

One True Heart is Mine.

I will not murmur at my lot,
Or deem it aught but good,
Though I must toil with head and hands
To earn my daily food.
I will not fret though fortune frown,
Or at stern fate repine;
Since I can say, "O Heaven, what joy—
That one true heart is mine!"

The gay may cast their looks of scorn
Upon my humble garb;
Such looks give wounds to some—for me
They bear no point nor barb.
I've hidden armor o'er my breast,
That seems almost divine;
No sneer can scathe, while I have power
To say: "One heart is mine."

The rich may boast his golden store—
I envy none mere pelf;
But when I see it, I can smile,
And whisper to myself:
"O, joy of joys, how rich am I!
Without such wealth as thine;
God prosper thee, and give beside
Such a true heart as mine."

Now we must wait, that one and I,
And work to earn a home,
Where hands as well as hearts may join;
But the good time will come.
And though the waiting may be long,
Why should I sigh or pine?
Doubt, fear, away! for I can say
That one true heart is mine.

Peculiarities of Language.

The Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feathered cattle"; whilst the names for the well known substances, "oxygen" and "hydrogen," are in their language "sur stuff" and "water stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach, in his politeness, he makes to it is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot"—the same thing probably to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French. The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility."

A Bear Story.

An American newspaper tells the following:

An eighteen-months-old baby of James Vaughan, of Gentile Valley, was playing around near its mother, who was engaged close by the dwelling in doing the family washing, last Thursday morning. All at once the mother missed her little darling, and commenced search for it in every direction, but could not find it. She called it but no sound could be

heard. She then alarmed the neighbors, and seventeen of them responded to her alarm, and went in search of the infant.

No trace of the child could be found, and the frantic parents almost concluded the miraculous disappearance of their dear little baby was a visitation of some angel or eagle, or bird of prey. But some of the cooler headed young men believed they could solve the mystery, and they began tracing through the hills and canyons for tracks of bear, and they, in the course of the afternoon, discovered the tracks of a huge bear that had passed up the canyon towards the Bear Lake range of mountains, and these they followed until dark, when they marked the spot and returned to their homes for the night, concluding of course that the child must be dead, and perhaps eaten up. At the break of day Mr. Ed. Goslin and others started on their search from the spot left the night before, and at about ten o'clock in the morning found the baby curled up in a bunch of weeds and grass in the bushes, sound asleep, with its tattered and torn dress thrown over its head, while close beside the sleeping child was the warm bed of what must have been a very large bear, which had abandoned its captive on the approach of the men in search.

Wonderful to relate, and yet the fact is vouched for by truthful men who have seen the child, that not a bruise or injury did the child receive, except a slight scratch on its little bare foot, although the child had been carried by the bear three or four miles into the mountains, over rough places and through brush.

The White Lily.

They have in China a secret society known as the White Lily. A Frenchman, the proprietor of a saw mill thought fit to kick one of the Celestials in his employ before the rest of the workmen. An hour later the mill bell rang for the midday meal. Out filed the five hundred Chinamen or so who had been at work, all as pleased and apparently satisfied as if they had been attending a funeral; but, when the bell rang for the resumption of work not one of the almond-eyed ones returned. The proprietor fumed and fretted, but to no purpose. No Chinaman was in sight. At last it struck the Frenchman that something might be wrong, and a short examination showed him that all his saws and bands had been broken, and that a notice from the Chinese secret society was posted on his mill door, warning all Chinamen off. Things were beginning to look serious; nor did they mend when he went home, for there lay a letter telling him that the secret society intended to punish him with death for what he had done. A little reflection convinced him that it would be better for him to leave the place, which he did with useless anathemas against secret societies in general, and the Society of the White Lily in particular. I heard of many other incidents of a like kind before I left the far east, writes a newspaper correspondent. It was clear to me that any man might be removed by the secret society without any trouble, and that, with the exception of the authorities at Singapore, who have found a method of coping with this class of lawlessness, nobody had yet been discovered who could fight against the White Lily, or its branches.

A boy in Worcester, Mass., advertises that the lady who gave him a \$2.50 gold piece—mistaking it for a penny—for holding her horse, can get \$2.49 by applying at the *Spy* office.