



→\*THE+MODERN+BELLE.\*←

—  
BY STARK.  
—



HE sits in a fashionable parlor,  
And rocks in her easy chair;  
She is clad in silks and satins,  
And jewels are in her hair;  
She winks and giggles and simpers,  
And simpers and giggles and winks;  
And though she talks but little,  
'T is a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning  
Till nearly the hour of noon,  
Then comes down snapping and snarling  
Because she was called so soon;  
Her hair is still in papers,  
Her cheeks still fresh with paint,—  
Remains of her last night's blushes,  
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,  
And men with "flowing hair";  
She's eloquent over mustaches,  
They give such a foreign air.

(216)

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She talks of Italian music,  
And falls in love with the moon;  
And, if a mouse were to meet her,  
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,  
Her hands are so very white,  
Her jewels so very heavy,  
And her head so very light;  
Her color is made of cosmetics  
(Though this she will never own),  
Her body is made mostly of cotton,  
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow  
Who swells with a foreign air;  
He marries her for her money,  
She marries him for his hair!  
One of the very best matches,—  
Both are well mated in life;  
*She's got a fool for a husband,  
He's got a fool for a wife!*





→\*KISSING 'S+NO+SIN.\*←

ANONYMOUS.



SOME say that kissing 's a sin;  
But I think it 's nane ava,  
For kissing has wonn'd in this world  
Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu',  
Lawyers wadna allow it;  
If it wasna holy,  
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,  
Maidens wadna tak' it;  
If it wasna plenty,  
Puir folk wadna get it.



→\*LESSONS+FOR+LIFE.\*←

BY ROBERT BURNS.



THOU whom chance may hither lead,  
Be thou clad in rustic weed,  
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,  
'Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,  
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;

Hope not sunshine every hour,  
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,  
Beneath thy morning-star advance,  
Pleasure, with her siren air,  
May delude the thoughtless pair:  
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,  
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,  
Life's meridian flaming nigh,  
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?  
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?  
Check thy climbing step, elate,  
Evils lurk in felon wait:  
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,  
Soar around each clifly hold,  
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,  
Chants the lowly dells among.

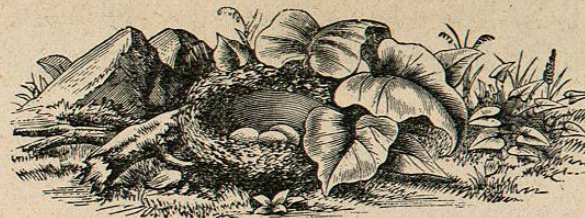
As the shades of evening close,  
Beckoning thee to long repose;

As Life itself becomes disease,  
 Seek the chimney-nook of ease.  
 There ruminate with sober thought,  
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;  
 And teach the sportive younkers round,  
 Saws of experience, sage and sound.  
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,  
 The grand criterion of his fate,  
 Is not—Art thou high or low?  
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow?  
 Wast thou cottager or king?  
 Peer or peasant?—No such thing!  
 Did many talents gild thy span?  
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one?  
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,  
 As thou thyself must shortly find,  
 The smile or frown of awful Heaven,  
 To Virtue or to Vice is given.  
 Say, "To be just, and kind, and wise,  
 There solid self-enjoyment lies;  
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,  
 Lead to the wretched, vile and base."

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep  
 To the bed of lasting sleep;  
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,  
 Night, where dawn shall never break,  
 Till future life, future no more,  
 To light and joy the good restore,  
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger go! Heaven be thy guide!  
 Quoth the beadsman of Nithside.\*

\*These beautiful lines were written in "Friars-Carse" Hermitage, on the banks of the Nith.



✽LETTERS.✽

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



VERY day brings a ship,  
 Every ship brings a word;  
 Well for those who have no fear,  
 Looking seaward well assured  
 That the word the vessel brings  
 Is the word they wish to hear.





—\*HYMN.\*—

BY HAWKESWORTH.



N Sleep's serene oblivion laid,  
I safely passed the silent night;  
At once I see the breaking shade,  
And drink again the morning light.

New-born I bless the waking hour,  
Once more, with awe, rejoice *to be*;  
My conscious soul resumes her power,  
And springs, my gracious God, to Thee.

O, guide me through the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;  
And spend Thy shield's protecting blaze,  
When dangers press around my head.

A *deeper shade* will soon impend,  
A *deeper sleep* my eyes oppress;  
Yet still Thy strength shall me defend,  
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That *deeper shade* shall fade away,  
That *deeper sleep* shall leave my eyes;  
Thy *light* shall give eternal day!  
Thy *love* the rapture of the skies!



—\*GOLD.\*—

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.



MIGHTY pain to love it is,  
And 't is a pain that love to miss,  
But, of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love, but Love in vain.  
Virtue now nor noble blood,  
Nor wit, by love is understood.  
Gold alone does passion move!  
Gold monopolizes love!  
A curse on her and on the man  
Who this traffic first began!  
A curse on him who found the ore!  
A curse on him who digg'd the store!  
A curse on him who did refine it!  
A curse on him who first did coin it!  
A curse, all curses else above,  
On him who used it first in love!  
Gold begets in brethren hate;  
Gold, in families, debate;  
Gold does friendship separate;  
Gold does civil wars create.  
These the smallest harms of it;  
Gold, alas! does love beget.



→\*THE+VILLAGE+PREACHER.\*←

FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



HEAR yonder copse, where once the garden  
smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows  
wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place  
disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor ne'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,

(224)

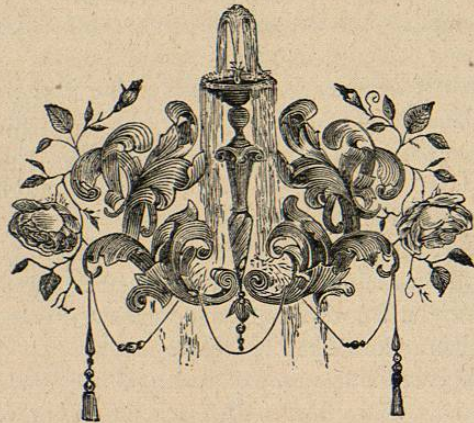
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to grow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway.  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;


To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.



» \*LITTLE BREECHES.\* «

A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY JOHN HAY.

 DON'T go much on religion,  
 I never ain't had no show;  
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
 On the handful o' things I know.  
 I don't pan out on the prophets  
 And free-will, and that sort of thing,—  
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,  
 Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,  
 And my little Gabe came along,—  
 No four-year-old in the county  
 Could beat him for pretty and strong.  
 Peart and chipper and sassy,  
 Always ready to swear and fight,—  
 And I'd larnt him ter chaw terbacker,  
 Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket  
 As I passed by Taggart's store;  
 I went in for a jug of molasses  
 And left the team at the door.

They scared at something and started,—  
 I heard one little squall,  
 And hell-to-split over the prairie  
 Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie !  
 I was almost froze with skeer;  
 But we roused up some torches,  
 And searched for 'em far and near.  
 At last we struck hosses and wagon,  
 Snowed under a soft white mound,  
 Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe  
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me  
 Of my fellow-critter's aid,—  
 I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,  
 Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,  
 And me and Isrul Parr  
 Went off for some wood to a sheepfold  
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed  
 Where they shut up the lambs at night.  
 We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,  
 So warm and sleepy and white;  
 And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped,  
 As peart as ever you see,  
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,  
 And that 's what 's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.  
 He could never have walked in that storm.  
 They jest scooped down and toted him  
 To whar it was safe and warm.  
 And I think that saving a little child,  
 And bringing him to his own,  
 Is a darned sight better business  
 Than loafing around The Throne.

