

Poetry.

From Longfellow's Balm of Life.
What the Heart of the Young said to the Psalmist.
Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That our life is but a dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment—and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not dumb like driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, how e'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act—in the living present,
Heart within and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps—that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving—still pursuing:
Learn to labor and to wait.

Miscellaneous.

[Written for the Religious Intelligencer.]
THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

BY ALIQUIA.
(No. 20.)

THE GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE.—IS IT LAWFUL?

Few readers will need to be told what is meant by the "Gift Book Enterprise." A firm in New York, it may be only an individual—offers to every purchaser of a Book a gift ranging from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars; that is to say, you pay one dollar for a book worth one dollar, or sold at that price retail, and you get your book, and perhaps a hundred dollar gift in the bargain. All sorts of persons, gentle and simple, rich and poor, young and old, black and white, gaily and ungaily, have given their dollars and orders, and received gifts. The writer inquires, and asks the reader to inquire concerning the matter: Is it lawful? Is it right? Perhaps you have invested your dollar in that way; perhaps not. The question of right or wrong is quite distinct from what we have done or what we have avoided. The writer would submit the following:

1.—ARE THE GIFTS AS VALUABLE AS THEY PROFFER TO BE?

There may be some who believe that every gift is worth just what it is rated at in the catalogue. Ask an honest Goldsmith. Ask these who are in the secrets of the trade. Ask the custom-house officer who passes the package of jewelry. Their answers will surprise you. Will it be believed that of late an amulet has been discovered which resembles gold, and is able to pass the ordeal of chemical tests? That one-fiftieth part of the catalogue rate more than covers the actual cost of the jewelry on an average?

It is impossible that the gifts are of the value put upon them. Few persons get a twenty-five cent gift. They are more frequently one, two, five, or more dollar gifts. Such rewards would not pay. Why can not the public see through the deception? Anything so transparently unbusiness-like ought to deceive no one.

2.—WHEN DOES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE GIFT ENTERPRISE AND A LOTTERY?

Both appeal to cupidity. Both hold out inducements of possible gain where no equivalent is given. Both create an unhealthy expectation and tempt to a repetition of the experiment. In one respect the Lottery is more transparent than the Gift Enterprise. The purchaser of a lottery ticket risks his money absolutely. The book-buyer is deceived by the thought: "I get the worth of my money in the book." In lotteries the loss falls upon the purchaser as a whole; and where else can it fall, in the Book Enterprise? The principle upon which gifts are distributed, like the principle of lottery-drawing, is not very clearly revealed. If these features correspond, how can it be lawful to patronize the Gift Enterprise, and unlawful to participate in lottery-profits?

3.—ARE THE BOOKS INvariably AS CHEAP, AS THEY ARE WHEN PROCURED THROUGH THE ORDINARY CHANNELS.

In some cases there is no difference; in others the difference is marked, and in favor of patronizing the book-sellers. Instances have come under the observation of the writer in which the difference was twenty per cent. Is it honest to profess to give you a book at the publisher's rates, and not do it?

4. WHAT IS OUR DUTY TOWARDS THE GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE?

It does not consist with "simplicity and godly sincerity" to patronize it in any way, in the judgment of the writer. It is neither lawful nor expedient. Conventions to share losses as in Insurance Companies, are easily comprehended, and based upon correct principles; but combinations to give presents to the few at the

expense of the many are mischievous. If it be said that all obtain prizes, the question comes up—It cannot be evaded—who pays for the prizes? Not the publisher certainly; no one but yourself, deluded prize-seeker, and those like you. These establishments pay their proprietors better than any one else. If it is so profitable to buy a book on this plan, why does not the proprietor buy all the books himself? It is no use, friend; you are deceived, and the advice of one who has not been into the excitement is: Have nothing more to do with these enterprises. Use all your influence against them. Exhibit the subject in its true light to those who are tempted; and the Lord give you understanding in all things.

Never Put off till To-morrow what you can do To-day.

Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, is a famous place for law. People came there from the extremities of the country to get information and ask advice. To visit Rennes without getting advice, appears impossible to a Breton. This was true at the latter end of the last century, just as it is at present, and especially among the country people, who are a timid and cautious race.

Now it happened, one day, that a farmer named Benard, having come to Rennes on business, betwought himself that as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to employ them in getting the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard Monsieur Potier de la Germondie, who was in such high repute that people believed a law-suit gained when he undertook their cause. The countryman inquired for his address, and proceeded to his house in Rue St. George's. The clients were numerous, and Benard had to wait some time. At length his turn arrived, and he was introduced. Mr. Potier de la Germondie signed to him to be seated; then taking off his spectacles, and placing them on his desk, he requested to know his business.

"Why, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, twirling his hat. "I have heard so much about you that as I have come to Rennes, I wish to take the opportunity of consulting you."

"I thank you for your confidence, my friend; you wish to bring an action, perhaps?"

"An action! Oh, I hold that in abhorrence! Never has Pierre Benard had a word with any one."

"Then is it a settlement—a division of property?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer; my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we all draw from the same well, as they say."

"Well, is it to negotiate a purchase, or a sale?"

"Oh, no! I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell."

"Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?" said the lawyer, in surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Benard. "I want your advice—for payment, of course, as I am well able to give it to you, and I don't wish to lose this opportunity."

Mr. Potier took a pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

"Pierre Benard," replied the latter, quite happy that he was at length understood.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years, or very near it."

"Your vocation?"

"My vocation! Oh! that means what I do. I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his stranger client.

"Is it finished already? Well and good; what is the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Three francs!"

Benard paid the money, and took his leave, delighted that he had taken advantage of his opportunity.

When he reached home, it was four o'clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest himself the remainder of the day. In the mean time, the hay had been two days cut, and was completely saved. One of the working men came to ask if it should be drawn in.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come in to meet her husband.

"It would be a pity to commence the work so late, since it can be done to-morrow, without any inconvenience." The man objected that the weather might change; that the horses were all ready, and the hands idle. But the farmer's wife replied, that the wind was in a good quarter, and that night would set in before their work could be completed. Benard, who had been listening to the argument, was uncertain which way to decide, when he suddenly recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed; "I have an advice—and a famous one too—that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, Chereza, see what it says; you can read written hand better than I."

The women took the paper, and read these lines:—

"NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY."

"That's it!" exclaimed Benard, struck with a sudden ray of light; "Come, be quick; get the carts, and away; boys and girls, all to the hayfield!"

His wife ventured a few more objections; but he declared that he had not bought a three franc opinion to make no use of it, and that he would follow the lawyer's advice. He himself set the example by taking the lead in the work, and not returning till all the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct; for the weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley, and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed, and carried away the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed; Benard alone had not suffered.

The success of this first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that day forth he adopted it as a rule of his conduct, and it came by his order and diligence, one of the richest farmers in the country. The maxim which Benard found so useful, we would wish our readers to inscribe upon the walls of their houses, and shops, and places of business; nay, what is better than all, upon their hearts.

—Monthly Visitor.

John B. Gough.
The following is one example among thousands of John B. Gough's unbounded power of moving the human heart:—

"I spoke in Dundee, to the outcasts of that town. The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird, and his Lady, were instrumental in getting up that meeting. It was such a meeting, I suppose, as you cannot see in this country; at least, I never saw such an one. If such an audience can be gathered together here, I should like to see it, and to address it. The town missionaries had got together a large mass of men and women, and you would have looked almost in vain to find one lingering trace of human beauty left. It seemed as if the foul hoot of debauchery had dashed it out. It was a horrid sight to look at. Rags, filth, nakedness—a festering, steaming mass of putrefying humanity. A woman sat at my feet, and the place was so crowded that I touched her; her neck-name for years had been 'Hell-fire.' (Sensation.) The boys called her 'Fire,' and she was known by no other name, in the vicinity of her wretched residence. Fifty-three times had she been convicted and sentenced for from six days to four months imprisonment. The Ex-Provost of the town, George Rough, said to me, 'I never sent one policeman to take her. She is mastered by one man. She is a muscular woman, and she will hit right and left. She has been dragged before me, time after time, with the blood streaming from her face. The Rev. Mr. Hanway and Mr. Rough, said to me, 'if she kicks up a row, as she probably will, you will see one of the most comical rows you ever beheld. It is dreadful, but there is a comicality about it; she has such a power with her tongue that it is amazing. We have seen men who could stand any amount of common swearing, run when 'Fire' began to blaspheme. She sat there at my feet, and as I went on she interrupted me a little. I told that audience what they had been, what they might be, what God meant they should be. I showed them they were thwarting God's good design towards every one of them. I asked that mother if she did not remember sending that half-starved little child for a penny's worth of oatmeal and four-pence worth of whiskey. I asked that young man to remember what he promised when he married that girl, and to go and look at that bed of rags to which he has brought her. Some of them lifted up their naked arms, and said, 'Oh! that is all true.'"

By and by the woman at my feet looked up, and said, 'Where do you learn that?' Then she looked as if she had some important communication to make to the people, and she said the man she all about it. 'Would you give the likes of me the pledge?' 'To be sure I will,' said I. 'Oh! no! no!' said some; 'it won't do for her to take the pledge.' 'I said 'why not?' 'She can't keep it.' 'How do you know?' 'She will be drunk before she goes to bed to-night.' 'How do you know?' 'Ma'am!' I said to her, 'here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep the pledge if you sign it.' The woman flew in a rage. Said I 'before you fight about it, tell me can you keep it?' The reply was, 'if I say I will, I can.' I said 'then you say I will.' 'I will.' 'Give me your hand.' 'I will.' 'Then' said I, 'put down your name.' After she had done it, I said 'give me your hand again.'—She did so, and said 'I will keep it.' 'I know you will,' said I, 'and I shall come back again to see you.' 'Come back when you will,' said she, 'and you will find I have kept it.' Some three years after, I went back. Lord Kinnaird presided over the meeting. The woman was there. Lord Kinnaird, not as 'Fire,' but as Mrs. Archer, a very respectable Scotch woman. She had on her white cap, and her cloak pinned across her breast. He shook hands with her. I went to her house. I wish I could tell you what she told me; I wish I could make you feel as she made me feel; she said, 'I am a poor body. I dinna ken much, and what little I do ken, has been knocked out of me by the staves of the policemen. They pummed me over the head sir. I dinna ken how to pray; I cannot pray, but sometimes I dream'—and then her eyes filled. 'I dream I am drunk, and I cannot pray; but I get out of my bed, sir, and kneel by the side of it, and I never get back till unil day dawn, and all I can say is 'God keep me!' I cannot get drunk any more.' Her daughter said, 'Aye mon; I have heard my mother at the dead of night, on the bare floor in the bitter winter-time, cry out 'God keep me!' and I said mother, go to your bed, and she said no, no! I had a dream, and I cannot drink any more.' 'That woman is now to be seen going, every Sabbath day, to hear God's word preached—who who has not entered God's house for twenty-eight years!'

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"I spoke in Dundee, to the outcasts of that town. The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird, and his Lady, were instrumental in getting up that meeting. It was such a meeting, I suppose, as you cannot see in this country; at least, I never saw such an one. If such an audience can be gathered together here, I should like to see it, and to address it. The town missionaries had got together a large mass of men and women, and you would have looked almost in vain to find one lingering trace of human beauty left. It seemed as if the foul hoot of debauchery had dashed it out. It was a horrid sight to look at. Rags, filth, nakedness—a festering, steaming mass of putrefying humanity. A woman sat at my feet, and the place was so crowded that I touched her; her neck-name for years had been 'Hell-fire.' (Sensation.) The boys called her 'Fire,' and she was known by no other name, in the vicinity of her wretched residence. Fifty-three times had she been convicted and sentenced for from six days to four months imprisonment. The Ex-Provost of the town, George Rough, said to me, 'I never sent one policeman to take her. She is mastered by one man. She is a muscular woman, and she will hit right and left. She has been dragged before me, time after time, with the blood streaming from her face. The Rev. Mr. Hanway and Mr. Rough, said to me, 'if she kicks up a row, as she probably will, you will see one of the most comical rows you ever beheld. It is dreadful, but there is a comicality about it; she has such a power with her tongue that it is amazing. We have seen men who could stand any amount of common swearing, run when 'Fire' began to blaspheme. She sat there at my feet, and as I went on she interrupted me a little. I told that audience what they had been, what they might be, what God meant they should be. I showed them they were thwarting God's good design towards every one of them. I asked that mother if she did not remember sending that half-starved little child for a penny's worth of oatmeal and four-pence worth of whiskey. I asked that young man to remember what he promised when he married that girl, and to go and look at that bed of rags to which he has brought her. Some of them lifted up their naked arms, and said, 'Oh! that is all true.'"

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