

Poetry.

PRESS ON!

A RIVULET'S SONG.

"Just under an island, 'midst rushes and moss,
I was born of a rock-spring and dew;
I was shaded by trees, whose branches and
leaves
Ne'er suffered the sun to gaze through.

"I wandered around the steep brow of a hill,
Where the daisies and violets fair
Were shaking the mist from their waking eyes,
And pouring their breath on the air.

"Then I crept gently on, and I moistened the
feet
Of a shrub that enfolded a nest—
The bird, in return, sang his merriest song,
And showed me his feathery crest.

"How joyous I felt in the bright afternoon,
When the sun, riding off in the west,
Came out in red gold from behind the green
trees
And burnished my tremulous breast.

"My memory now can return to the time,
When the trees murmured low plaintive
tones,
While I wasted the day in dancing away,
Or playing with pebbles and stones.

"It points to the hour when the rain pattered
down,
Oft resting awhile on the trees;
Then quickly descending it ruffled my calm,
And whispered to me of the seas!

"'Twas then the first wish found a home in
my breast
To increase as time hurries along;
'Twas then I first learned to whisper softly the
words
Which I now love so dearly—"PRESS ON!"

"I'll make wider my bed, as onward I tread,
A deep, mighty river I'll be—
'PRESS ON' all the day will I sing on my way,
Till I reach the far-spreading sea."

It ceased. A youth lingered beside its green
edge
Till the stars in its face brightly shone;
He hoped the sweet strain would re-echo
again—
But he just heard a murmur—"PRESS ON!"

The Family.

FALLACIES OF THE GENTLEMEN.

[BY A LADY WHO UNFORTUNATELY KNOWS
THEM ONLY TOO WELL.]

That women are only born to be their slaves.
That dinner is to be ready for them the very
minute they come into the house.

That a lady's bonnet can be put on as quick-
ly as a gentleman's hat.

That we can dress in a minute; and that
ringing the bell violently has the effect of mak-
ing us dress one bit the quicker.

That they can do everything so much bet-
ter than we can, from nursing the baby down
to poking the fire.

That they are "the Lords of the Creation"
—(pretty lords, indeed!)

That nothing can be too good for them; for
I am sure if you were to put a hot joint before
them every day that still they would be dissa-
tisfied, and would be grumbling that you ne-
ver gave them cold meat.

That they know our age so much better than
we do ourselves. (It's so very likely!)

That they may invite whom and as many as
they please, but if we only invite our mamma
to come and stop with us, or just ask a dear un-
married sister or two to stop with us for a month
that there's to be no peace for us so long as
they remain in the house.

That music can be learnt without practising,
and that it is necessary for them to rush out
and to slam the door violently the very mo-
ment we begin to open our voices, or to run
over the last new Polka.

That sleeping after dinner promotes con-
versation.

That they know what dress and bonnet be-
come us so much better than we do.

That it is necessary to make a poor woman
cry, because a stupid shirt button happens to
be off. I declare some men must believe that
their wives cut off their shirt buttons purposely,
from the savage pleasure they take in abusing
them for it.

That we are not allowed to faint, or to have

the smallest fit of hysterics, without being
told not to make a fool of ourselves."

That housekeeping does not require any
money; and if we venture to ask for any, that
it is pleasant to be met with all sorts of black
looks and insinuations as to "what can we
do with it all;" or very agreeable to be told
that we will be "the ruin of him some day"—
(I should like to see the day!)

That the house never requires cleaning, or
the tables rubbing, or the carpets beating, or
the furniture renewing, or the sofas fresh cov-
ers, or, in fact, that anything has a right to
wear out, or to be spoilt, or broken; and, in
short, that every thing ought to last forever!

That a poor lone woman is never to have
any pleasure, but always, always, to stop at
home, and "mind her children." (I'm tired
of such nonsense.)

That their daughters can learn music, paint-
ing, playing, dancing, and all the accomplish-
ments, without the aid of a single master.

That the expenses of one's household do not
increase with one's family, but, rather, that ten
children can be supported for the same cost
as one.

That no husband is perfect, like Hercules,
without his club, and that the less a wife sees
of her husband, the fonder she actually grows
of him.

That it is a pleasure for us to sit up for them.

[Our fair correspondent says, she thinks the
above fallacies are enough for the present,
and we certainly agree with her; but if the
gentlemen show any more of their airs, she
will give them a lot more.]—Punch.

[From the Puritan Recorder.]

CHARITY BALLS.

Opposition to promiscuous dancing is often
upbraided as something Puritanically sour.
Especially is this reproach noisily spread,
when those who think with their heels rather
than their heads, would sanctify their frivolous
amusement by dancing out of charity. Poor
charity! Thy lovely name is as much abused
as the sacred names of liberty and religion.
Men who would not give a shilling from pure
compassion, will pay their dollars for a ticket
to a charity-ball, of which the greater part
of the proceeds goes to pay expenses. This is
according to the Spanish proverb about 'steal-
ing a sheep, and giving the trotters to the poor
for God's sake.' Such benevolence is as hol-
low and noisy as the fiddles to which it capers.

We give below a remarkable document
upon this subject. It is a pastoral letter, in
which the Roman Catholic bishop of Detroit
solemnly prohibits his people from taking part
in charity-balls. Without endorsing every
word of it, we may express our admiration of
the learning and faithfulness it displays, and
commend the example to the consideration of
Protestant pastors, who have still stronger rea-
sons for discouraging and resisting such prac-
tices.

To our age is reserved the honor of adding
to the dictionary of our language the word
charity-ball, and of teaching that what dis-
honors God, blasphemes our holy religion, and
places a stumbling block to a multitude of
souls, who find in it both spiritual and tem-
poral ruin, can be right and praiseworthy on
account of that relief which it may afford to
the poor. In other words, that the end jus-
tifies the means, however criminal they may
be in themselves or in the circumstances at-
tending them. You are well convinced, and
we loudly proclaim, that you must give alms,
according to the repeated precepts of our
Lord. But remember well, that this God in-
finitely wise, cannot be indifferent to the man-
ner in which you acquit yourself of this work
of charity, in order that it may answer to His
design, and be meritorious to you. For, in
order that any work whatever may be truly
good, it does not suffice that it should be good
under a certain relation, or in some of the cir-
cumstances attending it, but it must be good
in every relation; in its object, which should
be proportioned to the act; in its end, and in
its circumstances, which should all be in har-
mony with the act itself—in fine, in its inten-
tion, which should be nothing else than the
goodness of the act itself. If one of these
conditions be wanting, it not only ceases to
be good, but it becomes vicious and detestable;
in the eyes of God, it becomes a sin. *Non est
actio bona nisi omnes bonitates concurrant;
quia, quilibet, singularis defectus causat ma-
lum; bonum autem causatur ex integra causa.*
After this, can we imagine that God will re-
ceive, as righteous and meritorious, an act of
so-called charity, through this instrumentality
of balls and dances, with all those dangerous

and criminal circumstances that, especially in
our days accompany them? Is not this to
overturn all the rules of Christian morality,
and insult God, by pretending to perform an
action agreeable to Him, whilst we make use
of means which He Himself has forbidden;
which the Church, ever guided by the Holy
Spirit, condemns; of which even men of the
world themselves avow the fatal consequen-
ces, from their own experience; and which
Pagans, despite the laxity of their morals, have
marked with infamy. 'Dancing,' says Ci-
cero, 'is the last of all vices. One must have
run the career of all others; he must have de-
livered himself up to all other excesses, before
he can yield himself to this.' Dancing can-
not exist, save among those whose hearts are
already possessed of every other vice; 'for no
one,' says the great orator, 'no one dances,
whether in private or convivial assemblies,
unless he be either intoxicated or a fool. The
Pagans were so convinced of this, that to ren-
der the followers of Philip of Macedon odious,
it was enough for Demosthenes to accuse them
of having danced. At Rome, when they de-
sired to paint the portrait of a prostitute, it
was enough to say that she danced more ele-
gantly than was becoming a modest woman.
Ovid, that poet, so voluptuous and so regard-
less of morality, styled dancing-houses places
of shipwreck for modesty, and the dance itself
the seed of vice. But if such was the opinions
of Pagans concerning dancing, that of the peo-
ple of the world, of a modern age, is not more
favorable. 'The dance,' says Petrarch, 'is a
frivolous spectacle, unworthy of man, held in
detestation by chaste eyes, a prelude to the ex-
ercise of the passions, the source of number-
less infamies from which nothing issues save
irregularity and impurity.' Boyle, the impi-
ous philosopher, who even professed to disbe-
lieve the existence of a God—Boyle says,
'The dance can only serve to spoil the heart,
and wage a war dangerous to chastity.' But
it is not among Pagans, nor among the impi-
ous, that a Christian should go to learn the
knowledge of his duties. 'Fly from feasts and
dances, accompanied by music,' says St. Gau-
dentius. 'The house in which such disorders
are found present all the dangers of the thea-
tre. Let all which relates to the pomps of the
devil be banished from the houses of Chris-
tians.' 'She dances,' says St. Ambrose,
speaking of the daughter of Herodias, 'she
dances, but it is the daughter of an adulter-
ess. Let mothers, then, who love chastity
and modesty give to their daughters lessons
of religion, and not lessons of dancing. And
you, O! men, who pride yourselves upon
your gravity and prudence, learn to detest
those abominable places of resort, and to avoid
those who frequent them.' The same Holy
Father calls the dance 'the choir of iniqui-
ties, the ruin of innocence, and the grave of
modesty.' Tertullian pictures to us the pla-
ces of worldly dances as 'the temples of Ve-
nus, and the sinks of impurity.' St. Basil
paints them to us as 'the place of traffic in
shameful obscenities.' St. Chrysotom regards
them as 'the high schools of impure passions.'
St. Augustine says, that 'it is better to till the
earth on Sundays than to dance.' One of the
most illustrious of modern Pontiffs speaks to
us in this manner, 'The worldly dance,' says
St. Charles Barromeo, 'is nothing else than a
circle, whose centre is the devil, whose slaves
form the circumference, whence it arises that
rarely or ever can one dance without sin.'
Origen tells us, with as much force as truth,
that the Devil sometimes wars against
men by the sight of woman, sometimes by the
Siren sound of her voice, at other times
through the voluptuous touch; but in the
dance he employs all these arms combined, for
there they are seen decked in all their charms,
there is heard the sound of sweet singing, loud
laughter, and of lascivious conversation, and
their hands are clasped together, and then the
devil wages desperate war and conquers." It
is above all, dear Brethren, to the Holy Coun-
cils that we must go to hear the oracles of
God from the mouth of the Holy Church.
The Council of Constantinople forbids dances
under pain of anathema. The Council of Aix-
la-Chapelle calls them impious things, and that
of Tours denominates them 'the artifices and
snares of the devil.' The Holy Spirit ex-
pressly says, in the Scriptures, 'use not much
the company of her that is a dancer, and
hearken not to her, lest thou perish by the
force of her charms;' and, in another place,
speaking, no doubt, of what passes in your
ball-rooms, He says, 'And the Lord said, be-
cause the daughters of Zion are haughty and
have walked with stretched out necks, and
wanton glances of their eyes, and made a

noise as they walked with their feet, and
moved in set paces, the Lord will make bald
the crown of the head of the daughters of
Zion, and the Lord will discover their hair.'

After all that we have just said, is it not evi-
dent that balls and dances are the home of
impure love and the school of libertinage—the
empire of voluptuousness, and consequent-
ly the wreck of innocence; in fact, if the
devil wished to tempt you, under what more
seductive figures than under that of persons
costumed for the ball could he appear? What
indecentcy of dress! what immodesty of man-
ner! what voluptuousness of expression! Yes,
we defy Satan himself to make better
provision for success. Who, after seeing all
the scandals and disorders which these infa-
mous pleasures daily cause, will dare to doubt?

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