

port. He is about 53 years of age, slight of build and of quiet and retiring mein. He not only guards the treasure of the nation, but gives the "essential efficacy" to every bill manufactured. That his right arm has not lost its cunning is attested to by the millions who weekly gaze admiringly upon his handiwork, and gazing say that is good.—*American Tyler.*

Miscellaneous.

WHAT IS NOBLE.

What is noble? — to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree? —
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man.

What is noble? 'tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting — ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, feel for man!

What is noble? — is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade? —
There's a dignity in labor
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes —
O'er the engine's iron head —
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread:
There is labor, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour —
There is genius, still extending
Science, and its world of power.

'Mid the dust, and speed and clamor,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed.
Commerce need not hide its features —
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? — that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like angel-traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble — who advances
Freedom, and the Cause of man!
— *Swain.*

THE DERVISH.

BY RAFFI (MELIK HAGOPIAN).

[Translated from the *Dava*, an illustrated Armenian magazine devoted to literature and fine arts, by A. B. S.]

The dervishes play a great roll in the intellectual life of Persia. They are also called "fakir," "kalandar," which means poor. The dervish can easily be recognized by his customs. He is a man with long hair, which is either tied into a bunch with black strings or worn flowing. On his head he wears a red cap on which is embroidered some talismanic verse. A long white shirt comes down to his bare feet, bound about his loins with a broad girdle with talismanic verses upon it. He has a lion or tiger skin upon his shoulders, and hangs on his naked arms his "kashguil," a cup made of a cocoanut shell. He has in his hand a big club of the cotton tree, and by his side hangs his "nafir" (horn). In every city of Persia one meets such men, sometimes wholly naked except a short garment which hangs from the loins. These are the dervishes.

The dervish is friendly to everybody. When he meets you, he carries his right hand to his forehead, and salutes you, saying, "Ay-voollah" or "Yah hoo-hak."

He passes through the covered market-places, singing either from Hafiz or from Massnevi, or the miracles of Amir-el-Momni. He is a poet: he sings love-songs. His voice echoes with sweet melodies from the arches of the dome of the bazaar. The shopkeepers love their singer, and each one puts into his "kashguil" a piece of copper coin. The dervish, after finishing his "devan" (tour), comes out of