

Denationalized.

I. I knew a little maiden
From Paris just returned—
A three months' trip—yet laden
Her head with follies learned.

II. In Europe's famous city,
She calls it now "Parce,"
And even—more's the pity—
For Mary signs "Marie."

III. In manner she is bolder,
She calls it "pronouncee,"
Is French in shrug of shoulder,
In gesture every way.

IV. She wears French heels; her dresses
Are French; her waist is strained;
Her bright and golden tresses
Into French twists are trained.

V. The's fond of French-made dishes,
Prefers "de son cote,"
The "table d'hote"—and wishes
"La Carte" were done away.

VI. She reads French novels, Greville;
She dotes upon Voltaire;
But never heard of Corneille,
Pascal, or Moliere.

VII. French opera is "charming,"
Of Offenbach, Herve,
She raves in style alarmin',
And thinks herself "an fait."

VIII. She's half forgotten English—
Or can it be from choice,
An "accent you distinguish,"
In listening to her voice.

IX. She's e'en so French, she clearly
Paré English cannot speak,
And writes her address, really,
"A Boston, d' Amerique!"
—Burlington Harke.

The Old Pastor's Dismissal.

"We need a younger man to stir the people,
And lead them to the fold,"
The deacons said: "We ask your resignation,
Because you're growing old."
The pastor bowed them out in silence,
And tenderly the gloom
Of twilight hid him and his bitter anguish
Within his lowly room.
Assembled were the people for their worship;
But in his study-chair
The pastor sat unheeded, while the south wind
Carressed his snow-white hair.
A smile was on his lips. His was the secret
Of sorrow's glad surcease,
Upon his forehead shone the benediction
Of everlasting peace.
"The ways of Providence are most mysterious,"
The people gravely said,
As wandering-eyed, and scared, the people
Crowded about the pastor—dead.
"We loved him," wrote the people on the coffin,
In words of shining gold;
And 'bove the broken heart they set a slab
Of marble, white and cold.
—E.

The Loom of Life.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.
Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom!
In the light of day and the midnight gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the web is wound in the warp of fate.
Click, click! there's a thread wove in.
Click, click! and another of wrong and sin,
What a checkered thing this life will be
When we see it unrolled in eternity.
Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its warp outspread
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.
When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one,
Or to-morrow, Who knoweth? not you nor I,
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.
—E.

—Isaac Watts was the greatest hymn-writer who ever lived. When he was a very little boy he was so fond of study and books, that if any money was given him, his first words were, "A book! a book! now buy a book!"

Who Won?

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

Hannah Maria said "No!" and when Hannah Maria once put her foot down with a negative, there was never any use at an attempt to gain-say it.

So the assembled household just gazed at each other helplessly, to catch at any faint prospect for help out of this difficulty.

"It's a miserable thing," groaned Tom, for want of something better and more original to say. "A feller can't be always making excuses—he can't!"

"You haint never made 'em yit!" observed Hannah Maria, with a cool sniff, her nose in the air, "an' as for that newspaper's a-walkin' off every week's soon as we all get a squint at it,—taint a-goin' on so no more. It's a reg'lar nuisance, an' I'm tired of it."

She banged down a dish she was wiping, with an extra amount of energy, on the deal table; and pursed up her thin lips tighter than ever.

"But, Hannah Maria," began Mr. Peaseley, in a deprecating way. He was a little thin man, pinched in the face, and in every place where Nature could be sparing of her favors, and as he always had the aspect of begging everybody's pardon for being in the world at all, the words that proceeded from his mouth sometimes fell short of being impressive.

"Well,"—Hannah Maria looked up impatiently,—"say on," and she waited for the rest, drumming her fingers on the table.

"It's a pity Bett's folks can't have some readin'," began Mr. Peaseley weakly; then catching his sister's eye he added, "at least—if—if—we could let 'em, you know."

"But we can't, and what's more to the purpose, we ain't going to!" declared Hannah Maria, vehemently.

"Jason Peaseley ain't you ashamed to see here week after week, an' see your paper, that you've took reg'lar for twenty-five years, a-payin' ahead o' time, alwus, scrouged out, an' sneaked away right from under your very nose by them borrowing Bettesses! They're as mean as as dirt, the whole lot of 'em!"

Having ended the "Bettesses," root and branch, Hannah Maria folded her arms in dogged silence, and glared at all the family by turns.

"No doubt, no doubt," said little Mr. Peaseley, in a thin, piping voice. "Oh of course—certainly—it's a very wicked thing, sister—a very wicked thing indeed!" he added, solemnly waving his head over at the children, and then looking back at his sister.

"Wicked!" repeated Hannah Maria in a high-key, "it's as mean as dirt, I say." And having no stronger words of condemnation, she gave these emphasis, by a stern look at poor Mr. Peaseley.

"I don't see how we're going to help it," put in Tom, gloomily, and sticking his hands in his pockets, for inspiration.

"No I don't see," exclaimed his father briskly, catching at Tom's assistance, and beginning to fly over on to the other side of the question with astonishing alacrity. "It's a difficult matter you know, Hannah Maria, an extremely difficult matter to manage." And he lifted his head, quite proud of his discernment.

"Difficult fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Hannah Maria, scornfully. "I wouldn't be to a man of sense. I do wish, Jason Peaseley, that you had the backbone of an old hen, I do."

She turned away, and stalked over to the old cupboard corner to get her work for the evening; which consisted of a huge paper bundle of carpet rags, to cut and tack into strips. This she brought up to the table under the lamp, and dumped it on the floor; and then producing an enormous pair of shears, and her other sewing utensils, she settled herself grimly to her task.

"Hens don't have no backbone," remarked Patty, who had been pondering over the remark; "at any rate, ours don't," she added, drawing near, and beginning to finger the brightest of the rags.

"They've got more'n your pa has," said Hannah Maria. "There, you just let 'em be!" she cried, twitching away the bits, "an' go tend to your rag dollies."

"Can't I help?" asked Patty, drawing back, as the little gray eyes flashed at her, and perfectly aching to get her small hands in the attractive mass.

"No!" exclaimed Hannah Maria, in a gust. "Haint I told you once, and aint that enough, now?" she asked sharply, and beginning on the black strips.

Patty evidently thought it was, for she crept off to watch at a distance.

"An' that paper," said the energetic voice, while the busy hands kept up their part of the work to meet the demand, "has gone for the last time to Enoch Bett's! I hope they'll enjoy it, for they won't get no more comfort out of it!"

"You ain't a goin' to do nothin' suddin, are you, Hannah Maria?" cried little Mr. Peaseley, in a tone of alarm. "I wouldn't do that. Enoch an' me's been friends, you know so many years. I'd rather do most any ways than lose him."

"An' I don't see as that's any reason why you should give your head to him!" exclaimed his sister, coolly. "Though I don't know as he'd take it she added, for if I do say it, Enoch, Bett's is a smart man."

"An' I don't want to mad him!" exclaimed poor Mr. Peaseley, anxiously overlooking the delicate complement.

"I don't care if I do mad him!" cried the tall, angular woman, concisely, and stopping just long enough to thread her needle again.

"But I don't want to have you," repeated her brother, with a great show of decision, and waving his head in a worried way.

"I aint a-goin' to!" exclaimed Miss Peaseley, turning up her nose as far as that member would allow, considering that it was turned up already. "It belongs to the man of the house," she said, sarcastically, "to do such jobs."

"Oh, you needn't put it off on me!" exclaimed the unhappy little man, bouncing up suddenly from his chair in distress. "No, you needn't now. I couldn't never do it, Hannah Maria, you know I couldn't!"

"I s'pose not," said Hannah Maria, coolly; "an' then again, I s'pose it'll have to be the way."

"I wish there wasn't," said the little man, with unusual energy, and beginning to pace up and down the small room, "such a thing in the world as a newspaper, I do! I wish they would burn up, every rag of 'em!" he added, malevolently.

"Praps you'll say so next time you go tearin' round after the paper to git your nose into it to see all the news the first thing!" exclaimed Hannah Maria. "Jason!"

"What?" answered her brother with a dread all through his being clear down to his boots; and he stopped his promenading to look, not at her—he wasn't strong enough for, that yet—but at the ceiling, in desperation.

"You can go whenever you like," she said, letting fall the long strip for just a moment, "only don't you let me see one of them Bett's children comin' for that paper again!"

"No!" said Mr. Peaseley, with a kind of gasp. And thus ended the first scene.

"I can't!" said the little man, standing quite still in the middle of the road. Then he whirled around, and walked straight back to his own home. "It aint in natur," he said. "I'll put it off till to-morrow," and he opened his door and went in.

"It's Tuesday," said Hannah Maria the next evening, looking over at her

brother, with a meaning glance. "It's queer how the time does go! Tuesday night, and there's a sight to do!"

Little Mr. Peaseley pretended not to hear, but it was not a success by any means. His constant wiggling disclosed the state of his mind very well without any words.

"An' there's nothin' like bein' up an' a-doin'," went on the voice. "When you've got anythin' on your mind, I say, tend to it, an' then you can sit down easy."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Peaseley, uneasily fidgeting in his chair. In about ten minutes, he got up, took his hat and went out.

He walked very smartly along for quite a piece down the road, until he came to a sight of Neighbor Bett's house. Here he heard the voices of happy children, and the chat of the family circle, gathered around the big, old table. Creeping up he peeped through the window to see that the cause of merriment was a family newspaper, spread out to its greatest extent, around which were grouped as many of the Bett's family as could get, great and small. Some were looking at the pictures, and laughing and crowing over them, and others were picking out the bits of anecdotes or diving into some fascinating story.

The little man gave a jump away from the window at that.

"I never can in all this world!" he exclaimed, stepping off with the agility of a squirrel. "It's all the good times they have! I can't stop it and Enoch has such hard times to pay off that mortgage. I won't!"

He reached his own house and went in with a very red face.

Hannah Maria looked up, then nodded her head briskly to herself. "I guess he done do it," she said down in her heart. "He looks like it."

The next day there went from Crooked Hill District post-office a letter addressed to one of the editors of Boston. It was written in a crabbed quaint hand; and it had folded up safely within it a small wad of money.

All that will be said about it is that a brand-new paper appeared for Mr. Enoch Bett's in the next weekly bundle in the mail-bag, which visit was kept up regularly, to the intense delight of the whole household, through all the precious fifty-two weeks.

And for some inexplicable reason, the father sternly forbade them, one and all, to ever mention it over at the Peaseleys'.

"If this aint comfort!" exclaimed Hannah Maria, planting herself heavily in the big splint-bottomed chair, under the bright lamp, and rattling the newspaper, while she looked over at her brother, on the opposite side of the table, with something a little like respect in her ferret-like eyes. "I really didn't s'pose you had the spunk of a mouse, Jason, but for once, you've been a little grain like other men!"

Jason Peaseley made no answer. He looked happy and contented, although it had cost him the price of a new hat he had been waiting for two winters.

There are other things in this world besides new hats, and it wasn't the first time he had found it out.—*Companion.*

—How very much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparation of the hearer's heart. If you come to up to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity, what can ministers do? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do if there is nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning putting veils on their faces, than in taking the veil off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before man what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

Source of Personal Beauty.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish disdainful spirit enthroned in the will as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gipsies in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part.

Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for a thousand of years, but with one unwavering result. There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, ennobles face and mind as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moccasins though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can attribute a title so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle and an unquenchable enthusiasm.

But more powerful still than any of these as a beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and prevailing disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness good will, a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, make the body a temple of goodness. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a prevailing, prevailing kindness of heart. The angels are beautiful because they are good, and God is beauty because he is love.—*E.*

—Nobody's reputation and honor are safe in this cynical age. For the last ten years Mount Everest, in Nepal, has been considered the highest mountain in the world, reaching the respectable height of 29,002 feet. Dhawalagiri and Kuchinjanga, in the same range, with about 28,000 feet each, shared this honor between them until Major Everest, of the Bengal Engineers, discovered their big brother. Before they were measured, Humboldt thought some points in the South American Andes reached the highest altitude on our globe. And now comes Captain J. A. Lawson, who has discovered in the little known island of New Guinea a peak that beats them all, which he has appropriately called Mount Hercules, and fixed its elevation at 32,786 feet above the level of the sea.—*Hour.*

—We fear that many Christians sing: "Blest be the tie that binds," to very little purpose.

—The fact that a pastor's salary, according to popular opinion and usage, is not collectable by legal compulsion, furnishes a strong reason why a fine-toned Christian man will be the more certain to pay his part of it. It is a debt both of conscience and honor.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*