

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

By the Author of *Chronicles of the Schönberg-cotta Family.*

"From henceforth no more twain, but one,
Yet ever one through being twain,
As self is ever lost and won
Through love's own ceaseless loss and gain;
And both their full perfection reach,
Each growing the full self through each.

Two in all worship, glad and high,
All promises to praise and prayer,
"Where two are gathered, there am I;"
Gone half the weight from all ye bear,
Gained twice the force for all ye do—
The ceaseless, sacred church of two.

One in all lowly ministry,
One in all priestly sacrifice,
Through love which makes all service free,
And finds or makes all gifts of price,
All love which made life rich before,
Through this great central love grown more.

And so, together journeying on
To the great bridal of the Christ,
When all the life His love has won
To perfect love is sacrificed,
And the new song beyond the sun
Peals, "Henceforth no more twain, but one."

And in that perfect marriage day
All earth's lost love shall live once more;
All lack and loss shall pass away,
And all find all not found before;
Till all the worlds shall live and glow
In that great love's great overflow.

A FOOT-RACE FOR MONEY.

We make the following extract from the March installment of Edward Eggleston's serial "The Hoosier School-boy," now appearing in *St. Nicholas*.

Jack, the Hoosier School-boy, has discovered some unencumbered property in Kentucky belonging to Mr. Francis Gray. This he intends to attach for a debt owed his father. His mother having declined an offer of compromise from Tinkham, Gray's lawyer, these latter are discussing the reason of her refusal.

"The've got wind of something," said Mr. Tinkham to Mr. Gray, "or else they are waiting for you to resume payment,—or else the widow's got money from somewhere for her present necessities."

"I don't know what hope they have of getting money out of me," said Gray, with a laugh. "I've tangled every thing up, so that Beal can't find a thing to levy on. I have but one piece of property exposed, and that's not in this State."

"Where is it?" asked Tinkham.
"It's in Kentucky, five miles back of Port William. I took it last week in a trade, and I haven't yet made up my mind what to do with it."

"That's the very thing," said Tinkham, with his little face drawn to a point,—the very thing. Mrs. Dudley's son came home from Port William yesterday, where he has been at school. They've heard of that land, I'm afraid; for Mrs. Dudley is very positive that she will not sell the claim at any price."

"I'll make a mortgage to my brother on that land, and send it off from the mail-boat as I go down to-morrow, said Gray.

"That'll be too late," said Tinkham. "Beal will have his judgment recorded as soon as the packet gets there. You'd better go by the packet, get off, and see the mortgage recorded yourself, and then take the mail-boat."

To this, Gray agreed, and the next day, when Jack went on board the packet "Swiftsure," he found Mr. Francis Gray going aboard also. Mr. Beal had warned Jack that he must not let anybody from the packet get to the clerk's office ahead of him,—that the first paper deposited for record would take the land. Jack wondered why Mr. Francis Gray was aboard the packet, which went no farther than Madison, while Mr. Gray's home was in Louisville. He soon guessed, however, that Gray meant to land at Port William, and so to head him off Jack looked at Mr. Gray's form, made plumply good feeding, and felt safe. He couldn't be very dangerous in a foot-race. Jack reflected with much hopefulness that no boy in school could catch him in a straight away run when he was fox. He would certainly leave the somewhat puffy Mr. Francis Gray behind.

But in the hour's run down the river, including two landings at Minuit's and Craig's, Jack had time to remember that Francis Gray was a cunning man, and might head him off by some trick or other. A vague fear took possession of him, and he resolved to be first off the boat before any pretext could be invented to stop him.

Meantime, Francis Gray had look at Jack's lithe legs with apprehension. "I can never beat that boy," he had reflected. "My running days are over." Finding among the deck passengers a young fellow who looked as though he needed money, Gray approached him with this question: "Do you belong in Port William, young man?"

"I don't belong nowhere else, I reckon," answered the seedy fellow, with shuffling impudence.

"Do you know where the county clerk's office is?" asked Mr. Gray.
"Yes, and the market-house. I can show you the way to the jail, too, if you want to know, but I s'pose you've been there many a time," laughed the "wharf-rat."

Gray was irritated at this rudeness, but he swallowed his anger.

"Would you like to make five dollars?"
"Now you're talkin' interestin' Why did

n't you begin at that end of the subjack? I'd like to make five dollars as well as the next fellow, provided it isn't to be made by too much awful hard work."

"Can you run well?"
"If they's money at t'other end of the race I can run like sixty for a spell. 'Taint my common gait, howsumever."

"If you'll take this paper," said Gray, "and get it to the county clerk's office before anybody else gets there from this boat, I'll give you five dollars."

"Honor bright," asked the chap, taking the paper, drawing a long breath, and looking as though he had discovered a gold mine.

"Honor bright," answered Gray. "You must jump off first of all, for there's a boy aboard that will beat you if he can. No pay if you don't win."

"Which is the one that'll run ag'in' me?" asked the long-legged fellow.

Gray described Jack, and told the young man to go out forward and he would see him. Gray was not willing to be seen with the "wharf-rat," lest suspicions should be awakened in Jack Dudley's mind. But after the shabby young man had gone forward and looked at Jack, he came back with a doubtful air.

"That's Hoosier Jack, as we used to call him," said the shabby young man. "He an' two more used to row a boat across the river every day to go to ole Niles' school. He's a hard one to beat,—they say he used to lay the whole school out on prisoners' base, and that he could leave'em all behind on fox."

"You think you can't do it, then?" asked Gray.

"Gimme a little start and I reckon I'll fetch it. It's up-hill part of the way and he may lose his wind, for it's a good half-mile. You must make a row with him at the gang-plank, or do somethin' to kinder hold him back. The wind's down stream to-day, and the boat's shore to swing in a little aft. I'll jump for it and you keep him back."

To this Gray assented.
As the shabby young fellow had predicted, the boat did swing around in the wind, and have some trouble in bringing her bow to the wharf-boat. The captain stood on the hurricane-deck calling to the pilot to "back her," "stop her," "go ahead on her," "go ahead on yer labberd," "and back on yer stabberd." Now, just as the captain was backing the starboard wheel and going ahead around right, Mr. Gray turned on Jack.

"What are you treading on my toes for, you impudent young rascal?" he broke out.

Jack colored and was about to reply sharply, when he caught sight of the shabby young fellow, who just then leaped from the gunwale of the boat amidships and barely reached the wharf. Jack guessed why Gray had tried to irritate him,—he saw that the well-known "wharf-rat" was to be his competitor. But what could he do? The wind held the bow of the boat out, the gang-plank which had been pushed out ready to reach the wharf-boat was still firmly grasped by the deck-hands, and the farther end of it was six feet from the wharf and much above it. It would be ten minutes before any one could leave the boat in the regular way. There was only one chance to defeat the rascally Gray. Jack concluded to take it.

He ran out upon the plank amidst the harsh cries of the deck-hands, who tried to stop him, and the oaths of the mat, who thundered at him, with the stern order of the captain from the upper deck, who called out to him to go back.

But, luckily, the steady pulling ahead of the larboard engine, and the backing of the starboard, began just then to bring the boat around, the plank sank down a little under Jack's weight, and Jack made the leap to the wharf, hearing the confused cries, orders, oaths and shouts from behind him, as he pushed through the crowd.

"Stop that thief!" cried Francis Gray to the people on the wharf-boat, but in vain. Jack glided swiftly through the people, and got on shore before anybody could check him. He charged up the hill after the shabby young fellow, who had a decided lead, while some of the men on the wharf-boat pursued them both, uncertain which was the thief. Such another pell-mell race Port William had never seen. Windows flew up and heads went out. Small boys joined the pursuing crowd, and dogs barked indiscriminately and uncertainly at the heels of everybody. There were cries of "Hurrah for Long Ben!" and "Hurrah for Hoosier Jack!" Some of Jack's old school-mates essayed to stop him to find out what it was all about, but he would not relax a muscle, and he had no time to answer any questions. He saw the faces of the people dimly; he heard the crowd crying after him, "Stop thief!" he caught a glimpse of his old teacher, Mr. Niles, regarding him with curiosity as he darted by; he saw an anxious look in Judge Kane's face as he passed him on a street corner. But Jack held his eyes on Long Ben, whom he pursued as a dog does a fox. He had steadily gained on the fellow, but Ben had too much the start, and, unless he should give out, there would be little chance for Jack to overtake him. One thinks quickly in such moments. Jack remembered that there two ways of reaching the county clerk's office. To keep the street around the block was the natural way,—to take an alley through the square was neither longer nor shorter. But by running down the alley he would deprive Long Ben of the spur of seeing his pursuer, and he might even make him think that Jack had given out. Jack had played this trick when playing fox and hounds, and at any

rate he would by this turn shake off the crowd. So into the alley he darted, and the bewildered pursuers, kept on crying "stop thief" after Long Ben, whose reputation was none of the best. Somebody ahead tried to catch the shabby young fellow, and this forced Ben to make a slight curve, which gave Jack the advantage, so that just as Ben neared the office, Jack rounded a corner out of an alley, and entered ahead of him, dashed up to the clerk's desk and deposited the judgment.

"For record," he gasped.
The next instant the shabby young fellow pushed forward the mortgage.

"Mine first!" cried Long Ben.
"I'll take yours when I get this entered," said the clerk, quietly, as became a public officer.

"I got here first," said Long Ben.
But the clerk looked at the clock and entered the date on the back of Jack's paper, putting "one o'clock and eighteen minutes" after the date. Then he wrote "one o'clock and nineteen minutes" on the paper which Long Ben handed him. The office was soon crowded with people discussing the result of the race, and a part of them were even now in favor of seizing one or the other of the runners for a theft, which some said had been committed on the packet, and others declared was committed on the wharf-boat. Francis Gray came in, and could not conceal his chagrin.

"I meant to do the fair thing by you," he said to Jack, severely, "but now you'll never get a cent out of me."
"I'd rather have the law on men like you than have a thousand of your sort of fair promises," said Jack.
"I've a mind to strike you," said Gray.
"The Kentucky law is hard on a man who strikes a minor," said Judge Kane, who had entered at that moment.

Mr. Niles came in to learn what was the matter, and Judge Kane, after listening quietly to the talk of the people, until the excitement subsided, took Jack over to his house, whence the boy walked home that evening, full of hopefulness.

Gray's land realized as much as Mr. Beal expected, and Jack studied Latin hard, all summer, so as to get as far ahead as possible by the time school should begin in the autumn.

INDIAN JUGGLING.

A man is now in Calcutta hailing from Delhi, of the name of Burah Khan, who has attained a simply wonderful excellence in the magical art. We ourselves had the pleasure of witnessing some astonishing feats achieved by this man a few days ago at the hospitable residence of the Dutt family, of Wellington Square. We shall mention only one out of several feats performed by Burah Khan and his company, who consist of three females. One of these, a young woman, was tied most securely. Her hands, feet, and body were so fastened that she could only stir, and no more. She was, in fact, deprived entirely of the power to turn her limbs to any use. She was then placed under a conical-shaped cover. People sat close round the skirts of the cloth which had been thrown over the cover. No means of escape was left to the young woman. But yet, after the lapse of five or ten minutes, the cover was removed and the woman was found to have disappeared altogether. When her name, however, was called out by Burah Khan, her voice was heard from the verandah above. This performance took place in the compound of the family residence of our friends, the Dutt, and the verandah is in the lofty second story, forming part of the female apartments. She was there found responding to the call of Burah Khan, to the surprise of everybody present. The woman did not, and could not know the topography of the house. But how she extricated herself and made her way high above to the verandah from within the cover, surprises us to such a degree that we cannot account for the feat on any natural grounds. Even if she was furnished with wings, it is inexplicable how she got out of the cover, unseen and unperceived, except on the supposition that some supernatural agency had been employed. But she herself asserted that she worked the feat by *ilum*. We are sure that, if Burah Khan gives a few performances at the Town Hall in Calcutta, he will draw bumper houses, and astonish the whole Calcutta public, especially the European community. But these people do not unfortunately know how to make money, still less to make themselves acceptable to the European community of the city. Burah Khan holds very valuable certificates from the Prince of Wales, Earl de Grey, the editor of the *Pioneer*, and many European noblemen and gentlemen who have witnessed his feats in different parts of India.—*Indian Mirror*.

A meeting was held at St. James' Palace on Wednesday, presided over by the Prince of Wales, to promote the establishment of a college of music for the British Empire.

MR. GLADSTONE has called a meeting of his supporters to discuss the policy to be pursued relative to the Lord's Committee of Enquiry into the working of the Land Act.

AN unsuccessful attempt was made at Windsor Station on Thursday evening to shoot Her Majesty as she was passing from the train to her carriage. The assassin, Roderick MacLean, said he was driven to commit the deed from hunger.

ALBUM VERSES.

I.

May no sorrows laden
With the care of years,
Or the seed of tears,
E'er come near thee, maiden.

II.

And may Fortune send thee
The fairest of her stores,
The richest of her ores,
And for aye defend thee.

III.

May no craft deceive thee,
For thy spirit seems
Pure as angels' dreams;
May angel guards ne'er leave thee.

IV.

Should all aid forsake thee,
One at least will prove
Deep and fervent love,
And his idol make thee.

HEARTH AND HOME.

FORGETTING.—We talk of forgetting. As a matter of fact, we never forget anything. An impression made upon the mind remains there for ever. The romance is gone that the young man adored, the illusion has perished that deluded the maiden; but the impress has in each case remained, and will remain beyond any effacing alchemy. Open a long-locked drawer and run your eyes over a letter which you have not read for years, and see how readily the voices of the dead and songs of other years come back to you. In many other ways the impressions of the past are easily reproduced.

COURAGE.—In the average man courage attends good health. Irregular habits, excessive eating and drinking, insufficient sleep, a badly-ventilated dwelling-place, will take the "edge" off of most men, and make them entirely willing to join the army of followers rather than try to be leaders. The man who will get sleep enough, abundant fresh air and exercise, and nourishing food, and will confine himself to habits of sobriety, will find his body expanding, his digestion good, his brain clear, his heart light, and his spirits buoyant; and he will also find himself not disposed to be cast down by trifles, but ever fresh, energetic, hopeful, and courageous.

THE PART OF EACH.—Each can do his part in making virtue and intelligence always and in whatever garb respectable, in making vice, meanness, and hypocrisy always and under whatever gloss disgraceful and disreputable. We can decline to regard or to treat as a respectable man him who lives handsomely at the expense of his creditors, or him who supports a stylish family by oppressing the poor and defenceless, or him who resorts to subterfuges or deceit to keep up an appearance of wealth he does not possess. And we can, on the other hand, give not only the secret homage of our hearts, but every outward token of respect, heartily and openly, to the man who chooses poverty rather than debt, hardship rather than dishonor, and a plain and humble life with sincerity and truth, rather than name and fame and social advancement gained by frauds or shams.

LOVABLE GIRLS.—Girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism, girls who will let themselves be guided, girls who have the filial sentiment well developed and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother, girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome, girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied submit without repining to the inevitable hard-ship of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority makes life so pleasant and their charge so light to those whose care they are; these are the girls who become good wives in the future, and, in their turn, wise and understanding mothers, and who have to choose out of many where others are sought of none. The heaven of them keeps society sweet and pure; for, if all English girls were so recalcitrant as some are, men might bid adieu to their cherished ideal, both of woman and home.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is, of all earthly unions, almost the only one permitting of no change but that of death. It is that engagement in which man exerts his most awful and solemn power—the power of responsibility which belongs to him as one that shall give account—the power of abnegating the right to change—the power of parting with his freedom—the power of doing that which in this world can never be reversed. And yet it is perhaps that relationship which is spoken of most frivolously and entered into most carelessly and most wantonly. It is not a union merely between two creatures; the intention of the bond is to perfect the nature of both by supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally deficient—to the one strength of character and firmness of moral will, to the other sympathy, meekness, tenderness. And just so solemn and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was contemplated and intended, just so terrible are the consequences if it be perverted and abused; for there is no earthly relationship which has so much power to ennoble and exalt.