."

An old lady told her son to list the door, in order to keep out the wind. "That will make it worse," he replied; "for you well know that the wind blow-eth where it listeth."

A lady tells us that when she was a poor little girl living in the country, she used to "plant corn in her bare feet." This imparts a new idea of the origin of those troublesome things on our toes.

Alphonse (who has had an attack of the mother-in-law evil)—"Parbleu, madame, it is not ze trouble zat your daughter is my wife, Non! It is because she is not orphan when she is married to me

A very wicked Connecticut man, being recently taken ill, and believing he was about to die, told a neighbor that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it, whereupon the feeling friend sent for a fire insurance agent.

The following curious epitaphs are said to be found in a Dublin Churchyard. The first reads:

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Who was lost at sea and never found."

and a little to the left of the above this appears:

"Here lies the body of Michael Ment,
Who was sent to sea but never went."