

[For the Deseret News.]

**Don't be Discouraged.**

Though fortune frowns upon you, though friends may forsake you, and hearts in which you have trusted with enthusiastic devotion should deceive you—though one by one the bright hopes and visions of youth have eluded your grasp and faded from your sight—though the heavens may seem as brass above you; and the earth iron beneath your feet—though your brain may reel and your heart be ready to burst, and emotions "too big for utterance" cause you to tremble in every nerve and feel as though your life blood would ooze from every pore—*don't be discouraged.*

Then is the time to show yourself a man. These things are a necessary part of your mental discipline—to prove you, and enable you to know yourself.

There are seasons when the mental sky is dark and cloudy, when we tremble under a consciousness of our own weakness, and when the hosts of temptation rush to the assault. Then is the time to bring into play all the energies of your soul, and though resistance against such overwhelming numbers may seem hopeless, plant your feet firmly on the rock of truth, and say,

"Come one, come all; this rock shall fly  
From its firm base, as soon as I."

Never give up. Crush down the contending emotions of your heart; hold them in an iron grasp; march unflinchingly forward, and let not your countenance betray the secrets of the soul. There is always sunshine after a storm; summer after winter, and a calm succeeds the tempest. So peace and joy will come to the soul that has struggled through the night of temptation and sorrow, and be all the sweeter for the contrast.

When deceived and betrayed by those whom you have loved perhaps, as your own soul, you may be tempted to adopt the language of the sublime but misanthropic poet:

"Oh man, thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
Debas'd by slavery or corrupt by power;  
Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust—  
Degrading mass of animated dust.  
Thy love is lust; thy friendship all a cheat,  
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit."

But don't give way to it—don't loose your faith in humanity. It is poor wine that sours easily. There are hearts as true as Damascus' steel; noble natures; Godlike souls, who are worthy your most unlimited confidence and love—and if you possess any of the *true metal* you will yet find them, for such natures have an affinity for each other; there is a spiritual attraction which draws them together from the ends of the earth.

They will appreciate your worth, nor discard you because of your faults. They will discover the pure gold in you—if you possess any—in spite of the mingled dross. Like true connoisseurs they will discover the pure diamond beneath its rough exterior of dirt, and hammer, chisel, grind and rub you, until you become a valuable and polished gem.

If any beings ever had reason to be discouraged with, and in disgust and contempt to turn from, mankind, they were Jesus and Joseph. But, hated by those they sought to benefit; persecuted by their foes; betrayed by their friends, (?) and slain by all—they still continue to carry out the great plan of philanthropy they commenced on earth. Then *don't let us be discouraged.* SIRIUS.

[For the Deseret News.]

**"Don't be in a Hurry."**

It is bad policy either in business, pleasure or love. Nothing is ever gained by it, and very often a great deal is lost. Eager haste often overreaches itself, and, like the man in the fable, who cut open his goose that laid him a golden egg every day, in order to grasp at once the whole store of his wealth, defeats its own purposes. Be energetic, industrious, persevering—but *don't be in a hurry.*

Some men go through life like a high pressure engine with about three hundred pounds of steam to the square inch—puffing, laboring, sweating—their faculties strained to their utmost tension, till they are almost ready to burst. They are always in a hurry. If you pass them in the street they have only time to say "How d'ye," and on they rush like a locomotive. They gulp down their meals as though it was a dose of Castor oil, and then rush off again to business as though the machinery of the Universe would not go on without their presence. They can scarcely find time to smile, or to speak to wife or children—if, indeed, they have't been in too big a hurry to get any—and as to spending an hour by the fireside at home in social converse, why that would be an unpardonable sin. Life, duty and pleasure, with them are all comprehended in "bustle." The beginning and end of existence is "bustle." Their only enjoyment is in "bustle"—physical inactivity and repose is to them hell itself. They are too busy to think, too busy to talk, too busy ever to accomplish much of anything—they can scarcely find time to die, and if the gates of the Celestial Kingdom were opened to them they would be too busy to enter.

Habitual hurry is an evidence of mental incapacity. There are occasions where haste is necessary; but hurry and despatch are very different in their nature. Some men will accomplish a vast amount of business, yet always appear calm and collected and have plenty of leisure to attend to any unexpected call upon their time—while others, though always in hurry and confusion, really do but little.

The merchant through his haste to get rich, often becomes poor. The student in his haste to acquire learning and fame, often ruins body and mind. The politician in his haste to gain office and distinction often meets with his downfall; and last, but by no means least, the man who is in too great a hurry to get a woman, is almost sure to lose her, *especially if she knows it!* Therefore, merchant, student, politician or lover—*Don't be in a hurry.* SIRIUS.

**VIRTUE REWARDED.**

On the third of January, during the cold which reigned so severely in Paris, at the moment when snow was falling in heavy flakes, a stoppage of passengers, horses and vehicles took place suddenly at the corner of the Rue St. Honore and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec.

"What's the matter?" asked a young man, whose accent declared him to be an inhabitant of the south of France.

"I really can't inform you, Monsieur—I was going to ask the question myself."

"It's only a man who has fallen on the ice," said an orange woman who had overheard the colloquy—"nothing more. Two sous apiece—come buy!"

"It's a man dead drunk," said a porter, pushing his way out of the crowd.

"Bab!" cried an old woman. "I bet that it's one of those cursed omnibuses which has overturned some poor wretch. I had my leg broken by one two years ago."

"No such thing," cried a stout man, warmly wrapped up in a thick wrap-rascal, a large handkerchief up to his nose and his hands fixed in his side pockets—"It's no such thing. It's a man struck with cold and hunger. He is dying—that's evident. Poor man! These things affect me! I should have stopped to lend him some assistance, but the fact is I am too late as it is, for my wife is waiting dinner for me. Pardon, Monsieur, permit me to pass."

The stranger, however, to whom this request was addressed, pushed the stout man in the contrary direction, and passed through the crowd of gazers until he arrived, not without difficulty, at the spot where the cause of this assemblage was lying. There, near the fountain, extended on the ice, lay an old man, scarcely covered with a few rags.

The stranger, yielding only to the dictates of a kind heart, stooped down, and was in the act of raising the unhappy man, when a cry broke the silence of the crowd, and a sweet voice exclaimed with deep emotion, "It's my poor old man!" At the same moment a young girl, piercing the crowd, joined her feeble aid to that of the stranger.

"You know him, then?" he demanded, without looking at the new comer, but in trying to prevent her from having any share of the burden.

"Yes and no, Monsieur," she replied, taking out a smelling bottle. "I know him by sight, and am ignorant of his name."

A third person came to add his assistance to the efforts of the young people.

"It is old Gerald!" he said. "He must have gone out this morning the first time for these four days. This way, Monsieur," said he, speaking to the stranger; "he lives here at No. 30, and I am the porter of the house. Come, let me take your place, my little woman," continued he to the young girl; "this gentleman and I can take him to his room at the top of the house. It is sheer want that has reduced him to this state. They say he was once rich, and I believe it; for it is only the rich who allow themselves to famish from hunger when they are poor—we have still two stories to go up—I would not be guilty of such a foolish act; I would at once go to the mayor and demand aid. Take care—the stairs are so steep—there's a step; it is so dark here you can't well see it. It is different with me—I am used to the place. That's the door—push! He never needed a key to lock up his property, poor man. They say Gerald is not his name—Diable! how cold it is up here under these tiles!"

They placed the old man on some straw in one corner of the garret, and the stranger hastened to feel his pulse.

"He is dying of cold and want," said he, "here, my friend, here's some money for you; bring up some soup, some wine, and a fire."

The porter held out his hand for the money, when the stranger suddenly exclaimed, after having searched his pockets:

"Good heavens! they have taken my purse! and his features expressed, most vividly, vexation and fear for the old man's recovery.

"I will get them," cried a gentle voice. It was that of the young girl, who had followed them unperceived. She hurried out of the room and returned speedily; for she perceived that the slightest delay might be fatal. A woman followed her, bringing fire and wood, with which she lit a fire and then retired.

The young messenger was loaded with a bottle of wine, a small loaf, and the wing of a fowl, wrapped up in a piece of a newspaper. She placed the whole near the old man, and then, kneeling down, arranged the fire and stirred it up to blaze.

The old man by degrees recovered his senses; he was presented with food in small quantities, and in a short time animation was restored. Too weak to thank his benefactors, he could only express his feelings by looks of the most touching gratitude, particularly when they rested on the young girl, still occupied near the hearth.

To the stranger she appeared nothing else than a charming and mysterious vision. Who could this young creature be who so earnestly and effectively devoted her time to a work of charity, when her own attire gave every in-

dication of privation and penury? Cold as the weather was, the bonnet which encircled her delicate and beautiful features was of black straw; thin silk gloves, mended in several places, served to cover her hands, but certainly not to guard them from the cold; an old Cashmere shawl, worn to the last extremity, was thrown over a faded gown of dark silk, and her whole appearance betokened the absence of any warm garment.

The young man would undoubtedly have been struck by the extreme beauty of her features, had there been no other charm to attract him; but there was about her that indescribable something which pleases more than mere beauty—and that is a union of goodness and elegance, which is, indeed, but seldom to be met with, but when seen, is irresistible.

At last her self-imposed task was over—she approached the old man, and, stooping down towards him, nodded her head kindly as she uttered the words—I will soon return.

She then took up a small case which she had put down on her entrance, and, saluting the stranger, she left the room and descended the narrow stairs with a rapid step.

The young man gazed at her for a moment, and then turned towards the invalid.

"I, on the contrary, shall not return, for I leave Paris this evening: but you shall soon hear from me."

He then pressed the old man's hand kindly, and departed. When he emerged from the gateway of the house into the street, though hopeless of seeing his young assistant in the work of benevolence in which he had been engaged, he could not avoid looking round to see if by chance she was still in sight. As chance would have it, she was standing, as if undecided, at the door of a jeweller's shop at some distance. At last she appeared to have formed her determination, for she opened the door and entered.

Without exactly analyzing the cause of his curiosity, the stranger approached the window of the shop and observed what was going on within. He saw the young girl take off her glove, and whilst he was admiring the dazzling whiteness and aristocratic form of the hand, she drew, with some emotion, a ring from her finger, and presented it to the person at the counter.

He took it, examined it carefully, rubbed and tested the stone, and then methodically took out a small pair of scales and having ascertained the weight, offered his customer a price, which it was easy to see she accepted, from the movement of assent with which she bent her head. The jeweller opened a drawer and counted out some money, which he pushed over the counter; and having written down her name and address, he cast the ring into another drawer, amongst a heap of jewels of all forms and colors. The girl then departed, and in a minute afterwards the young man entered the shop.

In a short time afterwards she turned into a plain looking house in one of the streets of the Rue St. Honore; and opening the door of a room on the rez-dechausse, she entered hastily, crying, "Here I am, dear mother. You must have been uneasy at my long absence!"

Madame Reval, the person to whom those words were addressed, appeared infirm, though more from trouble than years. She was stretched on a sofa, and appeared in delicate health. Her features, usually pale, assumed an appearance of animation when her daughter entered, and immediately became more sombre than before.

"Dear Anna," said she, "I have an unpleasant piece of news to acquaint you with; it was perhaps that rather made me fear your return, than take note of your prolonged absence."

Anna, having cast on a chair her shawl and bonnet, immediately seated herself on a low stool near the end of the sofa which supported her mother's head. The latter pressed her hand affectionately over the dark hair of her daughter, and then continued:

"You know that your father had promised your hand to the son of M. Barsac, of Bordeaux, his oldest friend. The death of your father—the lengthened illness which has so much reduced me—had not overcome my courage, as long as I could live in the hope of seeing you one day rich and happy, under the protection of a worthy husband. This very morning the scaffolding of happiness, which I loved so much to build up for you, fell to the ground. This letter, addressed to our old habitation, ought to have come to hand yesterday. Here, read it for yourself."

Anna took the letter which her mother held out to her, and looking at the signature, remarked, "It is from M. Jules Barsac himself," she then read the contents aloud.

"Madame:—As long as fortune smiled on me, I thought with delight on the alliance which M. Reval and my father had contracted for me; but the late failure of the firm of Danderlias & Co., has drawn on ours; and as a man of honor, I deem myself bound to restore you your promise. If your daughter and myself were acquainted, and if mutual affection had been the basis of the projected union, I would have bent my knee before you, madam, and prayed you to wait until I had repaired our disaster; but have I the right to call on another to partake in my poverty, and to join in my labors? Do I even know what space of time it may take to acquire a fortune worthy of that which you have lost? He that is above can only tell. Your daughter, brought up under your protecting care, is, as I am informed, both amiable and lovely. Who is there, then, who will not be proud and happy to give her an honorable name, and a position in society equal to that in which she was born? As to me, I have nothing left, and, unwilling-

ly, I am forced to renounce the favor designed for me.

You will pardon me, madame, for leaving Paris without paying my respects to you; but I should fear, after having seen your daughter, to carry with me a keen regret, which might trouble the calm of an existence now consecrated to labor.

Farewell then, madam; believe me to be penetrated with every sentiment of respect for you, and remain, your most humble and obedient servant,"

JULES BARSAC."

The young girl paused a moment after reading the note, and then raising her eyes to meet her mother's she remarked, as she placed it on the work table, "Do you not think, mother, that this letter is perfect; except the too high opinion expressed of me? I really think that M. Barsac writes with the utmost good sense. I almost regret that I have not seen a man whose conduct is actuated by such honorable motives."

"This letter," said Madame Reval, mournfully, "certainly augments my regret. I feel that I could have loved this young man as a son. Now what a different lot awaits you! Are you not terrified at the idea of being obliged to work for your poor mother?"

"How unkind," said Anna, "how unlike yourself! Why, what is it, after all? Formerly, I embroidered to amuse myself, now I do the same to contribute to your comfort. The latter will be surely the more agreeable. Besides, I can do it now so much more cheerfully. Look, I have disposed of the collar," and showed the empty case which she brought in, "and here's the price obtained for it," placing three pieces of money on the table.

A light knock at the door interrupted the conversation: Anna cast a look of quietude at her mother, for since the loss of their fortune, no visit had broken their solitude.

"Go and open it," said the lady.

With a smile she obeyed, and the opened gave entrance to a man, whom she immediately recognized as the stranger who had assisted the poor old sufferer.

The countenance of Mademoiselle Reval at once assumed a grave and severe expression. Her mother perceived the change, but before she could make an inquiry into the cause, the stranger advanced, and saluting her with respect, said, "Madame, you are, I presume, the mother of this young lady?"

Madame Reval made a sign of assent, and pointed out a chair to the stranger. He took it, and continued, "Chance this morning brought Mademoiselle and myself together in affording assistance to an unhappy—"

"Oh! mother," interrupted the young girl, whose neck and face were covered with blushes at this allusion to the morning's adventure, "I have not had time to tell you all about it. Do you remember the poor old man who took up his station at the door of our hotel formerly? He always wore a green bandage over his eyes, to conceal his face from the passers by, and held a small basket of matches in his hand."

"Yes," interrupted Madame Reval in her turn. "I remember him well; your father always dropped some money into the basket when returning from the Bourse. You used always to call him your *poor old man*; and you, little as you were, delighted in giving him everything you could scrape together."

"Well, since our departure from the hotel, we have asked each other a hundred times, what could have become of him."

"Yes," said Madame Reval, with evident interest.

"Well, mother, I found him to-day, at last, but in such a state of wretchedness that I was really shocked. Stretched on the snow, dying absolutely, of cold and hunger; and without the kind assistance of this gentleman, he must have perished where he lay."

"Say rather without yours," said the young man earnestly. "I could nothing, for I had lost my purse. To you, and to you alone, is he indebted for life. But," continued he, in a different tone, seeing the bright color again mounting rapidly to Anna's face, "it is not for the purpose of disclosing to this lady the secret of your good actions that I have followed you here; it is to request you to take the trouble of buying a bed and some other little necessities for this child of misfortune. Here are a hundred francs, that you will have the kindness to employ for this purpose. I pray you to believe that if I was not a stranger in Paris, and on the point of quitting it this very evening, I would not take this liberty with persons to whom I am unknown. I trust that you will excuse my request."

"There is no necessity to offer an apology," said Madame Reval; "on the contrary, we ought to thank you for having selected us to complete a benevolent action."

"Now, madame," added the young man with a hesitating and timid manner, "it only remains for me to inquire the name of my young sister in this work of kindness."

"Mademoiselle Anna Reval."

A cry of astonishment broke from the stranger—

"The daughter of M. Reval, of Bordeaux, who lost his fortune by trusting in a friend and died of grief?"

"Alas! you have but too truly stated the case. How does it happen that you are acquainted with these facts?"

"I am Jules Barsac," said the young man in a voice scarcely audible.

Anna grew pale and went and placed herself near her mother's seat. A mournful silence succeeded for a short time, and it was Jules who broke it.

"Ah! madame," said he, suddenly rising, "I perceive that I yesterday sent you my renunciation of a life of happiness. This letter," and he took it from the table—"this let-