

Select Poetry

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Our God in Heaven, from that holy place,
By each of us an angel-guarded,
The millions of dead children have more grace
For they give angels to their God and Heaven.
How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary
Knowing her dear self, safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?
How happy are we, our hearts may be unaching,
For God keeps, our holy faith, defend;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel-hands aside?
Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Down to God by mother love—we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely we can never,
With such a star in Heaven, fall or fail.
She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is here forever, that one little voice,
One little happy voice, is all her own.
We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels, fitting to and fro,
Praise, as they pass—they look upon her,
As mothers of an angel whom they know.
One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—
The children's place in Heaven—who soothly sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
On melting, e'er, their little folded wings.
Or great dear Mary while they or her hands
To play with—yet, in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
And asks her why their mother stays so long.
Thou our dear Queen, whose angels will call
Her very name; whom when they are begotten
To visit here, while she tells them all
The story of her Jesus as a child.
Ah, being in Heaven may pray with earnest will
And pray for their weak and erring brothers;
Yet those in Heaven are more tender still—
The little children praying for their mothers.

Miscellaneous

SAM'S SERMON.

BY S. WALKINS TUTTLE.

A college student, although possessing many points of resemblance to the human family, is yet of as distinct a species as any of the "races" which have puzzled ethnologists since the world began.
It often happens that young men whose parents were respectable and went down to the grave without any gray hairs, from the mere fact of their being connected with an institution of learning, began to show symptoms early in life, of being college students. They wear high hats, fondly but erroneously called "beavers;" they carry canes; they systematically reverse all preconceived ideas of the normal position of the human frame; they invent new theories of study, founded upon experience they utterly lack; are aggressive "monotheists" in regard to the cherished idols of their elders, and persistent reformers in whatever ought not to be reformed.
That the Darwinian theory of development has any bearing upon the subject, inductively or otherwise, I do not think. Nor am I inclined to the opinion that it can be solved by the doctrine of inherited tendencies. Whatever may have been the antecedents of the individual, in every case the result is identical. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutantur, hi nos mutantur in illis*, is a saying which age has ripened into an axiom. But the college student is entirely exempt from the operation of this rule. Time and place, and circumstances have as little influence upon his essential characteristics as has the failure of the grape-crop in Europe upon the supply of imported wines.
If I might be allowed, in this connection, to imitate high priced writers, and advance a theory, I should say that the species in question was "developed" on the plantation successfully introduced by one Dr. Prosperides many years ago. The system is what does it.
Whatever I have said or suggested concerning the class-individuality of the college student may with equal correctness be indicated of the room in which he lives. Differing, like the students themselves, in minor points of development, the rooms are always identical in their general plan.
Most prominent to entering, is a large gilt-framed mirror, fastened on the wall near the window, the occupant of which the occupant of the room belongs. By the aid of an in-

genious jack-knife—this device is often-times carved on the outer door; and the apartment thus consecrated to "Cliff Phil" or "Pie-Up-side" is held by the society in a kind of tenancy in tail special, by what might be called an anchorite right of door.

On the side wall sometimes hangs a pair of foils, suggestively crossed, with pendant masks; and perhaps a pair of boxing gloves; two or three large engravings also, with frames, and half a dozen smaller ditto, without; a few country made photographs of mid-eyed demurets impaled on nails, and a more pretentious one of "my brother the captain."

It being facetiously claimed that colleges are instituted for purposes of study, the college student is always possessed of from twenty to one hundred books, which, collectively, he calls his library. This varies very much with the character of the student. If he has the reputation of being lazy, a full supply of the classics is ostentatiously displayed, the translations to the same being preserved from the dust in the lower bureau-drawer. If his standard for piety is represented on the books of the faculty by the algebraic symbol x —an unknown quantity, you will not wonder that the collection of theological works is extensive and—borrowed.

In all cases three or four big lexicons may be found lying carelessly on the centre-table, ready for immediate use, while in the midst of this philological barricade is a head-looking cigar box, which promises Partagas to the eye, but fulfils only Killiknick to the taste; and flanking it are half a dozen dirty pipes, each one the dirtiest of the lot, like the various superlatives of the Greek agathos.

In a room substantially answering this description, at Aristotle College, in a May twilight of the year 1862, a group of half a dozen Seniors were gathered to smoke a pipe apiece and discuss their approaching graduation. Four were seated around the table, with their feet thereupon, their chairs tipped back and hypothetical schemata at their lips, diligently offering burnt sacrifices to their patron-saint, and mounting in prospective on smoke-wreaths to unattainable castles in some ever-receding Spain. At the window sat another, upon whose face unctuous good-nature seemed striving with a certain sanctimonious gravity for the controlling expression. The last one of the party lay stretched out on the bed, with his feet elevated on the foot board and his eyes fixed soberly on the ceiling.

Smoking is a serious business with students, and there was silence in the room for the space of half a minute.

"I say fellows!" abruptly exclaimed the loafer on the bed, rolling over so as to face his companions, "where are we all going, and what are we going to do with ourselves; that's what I'd like to know?"

"Answer for yourself, Sam," said a voice from the smoke, "and then pass it round."

"Very well," said Sam, "I am not going to do anything."

"You never did," interrupted the smoker.

"Dry up! I mean this summer. In the fall I am going to New York to study law and practice it in that city."

In turn each pronounced his horoscope, and last of all the one by the window was called upon to speak.

"Now, Dunning," said he on the bed, who had been called Sam, "let's hear you prognosticate. Will you devote the learning obtained from our *Alma Mater* to keeping a faro bank or running an ice-cart?"

"I would devote myself to the task of reforming you, O incorrigible joker!" if there was the slightest chance of success," replied Dunning in a rich mel-low tone, in perfect keeping with his anxious aspect. "In the meantime, I am going to enter the Theological Seminary next October, and when I

graduate—don't think I propose to preach 'the gospel.'"

"A healthy old preacher you'll make," said Sam. "I could preach your town right off of you."

"You!" retorted Dunning, derisively. "Why you are nothing but a universal skeptic, making fun of every-thing."

"I'm not," said Sam, indignantly. "If everybody who likes fun is a skeptic, what are you yourself, Frank Dunning? The trouble is you study theology more than you do religion, and you get so narrow minded as a Jew, and won't admit that any thing good can come out of Nazareth;" and he threw himself back on the pillow with a wrathful grunt.

"Don't tear your coat-sleeves out, Sam," said Dunning, laughing gleefully. "or I'll think I hit you pretty hard."

"Hard!—as your head," said Sam, who had worked himself into quite a state of indignation. "I can write as good a sermon as you, and every bit as orthodox."

"Well, if you will, I'll preach it," said Dunning, laughing heartily.

"You will?" asked Sam, sitting up suddenly. "I'll hold you to that. If I write a sermon, you will preach it, eh?"

"I am to have the privilege of overlooking it, to see that you don't put in any slang or quote Co ca che-lunk?"

"Yes," said Sam.

"When shall it be?" asked Sam.

"Not till I take orders, at any rate," replied Dunning.

"Suppose we leave it to George Graves, and when he appoints the time we will both abide by it."

"Agreed!"

"Will you act as umpire, George?"

"If one of you will stop talking long enough to let the other tell me what you are blowing about, perhaps I will," said the smoker addressed.

"Well, then," said Dunning, "the case is this: Sam Tickler thinks he can write as good a sermon as I. I doubt, and in order to give his undiscovered genius a chance to soar, I promise if he will write one—original, orthodox and twenty minutes long—that I will preach it. He accepts this offer, and we propose to make you refer to decide when the sermon shall be furnished by him and preached by me; and we pledge ourselves, when you notify us to fulfill each our part of the arrangement."

"Amen," said Tickler.

"All right," said Graves; and the conversation turned on some other subject. Imperceptibly the noisy rallery died away and the jostling relapsed into silence. Thicker and faster the smoke wreaths rise till they become veritable pillars of cloud, through which no eye can see; and the room and the students slowly fade away, to take their places amid the ghostly memories which haunt the catacombs of the brain.

What a convenient and ever-present subject for pathos is the illimitable flight of Time, as it sweeps past suns and stars and planets, into the receptacle prepared in intangible space for immaterial verities!

Many a Pegasus that has sought to soar above the Aonian mount till he dwindled it to a molehill is fain at last to halt for a brief nibble at this luxurious pasurage.

It has furnished the peonies and son-flowers of rhetoric to many a barren pen.

It has fired with eloquence many a lover's tongue when wooing a tardy mistress to name the fatal—I mean happy—day.

And it enables me to state, with the epigrammatic perspicuity of the play-bill, that "five years are supposed to have elapsed between the first and second chapters."

The venue of this chapter is laid in a law-office in New York, where the reader is supposed to appear and witness. The most interesting thing to be witnessed is Sam Tickler, sobered down from the student to the man, industriously laboring in the labyrinth of the

law. The frosts of five summers have thickened his brow, though we would hope the practice of three winters has greenbacked his pockets. To him entering's form darkened the doorway, like unto himself in point of transformation and maturity.

"Hello, George Graves! Old chum, I'm glad to see you! Where do you hail from?"

"From Buffalo, was the reply, as Graves returned the cordial grasp of the hand and repaid with warmth the welcome sparkle of the eye.

The meeting of two college classmates in the great vast of life's like that of two ships at sea on a long and lonely voyage. Business and discipline are forgotten. For a time they drift jolly from their course. Thoughts of home and old companions make the air fragrant. Eager questions are asked and answered. Memories of bygone days stir up the warm depths of the heart, and leave it green with the old-time freshness for many a day to come.

The reminiscences of Graves and Sam Tickler would not bear repeating. One by one, old companions were resurrected, and information concerning them exchanged. At length Dunning's name was mentioned.

"He is settled for the present," said Graves, at a little village in the Chamung Valley, which goes by the euphonious name of Ratville. I saw him about a month ago. He is just as jolly and undignified as ever—only a little more so—and growing fatter every day."

"I haven't seen him," said Tickler, "for over two years. I would like to take a look at his countenance."

"He told me," replied Graves, that he expected to be in New York the middle of May: this is the first week in April. You know he's got a flame here? Nice girl, I guess—daughter of Rev. Dr. Jomebody, up town. Frank is going to spread himself in pa-in-law's pulpit. Sam, do you remember the agreement you and Frank made a sermon you were going to write for him? You left it to me to say when it should come off; now I've got a nice rig for both of you. By virtue of the authority in me vested, I appoint the occasion when he fills the Doctor's pulpit."

"For Heaven's sake, dear Sam, don't talk such nonsense," persisted Graves. "You pledged your word not to back out, and I'm going to hold you to it."

"You're not in earnest?" said Sam, imploringly. "I can't write a sermon."

"You can now as well as you could then," said Graves. "No go, old fellow! I'll write to Dunning this instant."

So he sat down at Tickler's desk, took a sheet of the of the office paper and produced the following epistle:

OFFICE OF TICKLER & STIMULEN,
No. 20 Nassau street,
NEW YORK, April 4, 1867.

DEAR FRANK,
Do you still remember the compact you and Sam Tickler entered into just before we graduated, by which he agreed to write a sermon, which you performed to be designated by me? I have notified Sam of my decision, and he cheerfully (?) accepts it. I appoint the occasion of your visit to New York next month, and the day that on which you are to preach for Dr. What's-his-name. No backing out. They tell me you are rather tender on the Doctor's daughter, eh? By-by, old boy. Sam sends his love.

Your old friend and class-mate,
"GEORGE GRAVES."

We must remember that ministers—especially young ones—are but mortal, and excuse the casual wrath which Dunning felt on receipt of this letter. I do not believe he found language adequate to express his feelings. As Graves had suggested, he was very tenderly disposed toward the Doctor's daughter, and had hoped to improve this opportunity very much to his advancement. Animated by this desire he was already glowing with inspiration on the efficacy of sacramental grace—one of the old gentlemen's hobbies—and nightly shouted well turned sen-

tences to smiling auditors in the silence of his room. But here was a ruthless invader who smote all his fine air-castles to smithereens! This sermon which might make his fortune his fortune must be thrust aside for a dish water production, that would be an insult to the audience and ruin him forever with the critical and exacting divine. With all his worldliness, however, Dunning was too conscientious to break his word; and though he felt as if he were signing his own death warrant, he wrote Tickler that he would keep his pledge.

Although he had no personal interest at stake, Sam was as much disconcerted at the turn of affairs as Frank Dunning himself.

"Thus it is," he exclaimed; "that the follies of our youth rise up and sit in judgment on our maturer years." (He was just twenty-seven.) Once in a while the thought entered his mind of backing squarely down and confessing a failure. But pride left him fast, and the thought of Dunning's triumph banished the idea.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself argumentatively. How shall I begin? I am not posted in doctrine. I wish I could think of some way to solve the question!"

But while he tried to think time passed and the month of May came. Next week Dunning would be in town. But one Sunday intervened before the fatal day. A cold chill ran all over Sam. It was Saturday night. The shades of a dull May evening were settling over the city, but he still sat in his office brooding over his skeleton, as he called it, and fairly getting desperate. "Something must be done, and that forthwith."

Picking up a pencil, Tickler put his disconnected thoughts on the paper before him in the same idle spirit which often tempts men in perplexity to do something with their hands. He did not write out his ideas, but jotted them down in short-hand, and the queer little figures in the gathering gloom seemed transformed into grotesque gymnasts performing all manner of fantastic feats. He had partially learned the art in college, and afterward, finding it very useful, had perfected there-in. In many a tight pinch photography had helped him aforesaid, but it could not aid now.

Why not? With the question came the solution of his difficulty. He was out of the woods! Short-hand forever! With a wonderful change of feeling, Sam jumped up and went home; first, however, carefully stowing away in one pocket a box of pencils and in the other his note-book.

The next morning Sam called forth to perform a sermon. I may as well confess the truth at once that his pretty intimate knowledge of New York did not extend to its churches. He had a vague idea of the various denominations, but if questioned very closely, would have been compelled to "give it up." Without knowing where to go, he strolled down Broadway, and unconsciously turning into Twenty-third street, passed before the brown stone sanctity of St. Vitor's.

"This is as good as any," he said to himself, and entered its sumptuous parlors. Modestly seeking the gallery, he found a quiet corner near to the pulpit and there, in due time, he transferred to his note-book the sermon which the venerable pastor pronounced. It was flat burglary, no doubt, and should be classed among the offences punishable without benefit of clergy; but success, like the mantle of charity, covers a multitude of sins in our day, and nobody is a criminal till he is found out.

By the next afternoon he had it copied off. On Wednesday, Dunning made his appearance to demand Sam's sermon, hoping devoutly in his secret heart that he would be justified in declining to preach it. Sam handed him the manuscript with a triumphant

look, and Sam, with dignified would study something. "What for instance—you far more actively in your able to preach a better sermon than I can write, and I have years of studying theology."

"That's just where you boy," said Sam, with dignified would study something. "What for instance—you far more actively in your able to preach a better sermon than I can write, and I have years of studying theology."

Dunning shook his dubious look, and took his leave. Tickler was the success of his rise, looked forward to the dressing for church on Sunday he stopped sudden-ly.

"Now, that's funny," where Frank is going never heard the doctor's der who can tell me?"

He met Oliver on "Certainly, I know," going there now. Con-clude.

They walked rapidly animated conversation attention to their ro-und, and belied with the magnificence of St. Vi-Gloria's by the

"Yes, here," said him off. "Why not? Tickler sprang up a kind and raised. He must see Dunning's vice began. Alas! Frank stood at the lesson for the day. Doctor sat beaming hid, while his beam on him from the as if there were eyes.

"Is your friend's section to Gibbon's?"

"Something seems with him," replied should say he's got. "What the earth of Tickler's conscious of but a sword and a sword."

"And he's an fervently that his congregation."

"Only get me a nuttier inwardly row I never will take."

"Larger than the school resumed the study, the object to be interested with grave digni-ty announced at posterly studying in pairs while to be thought in was that was my he would not be ut-

"A happy olive changed into the boldy and will smaller system bigger, the that the's constant to answer blank-chen. That his chair and listening in the the's constant to answer blank-chen. That his chair and

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