



Angels Prayer

The following was experienced by Polly Lewis, of the South Family, Mt Lebanon Feb 1st 1866.

Between the hours of 12 & 1 oc.

I was awakened very suddenly; my first sensations I cannot describe. I felt that I was surrounded by a large number of immortal beings: they were Angels of prayer, and the following words, as near as I can retain them, for two hours, by them were repeated over. We pray - We pray - We pray - All ye people, and every living thing that moves, pray with us, for the Zion of God on earth. Pray that her gates may be strengthened, her walls fortified, her watch towers illuminated, and that her beacon lights may not

cease to shine. We pray thee
O heavenly Father, give unto the
Leaders and Elders of her people
the tongues of Angels. That they may
sound forth the testimony of eternal
truth to her inhabitants. Kindle the
fires upon the altars, cause them to
burn with exceeding great brightness,
and with fervent heat. Give unto them
the rod of chastening, and wisdom
withal; and O Lord! send to be with
them the Comforter. Pray for the
ancients of the city. Bless them O
Holy Father! Give unto them a spirit
of blessing to impart to their offspring,
That they may receive thy blessing in
the order of thy appointments. Crown
their few remaining days on earth
with peace and quietness.

Pray for those who are called to bear the burden and heat of the day. Pray that they may be blest with the still small voice of love; the gentle hand of guidance, and be clothed with the spirit of meekness of the Dove.

Bless these O Lord, with patience, firmness & fortitude to front the battle, hold at bay the enemy, & shield the tender lambs from the fiery darts, and widdly snares of the invading foe. And again pray. Cry aloud, pray from the inmost depths of your souls, for the young and tender plants. Pray that they may be firmly planted and take deep root in gospel soil. Baptise them with the power of conviction. Purify and try them in the furnace of deep tribulation;

Humble their proud haughty
 nature, bring into subjection their
 very thought, word and action; Give
 them endurance and an unshaken
 faith in the pure gospel. Lead
 them by the hand of thy love, water
 them with the sweet dews of
 repentance.

O righteous Father we pray fer-
 vently, if in humility, that for the
 sake of thy Lion, if the good of Her
 inhabitants, that she may not
 become a dishonor or a reproach
 among the nations. Once more
 again in thy mercy, if in thy ~~mercy~~
 judgement visit Her; purify her
 as with fire. Send showers of
 repentance to wash and make
 her clean in thy sight.

Let thy power roll, & roll, until
not one stone is left untwined, nor
one limb or small twig leafless.

Let not Zion's watchmen cry
Peace, while there is no peace.

But pray, wrestle, & struggle for
the salvation & redemption of Israel.

We pray O righteous Father, and
ask in faith, knowing thy goodness
is great, and to thy mercy no end.

We pray. we pray. We pray!

The scene did not pass away,
nor the praying cease until I
arose and copied the foregoing.

I sensed Dr Proctor Sampson to be
the leader of this praying band.

P. Lewis

Chide mildly the Erring.

Chide mildly the erring, kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful, add not to their tears.
Avoid with reproaches, Fresh pain to bestow,
The heart which is stricken, needs never a blow.

2

Chide mildly the erring, jeer not at their fall.
If strength were but human, how weakly were all.
What marvel that footsteps should wander astray,
When tempests do shadow life's wearysome way?

3

Chide mildly the erring, entreat them with care,
Their natures are mortal, they need not despair.
We all have some frailty, we all are unwise,
And the grace that redeems us, must shine from the skies

7

The bruised Heart.

We pass the bruised flower by
To cull its fairer mate,
Nor o'er its ruins breath a sigh,
Nor mourn its lonely fate.
So drooping souls are left alone;
More favored ones are sought;
Nor by a sigh do we atone
For ruin we have wrought.

2

But grief is but joy's midnight hour,
The sun is sure to shine
Alike upon the bruised flower,
And soul we left to pine.
The dew and tears that dim the sight
Of flower and soul shall be,
So many prisons for the light
Of love and purity:

How softly on the bruised heart
 A word of kindness falls,
 And from the dry and parched soul,
 The moistening tear drop calls.
 O! if they knew who walk the earth,
 Mid sorrow grief and pain,
 The power a word of kindness hath
 'Twere paradise again!

3

The weakest soul, the poorest may,
 This simple pittance give,
 And bid delight to wither'd hearts,
 Return again and live:
 O! what is life, if love be lost?
 If man's unkind to man?
 Or what the heaven that waits beyond
 This brief and mortal span.

4

As stars upon the tranquil sea,

In mimic glory shine,
 So words of kindness in the heart
 Reflect their source divine;
 O! then be kind, who e'er thou art,
 That breathe'st mortal breath,
 And it shall lighten all thy life,
 And sweeten even death.

Deal Gently.

For others we'd let good men labor,
 And not for fame or paltry pelf,
 And mind the maxim love thy neighbor
 As well as thou dost love thyself.
 Deal gently with the erring brother,
 Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven,
 If here we love not one another,
 How can we dwell in love in Heaven?
 And should thy feeble brother stumble,
 And often fall upon the road,

The poor, despis'd, deform'd and humble,
 Just raise him up and point to God.
 Crush not the heart that's almost broken,
 But light up hope, and banish fear;
 A pleasant word when softly spoken
 Will heal the wound and dry the tear

Can we forget our own behavior?
 Can we for all our sins atone?
 Let him who needs no blesped Savior,
 Be first to scourge or cast the stone.
 O let us make the whole world better
 Than 'twas the day it gave us birth,
 By breaking every yoke and fetter,
 And spreading light and truth on earth.

Be Cautious.

O be not the first to discover,
 A blot on the fame of a friend,

A flaw in the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may prove true to the end.

7

(2)

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

(3)

A smile or a sigh may awaken,
Suspicion most false and undue;
And thus our belief may be shaken,
In hearts that are honest and true.

4

How often the light smile of gladness,
Is worn by the friends that we meet,
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

5

How often the sigh of dejection,
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,
To parody truth and affection,
Or lull a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we hold dearest,
 Their noblest emotions con seal;
 And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
 Have secrets they cannot reveal.
 Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
 And small ones to trace our defects,
 Let ours be a noble ambition,
 For base is the mind that suspects.
 We none of ^{us} know one another,
 And oft into error we fall;
 Then let us speak well of our brother;
 Or speak not about him at all.

Do Right.

Awake, O soul! thy hours are fleeting—
 This life is rapidly completing.
 Time with eternity is meeting,
 Soon comes the night.

Thy retribution too will come,
 According to thy deeds, thy doom.
 Do right, Do right.

2

Tho' clouds thy firmament o'er spread,
 And tempests bursts around thy head;
 Tho' life its greenest foilage shed,
 In sorrows blight,
 And tho' thy holy hopes and fears
 Lie buried neath the gathering years,
 Do right, Do right.

3

The warring element's worst wrath,
 The earthquake, and the whirlwind's breath,
 The valley and the shades of death,
 Need not affright.
 For duty's calm commanding form,
 With rainbow arms shall grasp the storm;
 Do right, Do right.

And faint ⁴not on the weary strife,
Tho' every day with toil be rife.

Work is the element of life;

Action is light.

For man was made to toil and strive,

And only those who labor, live.

Do right, Do right.

Life is not ⁽⁵⁾all a fleeting dream,
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam;

A bubble on the passing stream,

Soon lost to sight;

For there's a work for every hour,

For every passing word a power.

Do right. Do right.

O life is full of solemn thought,
And noble deeds, if nobly wrought,

With fearful consequences fraught.

And there's a might,

If gathered in each passing hour;

That gives the soul unearthly pow'r.

15.

Do right, Do right

The following was found in the strong
Box of the Duke of Burgundy, the french
Kings father, at his death.

Give God the great Creator homage due;
Consider first your business, then pursue;
Converse with honest men, let such be near.

Let self-conceitedness in thought appear.

To others judgement due regard be shown;

Be ever modest to defend your own;

Those who address you, with attention hear,

Nor study how to make your wit severe.

Talk that to each which each best understands,

Your tongue pronouncing, what your heart commands.

Think e'er you promise, but disdain to evade

By subtle art, your promises when made.

Let speeches ever gently from you fall

And in your looks at least, be kind to all.
 Let your whole air be disengag'd and free,
 Yet dont invite familiarity.
 Give none, by hasty judgement, cause to grieve,
 Loves without interest, without fear forgive,
 Respect, but never fawn upon the great.
 Avoid contention, friendship cultivate.
 And not to make your friend his thro'ts reveal.
 By seeming openness your own conceal:
 Lend readily, if lending you propose,
 He doubly gives, who gracefully bestows.
 Weigh all your talents, for the part you play.
 Avoid extremes, and choose the middle way.
 Speak peace, where discord reigns, appease the flood;
 And for revenge preist in doing good.
 Let proper objects never want a tear.
 Excuse mistakes, in friendship be sincere.
 From peevish thoughts your cheerful mind defend,
 Nor in rash words discharge them on a friend.

Reprove with gentleness, with truth commend;

Laugh at a jest, but laugh not without end.

To each man's calling due respect be shown,

Nor e'er contrive to make your calling known.

To favors privately; if you upbraid,

Or publish first the obligation paid.

Prevent petitions where you see distress,

Nor let the manner make the gift the less.

If anger kindles, check the impetuous flame,

Nor let your tongue traduce an absent name.

Let not ingratitude your bosom stain.

Play for diversion, but despise the gain.

Scorn to deceive; think much, but little speak

Preserve what's given, for the giver's sake

Forgive poor debtors; equal pleasure flows,

To him who mercy finds, or mercy shows

Be envy banish'd from your generous heart

Blaze not the secrets which your friends impart

In speaking of yourself, nor praise nor blame;

And dread to be a slave to common fame.

What I Want.

I want a kind and tender heart,
 For others wants to feel,
 A soul secure from fortunes dart,
 And bosom arid with steel
 To bear chastisement's rod.

And mingling in my plan
 Submission to the will of God,
 With charity to man.

I want a keen observing eye,
 And ever listening ear,
 The truth thro' all disguise to spy
 And wisdom's voice to hear.

A tongue to speak at virtues need
 In heavens sublimest strain,

And lips the cause of man to plead
 And never plead in vain.

My last great want absorbing all,
 To, when beneath the rod,

And summoned to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

Nothing Lost.

Nothing is lost, the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but inhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower.

Perchance they sparkle in the stream
Of fountains far away,

Nothing is lost, the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein to sown and grown.

The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower
Tho' gone from outward sense, belong
To memories after hours.

So with our seeds, for good or ill,

They have their power scarce understood
 Then let us use our better will,
 To make them wise with good

Lyda Where art Thou +

Ah! Lyda where art thou? innocent one:

Thy seat now is vacant, thy music is gone.

O! can it be possible I shall ne'er see,

Thy dear little image so blithesome and free.

Ah! where is that sweet little voice with its lips,

And that pretty soft hand, gently laid on my wrist?

And who will now read with such pleasure to me,

From thy lone little primer? Ah! Lyda, not thee.

2

I saw thee a bud at the dawn of the day

And on thee the sweet dew of ^{sweet} innocence lay;

And how anxious I gaz'd as I thought of the time,

I should see thee unfolding, a flower divine.

But ah! thou art pluck'd thou art suddenly gone;

From our fondest cares & hopes thou art borne, ^{21.}
No more now we wait thy expansion to see,
For thou art not with us, Dear Lyda, not thee.

3.

But hush! says a voice gently calming my grief,
That bud is not wither'd, nor faded the leaf,
It was swiftly convey'd and transplanted with care.
In the garden of Paradise genial and fair.
Ah! there it will bloom and sweet breezes inhale,
Secure from the tempest, the frost & the gale;
~~There~~ ^{bleak} no storms of passion thou ever shalt see,
In thy beautiful heaven; Dear Lyda, not thee.

4.

Then go! little flower, tis wrong we should hold;
Go! go! and thy beauties and graces unfold.
Go mingle with Angels, for sure thou art one,
And this cold stormy earth is too rude for thy home.
We will call thee our doves, with a pure spotted breast;
And our Bud which has droop'd, that it might be refresh'd.

22. We will call thee our lamb, gentle, innocent, free.
But never our "lost one", Nay, Lyda, not thee.

The foregoing was written on the death of a
little girl 4 years of age, (Eliza Barber by name)
who was killed, being thrown from a wagon.

August 2nd 1866 Mount Lebanon. N. Y. (By A. C. C. C.)

A New Years Covenant for 1868.

Dear brethren & sisters we cannot forbear
Inviting you all in our covenant to share
As we start for a pleasant New Year
Our vessel was launch'd on the New Years morn
And would we ride safe thro' the tempest & storm
Must have way-marks by which we can steer

2

1st We'll rise in the morn at the sound of the bell
The fetters of sloth make haste to dispel
This is the first gift of the morning.
And then to some useful employment we'll go

To beautify Zion our blest home below
 Have neatness our greatest adorning

3

A spirit of prudence we'll strive to possess
 Of the blessings of God, Fuel, diet and dress
 How dependant on Him for the whole
 For judgements severe o'er the earth might be spread
 Deprive us of shelter, of rament and bread
 This power we could not control.

4

We'll think of the peril some have to endure
 To go to the mountain our wood to procure
 What it costs us to have a good fire
 Not when our apartments are heated up warm
 Throw open the windows of let in the storm,
 Not be over anxious for air

5

We'll think with what labor our food is prepared
 And humbly partake in the fear of the Lord.

24 A heart that is thankful possessing
At the table, in order, each day, we'll repair
Unless sickness or duty prevents, we'll be there
In union partake of God's blessing

6

Then let us have courage dear brethren so kind
And sisters we'll not be a whit left behind
Our crosses we'll manfully shoulder.
In the morning, at evening, at noon day & night
Grow better as well as grow older.

7

By labor, the comforts of life we obtain
Then let us not murmur, of burdens complain
Nor ever give up to be idle.

Our duty in meekness each day we'll perform
If anger arises we'll quiet the storm
Remember the tongue needs a bridle
8.

The orders of God, what a blessing they are

We'll devoutly reverence the order of prayer
 In the morning, at mid day and evening
 Then let each one halt in the course of the day
 Give time for reflection, consider & pray
 I will draw down the blessing of Heaven.

9

When the day-light is gone, and together we meet
 In accents of friendship each other will greet
 No discord shall sever our union.
 At the clink of the bell, be prepared to retire
 Leave earthly employment for heaven aspire
 Join Angels in sacred communion

10

When we from our sacred devotions away,
 We'll go to our rooms if have nothing to say
 Save duty a word should require.
 In silence we'll peacefully lay ourselves by
 Upon the protection of God may rely

Committing ourselves to his care.

11.

In justification our eyes may we close
 At peace with mankind may we sink in repose
 In the bower of purity sleeping
 Forgive and forget, and let trifles pass by
 Make not of a mole-hill, a mountain up high
 Hard feelings ne'er pay for the keeping.

12

Our Sabbaths are holy, they're days set apart
 To give to our Maker the thro't of the heart,
 Abide from all worldly employment
 Then let us keep sacred, these best of all days,
 In worshipful feelings our Savior to praise
 Religion is blissful employment.

13

'Tis good on the sabbaths our lives to review
 In each others presence our vows to renew,

Our faith and good feelings expressing
 Cemented together in goodnefs as one
 A kingdom of Heaven on earth is begun.
 And we'll be enjoying the blessing,
 14

Can we not agree in this gift to be found
 Look out for the way marks & not run aground.
 But keep the ship pleasantly sailing
 If so we shall find at the end of the race,
 A harbor of safety, where union and peace
 And heavenly love is prevailing.

By P. Reed

Home Questions

Am I a coward? Am I deficient in
 true moral courage? Do I stand for truth
 & principle to the utter sacrifice of self
 love? Let me examine and test every
 thought, word & action? Let me read every

veil, & search my heart with the candle
 of truth. Let no deceitfulness, hypocrisy
 or lip service have a secret corner in
 my heart. Let me lay no claims to
 perfection, or following in the footsteps
 of Jesus, while I fear to show my colors
 and stand loyally to my post. Do I bravely
 defend truth, justice and right, be it ever
 so unpopular? Am I meanly cowardly?
 and do I cater to prejudices, & listen to
 scandal, lest I lose present approbation
 If so, can I expect to feel noble; or have
 the approbation & commendation of
 the brave & virtuous? Can I feel my
 joining to those distinguished & noble
 veterans who have crossed seas of blood,
 stemming the mountainous waves of
 ambition, and who have oar'd all

the raging storms of passion, with its
 manifold selfish creeds? How much
 have I of the divine virtue of forgiveness?
 Do I magnify injuries given, real or
 imaginary, more than those I give?
 Let me reflect, and use the same
 measures of weights for others as for
 myself; and let justice be the scale,
 and truth the weight: and let me not
 be deceived. Do I delight to sound
 the praises & virtues of my neighbors?
 Am I as willing to have mine ven-
 tilated and commended? Do I use true
 charity, thoroughly sifted from all evil
 surmises, in judging the character of
 others? Let me test all my acts and
 see if they are not veiled with self-righteous-
 ness, self-conceit, & littleness.

Let me not exalt self in any cause,
and conceive I am better than I am. If
convinced of wrongdoing, let me strug-
gle earnestly to reform, & not live in
open violation of my conscience.

such is not manly, nor womanly;
but perilous to humanity & chills the
life blood of a christian. If the conscience
is thus outraged, it cannot remain
healthy, responsible, or reliable.

The lower desires must not be indul-
ged at the expence of the reason & intellect

To be sure of a clean & pure character,
the structure must not have one decayed
timber at the bottom. Do I live a
righteousness transcending every other
sect or name, as Jesus taught? And
do I, as our Mother advised, live every

day as if it were my last, and as tho' I
were to live a thousand years? Wateroliet

A sincere and heart-felt Prayer

O Heavenly Parents, holy Angels and
justified spirits, do in mercy, listen
to the prayers of earnest supplication
of your needy & dependant children.

Inspire us with that energy of spirit
and humility of soul that will insure
to us the mercy & blessing of our God.

O give us strength to conquer the inbred
enemies of our souls that would seek our
overthrow, & delight in our dishonor.

Strengthen the weak & faint-
hearted. - Shower upon us the healing
waters of repentance that will cleanse
us from the stains of sin, & enable us

to offer sacrifices acceptable and
pleasing to our heavenly Parents.

Again, (if it be in your wisdom,)
open unto us the doors & windows of
heaven, as heretofore, ^{& baptize} our souls with
the Holy Ghost & fire, & establish our
feet upon the rock of ages, never to be
removed.

E. B.

The following was ascertained by one who was to be imprisoned during life.

The bible contains 3,586,489 letters, - 773,692 words, - 31,173 verses, 1189 Chapters, 66, Books. The word and, occurs 46,277 times. The word Lord, 1855 times. - The word reverend, but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th Chapter of Psalms The 21st verse of the 7th Chapter of Exod, contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter g. - The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the acts of the apostles, - The 19th chapter of 2nd Kings, & the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. - The longest verse is the

9th verse of the 8th Chapter of Esther.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the
seventh chapter of St John. — The 8th
-th 15, 1st & 31st verses of the 107th psalm
are alike. All the verses of the 136th
psalm end alike. — There are no
words or names of more than six
syllables.

Burdens.

I wonder if God knows how much ^{I need}
 An hour of silent rest,
 Wherein no want bids weary duty speed,
 And serve her swift and best.

I am so tired of seeing fingers raised
 To signal me to come,
 I cannot go for fainting, cursed or praised,
 My weary soul sits dumb.

I try to shut my eyes, but lo! my ears,
 Catch voices calling me.
 And even I hear the drip of falling ^{tears}
 When I would quiet be.

Tear dimmed blue eyes, or drooping golden head
 With grief are brimming o'er

And seeing how they triumphed
over pain,
Who once were burdened too.

I kiss the cross & taking heart again
Feel strong to bear and do.

Emma Tuttle.

Life Tapestry.

Too long have I, methought with tearful eye
 Poured o'er this tangled work of mine I muse
 Above each stitch awry and thread confused.
 Now I will think on what, in years gone by
 I heard of them, that weave rare tapestry,
 At royal looms, and how they constant use
 To work on the rough side, and still peruse
 The picture pattern set above them high.
 So will I set my copy high above,

And gaze, and gaze, till on my spirit grows
 Its gracious impress; till some line of love
 Transferred upon my canvas faintly glows,
 Nor look too much on warp or woof provided
 The whom I work for sees the fairer side.

Sunday Magazine.

The Bright Side.

There's many a rest in the road of life
 If we only would stop to take it,
 And many a tone from the better land.
 If the generous heart would make it,
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth.
 The grass is green, the flowers are bright,
 Tho' the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eye still lifted;
 For the sweet, blue sky will soon peep thro',
 When the ominous clouds are rifted.
 There was never a night without a day,
 Or an evening without a morning,
 And the darkest hour as the proverb says
 Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
 That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure,
 It may be the love of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayer to heaven -
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
 For a cup of water given.

Better to weave, in the web of life,
 A bright and golden filling,
 And to do Gods will with a ready heart
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
 Of our curious lives asunder,
 And then blame heaven for the tangled
 And sit and grieve, and wonder.

What are we to do?

47.

Editing a paper is a nice business. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed. If we omit jokes they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter they "cuss" us for not-giving selections. If we publish selections folks say we are too lazy to write something new. If we give a man a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial. If we do not give complimentary notices folks say we are hoggish. If we do not cater to the wishes of the ladies, the paper is not fit to make a bustle. If we remain in our office and attend to our business, folks say we

are too proud to mingle with
our fellows. If we go out - they
say we never attend to our
business. If we do not pay
our bills promptly folks say
we are not to be trusted.

If we pay promptly, folks say
we stole the money. If we
wear poor clothes, folks say
business is bad. If we wear
good clothes, some one remarks
that we never paid for them.
Now, what are we to do?

[13]

Three Words of Strength.

There are three lessons I should write

Three words, as with a burning pen.

In tracings of eternal light;

Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds envision
And gladness hides her face in scorn,

Put thou the shadow from thy brow

No night but hath its moon.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven

The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth

Know this; God rules the host of heaven,

The inhabitants of earth.

A World of Love at Home.
The earth hath treasures fair, I boughth
Deep buried in her caves.
And ocean hideth many gems,
In dark blue curling waves,

Yet not within her bosom deep,
Or neath her dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure equaling
A world of love at home!

True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
Pure love, that doth abide

I envy not the dweller
Of the stately hall or dome,
If, with its splendor, he hath not

A world of love at home.

Tho' care and trouble may be mine
 As down life's path I roam,
 I'll heed them not, if I can claim
 A world of love at home.

O dearest friends with whom I ^{trudge}
 The pathway to the tomb,
~~My father's~~
 Within your keeping lies my wealth
 A boundless love at home.

Left not a fool until you have
 previously ascertained the nature
 of the ground on which you
 are to tread.

The Orphan Boy.

A little boy, an orphan too
Whose fingers ends with cold were blue
With timid steps approached a door
Some scanty pittance to implore,
Whose brazen knocker smooth & bright
Mocked all his efforts, by its weight.
His little hand the place supplied
And open flew the portals wide.

A clergyman of modern date,
Less gamed for kindness than estate,
Now eyed the boy from top to toe,
And listening to his tale of woe,
Said "Take this crust 'tis moldy too,
But still its good enough for you."
The boy received it with good grace
And turned about to quit the place.

"Stop" said the priest; "an orphan boy,
Should not pursue such bad employ,
Answer me this, pray can you read?"

"O no sir, tis the truth indeed."

"Not read!" why then you cannot pray,
I'll teach you, after me thus say.

"Our Father who in heaven art"

"Our Father" touched his little heart.

Is God your father then and mine,

"Yes" said the reverend divine,

God is the father of us all,

Of rich and poor, of great and small."

With feelings undisguised the boy,

Summed up the whole in this reply,

If we are brothers, let it not be said

You ever gave me moldy bread.

I learned this poem from my mother who
used to speak it when she was a little girl

Song About Nothing.

Dedicated to the Nihilists.

I'm thinking just now of Nothing
For there's Nothing in all I see;
And I am well pleased with Nothing
And the world is Nothing to me.
So I sing the praise of Nothing,
For Nothing is perfect and true;
I think a great deal of Nothing,
Though that is Nothing to you.

I began my life with Nothing,
And Nothing on Nothing lives;
For the world is good for Nothing,
And Nothing for Nothing gives.
Moreover I sprang from Nothing,
And Nothing has sprung from me;
My muse is fond of Nothing,
And Nothing her theme shall be.

[49]

At-home they taught me Nothing,
And Nothing I learned at school,
And I began to work at Nothing,
And Nothing made me a fool.
So I have a taste for Nothing,
For Nothing I ever would choose,
And all I am worth is Nothing,
And Nothing, I have to lose!

Hence I place my faith on Nothing,
For Nothing will long endure;
And I've learned to count upon Nothing,
For Nothing you know is secure.
And I keep on singing of Nothing,
Because Nothing is on my mind;
And the world it tends to Nothing,
And Nothing is in the Mind!

Thus I've clung through life to Nothing,
And in Nothing put my trust.

For the world amounts to Nothing
And Nothing is more than dust.
All I know is I know Nothing
And Nothing shall ever be;
And that all things end in Nothing
Though that is Nothing to me.

The Cruise that faileth not:
Is the Cruise of comfort wasting,
Rise and share it with thy friend
And thro' all the years of Famine
Thou will be enough to spend.

2
Love divine will fill thy storehouse
On thy handful still renew,
Security fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving,
 All its wealth is living grain,
 Seeds which, milled in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

4

Is thy burden hard and heavy
 Do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help! to bear thy sisters burden
 God will bear both it and thee.

5

Stumb and weary on the mountain
 Would it thou sleep amid the snow,
 Chase the frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.

6

Is the heart a void left empty,
 None but God its void can fill,

Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can let its ceaseless longings still.

17

Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined its strength sinks ^{low},
It will only live by loving,
And by loving, love will grow.

Remember that the secret-
studies of an author are the
sunken piers upon which is to
rest the bridge of his fame,
spanning the dark waters of
oblivion. Longfellow.

Fluency and feeling do not always
go together. On the contrary some
are most sparing of their speech when
their feelings are most deeply engaged.

"A Side Study."

Let a professional man or any man when he starts in life, have a side study, be it history, or poetry, or any branch of history or geology and let him give it the fragments of his time and he will be surprised at his own acquisitions.

The whole tone of his thoughts, and life will be elevated, the change of subject will be his best recreation. And what is thus true in literature and science is more so in religion and all that relates to duty.

Friendship.

Undoubtedly the truest friendship is that which shows itself in deeds rather than words. As long as one gives oneself some trouble to render a friend real service, taking his part against all comers, a little more or less surface amiability will not signify much. Faithfulness in the long run is much helped by a certain laxity of detail. Perhaps we may say that no friendship is really safe which cannot afford to allow free play to the caprices of surface feeling. Indeed the path of true friendship runs

now or less up hill if it runs far. There are times of ebb as well as flow; times when strength fails, and inclination flags, and when if we do not summon some resolution to our aid, we should let fall the threads which we know to be well worth keeping, and perhaps shill or wound those whom we would desire most tenderly to guard. No one desires to be sought by rule, or cared for on principle; and it is a sad moment in any relation, when we first recognize the necessity of admitting into it an element of intention; when

to make a very simple
instance, we write, not because
we long to tell, or are impatient
to hear, but because our friend
has a right to expect it!

He who can suppress a moment's
anger, may prevent days of sorrow.

Do not mix mustard with
water if you want a good mustard
plaster. Mix the mustard with
the whites of an egg, the result
will be that the plaster will
draw but will not produce a
blister on the skin of an infant.

To get rid of the smell of paint, put
a handful of hay into a pail of water
and let it stand in the room.

Waiting

Waiting: for what? Shall I ever know?
 Or shall the new years creep dimly by,
 Till my death bed comes; shall I ^{perpetually} never
 I was born, and must live out my life of care,

Is the whole of my lifetime merely a pause,
 'Tis but my birth that was and my death to be?
 Must I always follow, and never be free?
 Am I only effect? can I never be cause?

Or am I but a link of the weariful chain
 Of life, and the sequenee of things gone by?
 I am forced to live for I cannot die,
 But my life is empty and all is vain.

Yet sometimes I hear my spirit chide
 At the thought of the glorious deeds to be done,

Cry: Strike! 'Tis the time! But in answer or
Shall I ever know who? whispers "Silence! wait!"

It cannot be Hope, for her voice is sweet;
It is not Despair, for I know her well;
'Tis like the ceaseless drone of a knell,
And wears the heart, with monotonous be,

Shall another voice ever whisper to me:
"Awake! 'Tis the hour! So forward I fight!"
"Thy probation is ended, and impotent night
Has burst it today!" So shall set me free?

I know not, I know not, this only I dread,
That, ere that voice shall proclaim that hour,
Not only the will may be lost, but the power,
And I may be cold with the nameless devil.

Clean white fur, or nice ^{white} woolen goods with
flour.

Sometimes.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
 And sun and stars forevermore have set,
 The things which our weak judgements here have ^{known},
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
 Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
 As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;
 And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
 And how what seemed reproof, was love most true.

(2.)

And we shall see how, while we frown & sigh,
 God's plans go on as best for you and me;
 How when we called, He heeded not our cry,
 Because His wisdom to the end could see.
 And e'en as prudent parents disallow,
 Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
 So God, perhaps is keeping from us now,
 Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine,
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Whose human kisses cannot reach his face
Oh, do not blame the loving father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death,
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today, when be content poor heart,

Gods plans like lilies here and white unfold
 We must not tear the close shut-leaves apart
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold
 And if through patient toil we reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
 When we shall dearly see and understand,
 I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

A tree will not only lie as it
 falls, but it will fall as it
 leans. And the great question
 every one should bring home to
 himself is this, What is the
 inclination of my soul? Does it
 with all its affections lean towards
 God or away from him?

J. J. Gurney.

Action of Plants on the Air.

There is a notion prevalent that the presence of growing plants in the sleeping room is detrimental to a healthy atmosphere, by the giving out of poisonous carbonic acid gas in the night time.

The investigations of chemists demonstrate that growing plants do inhale an almost imperceptible quantity of carbonic acid gas, which, in very small proportions, is necessary in the air we breathe. They also show that the quantity inhaled at night is but one sixteenth part of what the same plants absorb from the atmosphere

during the day, and convert into nearly its own weight of oxygen, thus changing a poisonous gas that derives its oxygen from various sources into one of the principal elements of pure air. If carbonic acid gas is emitted from plants in dangerous quantities, it certainly would exist largely in the night atmosphere of a close greenhouse, ~~xxx in xxx~~ that have frequently ~~xxxxxxx~~ heated to a tropical atmosphere and crowded from floor to rafter with rank vegetation.

Yet in our experience we have never known the slightest ill effects to be realized from

night work in greenhouses, nor
in cases that have frequently
occurred where workmen have
made the warm greenhouse
their sleeping quarters for a
night, and even for an entire
winter. This affords practical
proof that the notion is a fallacy;
and the fact that perhaps no
healthier class of men can be
found than greenhouse operators,
who work constantly, in an
atmosphere where plants are
growing, would prove instead,
that living plants exert a ben-
eficial influence upon the air
we breathe.

It is necessary to the happiness of man that
he be mentally faithful to himself.

Scalloped Oysters.

Roll crackers, and put a layer of them in the bottom of a well buttered pudding dish. Then on this arranged a layer of oysters placing them close together. Take the oysters up with a tablespoon and the juice that clings to the oysters will be enough to moisten the crackers. Season with pepper, salt and butter, over each layer of oysters. Proceed in this way until the dish is full. Have the top layer crackers, and place a row of whole oyster crackers around the edge of the dish. Cover the dish and set bake in

a hot oven 20 minutes, then removed the cover and let the top brown. If the oysters are very dry add a little cream.

To Fry Oysters.

Choose the largest ones and dry them thoroughly on a cloth after draining them in a colander. Dip each oyster into beaten egg, well seasoned with pepper and salt, then into powdered cracker. Be sure that each oyster is well covered with the egg and cracker. When all are ready put them in a few at a time, into boiling butter and beef drippings, sufficient to cover the oysters, fry until a

delicate brown, then serve on
 a hot dish, in the bottom of
 which has been laid a folded
 napkin.

Oyster Toast.

Put a table-spoonful of butter
 into a frying pan, and when
 turning brown add a quart of
 oysters with their juice, and
 a pint of sweet cream, and
 season with salt and pepper.
 let all come to a boil then
 pour over slices of buttered
 toast and serve hot.

Do the duty that best
 nearest thee; live truly in
 little things.

Cold.

When the voice is lost as is sometimes the case, from the effects of cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetning with white sugar to taste.

Choking.

If a fishbone or a portion of food sticks in the throat, and threatens to produce suffocation, first give a smart blow between the shoulders. This will most likely dislodge the substance. If the patient can make any attempt to swallow, put a large lump of butter in his mouth. This will help the offending substance

to pass down the throat more easily. If he cannot swallow put the finger as far down the throat as possible, and endeavor to pull the bone or meat out, or tickle the throat to produce vomiting.

It might have been.

Many of us have to lament not so much a want of opportunities, in life, as our unreadiness for them when they come. "It might have been" is the language of our hearts, oftener than the words of complaint and murmuring. God sends us flax, but our spindle and distaff are out of repair or musty, so that we are not ready to use them.

How to Place the Bed.

Baron Reichenbach, who has devoted many years of deep study to the art of bedmaking maintains that you must not always lie on your bed as it is made, under penalty of abridging your life by a number of years. If says the Baron a mere magnet exercises an influence on sensitive persons, the earth's magnetism, must certainly make itself felt on the nervous life of man. Hence he awaits on the salutary effects of the inhabitants of the Northern hemisphere lying with their heads to the South,

(70)

and those of the Southern,
with their heads to the
South.

For travelers with short
memories, we may put the
rule in general terms. In
what Hemisphere you may
be, always sleep with your
feet to the Equator, and let
your body lie "true as a needle
to the pole." In giving this rule
the Baron had told us how
to live a hundred years; for
the polar direction of the body
is it appears of the utmost
importance, for the proper circu-
lation of the blood, and we have
the Barons authority for
stating that many disturbances

in the human organisms
have been cured by simply
placing the bolster at a different
point of the compass from that
it had occupied before. The
most unhealthy position, we
are told is when the body lies
due East and West. Some
observers assure us that to sleep
in such a posture is tantamount
to committing slow suicide, and
that diseases are often aggravated
by deviations from the Polar
posture.

One half of the misery of human life
comes from imagination and half of
the other half may be overcome by a
strong will, and the whole of it by
faith.

Five Arab Maxims.

Never tell all you may know,
for he who tells every thing he
knows, often tells more than he
knows.

Never attempt all that you
can do, for he who attempts all
that he can do, often attempts more
than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear
for he who believes every thing
he hears often believes more
than he hears.

Never lay out all you can
afford, for he who lays out
every thing he can afford often
lays out more than he can
afford.

Never decide upon all you
may see, for he who decides
upon every thing he sees, often
decides upon more than he
sees.

Bible Arithmetic Addition.

Add to your faith, virtue; and
to virtue knowledge, and to
knowledge temperance; and to
temperance patience; and to
patience godliness; and to godliness
brotherly kindness, and to
brotherly kindness charity.

2^d Peter 1: 5-7.

Subtraction.

Laying aside all malice, and
all guile, and hypocrisies, and

envies and all evil speaking,
desire the sincere milk of the
word that ye may grow thereby.
1 Peter 2: 1, 2.

Multiplication

Grace and peace be multi-
plied unto you through the
knowledge of God, and of
Jesus our Lord.

2 Peter 1: 2.

He that ministereth seed to
the sower doth minister bread
for your food, and increase
the fruit of your righteousness.
2 Cor 9: 10.

Division

Come out from among them
and be ye separate saith the
Lord; and I will receive you

and be a father unto you
and ye shall be my sons
and daughters, saith the
Lord Almighty.

2 Cor. 6: 17, 18.

Bible Terms.

A day's journey was $33 \frac{1}{2}$ miles.

A Sabbath day's journey, was about
one English mile. Ezekiel's

reed was about 11 feet. A cubit

is 22 inches, nearly. A finger's

breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about

50 cents. A shekel of gold \$8.07.

A talent of silver \$1,548.32. A

talent of gold, \$23,307. A piece

of silver or a pining, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents. A gerah

was 2 cents. A mite $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

A homer contained 76 gallons and 4 pints. A hick was one gallon & 2 pints. A ferklin 7 pints. An omer was 6 pints. A cab was 3 pints. A log $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

Material and Moral uses.

The material uses of things are as nothing to their moral uses. Physically, Mount-Blanc shelters the Italian vineyards; and Niagara as a watering power might grind corn for giants; while in their moral functions down through all ages they have been filling.

the world's heart with great thoughts of sublimity and beauty, stupendous symbols of hieroglyphs of eternity and God. Materially considered, a bird is a musical instrument, and a flower vase, a vase of perfume; morally, they are both exquisite thoughts of God, realized and embodied.

Remember!

The history of the world teaches no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this: that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart, than it folly commences the conquest of the mind

What is Christianity

It is the sum total of every thing that will be developed out of true minded, large hearted men and women by learning, by science, by experience, by law, by government, by religious instrumentality, by industrial vocation by every thing. That is Christianity. "Whatsoever is pure" Not only what was pure in the time of the Apostles, but if there comes up a higher standard of morals and a higher imagination, of aesthetic development, and a period rises to something higher than was known in those days, that belongs to

Christianity. For Christianity is not simply the Alphabet of moral quality. It is the whole literature that can be brought out by the combination of the alphabet and whatsoever is just; whatsoever is pure, measured by every growing standard to the end of time, whatsoever is intelligent and whatsoever is rightminded, as the whole human race learns to be more and more perfected inwardly that is comprehended in Christianity. It is not a doctrine nor a school, nor an organized church nor a government, but it is human nature, accorded to the very highest development,

of which it is susceptible.
The Kingdom of God is
within you.

Excuses. by Moody.
Take the excuses. There is not
one of them that's not a lie.
The Devil made them all, and
if the sinner hadn't one ready
the Devil was there at his
elbow, to suggest one about the
truths of the Bible or something
of that sort. One of them was,
that the man had bought a
piece of ground, and had to
look at it. It was a lie to
say he had to go and see it
then, for he ought to have seen
it before he bought it. The

next man had some excuse,
and he must prove them.

That was another lie, for if
he had not proved them before
he bought them, he ought to
have done it; and could have
done it ~~xx~~ ~~xxx~~ after the supper
just as well as before. But
the third man had the
silliest excuse of all, he had
married a wife and couldn't
come. Why didn't he bring
her with him? She would
like the supper just as well
as he, and would have
enjoyed it too. These excuses
seem very foolish, but they are
not any worse than the excuses
of today.

Farm, V. Fireside
Consumption, H. Orcut

Some have maintained that one strong predisposing cause of consumption, which has proved such a scourge in New-England, especially is a deficiency of fat in diet. Eminent Physiologists maintain that the faulty nutrition, which results in tubercle, is caused by deficiency in oily substance. Dr Bennet - who introduced the use of cod liver oil, as a remedy for pulmonary diseases, says that butchers, cooks, oilmen tanners, and all such as constantly come in contact with fatty matter, are less

liable than others, to con-
sumptive habits, and from
this fact he draws his in-
ference. Dr Carpenter, and
Dr Haskin, confirm this opinion,
and state their convictions
even more strongly. Great
care then should be taken
therefore to secure a proper
and nutritious diet.

Apples.

The acid of apples, says the
Prairie Farmer is among the
most healthful of substances,
taken into the human stomach.
It rouses the action of the
liver when torpid, and thus
enables it to eliminate and

throw off the germs of
 bilious disorders, and those
 of other disease arising from
 blood-poison.

They must also be classed
 as among the most important
 and valuable of the vegetable
 growths especially for that
 class who work with the
 brain.

Patience

Patience is always crowned
 with success. This rule is
 without an exception. It may
 not be a splendid success, but
 patience never takes anything
 in hand that it does not
 succeed with in some form.

To Day.

Today is the crowning fact
of ^{all} the yesterdays, it is the
blossom of the centuries,
fragrant with all the virtues,
all the tender and touching
memories of the past.

It is replete with the wisdom
of all the sages that have ever
lived, and hints the heroism
of all heroic souls. It comes
to us a sacred legacy from the
past, each hour a link in the
golden chain that encircles the
world following which, we are
led ever higher and higher in
human attainment.

The Science of Life.

How few of us acquire this science until we are old enough for life to have lost half its charms.

The science of life consists in knowing how to take care of your health; how to make use of people; how to make the most of yourself, and how to push your way in the world.

These are things which every body ought to know, and which very few people do know. How never to get sick; how to develop your health and strength to the utmost; how to make every one you meet your friend, how to attach a few people

to you as choice friends to
be relied on in every case
how to earn money and save
it; how to behave just as you
ought to behave, amid all the
contingencies and unforeseen
happenings of life; how to live
down your past, if it is of such
a character as to demand being
lived down; how to manage
yourself to escape the entanglements
of false friends, how to provide
yourself, (if you wish to) with
a wife that will not be a
burden to you or a shame to
you all your life; how to approach
old age gracefully, so that you
will not be a grief and reproach
to yourself and others; how

to make use of past errors,
so that they may prove as
help rather than a hindrance
to you in future. All these
and many other things are to
be included in the science of
living, and the pity is that
we only appreciate that science
at its true value when the bloom
of life is gone.

Show me the man you honor. I
know by that symptom better than
any other what kind of a man
you are yourself. For you show
me what your ideal of manhood
is what kind of a man you
long inexpressibly to be.

Carlyle.

Some Little Folks.

There are some little folks we never ^{can please}
They fret about trifles they trouble & tease,
Full of discontent even at play;
Till their friends are worn out and are heartily glad
When bad time is come and each cross lad & lass
Is quiet and out of the way.

There are some little folks so good tempered & sweet
That to see their bright faces is always a treat
And their friends can quite trust them they know
They amuse themselves nicely with some work or play
Take care not to worry or get in the way
And are welcome wherever they go.

Time is the bellringer of the
universe. He strikes the hour
now; presently he will peal
the chimes.

Hope's Victory

Dark clouds had spread across the sky,
 As I roamed over the old land ways,
 And thro' the trees the breeze sighed
 While sunbeams hid their golden rays.
 "O' all is dark and cold around,
 And in my heart no light is found,
 So now will brightness be my guest,
 For joy is gone and hope is dead!"

Then as I spied the sunshine fast
 One heavenly smile from out the sky,
 That shall be calm within my breast
 And from my heart all thoughts will fly.
 Oh! in the glory that gathers round,
 Let trust within the heart be found.
 That when the sunbeams glide their shafts
 Sweet hope will gain a victory.

The worst and most unendurable of all our ills are the imaginary ones.

Study books to know how things ought to be, study men to know how things are.

To worship rightly is to love each other, each smile a hymn each kindly deed a prayer.

Our happiness does not consist in being without passions, but in being master of them.

No man can be free unless he governs himself.

It is in season of sorrow that love most especially roots itself. as trees are best grafted on cloudy days.

"Science" says Dr. Holmes is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in the upper chamber provided he has common sense on the lower floor.

If we save the moments of time we will have enough for every needful work. Moments are the material of which days and years are made. If these are well improved

Home Cheerfulness.

Many a child goes astray,
not because there is a want
of prayer or visits at home,
but simply because home
looks sunshiny. A child needs
sunshine as much as flowers
need sunbeams. Children
look little beyond their present
moment. If a thing pleases
they are apt to seek it; if it
displeases they are prone to avoid
it. If home is the place where
faces are sour, and words harsh,
and fault-finding is ever in the
air, and they will spend as
many hours as possible elsewhere.
Silly, father and mother

them try to be happy. Let them
 with the same intention and such
 means as to make them
 happy.

A Recipe for making Tallers.
 Take a handful of the weed
 called Runabout the same
 quantity of root called Simble
tongue, a sprig of the herb Backbite
 (either before or after dogdays) a
 tablespoonful of Dont-you-tell-it
 six drachms of malice a few of
enoy, which can be purchased
 in any quantity at the shops
 of Mrs Tabitha Sealable, and
 Mrs Nancy Night-walker. Stir
 them well together and simmer
 them for an hour over the

fire of discontent, kindled with
a little jealousy, then strain
it through the rag of Miscon-
ception, and cork it up in the
bottle of Malevolence and hang
it upon a skein of Street Gossip.
Shake it occasionally and it
will be fit for use. Let a
few drops be taken before walking
out and the subject will be
enabled to speak all manner
of evil and that continually.

To wash Calves without
galling.

Prepare three gills of salt in
four quarts of water, put the
calves in tub, but not down
it until all over in this way

the colors are rendered much more permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

Bread Griddle Cakes.

A good and economical way of using dry bread. Break at night, your bread into small pieces over which pour sufficient boiling water to cover. Set it stand till morning, then crush thoroughly add two well beaten eggs, and water sufficient for thin batter.

Croquets.

Cold meats minced very fine, mixed with equal quantities of fine bread crumbs and moistened with egg well beaten, to make a stiff paste. Fry slowly.

Never let it seed lie in the seed
in your souls. If you
should happen to be tempted
into telling a falsehood let it
be plucked out by a proper
confession of your fault as
quickly as possible. Pluck
it out and cast it from you
for I ~~do~~ assure you that of
all noxious weeds that find
root in the garden of the
soul, none go to seed more
quickly, or multiply more
copiously than falsehood.

A. Worthy Thought

This best-kept-out of life,
 And what is the best? Doubtless
 that which gives health and
 voice to the spirit. We are
 animals; we are social beings;
 we are spirits. The spirit is
 the motive power of the whole
 nature as the water or the heat,
 is the motive power of the
 machine. And yet we must let
 the fire burn low, and the
 stream run dry, while we hold
 the machine, and then for its
 attainment. As animals we
 seek our food and lodging;
 as social beings we gather
 around us friends, and

multitude of social ties; as
spiritual hunger and thirst,
and pine to powerlessness.

And so the best is left out.

What is called physical strength
is not physical at all; it is
in the hand. Many are
sick in soul and do not
know it; And how can
it be otherwise when from
their spiritual poverty the
best is left out."

Cream Candy.

Take as much sugar as you desire to make into candy, and add an equal quantity of cold water. Put a little starch, about two teaspoonfuls of starch to every cup of sugar, rub it smooth and set aside for use. Put the sugar and water over the fire to boil, but do not stir, after it begins to boil. Let it boil till it hardens readily when dropped into cold water. As soon as it has reached that state, pour in the starch stirring rapidly, and let it boil, while being constantly

stirred for a minute or
two. Then pour into a
well ballined dish, and
rub aside until cool enough
to work with the hands.

Add to it while working
such flavoring as is preferred.
Work till very light, draw it
out, into a flat piece, and
cut into sticks.

Notes.

From various Authors,
On the Science of Self Knowledge

Spurn what thou canst not claim;
 The flatterer's dress throw back;
 And learn how little is thy own.
 Seek not thyself without.

Consult thyself, thyself tell what
 thou art. Shake thy own powers
 and prove thee. True warfare is
 to cope with our vices.

2 X

Think not that the precept
Know Thyself was meant merely
 to lesson pride; but also that
 we might become acquainted
 with our virtues.

3 +

That should be man's chief pursuit
which chiefly belongs to him.

Let him therefore study his own
disposition, and become an
inflexible judge of his own virtues
and vices!

4

Let us penetrate into the nature
of things, and that thoroughly,
let us scrutinize what it demands.
It is otherwise impossible for us
to know ourselves.

5 +

True philosophy, as it teaches us
every thing else, teaches us also
that most difficult of sciences, a
knowledge of ourselves. The precept
to this effect contains in it so

much weight and wisdom, as
not to be ascribed to any human
being, but to the Divinity.

6 x

There is nothing, ^{we} men are now
deficient in, than knowing their ^{own}
own character. I know not
how this science comes to be
so much neglected. We spend
a great deal of time in learning
useless things but take no pains
in the study of ourselves, and
in opening the folds and doubling
of the Heart.

7 x

His virtue only, makes our
bliss below. And all our
knowledge is ourselves to know.
Pope.

It is said when the prince of
 Latin poets was asked by his
 friend, why he studied so much
 accuracy in the plan of his poem,
 the propriety of his character,
 and the purity of his diction;
 he replied, "I am writing for
 Eternity." What more weighty con-
 siderations to justify and enforce
 the ^{ut} most vigiland and circum-
 spection of life than this: I am
living for Eternity.

9

I am too noble and of too high a
 birth (saith Seneca, that excellent
 moralist) to be a slave to my body,
 which I look upon only as a chain
 thrown upon the liberty of my soul.

1 10 x
 Prove the full standard of thy
 power, the weight thy soul can
 bear, in little or in great; for
 he that takes up a burden that
 is too heavy for him, is in a
 fair way to break his back.

In every business, consider first
 what it is you are about; and
 then your own ability, whether
 it be sufficient to carry you
 through it; We cannot all do
 all things

10 x
 "If" said Plutarch "it was a thing
 obvious and easy for every man
 to know himself, possibly that
 saying "Know thyself" had not
 passed for a divine oracle.

The knowledge of sin is the first-step toward amendment; for he that doth not know, he hath offended is not-willing to be reprov'd. You must therefore find out yourself, before you can amend yourself. Some glory in their vices; Do ~~not~~ ^{you} imagine they have any thoughts about reforming who place their very vices in the room of their virtues? Therefore reprove thyself; search thyself very narrowly, First turn becauser the thyself, then a judge, and then a suppliant. And dare for once to displease thyself.

13 x

[109]

It is a good argument of a reformed mind, that it see those vices in itself, which it was before ignorant of.

14 x

For every trifle, scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Good nature and good sense must always join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

15

It is the privilege of human nature above brutes to love those that offend us. In order to do this, consider, first; that the offending party, is of kin to you. Secondly, that he acts thus, because he knows no better. Thirdly, he may have no design to offend you. Fourthly, you

will both of you quickly be in
your graves. But above all fifthly
You have received no harm from
him: for your mind or reason
is the same as it was before.

16

Do not return the temper of
ill-natured people upon them-
selves, nor treat them as they do
the rest of mankind.

17

When people ill treat you, and
show their spite, and slander you,
enter into their little souls, go
to the foundation of them, search
their understandings, and you will
soon discover that nothing they
may think or say of you need
give you one troublesome thought.

It is 18, L

It is sometimes a hard matter to be certain whether you have received ill usage or not; for peoples actions oftentimes look worse than they are; and one must be thoroughly informed of a great many things before he can judge rightly.

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief, than from those things, for which you were angry and grieved.

19 X

Your disposition will be ^{like} suitable to that which you most frequently think of; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the color and

complezions of its own thoughts.

20

The Christian precept is "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" And this precept the Pythagoreans practiced in a literal sense. Who if at any time in a passion they broke out into hasty language, before sunset gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so with mutual reconciliation parted friends.

21.

Plutarch

"Malice itself drinks in the best part of its own poison. That of serpents, is deadly to others, but harmless to themselves. This has no resemblance to it; it is

deadliest to its possessors.

Seneca

22

Fix your character and keep
to it, whether alone, or in company.

x 23.

If you are told that another
reviles you, do not go about
to vindicate yourself, but reply
thus: My other faults, I find
are hid from him, else I should
have heard of them also.

24

He who knows himself well,
is not pleased nor elevated by
human flatteries.

25

I am confident that no man
can be saved without a knowledge

of himself; whence indeed
springs the source of salvation,
humility and the fear of the
Lord.

26 +

It happens I know not how,
but whenever a thing is wrong,
we see it much sooner in
other than in ourselves.

27

Cicero

He who knows himself, makes
the most genuine prayer to God.

28

At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Tells his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought;
Resolves, and resolves then dies the same
young.

Let not your eye the sweets of slumber ^{taste}
 Till keen severe reflections you have ^{passed}
 On the days actions, thrice from first to last.
 What have I done, Whence have I transgressed,
 What virtue cherish'd and what vice repress'd,
 And if on search, your actions ill you find,
 Let grief, if good, let joy possess your mind.
 This do, this think, to this your heart incline
 This way will lead you to a life divine.

30.

When one asked Diogenes how
 he might be avenged of his
 enemies, he replied, "To be yourself
 a good and honest man."

31. ✕

Antiochus, spake incomparably
 well when he said, "that if a
 man would live a safe and

unblamable life, it was necessary that he should have very ingenious and faithful friends, or very bad enemies; because the first by their kind admonitions would keep him from sinning, the latter by their invectives.

He that hath no friend to give him advice, or reprove him when he does amiss, must bear patiently the rebukes of his enemies, and thereby learn to mend the error of his ways; considering seriously the object which these severe censures aim at and not what he is who makes them. He who designed the death of Prometheus instead of giving him a fatal blow

only open a wound, and thus ⁽¹⁷⁾ saved his life. Just-so may the harsh reprehensions of enemies cure some distemper of the mind which were before either not-known or neglected, tho' their angry speeches originally proceed from malice.

32. x

Some men admire the heights of mountains, the huge waves of the sea, the steep fall of rivers, the compass of the ocean, the circuit of the stars, and gaze by themselves, without admiration. While in other self is so near, and so mighty in size, that nothing can be seen above nor below nor beyond it; even the universe is eclipsed.

Whenever any thing is spoken against you that is not true, do not pass it by or despise it because it is false; but forthwith examine yourself, and see what you have said or done that may administer a just occasion of reproof.

Nothing can be a greater instance of wisdom and humanity, than for a man to bear silently and quietly, the follies and revellings of an enemy; taking as much care not to ~~revenge~~ ^{provoke} him as he would to sail safely by a dangerous rock.

It is an eminent piece of humanity, and a manifest token

of a nature truly generous, to put up with the affronts of an enemy at a time when you have a fair opportunity to revenge them.

34.

He who thoroughly desires to know what he ought to be, should study those that exhibit what he is not, as a man sees best his own defects in a correct form.

35

If any one convinces me that that I am wrong in point of sentiment or practice, I will alter it with all my heart. For it is truth I seek, and that can hurt nobody. It is only persisting in error or ignorance that can hurt us.

The

36

The dwarf is a dwarf tho' on a hill; the Colossus preserves its size in a valley. Seneca.

Dignities are dignities still, tho' placed on ^{Alps}.
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Young.

It was once said of a person whose self conceit was abundant, that her good points were so emphasized by her self-esteem that there was no need of spending time to enumerate them.

John Ruskins Advice To Young Ladies.

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat-better creature, and in order to do that, - find out - first - what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper and write down as minute a description of yourself as you can with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not; and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is ^{less} a pleasant thing to look at, than

the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking to at; so always have two mirrors, on your toilet table, and see that with proper care, you dress body and mind before them daily.

Write down then, frankly what you are, at least; what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults, which are of little consequence and which the action of a right-life will shake or smooth away; but that you may determine what you are good for and can be made into.

Teach yourself first; to read with attention and to remember

with affection what deserves both
and nothing else. Never read
borrowed books. To be without
books of your own, is the
abyss of penury. Don't endure
it. And when you're to buy
them you'll think whether
they're worth reading; which
you had better, on all accounts.

A woman must be a
pleasant-creature. Be sure
that people like the room
better with you in it; than
out of it; and take all pains
to get the power of sympathy,
and the habit of it.

Sunny hours in every season
 Wait the innocent.

Those who taste with love Treason
 What their God hath sent;

Those who never soar too high,
 Nor too lowly fall,

Feel the sunny days in winter
 After all.

Then altho' our darling treasure
 Vanish from the heart,

Then altho' our once loved pleasure
 One by one depart.

Tho' the tomb loom in the distance
 And the mourning fall,

There is sunshine and no winter
 after all.

^{Not so.}
Longfellow's First Poem.
When our great poet was nine
years old, his master wanted him
to write a "composition". Little
Henry like all children shrunk
from the undertaking. His master
said "You can write words can
you not?" "Yes sir" was the reply,
Then you can put words together
"Yes" was the reply, "Then" said
the master "you may take your
slate and go out behind the
school-house, and there you can
find something to write about,
and then you can tell what it
is, what it for, and what is to
be done with it and that will
be a composition. Henry took

his state and went out. He went behind Mr Finney's barn which chanced to be near and seeing a fine turnip growing, he thought he knew what that was for, and what would be done with it. A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing composition. In half an hour he carried in his work all accomplished and the master is said to have been affected to tears, when he saw what little Henry had done in so short a time.

over

Mr Finney's Turnip,
Mr. Finney had a turnip
And it grew, and grew
And it grew behind the barn
And the turnip did no harm,

And it grew, and it grew
Till it could grow no taller,
Then Mr. Finney took it up,
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot,
Then his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it and boiled it
As long as she was able

Then his daughter Lissie took it,
And put it on the table.

Mr Finney and his wife,
Both sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.
H. W. Longfellow,

Something to do.

Tho' the day has nearly passed,
Sit not down with folded hands
Labor while the hour shall last,
While shall flow like golden sands.
Life is changeful, ever brief,
O! improve each fleeting span,
Turn each day, some brighter leaf,
Measure time by deeds to man.

Knowest thou not some burdened soul,
Fettered by disease and pain,
Point to him the heavenly goal,
Bid him rise and strive again.
Knowest thou not a drooping heart,
Sinking with misfortune's blight?
Go and friendship's warmth impart,
Give to him a ray of light.

We are not to know the way,
 God shall work life's problem out,
 Let us labor while we may,
 Trusting him beyond a doubt,
 And with love for all mankind
 Pressing not till life be through,
 Let us work when we shall find
 Something still for us to do.

Known.

Triumph.

But he who has all single-handed stood
 With foes invisible on every side,
 And unsuspected of the multitudes,
 The force of fate itself has dared defied,
 And conquered silently —

Ah that soul knows
 In what white heat
 The blood of triumph glows!

Not-Knowing.

I know not what will befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eye,
And o'er each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes arise
And every joy he sends me come
As a sweet and glad surprise.

2

I see not a step before me
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping
The future his mercy will clear,
And what looks dark in the future
May brighten as I draw near.

3

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitterness than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the water

Before I stoop to drink
 Out of Marah, must be Marah,
 He will stand beside the brink

4

It may be there is waiting,
 For the coming of my feet,
 Some gift of such rare blessedness,
 Some joy so strangely sweet,
 That my life can only tremble
 With the thoughts I cannot speak.

5

O restful blissful ignorance
 'Tis blessed not to know,
 It keeps me quiet in those arms,
 Which will not let me go,
 And hushes my soul to rest,
 On the bosom that loves me so.

6

S. I go on not knowing

I would not if I might.

I would rather walk in the dark with ^{God}
Than go alone in the light.

I would rather walk with him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

7.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,

Yet I never had a sorrow

But what the dear Lord ^{chose} ~~to give~~

So I sent the coming tear back

With the whispered word, "He Knows"

This was copied from a paper April 1875.

What wouldst thou be?

A blessing to each one surrounding me,
 A chair of dew to the weary heart,
 A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart,
 To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon of light,
 A nightingale's song in the darkest night,
 A beckoning hand to a far off goal,
 An angel of love to each friendless soul,
 Such would I be,
 O that such happiness were for me.

The Leaves and the Wind.

Come little leaves said the wind one day
Come over the meadows with me and play,
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold.

2

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering one and all,
Over the brown fields they danced and flew
Singing the soft little songs they knew;

3

"Frickets! good bye, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song,
Say are you sorry to see us go,
And you will miss us quite well we know.

4

Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold
Mother will keep you from harm & cold.

Gondly we've watched you in vale & in glade
 Say 'will you dream of our loving shade.

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went
 Winter had called them, and they were content
 Soon fast asleep in their earthly beds,
 The snow laid a coverlet over their heads
 From Mind & Matter..

Pop Overs.

1 pt bread sponge after being stirred
 down. $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter
 1 Egg, a little saleratus. Let it get
 very light; after which roll out and
 spread with butter and sugar. Roll
 together like roll jelly cake and
 cut off and let them get very
 light before baking.
 From Chatham.

A Recipe,

For making and keeping friends,
From the Christian World.

What is the end and aim of life; what is the earliest thought of childhood, the ^{chief aspiration} ~~weightiest~~ thought of mature years and the clinging hope of infirmed age? Is it not happiness? and in all the world where can we look for such a treasure in its truest, deepest dye, other than in the claim of true friends.

Has it not been proved that real friends are and can be substituted for almost every blessing of life; and has

not the loss of health, wealth and freedom, been cheerfully endured by the presence of this inestimable boon. Then with what watchful eagerness should we study first to gather and then to hold in possession such priceless treasures.

In ^{almost} every book or periodical, we find in particular detail recipes for making almost everything under the sun, from a plain piece of toast, to the most intricate mixture in Alchemic list; and yet how surprisingly few are the real valuable recipes on the art-

of making and holding friends.

We often hear the remark that a friend without faults cannot be found, and are contented not to think so of others, but to claim the excuse for ourselves, each one admitting that if fortunate enough to possess a real friend it is too valuable a material to be bungled with, and thus the rough spots are suffered to remain.

There is so much bogus friendship, so much of the present tense flattery in this world of fashion, that to the real sensitive mind it seems

hardly safe to trust any, while
 if ^{the} ~~subject~~ ^{was given to} ~~was~~ ^a thoughtful study was
 given to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{subject}, each
 one would have in possession
 the ingredients of making
 themselves the richest boon
 of earth-life.

It has always been deemed
 unsafe for intimate friends
 to make the study of one another
 openly; for it is so natural
 to enshrine self in a "Sanctum
 Sanctorum," and any one treading
 there is thought an intruder,
 and of so trifling a moment-
 are but disagreeable ways to
 ourselves, that it would seem
 petty to discuss them, yet

these very little joys are the
greatest spoils of the entwining
vine of friendship.

How then do you ask, shall
we find these little joys, if
we do not wish even our
dearest friends to tread in our
vineyard, and as a reply
comes in the most valuable
command ever given to mortals
Study Thyself.

Be very careful to avoid
in yourself what you dislike
in others, remembering, "If each
one would mend one, all
would soon be mended" I
know not say a great
philanthropist, how it comes

^x It happens I know not how, says Cicero, but whenever a thing is wrong we see it much sooner in others than in ourselves. It is certainly one of the ^x greatest supporters of the efficacy and perfection of virtue, to be aware of its lack so quickly in others. ^x

The child reproved for a fault, which it greatly resents, will turn in a few moments and chide one still younger for the same, as tho' it were itself the embodiment of perfection.

In making recipes for puddings and fruit, we

generally tell what shall be
used, but here we reverse
and tell what to avoid.

Never attempt to catch a
friend by flattery the cord
is entirely too slippery.

It is dangerous to endeavor
to win favor, or climb into
estimation on the wreck
and ruin of character which
you have destroyed by slander.
For time will crumble you
with the ruin on which
you build. Those who
sacrifice principle for party
will sooner or later find

that they are minor of
both.

If you wish a true friend
be one yourself.

As it is impossible in
this world of difference
to prefer all alike, therefore
if you have a circle of choice
friends, it ought to be the
means of ameliorating your
behavior toward every one,
remembering that all are
somebody's friends who wish
them well treated.

Be very careful in your

conversation, for this is one
of the ingredients of friendship
Watch ~~for~~ ^{your} friends closely
to see if your talk pleases,
if you should tire them once
they will ever after be shy.

Avoid both extremes of prying
into other business or engrossing
the whole conversation in
talking of yourself. remember
If you your ear

Would have from jeer
~~Three~~ ^{Three} things keep wisely hid
Self and I, myself and my
And what I said and did.

Never interrupt a person, in

talking, but let each one have an opportunity of finishing a sentence, this is not only essential to friendship but good manner also.

Endeavor to tax your memory enough not to repeat the same story in the same company many times.

Never treat with scorn

Always try to be interested in whatever pleases another, thus you will find to be the chief charm of agreeable people, while to treat with scorn or indifference the enthusiasm

of a friend, is a most
bitter insult.

Never try to make your
friends a res^{er}voir for the
uncomfortable feelings you
hold against others. lest they
find themselves forced into
an unpleasantness and will
choose to keep aloof.

True friendship can only be
preserved by sweetness, that
which it takes a people
to preserve is neither salutary
or pleasant.

Harmonizing Colors.

Red with green.

Blue with orange.

Yellow with violet.

Black with warm brown.

Violet with pale green.

Violet with light-rose.

Deep blue with golden brown.

Chocolate with light-blue.

Deep red with grey.

Maroon with warm green.

Deep blue with pink.

Chocolate with pea green.

Maroon with deep blue.

Claret with buff.

Black with warm green.

Friendship's

How hard it is to find a friend
On whom we always can depend
Sometimes we think the treasure got
Till trial proves we have it not.

Many to serve their selfish ends,
Warmly declare they are our friends,
But soon as serving self is o'er,
Behold they are our friends no more
Others will act a part more base
Always be friendly to your face,
You turn your back they then you
Expose to obloquy and shame.

Apparent friendship others show,
That they may confidence bestow,
Your secrets thus they oft obtain
And seek to injure your good name.

Those of who others tell you much

My counsel is beware of such
They bring your neighbors shots to ^{ears}
When absent speak the same of you.
A faithful friend I highly prize,
But more pretence I do despise
When ere disposed a friend to trust.
Be always sure to try them first.

Rest & Work.

O little feet grown weary
Before the day is done
O little hands whose portion
Of toil is just begun,
Work on with trustful patience
The Father knoweth best,
And when the evening cometh
He gives his children rest.

O little hearts whose urging
Some mighty deed to do,
Remember his self conquest,
That wins the laurels true,
And if you work in childhood
While yet the twig is small,
A noble tree will rear its head
When evening shadows fall.

A Little Child's Fancies

I think that the world was finished ^{at night}
 On the stars would not have been made,
 For they wouldn't have thought of having
 If they had at first seen the shade ^{of the light}.

2

And then again I alter my mind,
 And think perhaps it was day,
 And the starry night was only designed
 For a little child tired of play.

And I think that an angel ^{no booty, please} when
 With a window pushed ever so high
 Let some of the seeds of the flowers ^{fall through}
 From the gardens they have in the sky.

For they couldn't think ^{white} here of lilies so
 And such beautiful rose I know

But I wonder when falling from ^{such a height}
The dear little side could grow!

And then when the face of the angel ^{was turned}
I think that the birds flew by,
And are singing to us the songs they ^{learned}
On the opposite side of the sky.

And a rainbow must be the shining ^{below}
Of a place in Heaven's floor that is thin
Right close to the door where the children ^{are}
When the dear Lord lets them in.

And I think that the clouds that ^{float in the sky}
Are the curtains that they drop down,
For fear when we look we should ^{our eyes} stagger
As they each of them put on their crown.

I do not know why the water was sent,
 Unless perhaps it might be,
 God wanted us all to know what ^{meant} it
 When we read of the "Caspian Sea."
 From the "Sheltering Arms"

Indelible Ink,

Through all the morning I traced ^{my name}
 On dainty linen & damask fair,
 Then gathered them up in a goodly pile
 And hung them up in the light fair.

I traced my name but with ink so faint
 Faded and dull were the letters pale,
 And placed them all where the sunshine ^{fell}
 To show abroad in the Spring tide gale.

I came again to remove the work

And fold it by when the day was done,
 But noting the writing, once so pale,
 Grown sharp & black in the midday sun.

This was the spot that came to my mind,
 How in the light of a brighter sun,
 As dark and distinct the deeds would stand
 We scarce remembered ourselves had done.

How trifling acts that are hardly traced,
 On memory's record so worn & dim,
 Could startle us by their different look,
 When seen by the light that comes from above.

And thinking thus can we dare but hope
 Our daily deeds may so well be done
 They shall not a deeper shadow take
 Beneath the glance of the Holy One,

low,

low,

low,

low,

low,

low,

low,

low,

low,

low,

