

Roman Catholic, that I need not describe it. Some of the idols on these altars are so similar to those I have seen in the churches in Italy, that if they were naturally translated, I doubt, whether either set of worshippers would discover the change. The priests count beads, shave their heads, and wear analogous robes and the service is attended by the ringing of bells, the lighting of candles, and the burning of incense. In fact, except that the cross is nowhere to be seen, one could easily imagine himself within a Roman Catholic place of worship.



Ladies' Department.

JENNY LIND'S KINDNESS OF HEART.

Mr. Barnum has furnished for publication in the N. Y. Evening Post the following passage in his forthcoming literary work, which is expected to make its appearance in December:—

In Havana, the house occupied by Jenny Lind and those who accompanied her from Europe, as well as my daughter and myself, was pleasantly situated near the Tacon Theatre, just outside the walls. Signor Vivalla, the little Italian juggler and plate dancer, who in former years had performed under my auspices, called on me frequently. He was in great distress, having lost the use of his limbs on the left side of his body from paralysis. He was thus unable to earn a livelihood although he still kept a performing dog, which turned a spinning-wheel and performed some curious tricks. One day as I was passing him out of the front gate, Miss Lind inquired of me who he was. I briefly recounted to her his history. She expressed deep interest in his case, and I said something should be set apart for him in the "benefit" which she was about to give for charity. Accordingly, when the benefit came off, Miss Lind appropriated \$500 to him, and I made the necessary arrangements to have him return to his friends in Italy. At the same benefit \$4000 was distributed between two humane hospitals and a convent. A couple of mornings after the benefit, our bell was rung and the servants announced that I was wanted. I went to the door and found a large procession of children, neatly dressed, and bearing banners, attended by ten or twelve priests, dressed in their rich and flowing robes. I inquired their business, and was informed that they had come to see Miss Lind, and thank her in person for her benevolence. I took their message, and informed Miss Lind that the leading priests of the convent had come in great state to see and thank her. "I will not see them," she replied; "they have nothing to thank me for. If I have done good, it is no more than my duty, and it is my pleasure. I do not deserve their thanks. I will not see them." I returned her answer, and the leaders of the procession turned away in disappointment.

The same day Vivalla called and brought her a basket of the most luscious fruit that he could procure. The little fellow was very happy and extremely grateful. Miss Lind had gone out for a ride.

"God bless me! I am so happy; she is such a good lady, I shall see my brothers and sisters again. Oh, she is a very good lady," said poor Vivalla, overcome by his feelings. He begged me to thank her for him, give her the fruit. As he was passing out of the door, he hesitated a moment, and then said: "Mr. Barnum, I should like so much to have the good lady, see my dog turn a wheel; it is very nice; he can spin very good. Shall I bring the dog and wheel for her? She is such a good lady, I wish to please her very much." I smiled, and told him she would take care for the dog, that he was quite welcome to the house, and that she refused to see the priests from the convent that morning because she never received them.

her how his performing dog could turn a spinning wheel

"Poor man, poor man, do let him come, it is all the good creature can do for me," exclaimed Jenny and the tears flowed thick and fast down her cheeks.

"I like that, I like that," she continued, "do let the poor creature come and bring his dog. It will make him so happy." I confess it made me happy, and I exclaimed, for my heart was full, "God bless you, it will make him cry for joy; he shall come to-morrow." I saw Vivalla the same evening, and delighted him with the intelligence that Jenny would see his dog perform the next day, at four o'clock precisely. "I will be punctual," said Vivalla, in a voice trembling with emotion, "but I was sure she would like to see my dog perform."

For full an hour before the time appointed did Jenny Lind sit in her window on the second floor, and watch for Vivalla and his dog. A few minutes before the appointed hour she saw him coming. "Ah, here he comes, here he comes," she exclaimed in delight, as she ran down stairs and opened the door to admit him. A negro boy was bringing the small spinning wheel, while Vivalla led the dog, and handing the boy a silver coin, she motioned him away, and taking the wheel in her arms she said, "This is very kind of you, to come with your dog; follow me, I will carry the wheel up stairs;" her servant offered to carry it but she would let no one carry it but herself; she called us all up to her parlor, and for one full hour did she devote herself to the happy Italian. She went down on her knees to pet the dog and ask Vivalla all sorts of questions about his performance, his former course of life, his friends in Italy and his present hopes and determinations. Then she sang and played for him, gave him some refreshments, and finally insisted on carrying his wheel to the door, from whence her servant accompanied Vivalla to his boarding house.

Poor Vivalla! He was probably never so happy before, but his enjoyment did not exceed that of Miss Lind. That scene alone would have paid me for all my labors during the whole musical campaign.

MOLLY'S ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—Now girls, what's the use of making such an awful fuss because a man has deceived you? Haven't all celebrated divines told you that man's heart is deceitful above all things? And hasn't the prince of modern poets said:—

"Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart."

And haven't you read that, "were man but constant, he were perfect?" &c. And now can't you believe what everybody, ancient and modern, Jew and Gentile, Christian and heathen, men and women, heroes, statesmen, sages, divines, philosophers, and an host of others, tell you? It really is strange!

Then he has proved false, has he? What more could you expect? I'm sure I should have been disappointed if he hadn't.

Do use as much as a spoonful of common sense. Be kind and sensible, and not get so many romantic notions into your head; and then if your true love does tell you, just before you get to the altar that he won't marry you, do you suppose I'd rave and tear my hair, or swoon or go into hysterics, or do any other such marvellous things?—No indeed not I. But I'll tell you what I would do, I'd jump up and down for joy, to think I had found out before the slipping noose got round my neck. Hearts were not made to break, and if you keep it from getting jammed and bruised, well and good.—But few can do even that long; and when it comes in contact with such hard substance as a deceitful man's heart, if the collision is very unexpected, it may prove dangerous; but bandage it tightly with the icy chain of indifference, and my word for it, it will not be fatal.

If I were only young again, wouldn't I show you? Do you suppose I would trust a man that has deceived another, if I knew it, as come of you do? If he has broken one engagement, he may do two, and I think with an old maid, that you should never believe a man before marriage, or trust him afterwards. Suppose he should tell me that "he loved me better than any one else on the face of the earth don't he tell every girl the same thing? and isn't one's lips just as sweet for him as another's? Pshaw! what does a man know about love, till he gets a good wife to teach him?

PAULINE'S STORY.—The black Emperor of St. Domingo was formerly a slave belonging to a gentleman.



Went's Department.

FLOWERS.

BY ROBERT SHULL.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields! That bloom by mountain streamlets and the heather, Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather— Or where by hoary rocks you make your beds, And sweetly flourish on through Summer weather I love ye all!

Beautiful dowers! to me ye fresher seem From the Almighty hand that fashioned all Than those that flourish by a garden-wall; For I can image you in a dream, Fair, modest maidens nursed in hamlets small— I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the bow of earth Are fixed as a queenly diadem: Though lowly ye, and most without a name, Young hearts rejoice to see your beds come forth, As light erewhile into the world came— I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow! The wild red-rose the speckle-eyed peeping eyes— Our own blue-bell the daisy, that doth rise Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow; And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes— I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew, Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze, And shaded o'er by green and arching trees: I often wished that I were one of you, Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas— I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell— The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide, And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side! Ye o'er my heart have thrown a love-charm spell; And though the worldling, scornful, may deride— I love ye all!

CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN, NOT HEARD.

Among the early lessons which my mother taught me, I well remember an old proverb, "Children should be seen—not heard."

I had a pretty distinct idea of its meaning, especially as she took occasion to repeat it when my love of talking led me to express my opinion too freely for my years. By and by I understood it fully. I saw that I must quietly listen when those who were older than myself were speaking. I found that my mother did not wish to make me unhappy by repressing my childish sociability. She only strove to teach me the proper time and place for it. I am not a child now, but I still keep some of my childish impressions. And when I hear little boys and girls talking loud and constantly in the presence of those older than themselves, I think how much more lovely is for "children to be seen—not heard," in the sense that my mother taught it to me. I love to see children play; I love their bright, happy faces; I even love to hear them make a noise; but the Bible tells us that there is a time for every thing. So then we must believe that there is a time for them to listen quietly to the conversation of those older than themselves; to be gentle, and careful not to disturb them by unnecessary questions, or by saying what they think they have done, or will do. I always feel interested when I see a child paying respectful attention to his parents, teachers, or older friends. I think he is laying up thoughts which will make him, at some time or other, worthy to be heard.

I wish that all the boys and girls could read this would remember how much they may learn by quiet attention; and when the timeworn proverb "Children should be seen, not heard," sounds harshly to them, let them never think it means that they are troublesome little creatures, and must never make a noise, or talk, when they love to do both so well. No, no they are the bright dew-drops which sparkle amid the green leaves; and the world would be very lonely without them. It only tells them to listen respectfully in the presence of those older than themselves; to cultivate a gentle, quiet manner. Perhaps at some time I may tell you the story of a little boy I once met, whose conduct strongly reminded me of my mother's early lessons. I think that you would join me in saying that he would have appeared much better if he had been

old proverb teaches, I shall feel amply repaid for my pleasant talk with them this winter's evening.—[Independent.

Boys— are admonished by a sensible writer to beware of the following description of company, if they would avoid becoming like those who enter prisons for their crimes:

- 1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane or filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper; and who are apt to get into difficulties with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who take pleasure in torturing animals and insects.
We add,
8. Those who loaf around grog shops and drink whisky.

GUIDE-POSTS FOR BOYS.—Guide posts are useful by the way-side to point out the right road; and at the same time they warn us of paths in which there is danger, so much the better. Let the young attend to the hints about to be given: they may keep them from many a wrong road.

- 1. Never attempt to be anything that is not right. Just so sure as you do, you will get into trouble.
2. When you attempt to do anything that is right go through with it. Be not easily discouraged. Yield not to sloth or fickleness.
3. Do not waste your money. Perhaps you have very little; then take more care of it. A good book is one of the best things in the world. If you cannot buy as many as you need, borrow from others, and return them safe and clean. Never let a book lie where it may be injured.
4. Beware of bad books. There are many; they are of no use, but do great harm. Ask some one who is able to tell you of some of the best books. Never buy a book because it is cheap; one book is as dear at any price.
5. Keep out of bad company. "The companion of fools shall be destroyed." Keep away from idlers, swearers, liars, and sabbath-breakers. One sinner destroyeth much good."

NO TIME TO READ.—This is a world of inflexible commerce; nothing is ever given away, but everything is bought and paid for. If, by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits, we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfactions of which the mind is the region or the source. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself, to its delicious whirl. He says to himself, I will think of nothing but business till I have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather round me books, and pictures and friends. I will have knowledge, taste and cultivation, the perfumes of scholarship, and winning speech and graceful manners. I will see foreign countries, and converse with accomplished men. I will drink deep of the fountain of classic lore. Philosophy shall guide me, history shall instruct, and poets shall charm me. Science shall open to me her world of wonders. I shall then remember my present life of drudgery as one recalls a pleasant dream when the morning has dawned. He keeps his self-registered vow. He bends his thoughts downward, and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play is left to starve. Over the gates of his mind he writes in letters which he who runs may read: "No admittance except on business." In time he reaches the goal of his hopes, but now insulted unnatural to him, the enforced constraint, has become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken.

He can no longer lift his thoughts from the ground. Books and knowledge, and wise discourses, and the amenities of art, and the cordial of friendship, are like words of a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of his soul, nothing gentle, graceful, or winning will cling. He cannot even purge his voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean money-getting mask which the child does not look at without causing a smile. Amid the graces and ornaments of wealth he is like a blink man in a picture gallery. That which he has done he must continue to do; he must accumulate riches which he cannot enjoy, and contemplate the dreary prospect of growing old without anything to make age venerable or attractive; for age without wisdom and without knowledge, is the winter's cold without the winter's fire.—[George S Hilliard.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men.

NEVER HOPE YOU DON'T INTRUDE.

Reader, a word, a serious, sober heartfelt word. This is it: Never think you don't intrude. You do. You pop into a parlor, perhaps. There sits in the twilight and bliss, lounging on a sofa, a loving couple. Of course you don't intrude. But you do though. You drop into an editorial room. Business is driving. Every man is busy to his uppermost hair. You hope you don't intrude.