

philanthropy, or love, must make it his first and last object of solicitude—the Alpha and Omega of his aspiration and action. Tell us, young man, who ever did a thing worth a note, that did not “stick to it?” Look around among your acquaintances, and see who is, and who is not, “something.” In him who is deservedly famous and honored, you will find the man who, years ago, in the strength, determination, energy, and light of an all-conquering resolution, said, “*I’ll stick to it,*” and who did, and has stuck to it ever since. What has made great lawyers, statesmen, divines, artists? What has made a Webster, a Choate, a Brougham, a Kosuth? Simply, and solely, and truly, by choosing something real and vital, and “*sticking to it.*” And if you wish, or expect, or mean to do or be anything, you have got to do likewise. Then choose, and “*stick to it.*” Armed with its principle and inspiration, you may rise to undreamed-of heights—wanting it, you may sink to unthought-of depths.—*Pettengill’s Reporter.*

CHANGING FROM BAD TO WORSE.—All human situations, says the sagacious Franklin, have their inconveniences. “We feel those that we find in the present; and we neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we often make troublesome changes without amendment, and frequently for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the tide was spent, to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive—the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river-side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where, it struck my fancy, I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably until the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh; in crossing which, to come to my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation.”

A correspondent of the *Home Journal*, writing from Louisville, Ky., chronicles the following instructive example of cheap but efficacious charity:—“A thinly and poorly clad little girl, apparently about six years of age, was wending her way from market with a basket of beans. As she was passing along the street on which my office happens to be located, her basket—which was very old and dilapidated—gave way, and her beans rolled out on the pavement. She set her basket down, and commenced gathering up her lost treasures; but just so fast as she would restore them to the basket, would they again ooze out from the crannies, and again find their way to the pavement. The poor child persisted in this useless labor for a long time, during which hundreds of unsympathizing and uncaring people had passed her without notice, although the poor little thing was sobbing at her useless labor as if her little heart would break. Not

so, however, a kind-hearted physician of my acquaintance, who chanced to pass at the time. His quick eye, ever alive to perceive, and his good heart always ready to respond to all appeals to his better nature, at once comprehended the cause of the little one’s distress, and suggested the requisite assistance. Kindly approaching the friendless child, he soothed her by a few gentle and timely words; and taking a newspaper from his pocket, he spread it in the bottom and around the sides of the old basket, and getting on his knees on the pavement, with the child’s assistance, restored her beans to their now safe repository, and sent her on her way home, not only with her eyes dried of their tears, but with a living consciousness, ever after to be remembered, that the Bible story of the ‘Good Samaritan’ was not alone traditional. This was a mere street occurrence, gentlemen, the like of which I would fain believe occur hourly in our goodly city; but do you know that little act has caused me to think much more of that physician’s heart than had I seen his name paraded in the newspapers, set opposite to a thousand dollar subscription to some public charity?”

### Law versus Saw; or Musings from the Office Window.

BY LEWIS DELA.

Sitting in his office was a lawyer—  
Standing in the street was a sawyer.  
On the lawyer’s anxious face,  
You could read a knotty case,  
Needing law;  
While the sawyer, gaunt and grim,  
On a rough and knotty limb,  
Run his saw.

Now the saw-horse seemed to me  
Like a double X in fee;  
And the saw,  
Which ever way ’twas thrust,  
Must be followed by the dust.  
Like the law.

And the log upon the rack,  
Like a client on the track,  
Played its part—  
As the tempered teeth of steel  
Made a wound that would not heal,  
Through the heart.

And each severed stick that fell,  
In its falling seemed to tell,  
All too plain,  
Of the many severed ties,  
That in lawsuits will arise,  
Bringing pain.

Then methought the sturdy paw,  
That was using axe and saw  
On the wood—  
Held a yielding mine of wealth  
With its honest toil and health—  
Doing good.

If the chips that strewed the ground,  
By some stricken widow found,  
In her need,  
Should, by light and warmth, impart  
Blessings to her aged heart,  
Happy deed.

This conclusion then I draw,  
That no exercise of jaw,  
Twisting *India rubber* law,  
Is as good  
As the exercise of paw,  
On the handle of a saw,  
Sawing wood.

—*Eastern Argus.*