

of action consistent with reason, and then not permit anything but the most ponderous considerations to induce him to swerve from that course. It is a disgrace to the dignity of the human mind, and a sarcasm on the fidelity of the human heart, that they should be schooled in such a manner that they are vulnerable to the attacks of every influence which surrounds them. And any man who cultivates fickleness and instability of mind, either wilfully or by carelessness, is not only demolishing his prospects for earthly happiness and prosperity, but prostituting those very faculties which God designed for a higher and nobler destiny. He makes himself a creature of impulse, a slave to circumstances, a child of vicissitude.—*Ohio Organ.*

The Charm of Life.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but, oh, how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills which we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, sundering of earthly ties, and the canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is, with the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of mankind. It should not exist. It must not. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be, were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good.

God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark—there is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth; and there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away, and the bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a world so beautiful—who can live happier than we?

A Poem for Little Girls.

(From the Herald and Journal.)

A lady was watching the varying crowd
Of the street, in a serious mood,
While the beautiful snow flakes unceasingly
fell

On the broad lattice panes where she stood.

"Mamma," said the daughter, a bright little
girl,

Who wore a gold chain and a watch,

"Mamma, there's a beautiful necklace at
Crome's,

With bracelets and ear-rings to match.

My cousin Elina has got a new set,

As proud as a peacock she'll be;

Ah, I want them so much, I am sure, dear
mamma,

You will buy the rich jewels for me."

"O Florence, just look at this little lame
child,

Crouched down by the sidewalk so low,
Her hair is all tangled, her dark eyes are
wild,

And her feet are half covered with snow.

Her cheeks are not rosy and rounded like
yours,

Her bare arms are wasted and thin,

And she holds up a little red tremulous hand,
For the pennies she's hoping to win.

In her dark cellar home there is sickness and
want,

There lurketh the pestilence pale,

And hurrying on, a skeleton gaunt,
Death comes on the pitiless gale.

There are thousands of homes in our midst,
all around,

Like the home of that poor, starved child,
There are thousands, like her, who tremblingly
wait,

By want and disease driven wild.

And the crowd passes on in its old beaten
track,

And the gay world loves its own,
Deaf, deaf to the loud heart breaking cry,
Or the poor child's piteous moan.

Shall I buy the rich bracelets for you, my
love?

Shall I go for the necklace fair?

Shall we turn from the desolate one by our
door,

And purchase the jewels so rare?"

Young Florence is weeping—the bright pearl
tears

Fall down on her bosom like rain,

"Mamma, dear mamma, help the poor girl,"
she says,

"And I never will tease you again."

HARMONY.

Warehouse Point, Conn.