

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;  
But we've got our eyes wide open, and just know what to do:  
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,  
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style.  
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;  
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see  
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;  
Make it more if you want to; for I have got the checks.  
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,  
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

The often quoted phrase "Consistency's a jewel," the origin of which has so puzzled critics, appeared originally in Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads. In the ballad of "Jolly Robyn Roughhead" are the following lines:  
"Tush! tush! my lassie! such thoughts resigne;  
Comparisons are cruel.  
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,  
Consistency's a jewel.  
For thee and me coarse clothes are best;  
Rude folks in homelye raiment drest—  
Wife Joan and Goodman Robyn."

MYSTERY OF MUSIC.—What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, but making the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is, therefore, not too lofty for His praise; too near to the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth.—[Arthur's Italy in Transition.

POEM.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heart-felt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from grand old masters,  
Not from bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time;

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through the long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume,  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice;

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Wife and I.

We quarreled this morning, wife and I—  
We were out of temper and scarce know why,

Though the cause was trivial and common,  
But to look in our eyes you'd have sworn that we both

Were a couple of enemies spiteful and wroth;  
Not a wedded man and woman.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,  
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way

As so little a woman was able;  
She clenched her lips with a sneer and a frown,

While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,  
Like a careless groom in a stable.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us thus)

Of little women and little men.  
You'd have laughed at our spite and passion:

And would never have dreamed that a storm like this

Would be rainbowed to tears by that sunlight, a kiss,  
Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour,  
And was followed soon by a sunny shower

And that again by embraces;  
Yet so little the meaning was understood,

That we almost felt ashamed to be good,  
And wore a blush on our faces.

Then she, as woman, much braver became,  
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame

By her kindness, her self-reproving,  
When seeing her humble, and knowing her true,

I all at once became humble too,  
And very contrite and loving.

But seeing I acted an humble part,  
She laughed outright with a frolicsome heart;

A laugh as careless as Cupid;  
And the laughter wrangled along my brain,

Till I almost felt in a passion again,  
And became quite stubborn and stupid.

And this was the time for her arms to twine

Around this stubbornest neck of mine,  
Like the arms of a maid round a lover;

And feeling them there, with their warmth, you know

The storm (as I called it) was over.

So then we could talk with the power to please,

As though the passing of storms like these  
Leaves a certain felicity

Of getting easily angry again  
Yet they free the heart and rebuke the brain

And teach us rough humility.

You see that we love one another so well,  
That we find more comfort than you can tell

In jingling our bells and corals;  
In the fiercer fights of a world so drear,

We keep our spirits so close and clear,  
That we need such trivial quarrels.

In the great fierce fights of the world we try

To shield one another, my wife and I,  
Like brave strong man and woman;

But the trivial quarrels of days and nights  
Unshackle our souls from the great fierce fights,  
And keeps us lowly and human.

Clouds would grow in the quietest mind,  
And make it unmeet to mix with its kind;

Were nature less wise as a mother,  
And with storms like ours there must flutter out

From the bosom the hoarded-up darkness and doubt,  
The excess of love for each other!"

FOR THE KENTUCKY SENTINEL.  
LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

BY ANON. AND J. SON.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,  
When it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Solomon. Prov. xxiii; 31, 32.

O Sire, thy locks are frosted, white,  
Thy limbs 'neath age are bending—  
Touch not thy lips, though foaming high  
The draught the cup is lending;  
A bitter deep of poisoned dyes,  
Lies where the red drops shine,—  
Let it not stain thy Winter's wane—  
Look not upon the wine.

Son, is thy brow with promise high,  
Is Hope thy young cheek flushing—  
In bright perspective, yet before,  
Fame's harvest, richly flushing?  
Shall youth's sweet glow, to redness, turn—  
Heaven's impress fair, resign—  
The adder spring, with venom'd sting?—  
Look not upon the wine.

He, who has proud Ambition's all,  
Into thy keeping given;  
And she, whose loving hopes of thee,  
Take anchor but in heaven,—  
Shall sorrow strew the silver hairs—  
Their fading temples line—  
Hope's cherished light, go down in night?—  
Look not upon the wine.

Thou, who hast clasped the trembling hand,  
Beside the blushing altar,  
And sealed the truth, but death can break—  
The love that should not falter;—  
The lily and the roses, neath  
Time's withering suns, must pine—  
Let no grosser flame, the fair spoils claim—  
Look not upon the wine.

Man, God himself, thy prototype  
E'en now the lofty bearing  
Is stricken with the drunkard's curse—  
The foul red brand is wearing.  
O by the love of one—a love  
That like a clinging vine,  
Though rude storms sweep, its clasp would keep—  
Look not upon the wine.

Once she was fair—but formed for love—  
Like lilies in a shower,  
The laughing cheek now droops with tears—  
Thus with thy cherished flower!—  
And little arms around thee thrown,  
As loving tendrils twine,  
Should the serpent's bite, life's sweetness blight—  
O look not on the wine!

A voice not lost midst rushing years,  
Comes with its holy pleading—  
"My child, O shun the maddening cup!"  
And art thou still unheeding?  
By Him, who erst the spirit made  
Forever fair, to shine,  
Go cleanse thy soul from the damning bowl—  
Look not upon the wine.

For e'en the heavens within His sight  
Are not of purest seeming—  
His angels are with folly charged,  
In their resplendent gleaming;  
Then how shall man, with breath impure,  
Impugn God's holy shrine?—  
Heaven cannot claim a drunkard's name—  
O look not on the wine.