

Poetry.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

FROM AN ENGLISH POEM.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of sects as doctrines the saints believe,
That right I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a dark flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on this side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall wear my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a stony crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
And his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his long gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Where he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of grey,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his
chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down
tight.

Over his forehead cold and white,
But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then as he gazed on the farther shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of grey,
Went quietly sailing away—away,
And the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very good thing,
That the people in heaven "all around" might
sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw the river broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and
through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saints astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then a grave walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see now."

And I really think it will hardly do,
If I'm "close communion" to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the revivals of life,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
But as they went from this world of sin,
At last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed
along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think,
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring low and loud
Came over up from the river's crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the way, and this is the new,
Or, 'I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true.'"

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Mostest the sisters walk'd, and me,
And if ever one of them chanced to say,
What trouble the men met with on the way,
How they longed to pass to the other side,
How they feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men'!"
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"Oh, let the women keep silence all!"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought the two ways met,
But at the moment they were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
And all who in Christ the Saviour done,
Camp out alike on the other side.

No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of grey,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness."

THE TWO RULES, AND HOW THEY WORKED.

"Here are two rules for you, Fred," said
Giles Warner, looking up from the paper he
was reading, and addressing a younger brother,
who was sitting by the stove, playing with a favorite
dog.

"Well, what are they?" let's have them," said
Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.
"The first is, never get vexed with anything
you can help. The second is, never get vexed
with anything you can't help."

"Are not these rules as applicable to you as
to me?" inquired Fred, archly.
"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good-
humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand
over a piece of good advice to another than to
keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind
of generosity that don't require any self-denial."

Fred laughed.
"But what say you?" continued Giles, "to
these rules?" "How would it work if we should
adopt them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean
sweep," said Fred. "They don't leave a fellow
any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them,"

said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better, or hap-
pier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible
rules. It is foolish to vex our selves about any-
thing that can be helped, it is useless to vex our
selves about what can't be helped. Let us assist
each other to remember, and obey these two
simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually
ready to agree to anything his brother proposed,
if it was only proposed good-humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next
morning, while making his preparations for
school.

"What is the matter?" inquired Giles.
"I have broken my shoe-string, and it is vex-
atious; I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexatious, no doubt," replied Giles, "but
you must not get vexed; for this is one of the
things that can be helped. You can find a string
in the left corner of the upper drawer of mother's
bureau."

"But we shall be late at school," said Fred.
"No, we shall not," said Giles. "We shall only
have to walk a little faster. Besides, if you keep
cool, you will find the string, and put it in much
sooner than you can if you become vexed and
worried."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the
string, quite restored to good humor.
Several opportunities occurred during the day
for putting in practice the newly-devised rules.
The last was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his
knife, while whittling a hair piece of wood.
"It can't be helped," said Fred, so you must
not get vexed about it."

"It might have been helped," said Giles, "but
I can do better than to fret about it. I can learn
a lesson of care for the future, which may save
me a knife more valuable than this. The rules
work well. Let's try them to-mor-
row."

Then next morning Fred devoted an hour be-
fore school to writing a composition. After he
had written half a dozen lines, his mother called
him off to do something for her. During his
absence, his sister Lucy made use of his pen and
ink to write her name in a school-book. In do-
ing so, she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on
the page he was writing. Fred returned while
she was hastily employed in doing what she could
to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my com-
position," he exclaimed, looking over her shoulder.
"I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it,"
said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have an-
swered his sister very roughly if Giles had not inter-
posed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done
and can't be helped."

Fred tried to suppress his vexation. "I
know it was an accident," he said pleasantly,
after a brief pause with him.

Lucy left the room, and Fred sat down again
to his composition. After a moment, he looked
up. "No sign of her has been seen, after all,"
he said. "Two or three alterations are much
needed, and if I write it over again, I can make
them."

"No more!" for a cool head, and not getting
vexed," said Giles, laughing. "Our rules work
well." [Merry's M. memo.]

THE WORD.

The following was one of the late Majority
News stories:

"Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a
melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one
of our principal hotels.

"Yes, sir."

The dinner was brought and devoured, and
the waiter called the landlord aside, and thus ad-
dressed him:

"Are you the landlord?"
"Yes."
"You do a good business?"
"Yes" (astonishingly).
"You make, probably, ten dollars a day,
clear?"
"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I can not pay for what I
have consumed. I have been out of employment
about seven months; but I engaged to work to-
morrow, and as long as I have a job, I will pay
you for my dinner."

"I can not pay my bills with such promises,"
plastered the landlord; and I do not keep a
penny-house. You should address the proper
authorities. Let me something for me, sir."

"I will take your coat."

"If I give you the street without that, I will
let my death such was her as it is."

"You should have thought of that before you
came here."

"Are you serious? Well, I solemnly aver
that one week from now I will pay you."

"I will take your coat."

The coat was left, and a week after redem-
ption.

Seven years after that, a worthy man entered
the political arena and was presented to a suc-
cessful applicant for congressional nomination,
the principal man of the caucus held his re-
sponse to the history of the applicant, who was
a member of the church, and one of the most
respectable citizens. He was the chair-
man. The vote was tied, and he cast a negative
heretofore defeating the wealthy applicant, and
him he met an hour afterwards, and to him he
said:

"You don't remember me?"
"I don't see you at dinner at your hotel, and al-
though I told you I was famishing, and pledged
my word of honor to pay you, in a week, you
gave me my coat, and saw me go out into the
elemental air, at the risk of my life, without it."

"Well, sir, what then?"
"Not much. You call yourself a Christian.
To-night you were a candidate for nomination,
and for me you would have been elected to
congress."

Three years after, the Christian hotel keeper
became a bankrupt. The poor diabolical
wretch that was, is now a high functionary in
Albany. I know him well. The ways of Pro-
vidence are indeed wonderful, and the mutations
almost beyond conception or belief.

"DON'T PUSH HIM; HE'S BLIND."
It was Wednesday afternoon, and the children
of the village of I— had been spending an
hour very pleasantly together. Their friends
had given a "concert" for the little folks, so the
handbills said which had been posted about the
village for several days, and which the "little
folks" had read over and over again, with great
delight. The expectations of the children, as to
the music, had been fully realized, and the concert
went off well.

Water Girl left the hall with the rest of the
boys, but while the others ran, and jumped and
squealed, he walked slowly and quietly, and had
you been near you would have noticed that his
sister Helen held his hand in hers, and was lead-
ing him. As they were coming out, Water hap-
pened to tread upon the foot of one of his play-
mates, and jostle him a little, when the boy turned
angrily towards him, saying very roughly,
"Keep off my feet, will you?" and at the same
time giving him a push that almost threw him
and his sister down the steps.

"I don't push him, George," he didn't mean
to tread on you, but he couldn't see; you know
brother Water's blind now," said his sister
sadly.

"Well, he might be more careful then," an-
swered the unkid boy, as he hurried away to
join the others in a game of ball. If George had
stopped to look into that pale, patient face,

and had seen, as he might have done, the tears
starting out from Water's poor blind eyes, I
know he could not have enjoyed his play.

"Never mind, Water," said his sister, trying
to speak cheerfully, though she was so much
grieved herself, that she could hardly conceal it
from him; "never mind, we have had a pleas-
ant time at the concert, hearing the music, and
when we get home I'll finish reading that story
to you that I began yesterday."

They walked along together, and on the way
Helen did all she could to bring back the smiles
to Water's face, but he could not soon forget
that act of rudeness and unkindness. Perhaps it
will seem to my little readers, a small thing to
be so much troubled about; but I believe you
will agree with me that it is a somewhat thing
to lose the sight, and I know you think it very
wicked to speak harshly without reason, to one
who thus unprovokedly.

Water had not been blind all his life.
Some children, as you know, are born so, and
they of course have never fully understood
what it is to see, though we pity them, and
sympathize with them; but he had been per-
mitted to look out upon this beautiful world,
and upon the pleasant faces of friends who loved
him, till he was nearly ten years old, and then
disease of some kind came upon him, and he was
made wholly blind.

Would you not feel sadly to awake to-mor-
row morning, and as you opened your eyes upon the
light of day, to find that for you all was darkness?
And when father or mother came in, to discover
that you could see their faces no more? Some-
times, when I have walked out and have looked
with delight upon the fields, and trees, and flow-
ers, I have closed my eyes for a moment and
thought, "What if this beautiful scene were
now to be shut out from me forever? The
thought has always made me feel more grateful
for the precious gift of sight, and I have no
doubt it would make any one of you feel the
same. But we should always remember, that
whatever our lot may be, our heavenly Father
knows and does what is best.

It seems very strange to me, that a boy who
enjoys this great blessing of sight should ever
be unkind to a blind child. Do you know any
unkind boy who is blind? If so, I hope you
will always be very careful not to say or do
anything which will needlessly grieve such a
child. It is very delightful to think that God
loves and cares for all these little ones, and that
they love Christ, he will one day take them to
that bright world where they shall see his face.

"No night is there; eternal light is given;
None grope, none fall, there are no blights
in heaven."

[Child at Home.]

ANOTHER ROMANTIC STORY.

A gentleman of the Second District of New
Orleans was on board of the ill-fated steamer
Arcturion, when she got lost on the 27th of Septem-
ber, 1854. The news reached here that he
was among the missing, and cast a gloom in his
household, for he had a family—a young and
pretty wife, and a child. He was well-to-do in
the world, and left property sufficient for their
maintenance. The young wife mourned her lost
husband sincerely, doubtless, but sorrow is not
enduring, and as long time rolled past, the
mourning was dispelled, the roses on her
cheeks bloomed again, and smiles played on her
lips. She was young and pretty, and suitors
were not wanting. She married again, several
years of quiet bliss had passed since the day she
took a new companion in life, and now, suddenly
the electric spark of the telegraph, flying with
the speed of lightning, has struck the redoubtable
happily married couple, by its death, and the
happy and crumbly. A dispatch from the Bal-
timore dated yesterday, announced the
arrival of the long-lost first husband. Clinging
to some piece of the wreck, he had floated to dis-
tant shores, where for six long years he lived
with the hope of meeting once more the beloved
one he had left at home, but unable to find a
newward, and so he had come back, and the
particulars concerning his Cruise life, and
of many hardships he must have suffered—
it of which dwindle into mere nothingness at
the thought of the disappointment that awaits
him on his arrival home. The feeling of the
twice-wedded wife may be better imagined than
described. The N. O. Bee of Aug. 9, says:—
"We understand on reliable authority that
survivors of the Arcturion disaster, of whom we spoke
a few days, are in the city this evening.
The person is Mr. Fuerr, who was known as
having kept the grocery at the corner of Orleans
and Robertson street, where his wife now resides.
She married Mr. Fuerr's chief clerk, Mr. We-
ber, and has had three children by him. Her two
children by Mr. Fuerr—a daughter of seven-
teen and a son of fifteen—are now living with her."

STAR IN A LITTLE DAUGHTER'S
CROWN.

The Rev. Daniel Baker, of Texas, relates the
following:—

"During a revival in— a sweet little girl
named Sarah went home full of what she had
seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the
family, she asked her mother, who had been to
church, but was a very wicked man, whether he
ever prayed. He did not like the question, and
in a very angry manner replied,

"It is your mother, or Aunt Sally, that put
you up to that, my little girl."

No, papa, said the little creature, the preach-
man said that all good people pray; and those
who don't pray will go to heaven. Papa, do you
pray?"

"This was more than her father could stand,
and in a rough way he said,

"Well, you and your mother and your Aunt
Sally, may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Papa, said the little creature with simplicity,
"why way are you going?"

The question pierced his heart. It flashed
upon him that he was in the land of the dead.
He started from his chair and burst into tears.
Within a few days he was a happy convert, and
I believe will appear in heaven as a star in the
little daughters crown of rejoicing.—[Well-
Spring.]

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safe remedy for all cases of constipation, bilious-
ness, headache, neuralgia, and all other affec-
tions of the bowels. They are composed of pure
vegetable ingredients, and are perfectly safe for
the most delicate female. They are sold in bot-
tles of 10 and 25 pills each, and are to be taken
according to the directions on the wrapper.

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