

IX. Be clean in your business; for those who are slovens and sluts are disrespectful servants.

X. Never tell the affairs of the family you belong to; for that is a sort of treachery, and often makes mischief; but keep their secrets, and have none of your own.

XI. Live friendly with your fellow-servants; for the contrary destroys the peace of the house.

XII. Above all things avoid drunkenness; for that is an inlet to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

XIII. Prefer a peaceable life, with moderate gains, to great advantage and irregularity.

XIV. Save your money; for that will be a friend to you in old age. Be not expensive in dress, nor marry too soon.

XV. Be careful of your master's property; for wastefulness is a sin.

XVI. Never swear; for that is a crime without excuse, as there is no pleasure in it.

XVII. Be always ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good nature gains the love of every one.

XVIII. Never stay when sent on a message; for waiting long is painful to your master, and a quick return shows diligence.

XIX. Rise early; for it is difficult to recover lost time.

XX. The servant that often changes his place, works only to be poor; for "the rolling-stone gathers no moss."

XXI. Be not fond of increasing your acquaintances; for visiting leads you out of your business, robs your master of your time, and often puts you to an expense you cannot afford. And, above all things, take care with whom you are acquainted; for persons are generally the better or the worse for the company they keep.

XXII. When out of place, be careful where you lodge; for living in a disreputable house, puts you upon a footing with those that keep it, however innocent you are yourself.

XXIII. Never go out on your own business, without the knowledge of the family, lest in your absence you should be wanted; for "Leave is light," and returning punctually at the time you promise, shows obedience, and is a proof of sobriety.

XXIV. If you are dissatisfied with your place, mention your objections modestly to your master or mistress, and give a fair warning, and do not neglect your business nor behave ill, in order to provoke them to turn you away; for this will be a blemish in your character, which you must always have from the last place you served in.

* * * All who pay a due regard to the above precepts, will be happy in themselves, will never want friends, and will always meet with the assistance, protection, and encouragement of the wealthy, the worthy, and the wise.

The preceding sentences are contained in a paper which a young person committed to heart on first getting a place, and, having steadily observed, obtained a character for integrity and worth incapable of being shaken. By constantly keeping in view that "Honesty is the best policy," it led to prosperity, and the faithful servant became an opulent employer of servants.

The author of "The Chase" elegantly describes one of the devices by which the elephant is caught in his own domains:—

On distant Ethiopia's sunburnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd: the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey

Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty globe,
The stately elephant, from the close shade,
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought:
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subsides, and the thin surface yield—
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulph'd
With all its towers. SOMERVILLE.

JOHN KEATS.

John Keats, the poet, died in 1821. Virulent and unmerited attacks upon his literary ability, by a severe and merciless reviewer, injured his rising reputation, overwhelmed his spirits, and he sunk into consumption. In that state he fled for refuge to the climate of Italy, caught cold on the voyage, and perished in Rome, at the early age of 25. One of his last poems was in prospect of departure from his native shores. It is an

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora in the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker-full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blusful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs—
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs—
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.