

wondered that he had not thought of him before, as he was precisely the man best fitted for the office. Antonino, therefore, was appointed Archbishop of Florence, to the great joy of the Florentines, for he was their countryman, and already beloved and honored for the sanctity and humility of his life.

15. When raised to his new dignity, Antonino became the model of a wise and good prelate, maintaining peace among his people, and distinguished not only by his charity, but his justice and his firmness. He died in 1459 at the age of seventy, having held the dignity of Archbishop thirteen years, and was buried in the Convent of St. Mark.

JAMESON.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON was born in Dublin May 19, 1797; died in London March 17, 1860. Her numerous works on art are the most attractive in the English language. Though not a Catholic, Mrs. Jameson pays graceful homage to that faith which has been the inspiration of all that is true and noble in art since the beginning of the Christian era.

---

### SECTION III.

#### I.

#### 9. WIT AND HUMOR.

I WISH, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess.

2. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer; and in process of time he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extin-

guished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling.

3. It must be probable, too, that a mere wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ide'as that are useful, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colors. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe.

4. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judges aright; but I doubt if it is sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is that the outward signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be that wit is very seldom the only eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding.

5. I have talked of the danger of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they are dangerous. Wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous—every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraor-

dinary man is that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined.

6. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something much better than witty—who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age and care and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief.

7. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."<sup>1</sup>

SMITH.

SIDNEY SMITH, an English author, born at Woodford, Essex county, June 3, 1771; died at London Feb. 22, 1845. He was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review in connection with Murray, Jeffrey, Lord Brougham, and others. In 1806 he entered Parliament, and, although a Protestant, was unremitting in his efforts to bring about Catholic emancipation, a cause aided greatly by his "Peter Plymley" letters. His writings are remarkable for good sense, keen wit, and pleasant humor.

<sup>1</sup> **Marl**, an earthy compound of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which describe Satan, walking "with un-sand in very variable proportions; easy steps on the burning marl" of the allusion here is to the lines in the lake of fire.

## II.

## 10. PORTRAIT OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

THE renowned Wouter, or Walter, Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam,<sup>1</sup> and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of, which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all.

2. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay; if a joke were uttered in his presence that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity.

3. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim: "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about!"

4. The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary,<sup>2</sup> as a model of majestic and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a per-

<sup>1</sup> Rôt'ter dam, a seaport town in Holland.    <sup>2</sup> Stát'u a ry, a sculptor.

fect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; whêrefôre she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders.

5. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but stûrdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids.<sup>1</sup> His face—that infallible index of the mind—presented a vast expanse unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

6. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, who has delighted the readers of the English language for more than half a century, was born in the city of New York, on the 3d of April, 1783. His father, a respectable merchant, originally from Scotland, died while he was quite young, and his education was superintended by his elder brothers, some of whom have gained considerable reputation for acquirements and literature. His first essays were a series

<sup>1</sup> Skids, pieces of wood used as supports, on which something is rolled or caused to move.

of letters under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., published in the *Morning Chronicle*, of which one of his brothers was editor, in 1802. In 1806, after his return from a European tour, he joined Mr. Spaulding in writing "Salmagundi," a whimsical miscellany, which captivated the town and decided the fortunes of its authors. Soon after, he produced "The History of New York, by Diedrick Knickerbocker," the most original and humorous work of the age. After the appearance of this work, he wrote but little for several years, having engaged with his brothers in foreign commerce; but, fortunately for American literature, while in England, in 1815, a reverse of fortune changed the whole tenor of his life, causing him to resort to literature, which had hitherto been his amusement, for solace and support. The first fruit of this change was the "Sketch Book," which was published in New York and London in 1819 and 1820, and which met a success never before received by a book of unconnected tales and essays. Mr. Irving subsequently published "Bracebridge Hall," the "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," "The Alhambra," etc., etc. He received one of the gold medals of fifty guineas in value, provided by George the Fourth, for eminence in historical composition. In 1832, after an absence of 17 years, he returned to the United States. His admirable "Life of Washington" is his last literary production. He died Nov. 28, 1859. His style has the ease and purity, and more than the grace and polish of Franklin. His carefully selected words, his variously constructed periods, his remarkable elegance, sustained sweetness, and distinct and delicate painting, place him in the very front rank of the masters of our language.

## III.

## 11. THE PROUD MISS MAC BRIDE.

[A Legend of Gotham.]

- OH terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride !  
The very personification of Pride,  
As she minced along in Fashion's tide,  
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—  
When the golden sun was setting ;  
There was pride in the head she carried so high,  
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,  
And a world of pride in every sigh  
That her stately bosom was fretting.
2. Oh terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride !  
Proud of her beauty and proud of her pride,  
And proud of fifty matters beside  
That would n't have borne dissection ;  
Proud of her wit and proud of her walk,  
Proud of her teeth and proud of her talk,  
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk"  
On a very slight inspection :  
It seems a singular thing to say,  
But her very senses led her astray  
Respecting all humility ;

- In sooth, her dull, auricular<sup>1</sup> drum  
Could find in "humble" only a "hum,"  
And heard no sound of "gentle" come  
In talking about gentility.
3. What "lowly" meant she did n't know,  
For she always avoided "every thing low"  
With care the most punctilious ;<sup>2</sup>  
And queerer still, the audible sound  
Of "super-silly" she never had found  
In the adjective supercilious.<sup>3</sup>
4. And yet the pride of Miss Mac Bride,  
Although it had fifty hobbies<sup>4</sup> to ride,  
Had really no foundation ;  
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—  
Those single stories that often arise  
And grow till they reach a fourth-story size—  
Was merely a fancy creation !
5. Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,  
For Miss Mac Bride first opened her eye  
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky ;  
But pride is a curious passion ;  
And in talking about her wealth and worth,  
She always forgot to mention her birth  
To people of rank and fashion !
6. Of all the notable things on earth,  
The queerest one is the pride of birth,  
Among our "fierce democracie" !  
A bridge across a hundred years,  
Without a prop to save it from sneers,  
Not even a couple of rotten peers,—  
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,  
Is American aristocracy !
7. English and Irish, French and Spanish,  
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,

<sup>1</sup> Au ric' u lar, relating to the ear or sense of hearing.

<sup>2</sup> Punc til' i ous, exactness in forms of ceremony or behavior.

<sup>3</sup> Su per cil' i ous, lofty with pride ; haughty.

<sup>4</sup> Hobb'ies, favorite objects eagerly pursued.

Crossing their veins until they vanish  
 In one conglomeration!<sup>1</sup>  
 So subtil<sup>2</sup> a tangle of blood, indeed,  
 No modern Harvey<sup>3</sup> will ever succeed  
 In finding the circulation!

8. But Miss Mac Bride had something beside  
 Her lofty birth to nourish her pride,  
 For rich was the old paternal Mac Bride,  
 According to public rumor;  
 And he lived "up town" in a splendid square,  
 And he kept his daughter on dainty fare,  
 And gave her gems that were rich and rare,  
 And the finest rings and things to wear,  
 And feathers enough to plume her!
9. But alas! that people who've got their box  
 Of cash beneath the best of locks,  
 Secure from all financial<sup>4</sup> shocks,  
 Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,<sup>5</sup>  
 And madly rush upon Wall street<sup>6</sup> rocks,  
 Without the least apology!  
 Alas! that people whose money affairs  
 Are sound beyond all need of repairs,  
 Should ever attempt the bulls and bears<sup>7</sup>  
 Of Mammon's<sup>8</sup> fierce Zoölogy!<sup>9</sup>
10. Old John Mac Bride one fatal day  
 Became the unresisting prey  
 Of Fortune's undertakers;  
 And staking his all on a single die,  
 His foundered bark went high and dry  
 Among the brokers and breakers!

<sup>1</sup> Con glöm' e rä' tion, a collection; an accumulation.  
<sup>2</sup> Süb'tile, delicate; fine; rare.  
<sup>3</sup> William Harvey, an English physician, born April 1, 1578; died June 3, 1657. He discovered the circulation of the blood.  
<sup>4</sup> Fī nän'cial, relating to money.  
<sup>5</sup> Stöcks, property consisting of shares in joint-stock companies.  
<sup>6</sup> Wall Street, a street in New York where stocks are sold.  
<sup>7</sup> Bulls and Bears, those who operate in conjunction with others to raise or lower the price of stocks.  
<sup>8</sup> Mäm'mon, the god of riches.  
<sup>9</sup> Zo öl'o gy, that part of natural history which treats of animals.

11. At his trade again, in the vëry shop  
 Where, years before, he let it drop,  
 He followed his ancient calling—  
 Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,  
 And sleeping quite as sound by night  
 As when at Fortune's giddy height  
 He used to wake with a dizzy fright  
 From a dismal dream of falling!
12. But alas for the haughty Miss Mac Bride!  
 'Twas such a shock for her precious pride!  
 She could n't recover, although she tried  
 Her jaded spirits to rally;  
 'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,  
 From a place "up town" to a nōök "up stairs,"  
 From an avenue down to an alley!
13. 'Twas little condolence she had, Gōd wot,<sup>1</sup>  
 From her troops of friends, who had n't forgot  
 The airs she used to börrōw;  
 They had civil phrases enough, but yet  
 'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"  
 Was a different thing from sörrōw!
14. They owned it could n't have well been worse,  
 To go from a full to an empty purse;  
 To expect a reversion and get a "reverse"  
 Was truly a dismal feature;  
 But it was n't strange—they whispered—at all;  
 That the Summer of pride should have its Fall,  
 Was quite according to Nature!
15. And to make her cup of woe run over,  
 Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover  
 Was the very first to forsake her;  
 He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—  
 The lady had pride enough "for two,"  
 But that alone would never do  
 To quiet the butcher and baker!

<sup>1</sup> Wōt, the imperfect tense of the obsolete English verb *to weet*, signifying to know.

16. And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride,  
The merest ghost of her early pride,  
    Bewails her lonely position;  
Cramped in the very narrowest niche,  
Above the poor, and below the rich,  
    Was ever a worse condition?

## MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,  
Don't be haughty and put on airs,  
    With insolent pride of station!  
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose  
At poorer people in plainer clothes,  
But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,  
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes!  
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,  
    Is subject to irritation!

SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, born at Highgate, Vermont, June 2, 1816. He is a fluent writer of verses which, without possessing any qualities which would justly entitle their author to a high rank among the minor poets, have yet won him a wide circle of admiring readers. His first collection of humorous and serio-comic verse was published in 1849, and has since passed through forty editions.

## IV.

## 12. THE MAN AND THE GARDEN.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it happens that a man has secured unto himself, to have and to hold by lease for a certain term of years, such a house as his wife declares to be the summit of her ambition, it becomes necessary for him to dig in the garden thereof, which has probably been neglected for years. It suddenly occurs to him that his habits have long been too sedentary, and that his health needs that rejuvenescence<sup>1</sup> which comes only to the hardy son of toil who delves in the ground and breathes the fresh, open air of heaven. He therefore purchases a spade, a rake, and a hoe, and proceeds to the rear of his dwelling, gazed upon by the admiring eyes of his small children three, who, never having seen him in

<sup>1</sup> Re jū've nēs'cence, renewal of youth.

similar plight before, wonder what this new and strange move of his may mean.

2. His wife enters heartily into his scheme, but he detects a covert smile hovering around her lips when his rake catches in the clothes-line by reason of the sudden and unexpected yielding of a snag; and then he is not happy, for it is very provoking to have one's wife doubt his efficiency in whatever he may undertake to do. After he has dug for fifteen minutes, he is snappish, and so testy that he must not be spoken to, much less smiled upon, by any one—not even by her whom he has promised to love, honor, and protect. She had better go into the house and stay there; he doesn't want her around; she annoys him and is only in the way.

3. It is wonderful where all the stones in the ground come from. Boldly inserting the blade of the spade in the earth, the amateur gardener thinks to thrust it down deep among the roots of things, but midway it strikes a stone and grinds along it with a squawk that sets the teeth of his rake on edge; and after two or three such occurrences, the unhappy man thinks of asking his wife on the whole it wouldn't be better to hire some sickly friend in need of exercise, and let him recuperate through manly toil, expand his chest, and build up the muscles of his poor emaciated arms. But he knows how easily his helpmeet will see through the sham. Then his pride nerves him; he sets to work again, and soon is perspiring freely and indulging in wild speculations concerning the man who held the house last year and planted a cart-load of paving-stones in his patch, for some purpose or purposes to the present tenant unknown and unimaginable.

4. At about this time the children had better go indoors; they are simply nuisances, and their mother ought to know enough to keep them in the house when people are working. And he tells them so quite plainly. Their curiosity is more than a match for their filial piety, and they remain until, as the father endeavors to pull a huge boulder from under the grapevine, his hands slip and he keels over backwards into the neighboring black-raspberry bush, whose thorns have long been aching to get at him. Then the air resounds with the laughter of his babes—he loves it, he loves it, the laugh, the laugh of a

child. The mother rushes to the window to see what is up, and when the fallen man rises, it is but to see her holding her sides and railing at him with the best nature in the world. Then, like chickens from before the beak of the hawk, the children scamper into the house, and it is very good for their skins that they do so.

5. After a day or two of vigorous labor, which has certainly been productive of a handsome crop of aches in the lumbar region, the garden is passably free from stones, and the householder ceases to surmise that where he now stands there once rose a stately city, or a towering castle constructed mainly of rubble walls. The thought has crossed his mind at times that he is to be a second Schliemann<sup>1</sup> or Curtius,<sup>2</sup> destined to prove that the night of antiquity was not without tomato-cans, brick-bats, hoop-skirts, and all the appliances of the civilization of the vacant lot; but his dream of fame like this is o'er. He now thinks that he is to be known to posterity as a great naturalist and the author of the most startling discoveries concerning the nature of plants.

6. Mr. Darwin has a certain reputation as an observer of flora, and his work on the "Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication" is not without merit; but he shows very little acquaintance with the true nature of the roots of plants, and especially of weeds. Had he devoted more time to sterling endeavors to tear up a parsnip by the roots, and less to the discussion of the dimorphous and trimorphous states of primula, he would now know more than he seems to about botany. To the digging man a whole world of knowledge is opened, of which the theoretical man little dreams.

7. For instance, it is asserted on good authority that Mr. Darwin holds that weeds stand immediately over their roots. This is an error. The roots of any particular weed are either in the other corner of the yard or way round the house under

<sup>1</sup> Heinrich Schliemann, a German traveler, born at Kalkhorst, in Mecklenberg-Schwerin, in 1822. He has made excavations on the sites of ancient Troy and Mycenae, and is believed to have unearthed important relics of Agamemnon and

other heroes of the siege of Troy. <sup>2</sup> Ernst Curtius, a German archaeologist and historian, born in Lubeck, September 2, 1814. He is the author of a history of Greece, and of a work on the history and topography of Asia Minor.

the front doorsteps; and, what is a still more remarkable fact, various kinds of weeds grow from the same radix: stramonium, tansy, milkweed, pigweed, and burdock are found by the man who digs his own garden, all growing from the same root, which, should it be lifted bodily from the earth and dried, would form an excellent matting for the drawing-room. Hair grows in large quantities about the radices of all plants in a deserted garden, as may be shown by examination of the teeth of the rake used in making the investigation. We believe that this remarkable fact has not hitherto been observed, or, if observed, has not been recorded by any naturalist of repute, and the neglect is probably due to that unmanly fear of ridicule which is but too distinguishing a characteristic of even the best of the observers of nature.

8. In the course of six weeks the householder has cleared his patch of ground, and where once weeds grew rank, flowers now wave in air, and crisp lettuce prepares itself for the salad-dish. At this period the front gate is left open some fine night, and the goats that have long had their eyes on the progress of events, and made daily excursions to look between the bars of the fence, take advantage of the situation, gambol playfully in among the beds of flowers, eat the lettuce, nibble all the buds and tender leaves of the rose-bushes, play at tag, roll about, butt each other into the rhododendrons, and then scamper out again by the light of the moon. When morning dawns, the Recording Angel turns away his face from before the gusts of objurgation<sup>1</sup> that ascend from the ruined garden, and when next spring comes some new tenant goes through the same experience on the same spot; and so the world rolls on as gardens rise and vanish like bubbles on the ocean.

## V.

## 13. A CHINESE STORY.

NONE are so wise as they who make pretence  
To know what fate conceals from mortal sense.  
This moral from a tale of Ho-hang-ho  
Might have been drawn a thousand years ago,

<sup>1</sup> Ob jur gā'tion, reproof: reprehension.

When men were left to their unaided senses  
Long ere the days of spectacles and lenses.

2. Two young, short-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,  
Over their chopsticks idly chattering,  
Fell to disputing which could see the best;  
At last they agreed to put it to the test.  
Said Chang, "A marble tablet, so I hear,  
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,  
With an inscription on it. Let us go  
And read it (since you boast your optics so),  
Standing together at a certain place  
In front, where we the letters just may trace;  
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,  
The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."  
"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:  
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."
3. "Nay, not so soon," said Chang; "I'm bound to go  
To-morrow a day's ride from Ho-hang-ho,  
And shan't be ready till the following day:  
At ten A. M. on Thursday, let us say."
4. So 'twas arranged; but Ching was wide awake:  
Time by the forelock he resolved to take;  
And to the temple went at once, and read  
Upon the tablet: "To the illustrious dead,  
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."  
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,  
Who read the same; but peering closer, he  
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—  
The words, "This tablet is erected here  
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."
5. So on the appointed day—both innocent  
As babes, of course—these honest fellows went,  
And took their distant station; and Ching said,  
"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,  
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'  
"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang;

- "I see what you have read, but furthermore,  
In smaller letters, toward the temple door,  
Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here  
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"
6. "My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said  
Ching.  
"They're there," said Chang, "if I see any thing,  
As clear as daylight."—"Potent eyes, indeed,  
You have!" cried Ching; "do you think I can not read?"  
"Not at this distance as I can," Ching said,  
"If what you say you saw is all you read."
  7. In fine, they quarreled, and their wrath increased,  
Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;  
Lo, here he comes to meet us."—"It is well,"  
Said honest Ching; "no falsehood *he* will tell."
  8. The good man heard their artless story through,  
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few  
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear:  
There's no such tablet or inscription there!  
There *was* one, it is true; 'twas moved away,  
And placed *within* the temple yesterday."

C. P. CRANCH.

## SECTION IV.

## I.

## 14. THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

## 1.

TO fight the battle of the Cross, Christ's chosen ones are sent—  
Good soldiers and great victors—a noble armament.  
They use no earthly weapon, they know not spear nor sword,  
Yet right, and true, and valiant, is the Army of the Lord.

## 2.

Fear them, ye mighty ones of earth; fear them, ye demon foes;  
Slay them, and think to conquer, but the ranks will always close:  
In vain do Earth and Hell unite their power and skill to try;  
They fight the better for their wounds, and conquer when they die.