

Parity.

Eternity.

"Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
And yet to thee Time hastes away,
Like as the war-horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ships to port, or shaft from bow,
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

"Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of Heaven remain;
O lasting joy, O lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

"Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
O man, full of thy thoughts dwell
Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the pure
That doth beyond all time endure.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

"Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
How terrible art thou in woe,
How fair where joys forever flow,
God's goodness sheddeth gladness here,
His justice there wakes bitter fear.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

"Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A moment lasts all joy below,
Where man sinks to endless woe;
A moment lasts all earthly pain,
Where an endless joy we gain.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

"Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who ponders oft on these things,
All fleshly lusts shall he despise,
The world finds place with him no more,
The love of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O man, Eternity."

From the New York Independent.

Bunseller's Alphabet—A Dialogue.

SCENE—A GROCERY.

New Year's morning—George, William and Henry passing by—Mr. H., the grocery-keeper, at the door.

George—Good morning, Mr. H.; wish you a happy new year.

Mr. H.—Ah, George, wish you a thousand; come in, come in boys. I've no money to give, but I'll treat you to the best I've got in the shop. What'll you take?

George—A glass of pure cold water, if you please—

(Singing) "Cold water for me, bright water for me, And wine for the trembling drowsy."

Mr. H.—Water? I declare I don't think there's a drop in the store. But I've first wine and brandy—won't you have some? I'll do you good—come.

Geo.—No, sir, I'd rather not. I never drank any, and never want to.

Mr. H.—Why not? Judge Love-it, and Lawyer Try-it, and Deacon Tittle, who belong to the church, take it, and say it does them good, in moderation.

Geo.—Well, Mr. H., did you ever know any man that got drunk on water?

Mr. H.—To be sure not—how can water make a man drunk? Water, to be sure! Psha! but what of that?

Geo.—Did you ever know a man to become a drunkard on whisky?

Mr. H.—To be sure, I have—lots of them.

Geo.—How many?

Mr. H.—Why, a great many in my day. I've known more 'an twenty in the five year I've kept here.

Geo.—How came they to become drunkards?

Mr. H.—Why, they would drink—as thirsty as fish-hoos! At first they would take only pale ale, once in a while; then they took a liking to stout beer; and then brown stout; and double X. But they got tired of that, and called for wine, and used sometimes to get more 'an half-sea-eater. I told them they'd better use whisky in moderation, than so much wine. It's pure stuff, says I, and don't kinder clog up the head so bad; and then they took to whisky punch.

Geo.—But how did they become drunkards?

Mr. H.—Why, some how they would take too much. That's the reason in all things. George, never take more 'an'll do you good.

Geo.—Why don't you warn them?

Mr. H.—And so I did. Says I, boys look out, if used in moderation, but the very Devil if you take too much.

Geo.—Well, did they mind you?

Mr. H.—Yes, for a while they did; but some how another, they would every now and then get fuddled and carry on like Cain.

Geo.—And you still sold to them?

Mr. H.—Yes, till I thought they'd had enough; but I never sold to them when they began to be obstinate.

Geo.—Are they all your customers now?

Mr. H.—Bless you, no; they're more 'an half of 'em dead.

Geo.—Did they die rich?

Mr. H.—Rich? Poo! who ever knew a drunkard to get rich? No, they all died as poor as Job's turkey.

Geo.—And their children?

Mr. H.—O, they went to the poor-house, and out to places, and one way and another.

Geo.—I suppose, Mr. H., you're grown rich?

Mr. H.—Why, I've done very well; I've several houses in the city, and a good farm in the country. It's a pretty profitable business. That's the only reason I follow it, for the customers are not the pleasantest sort of folks after all. But come, George, you're a real clever fellow, and I like your folks too—come, I'll fix you up a nice gin sling, with plenty of sugar.

Geo.—No, sir, I've been to the academy. Mr. H.—Well, what of that?

Geo.—I've learnt the alphabet.

Mr. H.—The alphabet! How in nature does that stop you?

Geo.—The rumseller's alphabet, I mean; did you ever learn it?

Mr. H.—What do you mean? Some of old P's—stuffs, I suppose. I tell you what, George, that fellow's a real blue fanatic.

Geo.—Well, he knows a thing or two, for all that, and he taught me the rumseller's alphabet.

Mr. H.—What do you mean? Some

Presbyterian, could-water nonsense, I suppose, ha! ha! ha!

Geo.—I'll tell you. A, All-antic, All-anger, All-aches, All-agony, All-cohol.

Mr. H.—Well, well, you are a hard 'un; that's not so bad, neither. But come, boys; come, William, you'll have a little weak brandy sling with plenty of sugar; it'll be fine, this cold new-year's morning. Come, come.

Wm.—No, thank's; I've learned the alphabet, too. I know what B is.

Mr. H.—You do, eh? Confound it, I never went to that school; let's hear.

Wm.—Well, I'll tell you. B is Brandy-bottle beginning, Brings Brief Bliss, but beyond Brings Beasty, Besotted, Bloated, Bloats Body.

Mr. H.—Plague on it, won't any of you take some? Come, Henry, you ain't such a fool, I know; you ain't going to be nosed about by that old Findley?

Henry—I rather think, Mr. H., that my nose is much safer at the academy than here, and not half as likely to be troubled with villanous smells, or look like a live coal. Besides, I have learned the alphabet, too.

Mr. H.—You have, hey! Well, never mind the fun; come, drink, drink. (Handing the decanter)

Henry—Drink! Dreadful Decanter, Drunkard's Danger, Devil's Drink, Dreadful Delirium, Death and Despair, Distilled Damnation! I think I'd better try it, Mr. H.?

Mr. H.—(In a rage.) Get out, all of you; get out, I say. D'you come here to insult me? It's a lawful and respectable business, made so by the city council. D'you 'spose they'd allow it, if it was wrong? I won't be treated so by a parcel of cold-water, pale-faced, white-livered fanatical cubs. Out with you, (catching a stick, out, I say! scatter!)

(Boys run a little and turn around.)

Geo.—(Aloud.) I say, Mr. H., C, Cognac, Cider Crotchety, Cursed, Cudgel, Cruel, Crazy, Carry to Columbus, Close Confinement cures.

Mr. H.—Clear out, I say.

Wm.—Mr. H., I advise you to write the truth on your barrels; on the Alcohol, Actual Agony.

Geo.—On the Brandy, Blood-Bought.

Henry—On the Whisky, Woe! Woe!

Wm.—On your Gin, Gripes and groans.

Geo.—On your Wines, Weeping and Wailing.

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Wm.—On your Cordials, Cruel Comfort.

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Boys—Mr. H., on your sign, instead of Grocery, write Devil's Dosery. (Exit boys.)

Mr. H.—(Alone.) I declare, I never heard such things before. Alphabet! I thought it was a new name for the whisky.

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Mr. H.—Why not? Judge Love-it, and Lawyer Try-it, and Deacon Tittle, who belong to the church, take it, and say it does them good, in moderation.

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Geo.—And you still sold to them?

Mr. H.—Yes, till I thought they'd had enough; but I never sold to them when they began to be obstinate.

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