

## AS THOU WILT, LORD.

In the still air, music lies unheard,  
In the rough marble, beauty hides unseen,  
To wake the music and the beauty needs  
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand,  
Let not the music that is in us die;  
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,  
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;  
Let there be nought unfinished, broken,  
marred;  
Complete thy purpose, that we may become  
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

**Mr. Joseph Downer**, a cotton manufacturer of Cocketown, Fayette county, in the Quaker State, was the one to start the church organ business in the United States. He was a joker as well as a mechanic and musician, and Mr. James Harner of Pennsylvania, says of him in the *Cincinnati Times*:

"He is the person who made the first pipe-organ that the people of Pennsylvania have any knowledge of being made, at or about the time of the Revolution. He commenced to make his organ soon after he was married, and, when finished, it was a wonder to the people. They came from far and near to hear the organ played upon; and, just here, I will relate an anecdote.

"It is said that at one time some persons had come some fifteen or twenty miles to hear the organ played upon. Warning-pans appear to have been common in those days, and one was hanging by the wall; so the strangers inquired if that was the organ, and said:

"We have come a long way to hear it."  
"Well," said Mr. Downer, "I am somewhat timid or bashful in playing before people, but I will take it into the next room, and there play it for you."

"So he took the warming instrument into the other room, and played a few tunes on the organ, and then brought the thing back and hung it up in its proper place. The strangers were highly delighted, but were filled with wonder and amazement that so small a thing could make so much and so beautiful a noise. But after the laugh was over, he took the strangers into the other room and showed them the real organ, and played and sang to their entire satisfaction."

**SLOVENLY GRAMMAR.**—It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar. No matter how pretty she may be, or how attractive in outside appearance, all that goes for naught if she says "Good mornin'" and "Good evenin'." Suppose she came, like the Queen of Sheba, "with a very great train," and fall to put objectives after her propositions, will it not mar the glory of her coming? Seriously, should a woman be called "graceful" who continually stumbles over her final consonants, and says "Lemme go," "a good 'eal," "han' me that blottin' paper?" It's a pleasant thing to hear from the lips of your sweetheart, your own especial beloved one, that she resolutely declined young Muggins' invitation to the theatre; but when the artless maid half closes her eyes and murmurs, "If he came in a golden chariot for me I wouldn't have went!" you don't feel so comfortable, so negligently at ease, as you were before that remark of your Araminta. Women should not deceive themselves. The most uncouth, illiterate man knows what elegant and correct English is, when he hears it. He may not be able to string three words correctly himself; but he sniffs the harmony of a rounded sentence from afar. It is instinctive. See how workmen hang upon the lips of an orator! Of his meaning they know little or nothing; but the "energy, number and cadence" they catch, and the harmonious sound pleases the ear.

**WELCOME, Disappointment!** Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend; thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend. Oh, there is something sublime in calm endurance! Something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success.

Longfellow.

**THE RULING PASSION.**—A few months since a lady who is very well known in the French fashionable world, happened to see in the streets of London a monkey begging pence from the public in the prettiest manner for the benefit of his master, an organ grinder. The marquise took a fancy to it, bought it, dressed it in the gaudiest of raiment, and made a pet of it. The other night the lady held a reception, and her pet was the wonder of the room. In the course of the evening a young lady sat down at the piano, and accompanying herself, sang with exquisite taste a little drawing-room song. When she had finished, the monkey, who, though now partially civilized, had not forgotten his former duties, seeing something near him reminding him of his former occupation, seized it and transferred it into a temporary hat, and made a collection. His task ended, he jumped on the knee of the singer, and amid shouts of laughter placed the contents of the hat in the lady's lap.

**GETTING MONEY.**—The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is a better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling arises the many extravagant and visionary schemes indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling, he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his object; and if his plans are frustrated and he is foiled in his efforts, upon the very crest of the wave which he has already mounted, and in full view, is the temptation to crime to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To those he yields, and ere he realises the fact, he finds himself the violator of the law, and a criminal in the eyes of the community, and an inmate of the prison, waiting trial, all brought about by the want of a little manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose an avocation in life where the penny earned would bring its sure reward. Let our young men spurn the idea of obtaining money without rendering an equivalent, let them be ready and will to occupy positions in life which will give them the best possible opportunities to develop their natural talent, and do good to others while helping themselves. In this way we may have a nation of noble men and women, which will be a source of pleasure and happiness to us and an object of wonder and admiration to the world.

**A GENTLEMAN** in this city is the owner of a small Scotch terrier that shows a decided taste for music. A young lady, his daughter, is taking lessons on the piano, and many hours are given to practice. One day when the dog was in the room he showed great interest in the piano. He jumped upon the table and looked at the instrument, ran under and around it, and leaped upon it and peered into it, as if trying to find where the sound came from. One day, when the young lady was playing, the dog tried to imitate the notes. Afterwards, while she was practising, the dog almost daily would try to sing. He did not bark nor howl, as dogs will often do at the sound of bells. Although he could not pronounce *fa, sol, la, mi, do, etc.*, he succeeded in a good imitation of the sounds, and could cause his voice to rise and fall with the notes. All this was first in the presence of the young lady. When she told her mother, and invited her presence, the dog would not sing. By and by, however, his fondness for music overcame his bashfulness, and he would sing in the presence of the two ladies. Afterward, other members of the family came in, and now the dog, having conquered his modesty and gained confidence in his own powers, will exhibit his musical talents in the presence of any company.—*Troy White.*

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up to-morrow. A man, in this world, is a boy spelling in short syllables; but he will combine them in the next.

When at last the sound of death shall be in our ears, may it be but the noise of the wheels of God Almighty's chariot come to take us home—our schooling over, and our long vacation begun in heaven!—*Becher's Life Thoughts.*

**F. Nicholls Crouch**, a popular English composer, is the author of that beautiful ballad, *Kathleen Mavourneen*. He was a violoncellist in London in 1817, and came to this country with an Italian opera troupe in 1848.

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