

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Beside the tollsome way,
Loudly and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day,
Languishing in vain for rest.

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance, true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face—
So pure, so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Whispering softly, "Wait!"

"Patience!" she sweetly saith—
"The Father's mercies never come too late;
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,
And firm endurance—wait!"

Angel, behold, I wait!
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours,
Wait till the hand shall open th' eternal gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.

Sawdust and Chips.

"Wood is the thing, after all," as the man
with a wooden leg said, when the mad dog bit
it.

An affected singer at a Dublin theatre was
told by a wag in the gallery to "come out
from behind his nose and sing his song like
other people."

"Please, sir," said a little girl who was sweep-
ing a crossing for a living, "you have given me a
bad penny."—"Never mind, little girl, you
may keep it for your honesty."

"Whenever I find a real handsome woman en-
gaged in the 'winnin's rights' business," says
Josh Billings, "then I am going to take my hat
under my arm and join the procession."

A western editor has placed over his mar-
riage announcements a cut representing a large
trap, sprung, with the motto—"The trap down!
another minny caught!"

Mrs. Partington says she did not marry her
husband because she loved the male sex, but
because he was just the size of her first husband,
and could wear out his old clothes.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that
a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?"
"Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant
philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought
never to lose it."

Scientific men have recently discovered that
the poison taken into the system from continual
smoking of tobacco will cause death in one-
hundred and sixty-seven years. We warn our
readers who have been smoking nearly that
time, to break themselves of the habit at once.

"Mother, mother!" cried a young rook, re-
turning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so
"busted! I've seen such a sight!"—"What
saw you, my son?" asked the rook.—"Oh! white
creatures, screaming and running, straining
their necks, and holding their heads over so
high. See, mother, there they go!"—"Geese,
my son; merely geese," calmly replied the sa-
pient parent bird. "Through life, child, observe,
that when you meet any one who makes a great
fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head
higher than the rest of the world, you may set
him down at once to be a goose."

THEIR HEARTS.—During the late American
civil war it was considered necessary in Anthi-
ana to keep a few soldiers at that place. One
night two of them happened to stray into the
church of the coloured people just as the min-
ister was concluding an invitation to any who
were inclined to "come and join the church." After
he had finished, these two soldiers got up,
walked forward, and presented themselves
for admission; whereupon the preacher said,
"Brethren, dis is a culled church, an' I dunno
as I's any thorty to take in white folks." At
this point an elderly uncle rose in the congre-
gation, and ejaculated, "Take 'em in, Brudder
Jilson, take 'em in; dar skins is white, dat's
fact, but dar hearts is jis as black as ourn,
suh!"

The following, by Josh Billings, is only a
trifle inferior to some passages in Thomson's
"Seasons," by which noble poem it was evi-
dently inspired:—"Spring came this year as
march as usual. Hail, but no virgin! 5,000
years old and upwards, hale and hearty old gal,
welcome to New York State and parts adjacent.
Now the birds jaw, now the cattle holler, now
the pigs squeal, now the geese warble, now
the cats sigh, and nature is frisky; while the
nobby cockroach is singing 'Yankee Doodle,
and 'Coming thru the rih. Now may be seen
the musketeer, that gray outlined critter of
destiny, solitary and alone, examining his last
year's bill, and now be heard, with the naked
ear, the hoarse shaghigh bawling in the barn-
yard."

Nicholas Wahn, though a regular Quaker
preacher, was a great wag. He was once
travelling on horseback in company with two
Methodist preachers. They discussed the
points of difference of their respective sects
until they arrived at the inn where they were
to put up for the night. At supper Wahn was
seated between the two Methodists, and before
them was placed a dish containing two trout.
Each of the circuit riders placed his fork in a
fish and transferred it to his plate, after which
each shut his eyes and said a long grace before
meat. The Quaker availed himself of the op-
portunity to transfer both of the trout to his
own plate, merely remarking, when the others
opened their eyes, "Your religion teaches you
to pray, but mine teaches me both to watch
and pray."

THE QUAKER'S VISITOR.—Some years ago,
there lived a gentleman, of indolent habits, in
Sussex, who made a business in the winter sea-
son of visiting his friends extensively. After
leaving out his welcome in his own immediate
vicinity, he thought he would visit an old
friend, some twenty miles distant, who
was a school-fellow of his. On his arrival,
he was cordially received by the Quaker,
this visitor had taken much pains to
write to see him. He treated his visitor
day with attention and politeness for several
days, but he did not see any signs of his
old friend becoming uneasy; but he bore it
with patience till the morning of the eighth
day, when he said to him, "My friend, I am
afraid thee will never visit me again." "Oh,

yes, I shall," said the visitor; "I have enjoyed
my visit much; I shall certainly come again."
"Nay," said the Quaker; "I think thee will
not visit me again." "What makes you think
I shall not come again?" asked the visitor.
"If thee dost never leave," said the Quaker,
"how canst thee come again?" His visitor
left.

The following affecting query was addressed
to his sweetheart by a poetical lover:

"If you was a dog and I was a hog,
And I got into your master's yard,
And your master was to set you on me,
Would you bite me very hard?"

Grains of Gold.

Religion of the heart is the heart of religion.
Real glory springs from the silent conquest
of ourselves.

There is no fault in poverty, but the minds
that think so are faulty.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts.
To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

The cultivation of the moral nature in man
is the grand means for improvement in society.

Do with trials as men with new hats—put
them on and wear them until they become
easy.

The world is like a treadmill which turns in-
cessantly, and leaves no choice but to sink or
climb.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not
to speak ill requires only silence, that costs
nothing.

No person ever got stung by hornets who
kept away from where they were. It is just
so with bad habits.

Without virtue there can be no true happi-
ness; but we want love joining with virtue to
give us all the good which this world is capable
of bestowing.

Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar
language is disgusting. Loud laughter is im-
polite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tatling
is mean. Telling a falsehood is contemptible.
Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shame-
ful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at
usefulness.

GOOD ADVICE.—Young men, you are the
architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon
your own strength of body and soul. Take for
your star self-reliance, faith, honesty, and in-
dustry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is
a fool, pluck is a hero." Don't take too much
advice—keep at your helm, and steer your
own ship, and remember that the great art of
commanding is to take a fair share of the work.
Think well of yourself. Assume your own
position. Rise above the envious and jealous.
Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Ener-
gy, invincible determination, with a right
motive, are the levers that move the world.
Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous.
Make money, and do good with it. Love your
God and fellow-men. Love truth and virtue.

POPULAR FALLACIES.—That you can receive
one guinea a day, spend two, and get rich.
That to do a man a favour and then refuse
another, won't make him twice as angry as if
you had refused him the first. That when
you buy on credit, knowing very well you
can't be able to pay, it is not stealing. That if
you have a good cause in love, war, or law, go
in—you are bound to win. That when you
buy a horse he will be certain to turn out as
represented. That if you always say what you
think, you will win the regard of the entire
community.

MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY.—A poetical writer
has said that some men move through life as a
band of music moves down the street, flinging
out pleasure on every side through the air to
every one, far and near, that can listen. Some
men fill the air with their strength and sweet-
ness, as the orchards in October days fill the
air with ripe fruit. Some women cling to
their own houses like the honeysuckle over the
door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the
subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great
a bounty and a blessing is it to hold the
royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music
to some, fragrance to others, and life to all!
It would be no unworthy thing to live for,
to make the power which we have within us the
breath of other men's joy; to fill the atmos-
phere which they must stand in with a bright-
ness which they cannot create for themselves.

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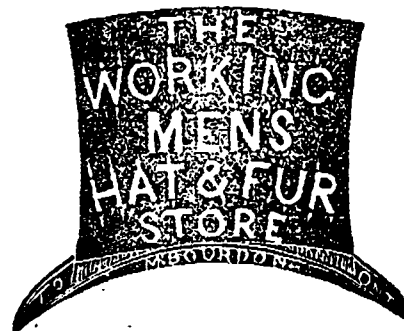
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