

CONFLICT BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG.

Every intelligent human being should live for a purpose. All have a destiny to fill, and the responsibility to work out that destiny rests upon each individual according to the talents given, whether they be one, two or three. All will not be measured by one standard, but according to conditions of birth, education, moral and spiritual surroundings.

As we cast our eyes over society—as now organized—and witness the great conflict between right and wrong in a political point of view, we tremble for the safety of American government, the stability of her free institutions, religious toleration, and her existence as a republic.

Shall her broad lands and beautiful rivers continue to be a home for the oppressed of all nations, where—by conformity to law and order, the home born or stranger regardless of caste or color—may choose their own rulers and worship God as their consciences direct? Or must the sceptre of power be grasped and swayed by unjust rulers who regard not the rights of others?

The founders of American government—though often called infidels—were really inspired men, as much as were those who founded the Mosaic dispensation. The framers of the American Constitution were not only eagle eyed, but were men of integrity, who sought to promote the good of the many at the expense of the few for the time being. They did not claim infallibility, but did their work honestly, and left it for others to prove, by experimental knowledge, whether they had laid the foundations of a civil government, strong and broad enough for a great nation to build upon, that would stand.

One century has passed. During that time America has seen her bright and her dark days! Fearful storms have arisen, and the great Ship of State has been tossed upon the foaming waves of civil wars, her strength has been tried in hairbreadth escapes, from being foundered in party political seas. Thus far she has been able to override those sectional storms; but we have more to fear from political misrule at home than from foreign powers. Intestine wars are demoralizing and of all others the most to be dreaded.

Can it be that any true American, for the sake of position or pelf, would be willing to destroy the peace and happiness of a whole nation? If ambitious, self-seeking rulers were willing to learn of ancient sages that the highway to greatness is justice and right doing, that wisdom is more precious than gold, and righteousness than great revenues, then would the nations of the earth be at peace, and individual self-seeking be secondary to the welfare and integrity of the whole people.

If honesty be the guiding star, diversity of opinions in regard to law and its mode of application will not engender strife and bitterness to endanger the nation's life. Agitation of thought may give birth to new ideas, and promote growth and strengthen, not weaken, the foundation of a great republic. If this be true in a political point of view, it is also true of the spiritual of a Christian Church.

Thousands see the underlying principles by which the nation's honor and wealth must be preserved; but at the same time allow partisanship to rule their better judgment. This causes great commotion and upheavals in society.

The natural and spiritual, run parallel; there are dividing lines, yet they are closely allied, and the one represents the other. There are also certain fundamental principles upon which the Christian Church must rest, or be like a building resting upon sand. Unless those principles are reduced to practice, and incorporated in the actual life deeds of the members of that church, all must fail; there is nothing substantial to depend upon but theories and mystical dogmas.

Were it not for an overruling Providence that shapes the destinies of men, women and nations, we should be left entirely to the caprice and vagaries of the natural human mind, governed by passion and selfish aims; and well might we quail, and faint, as we feel the convulsive throes in the body politic, and in the churches of our day professing to represent the religion of the lowly Jesus, and the first Pentecostal Church.

We have prophets and seers in our own time, who tell us that the Revolutionary fathers, who sought and gained for America freedom from tyrannical rule—established civil and religious liberty for all nations and races that might flock to her shores—are still watching with intense interest; guarding and defending the national bulwarks; and that they hold congresses in spirit spheres to legislate and advise means to keep the Ship of State from being wrecked upon rocks, shoals and quicksands.

And also that the founders of the primitive Christian Church are organized to watch, guard and sacredly hold in their keeping the fundamental principles of true Christianity which Jesus and His disciples taught and lived. And they who have eyes to see and ears to hear what the spirit saith, "see in vision, angels from the heavenly world gathering near, and hear the cries of martyred saints whom they behold clad in robes that have been dipped in Jordan's waters, and made white and clean."

They come to earth on a mission of love, visiting the lowly, the honest and sincere and hear their earnest invocations, and bear their report to higher spheres of intelligences. And they ascend and descend the ladder of truth, bearing messages to and fro, chanting the beautiful song, "Peace and good will"—which does not grow old by the lapse of ages—triumphantly waving the banner, whereon is inscribed, "Salvation by the Cross that Jesus and His disciples bore."

If this be true, then may we take courage—hope on and hope ever.—Antoinette Doolittle, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

IN THE BRIGHT SUMMER-LAND.

BY ROBERT COOPER.

There's a world that is brighter than this, Surpassingly beautiful and fair, And the oft-told-of mansions of bliss Are prepared for the blest over there.

In the bright Summer-Land We shall sorrow and sigh nevermore.

The praises of love we shall sing, For all the endearments of life, And the joy-bells of Heaven will ring In the absence of turmoil and strife. In the bright, &c.

To the Infinite Father we'll yield A grateful ascription of praise, And we'll trust to his ne'er-failing shield To protect us in life's devious ways. In the bright, &c.

WORK IN THE GOOD TIME NOW.

The world is strong with a mighty hope Of a good time yet to be, And carefully casts the horoscope Of her future destiny; And poet and prophet, and priest and sage, Are watching, with anxious eyes, To see the light of that promised age On the waiting world arise. Oh, weary and 'ong seems that time to some, Who under life's burdens bow, For while they wait for that time to come, They forget 'tis a good time now.

Yes, a good time now—for we cannot say What the morrow will bring to view; But we're always sure of the time to-day, And the course we must pursue; And no better time is ever sought By a brave heart under the sun Than the present hour, with its noblest thought, And the duties to be done, 'Tis enough for the earliest soul to see There is work to be done, and how, For he knows that the good time yet to be Depends on the good time now.

There is never a broken link in the chain, And never a careless flaw, For cause and effect, and loss and gain, Are true to a changeless law. Now is time to sow the seed For the harvest of future years; Now is the time for a noble deed, While the need of the work appears. You must earn the bread of your liberty By toil and the sweat of your brow, And hasten the good time yet to be By improving the good time now.

'Tis as bright a sun that shines to-day As will shine in the coming time; And truth has as weighty a word to say, Through her oracles sublime. There are voices in earth, and air and sky, That tell of the good time here, And visions that come to faith's clear eye, 'The weary in heart to cheer. The glorious fruit on life's goodly tree, Is ripening on every bough, And the wise in spirit rejoice to see The light of the good time now.

Then up! nor wait for the promised hour, For the good time now is the best, And the soul that uses its gift of power Shall be in the present blest. Whatever the future may have in store, With a will there is ever a way; And none need burden the soul with more Than the duties of to-day. Then up! with a spirit brave and free, And put the hand to the plow, Nor wait for the good time yet to be, But work in the good time now.

Spare Me the Day a Little Longer Yet.

O, golden color of the evening sun, Spare me the day a little longer yet; The tasks to me appointed are not done, And night flings down her shadows cold and wet.

Ere yet thy rising glory flushed the east, My day began, with noble purpose fraught; For well I knew if I but helped the least 'Twould help me on toward the goal I sought,

And, as I journeyed on, I stooped to raise Those who, toil-worn, had fallen by the way; And strove to guide along the rugged maze Their faltering steps into a better way.

At times to some I paused to whisper peace, To calm the raging of their souls' dark deep; And lo! the clouds disperse, the tumults cease, And o'er the spirit waves of comfort sweep.

Unsatisfied, I turned and strained my eye To catch a glimpse of heights I longed to reach. How can these feeble deeds, so small, thought I, 'The way to gain those heights unto me teach?

And, sore dismayed, I laid my burden down, And though my way lay through a goodly land, I knew not that 'twas on the enchanted ground My heedless feet had been beguiled to stand.

And, all unmindful of the much to do, I slept the long, bright, idle hours away; And see! the goal I sought is just in view, But ah! night's shadows cloud the face of day.

And, as I haste to finish tasks undone, My saddened heart is filled with vain regret; O, golden color of the evening sun, Spare me the day a little longer yet. ALMETTA

Major and Minor.

FROM POETRY OF AMERICA.

A bird sang sweet and strong In the top of the highest tree; He sang—"I pour out my soul in song For the Summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood Another bird sang—"I pour My soul on the solemn solitude For the Springs that return no more." GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

PATIENT WAITING.

The aloes grow upon the sand The aloes thirst with parching heat, Year after year they wait and stand, Lonely and calm, and front the beat Of desert winds, and still a sweet And subtle voice thrills all their veins; "Great patience wins; it still remains After a century of pains, For you to bloom and be complete."

I grow upon a thorny waste, Hot noontide lies on all the way, And with its scorching breath makes haste, Each freshening dawn to burn and slay; Yet patiently I bide and stay, Knowing the secret of my fate. The hour of bloom, dear Lord, I wait, Come when it will, or soon or late, A hundred years is but a day.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

BY J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

Oh, never give dark sorrow sway, And droop in gloomy sadness; But let Hope's brightest, purest ray Point to a happier, calmer day Of joy, and peace, and gladness.

The heart of man was never made To entertain eternal sorrow; The light must mingle with the shade, Flowers bloom, then wither, fade, But bloom again to-morrow.

What if the prospects all seem, drear, And sky o'er cast with clouds? We know that sunbeams linger near, And will ere long to us appear, Beneath their gloomy shrouds.

Then cast all care and gloom aside, And cherish blessed hope, And know the earth is broad and wide, And hours of life so quickly glide A down the sunny slope.

A NEW CHIME.

BY T. P. NORTON.

Ring! Ring; ye bells; ring something new; Ring out the false; ring in the true; Ring deeper than the olden chimes; Ring out the knell of feudal times; Ring out the years of dark distress; Ring in an age of happiness.

Ring in the morn of Wisdom's birth, Incarnate saviour on the earth; Born of high Heaven; whose radiant star Illumes its birthplace from afar. Ring out the gloom; ring in the light; While angels carol with delight.

Ring out the myths of heathen yore; The festivals of human gore; Ring in the feast of recompense; A flow of Reason;—common sense. Ring out to every thirsty soul, The chimes of truth from pole to pole.

Let peal on peal reverberate From every steeple, every gate. Ring out oppression, and distress, Monopoly and selfishness; Bid every sinking heart rejoice In unison with Freedom's voice.

Ring, while the angels once again, Sing "Peace on earth, good will to men," Ring, Death is dead; The soul is free To bask in immortality. Ring out ye bells; ring something new, Ring on forever. Ring the true.

SATURDAY EVE.

Who can express the soothing sweet, That comes week's closing hour to greet— The hour of peace, and calm repose, That tells of toil and care the close.

A week has passed—each hour and day Perchance has been a toilsome way, But toil is o'er, and boon how blest, To heart and mind this hour of rest.

A height it seems from which to view The winding path we've hurried through. And happy view if there we trace Joy smiles we've brought to sorrow's face.

Then turn, with eager, wistful eye, To hopes and plans for next week night, And pleasant does the prospect rise If just before us seems the prize.

We'll rest upon this height a while, Gaze back and forth, heart free from guile, Content with past, the struggle o'er, With joy await the "just before."

A peaceful spot on which to stand, Enjoying the rest to mind and hand, Awaiting the day of longer rest, Our holy Sabbath, day first and best.

When Saturday eve of life shall come, And Father in heaven shall call us home, Shall the call find us with shaves in hand, Waiting the rest of yon bright land.

Could we but live that each Saturday night Should find us firmer and stronger in right! Then hallowed would be life's Saturday even, E'er dawns the morn of our Sabbath in heaven.

Anna Bentons North Selection of poems. June 1909.

for Jan 1909

New Lebanon

daughter in marriage. Schoeffer was, in fact, the most capable man or them all, but his fame has always been overshadowed by that of his co-partners, so that full justice has never been done to his merits.

In 1837, a bronze statue of Gutenberg was erected in the city of Mayence, his birth-place. It was designed by Thorwaldsen, and the funds for its erection were provided by subscriptions from all parts of Europe. It stands near the celebrated Cathedral, and on the site where stood the house in which Gutenberg was born. In 1840, another was erected to him at Strasburg, his temporary residence. In 1858, a fitting memorial was unveiled in Frankfort-on-the-Main, then the capital city of Germany, to this trio of first printers. The statues are of bronze, life-size, on a granite pedestal. Gutenberg, holding a compositor's "stick," with types, in his left hand, stands in the centre; Fust on his right and Schoeffer on the left. On the frieze of the pedestal are likenesses of thirteen of the first printers, among which is Caxton; in niches at the corners are the coats of arms of the four cities in which printing was first practised, Mayence, Frankfort, Venice and Strasburg.

LOVE.—There is great power in love. Addressing his disciples, Jesus said, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." He was moved by this spirit of love when he said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He overcame the world in himself by energy of spirit; he wrestled against the temptations which were presented to him, and contended with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places; and by love to God, to truth and to humanity, he conquered the powers of darkness, and left an example that we all can safely follow.

He was not content merely to love those who loved and honored him; but he learned to "love his enemies, to bless those who hated and persecuted him, and to pray for those who spitefully used him." So strong was his love to righteousness that he laid down his life in its defense; and all who find a true joining to Christ as the Head of the Church, must live as he lived, bear the same cross of self-denial, rise into the divine life and become one with him, as he became one with the Eternal Parents.

Then, we shall so dwell in love that our offerings Godward will all be made in love. In love we shall serve and pray for one another and for all souls. Through love we shall intercede for the lost and erring, that God would send mediums to open the eyes of the spiritually blind, that they may behold the light of the truth, that the deaf may hear the sound of the everlasting Gospel, and be guided in paths of holiness and peace.

Rachel Sampson, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

THE BLIND ORPHAN.

BY S. C. FAUST.

How sad and dreary is this world;
I cannot see the light,
But God is ever with me here,
To guide my footsteps right.

I cannot see the light of day,
Or moon or stars by night,
But yet to God I'll always pray,
To give me back my sight.

If not on earth I will in heaven,
See angels bright and fair,
What God has kindly promised me,
That I may see up there.

Father and mother gone before,
To join the angels bright,
And I am orphan left alone,
With faith will go aright.

O, now I feel there is rest,
In that home above the skies,
And a crown of glory to the blest,
Where no veil will cloud my eyes.

Ah, yes, I hear them calling me,
To meet them on the shore;
Ah, yes, I know I soon shall see
Them, ever, ever more.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

Paine, the Auther Hero of the Revolution.

OMRO, WIS., Feb. 1st 1879.

Editors of Mind and Matter:

The anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine was appropriately celebrated at this place on the 29th of January, to the intense satisfaction of all lovers of true freedom, and, as a matter of course, to the know least concerning the subject of their hatred. One priest, here, in his impotent rage, christened our free hall "Satan's Synagogue." But their anger avails nothing, and our society is in a prosperous condition, having about overcome all foes within and without, and our meetings are always well attended.

On the occasion above referred to, many of our leading citizens attended, some of them taking part in the remarks which were made. After the remarks from the audience, Mr. Charles W. Stewart, of Milwaukee, a veteran worker in the cause of Spiritualism and free thought, and who is well known through the West, delivered an appropriate address, prefacing it with the following original poem:

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF PAINE.

Hail ye who drink at Freedom's fount,
And bask in Reason's golden rays,
Come, gather on our sacred mount,
And sound the immortal Hero's praise.
For his great soul never falter'd,
Tho' the path was dark and cold,
And for fame he never pattered,
But for truth he'er was bold.

He labored for the "Rights of Man,"
And for the rule of "Common Sense;"
The oppressor's sway and priestly ban
To him were foes of righteousness.
And he waked the "Age of Reason,"
And lighted freedom's fire,
'Mid the tories' shout of "treason,"
And the priests' revengeful ire.

Our Hero sowed in grief and pain
The harvest which we reap to-day—
To garner safe the golden grain
That nourishes true Liberty.
And to him we'll give the glory,
While with joy we speak his name,
Till our children lisp the story
Of our Author-hero's fame.

He wrought for Liberty and Truth,
And power was given him to defend
The oppressed of every name and clime,
And he was faithful to the end;
For the whole world was his country,
His religion to do good;
He saw in God one father,
And in man one brotherhood.

Then let us with one heart and voice
Resound the anthem to his praise,
And bid the grand old earth rejoice
With hope for freer, happier days.
For his name shall live forever,
And brighter grow apace—
And his laurels ne'er shall wither,
For he lived to bless his race.

Yours with best wishes for your success.
J. C. PHILLIPS, M. D.,
Secretary First Spiritual Society of Omro.

REASON.

Reason is God's throne within you. Could you better understand its dictates—better unfold its powers—you would not have so many dwarfed souls as are with you, to-day, groping about blindly—knowing not whither they go—worshipping an unknown God—while He they seek is within them, seated upon His throne; while they should be learners at his footstool.

Let reason then hold sway, and teach the millions God is near—not afar off—but ever with you. All should seek to understand His ways and draw nearer to Him through a better knowledge of divine laws which govern all things. "Know thyself," and thou wilt know more of God.

NATURE.

All nature teems with grand possibilities. Up the great stairway of thought the millions climb to a better fruition of power. Nature, in all her revelations, is an able teacher; her voice should be heard distinctly to be understood.

God speaks through all things, giving man the power to gather and embody, from out of all beneath him. In His divine love He is munificent and omnipresent.

Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 15, M. S. 32.

NEW LEBANON.

THE SHAKERS.

WOMEN'S INDUSTRY.—There is a family in the town of New Lebanon, who, during the year 1874, while performing all the duties of the household, washing, cooking, cleaning, &c., have found time to produce by their own handiwork—

70 yards woolen carpeting, worth.....	\$ 70 00
40 woolen floor mats.....	200 00
40 yards woolen plush for upholstering..	60 00
75 pairs mens woolen socks.....	58 00
100 pairs womens stockings.....	125 00
75 pairs silk and fur mixed gloves.....	75 00
25 straw plated bonnets.....	50 00
20 door mats.....	20 00
Palm leaf work.....	1,000 00
30 bushels dried apples.....	180 00
500 gallons tomatoes.....	250 00
308 gallons preserved fruits.....	150 00

\$2,238 00

This family has but thirty females above the age of 14 to perform the work, three of whom are above 60 years of age.

There is another family in which there are 70 females over 14 years of age, 31 of whom are over 60 years of age, 15 above 70, 3 above 80, and one over 90, (being now 99 and six months). The domestic manufacture of this family for the year 1874 was in round numbers \$3,000. These two families are adjoining and within fifty rods of each other. A member of this last family died in 1873 aged 101.

A third family adjoining, within thirty rods, containing 28 females above 14 years of age, 13 above 60, 5 above 70, and 3 above 80, during the year 1874 produced domestic manufactures worth \$2,500, in round numbers.

Another family in the town, adjoining within twenty rods, with 24 females above 14 years of age, of whom 12 are above 60, 7 above 70, 2 above 80, and 1 above 90, have during the same time produced domestic manufacture to an equal amount and value with the last. The domestic manufactures of these four families for one year will exceed \$11,000, Can the women of Columbia county show a similar record?

MORTALITY.—During the year there have been ten deaths in these families, whose ages at the time of decease will average over 75 years. Twelve deaths in other parts of the town, outside of these families, will hardly average 32 years of age. Leaving out children who have died during the year, of the prevailing diphtheria, the average age of persons deceased in town outside the Shakers will be about 62. This certainly shows that New Lebanon is a healthy town.

The enumeration of School District No. 9, of New Lebanon, the District in which Lebanon Springs is situated, is completed, and the following statistics are forwarded by the enumerator:

Number of dwellings.....	78
Number of inhabitants.....	416
Males.....	201
Females.....	215
Married.....	139
Single.....	248
Widowers.....	10
Widows.....	19
Single men over 30.....	11
Single women over 30.....	20
Over 60 years of age.....	43
Over 21 and less than 60.....	209
School age 4 to 21.....	129
Under 4 years.....	35
Oldest man is.....	83
Oldest woman is.....	86

FOREGLEAMS.

BY S. D. ROBBINS.

Sweetly through my heart is sounding
Music of the nestling bird,
And the ransomed brook is bounding,
And the flowret roots are stirred;
And I feel within my bosom
Uprise of the summer morn,
And within me swells the blossom,
Smiles the verdure, waves the corn.

Looking through these fields of snow,
'Mid this February rain,
I can see the autumn glow
And the reapers with the grain;
Thus God giveth intuition,
Gleaming 'mid life's withered leaves,
That in the seed is the fruition
Hid, in the spring-time stand the sheaves.

61 years ago

The Sexton's Lament.

Our pastor's took up with the Ritchelist views,
And he's all over changed from his 'at to his shoes;
His coat is so long, and his face is so grave,
And he calls his good crabstick his pastoral stave;
An' his voice has got hollow, and sad-like and mild,
And he'd think he was yielding to sin if he smiled:
They may say what they please, but whatever they say,
I don't like the looks of these Ritchelist ways.

Our parson he once was so hearty and stout,
And knew what the farmers and folk were about;
He'd talked with the men as they worked in the field—
He knew every acre, and what it would yield;
He'd a famous loud voice, and a kind, merry face,
'Cept when he was scolding a child in disgrace.
Now he walks through the lanes in a sort of a maze,
And that's what has come of his Ritchelist ways.

And the old village church he've a-done it up new,
And there's plenty of benches, but never a pew;
And pillars, and holtars, and things queer in spellin',
An' as for the vestry, that's quite past my tellin'.
There used to be two gowns I had in my cares—
A black gown for preaching, a white 'un for prayers;
But now there are twenty, wi' gold all ablaze—
And that's the expense of the Ritchelist ways.

There's hurrups and stoles that is always in wear,
And copes to put on for the Litany prayer,
An' green wi' white edgings for churchings, and listen,
He puts on a purple-and-white gown to christen;
There's things that hang loose, and things that fit tight,
And he's mighty displeas'd if I don't bring 'em right;
Oh, it's almost enough a poor body to craze,
The ins and the outs of these Ritchelist ways.

Then there's bowings and scrapings, and turnings and
flexions,
It's hard work to mind all the proper directions;
He'll first chant a sentence, then turn round his stole,
Then wheel to the east wi' a sort of a roll;
Now he speaks low and loud, now he jabbers so fast
As if it was something he wished to get past;
At the back of the building they can't hear a phrase,
For they don't speak distinct in these Ritchelist ways.

And the music, it's altered I can't tell how,
But the old Psalms of David are never sung now;
They've got some new hymns, wi' some very queer
words,

And they twitter and pipe like a parcel of birds.
They tell me its grand and I shouldn't complain;
But I long for the old Psalms o' David again—
Or else for our goodly and Protestant lays,
Not these dreadful quick chants o' the Ritchelist ways.

I've been a parish clerk for nigh thirty year,
But the parson and wardens is gettin' so queer,
And the work o' my office is gettin' so great—
What wi' brushin' the vestments and cleanin' the
plate—
That I'd almost resolved to resign it, and go;
But my friends they say "don't," and my wife she says
"no";
So I bide in my place, and each Sunday prays
There may soon be an end o' them Ritchelist ways

DEAD IN THE STREET.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

Under the lamplights, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty,
There she lies,
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty,
Spurned by all that is pure and sweet,
Pass'd by busy and careless feet—
Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty, and time, and leisure:
Leisure to speed Christ's mission below,
To teach the erring and raise the lowly—
Plenty, in charity's name, to show
That life has something Divine and holy.

Boasted charms—classical brow,
Delicate features—look at them now.
Look at her lips: once they could smile;
Eyes—well, never more they shall beguile;
Never more, never more word of her's—
A blush shall bring to the saintliest face.
She has found, let us hope and trust,
Peace in a higher and better place;
And yet, despite of all ill, I ween,
Joy of some heart she must have been.
Some fond mother, proud of the task,
Has stooped to finger each dainty curl:
Some vain father has bow'd to ask
A blessing for her, his darling girl.
Hard to think, as we look at her there,
Of all the tenderness, love, and care,
Lonely watching and sore heart-ache,
All the agony, burning tears,
Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears.
Breathed and suffer'd for her sweet sake.
Fancy will picture a home afar,
Out where the daisies and buttercups are,
Out where the life-giving breezes blow,
Far from these sodden streets, fousome and low.
Fancy will picture a lonely hearth,
And an aged couple dead to mirth—
An aged couple, broken and grey,
Kneeling beside a bed to pray;
Or lying awake o' nights to hark
For a thing that may come in the rain and the dark:
A hollow-eyed woman with weary feet.
Be'er they never know
She whom they cherished so
Lies this night, lone and low,
Dead in the street.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the
captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum
of the weight of his anchor, instead o' weigh-
ing it every time he leaves port.

The Discontented Couple.

An old discontented couple, who had hard
work to procure the necessaries of life, were con-
stantly complaining of the faults and failures of
others, instead of seeking by Divine help to recti-
fy their own.

"All this trouble and sorrow in the world is
through Adam and Eve," the old man would ex-
claim. "If I had been Adam, I would never
have allowed a woman to lead me into such a
scrape."

A wealthy and pious lady lived near, who had
frequently relieved the old man and his wife.
One day when passing, she overheard them
grumbling as usual, about Adam and Eve. She
felt anxious to convince them of the importance
of being contented with the station in which Pro-
vidence had placed them, and how wrong it was to
be constantly murmuring at their lot in life.

The next morning the lady's servant in livery,
came to the cottage with a message from his mis-
tress requesting the old couple to go up to the
mansion.

The looks of discontent vanished at once, and
the old folks were delighted with such a mark of
distinction from one so very rich.

On arriving at the mansion the lady received
them most kindly, and thus addressed them.

"I have set apart two rooms in my house, and
so long as you attend to my wishes you will be al-
lowed to remain here, and have everything need-
ful for your comfort. But if you disobey any of
my rules you will be immediately turned out and
sent back to your mud cottage."

"Thank you! thank you kindly, madam," re-
sponded the old man.

"Never fear of our doing anything against
your wishes, ma'am," added the old woman.

"Very well," said the lady, "then you will
find a home here for life."

Everything necessary for their comfort was
provided, and all went on well for some time.
There was one thing that somehow puzzled them.

For some days there was placed on the dinner-
table a covered dish, which they were desired not
to touch.

"My lady desires me to say that every dish is
at your service except that one," said the ser-
vant.

On one such day, having nearly finished their
hearty repast, the curiosity of the old woman was
greatly excited as to the contents of the forbidden
dish, and she said to her husband:

"Whatever can it be?"

"Never mind," said the old man; "we've had
a capital dinner without it."

"As the lady was doing us good, she might as
well let us taste every dish," added the old wo-
man.

"Why, yes, she might as well have done hand-
somerly," rejoined the husband.

"There can be no harm in looking," continued
the old woman; "the lady will never be any
wiser for that."

The old man was silent, and silence serves to
give consent. He was almost as curious as his
wife about the strange dish. The temptation was
strong, and the longer it was parlied about, the
more irresistible it became.

"She'll never know we have looked," repeated
the old woman as she gently took hold of the cover,
and very cautiously raised it on one side, and
then, stooped down to peep under.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed the terrified old
woman as she started back and upset the dish
cover on the floor.

Out jumped a mouse!
The uproar roused the lady of the house, who
suspecting what was the matter, was quickly at
the door.

"What! is this the return you make for my
kindness? You who were so ready to blame
Adam and Eve for eating the forbidden fruits,
could not you obey my trifling request? You
have now forfeited the privileges I conferred up-
on you, and you must therefore leave my house
immediately, and return to your mud cottage.
Never in future blame Adam and Eve again for
what you evidently would have done had you
been in their places."

HONEST JOHN TOMPKINS.

Honest John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher,
Altho' very poor, didn't want to be richer;
Wishes so vain he always prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather and dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
He was heard very often in words to declare
What he could not prevent he'd endeavor to bear.

He said grumbling would make a calamity deeper,
But never would bring bread and cheese any cheaper;
If any one injured or treated him ill,
John was ever found in good nature still.

For, he said, revenging an injury done,
Was making two mad when there need be but one;
Much better 't would be if folks wiser and richer,
Would copy John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher.

A couple of gentlemen had a pretty big talk
the other day in a store in New York, which
concluded by one of them observing, "If you
will step out into the street with me, I'll give
you a cowbidding." "Oh no," replied the other
laughing, "I wouldn't do it if you would give
me two of them."

Up in the Barn.

Old Farmer Joe steps through the doors
As wide to him as gates of Thebes;
And thoughtful walks about the floors
Whereon are piled his winter stores,
And counts the profit of his glebes.

Ten tons of timothy up there,
And four of clover in the bay;
Red-top 'at's cut, well middlin' fair,
As b'ns of roots, oblong and square,
Help eke out the crops of hay.

A dozen head of cattle stand
Reflective in the leaf-strewn yard;
And stalks are stacked on every hand,
The latest offering of the land
To labor long maintained and hard.

Cart loads of pumpkins yonder lie—
The horse is feeding in the stall;
The oats are bundled scaffold high,
And peas and beans are heaped hard by,
As if there were some festival.

At length Old Farmer Joe sits down,
A patch across each of his knees;
He crowds his hat back on his crown,
Then clasps his hand—so hard and brown
And, like a farmer, takes his ease.

"How fast the years do go!" said he;
"It seems, in fact, but yesterday:
That in this very barn we three—
David, Ezekiel, and me—
Pitched in the summer loads of hay!"

David—he sails in his clipper now;
'Zekiel died in Mexico—
Some one must stay and ride the plow,
Get up the horse and milk the cow—
And who, of course, but little Joe?

I might have been—I can't tell what!
Who knows about it till he tries?
I might have settled in some spot
Where money is more easy got;
Perhaps beneath Pacific skies.

I might have preached like Parson Jones;
Or got a living by the law;
I might have gone to Congress, sure;
I might have kept a Water Cure;
I might have gone and been—oh, pshaw!

Far better is it as it is;
What future waits him, no man knows;
What he has got, that sure is his;
It makes no odds if stocks have riz,
Or politicians come to blows.

Content is rich, and something more—
I think I've heard somebody say;
If it rains, it's apt to pour;
And I am rich on the barn floor,
Where all is mine that I can raise.

I've plowed and mowed this dear old farm
'Till not a rod but what I know;
I've kept the old folks snug and warm—
And lived without a twig of harm—
I don't care how the storm might blow.

And on this same old farm I'll stay,
And raise my cattle and my corn;
Here shall these hairs turn wholly gray:
These feet shall never learn to stray:
But I will die where I was born!"

And Farmer Joe pulled down his hat,
And stood upon his feet once more;
He would not argue, after that,
But, like a born aristocrat,
Kept on his walk about the floor.

LEGEND OF LAKE SARATOGA.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A lady stands beside the silver lake;
"What," said the Mohawk, "would'st thou have
me do?"

"Across the water, Sir, be pleased to take
Me and my children in thy bark canoe."

"Ah!" said the Chief, "thou knowest not, I think
The legend of the lake—hast ever heard
That in its wave the stoutest boat will sink,
If any passenger shall speak a word?"

"Full well we know the Indian's strange belief,"
The lady answered, with a civil smile;
"But take us o'er the water, mighty Chief;
In rigid silence we will sit the while."

Thus they embarked, but ere the little boat
Was half across the lake, the woman gave
Her tongue its wonted play—but still they float,
And pass in safety o'er the utmost wave!

Safe on the shore, the warrior looked amazed,
Despite the stoic calmness of his race;
No word he spoke, but long the Indian gazed
In moody silence in the woman's face.

"What think you now?" the lady gaily said;
"Safely to land your frail canoe is brought!
No harm, you see, has touched a single head;
So superstition ever comes to naught!"

Smiling, the Mohawk said, "Our safety shows
That God is merciful to old and young;
Thanks unto the Great Spirit—I well he knows
The pale-faced woman cannot hold her tongue!"

Shaker Convention.

Among the pleasantest features of anniversary week in Boston, was the convention of Shakers, composed of delegates from eight or ten societies, scattered in various parts of the country. They held meetings at the Meisonaon, day and evening, on Friday and Saturday, which excited so much curiosity and interest that they decided to accept the hospitable invitation of Rev. Henry Morgan to use his Indiana Place Chapel on Sunday, and also to open Music Hall in the evening. At every session the audience room was full, and the most perfect order was voluntarily observed by the visitors, upon whom the Shakers certainly made a most favorable impression. This can hardly be attributed to the peculiar style of their dress, or any beauty of outward adorning, but rather to the grace of a meek and quiet spirit, which eminently characterizes them.

The charm of their singing, which with short addresses comprised the exercises at each session, is in that natural melody common to the religious songs of the early Methodists, the "spirituals" of the negroes, and generally to the unscientific, but spontaneous expression of hope, joy and gratitude, in simple chords, by loving hearts. If there was a little shade of constraint in their manners, it certainly did not seem to proceed from diffidence, in coming from the seclusion of their country homes to be gazed at and criticised by a curious crowd of city spectators; rather from their usual habits of contemplation, and waiting upon the spirit.

The remarks made, both by the brothers and sisters, evinced more than average intellectual discipline, and were intended to make clear to their hearers the peculiar doctrines or principles of the Shaker faith—not to make proselytes, but to answer such questions as unsatisfied and inquiring souls are constantly asking, as to their reasons for professing to live in a new and divine order. The testimony of their lips was in accord with the calm and peaceful expression of their countenances, that in the virgin, spiritual life, they had found a satisfying portion. No unwelcome word fell from the lips of any speaker, and the censure of the "world's people," who cannot see the beauty, or feel drawn by the spirit of their system. Their position was, if any feel that they cannot live the virgin life, or do not believe in it, they are not called to it yet, but are only called to live in faithful obedience to the principles and precepts for which the marriage institution was originated.

The Convention was numerously attended, and the sympathy of the audience being of our most intelligent and cultivated citizens. Elder Evans presided, and the week-day meetings were extremely interesting, both from the public view of the Shakers, and from the peculiarity of the principles and tenets which they hold in common. It would afford us great pleasure to recite various points of the proceedings in their order, especially when all were of such interest, we are compelled to select only such allusions as will be of special interest to believers in the exalted religion of Spiritualism. Bro. J. M. Evans was one of the prominent speakers before the Convention, and was introduced to the audience by the presiding elder with many expressions of confidence and genuine approbation. It may not be generally known how close is the alliance between Shakerism and Spiritualism, but a few citations from the reports of these meetings will more clearly show.

It had been previously proposed to the audience that answers would be freely returned to any proper and pertinent inquiries that might be put up to the platform in writing, and from those replies we quote as follows: The Shakers believe implicitly in the inspiration of the race. The recent awakening of the patriotic element of the country and the general conviction of great wrongs in the social system, were evidences of what might be expected in an awakened spiritual life. Shakers believed that Christian people do most sin, and they looked with disgust upon those who declared that they cannot live without sin. Believing that religion exists more in name than in spirit in the world, induced Shakers to withdraw from the world and bear a homely name. Inspiration is teaching to-day that mankind is wanting a salvation from sin, and that this society believes in. The repentance which Christ approved in the case of the woman taken in adultery was "to go and sin no more," and that was all that was required by this society.

To a question which was handed in, "Do you preach salvation through personal faith in Jesus Christ?" Elder Evans replied at considerable length. In substance, his answer was that they did not believe in Jesus as Christ or as God, and

that men are as susceptible of inspiration as was Jesus. Such a belief was too narrow for their souls. Ann Lee, the founder of the sect, was baptized of the same Christ spirit. It was the Christ spirit which was wanted, to make them sons and daughters of God.

To another question, whether the Shakers fairly and squarely accepted the Bible as the word of God? he answered "that they did not believe it was the word of God. The Bible might be a record, but not the word of God, and men wanted the inspiration which caused the record to be made."

To the question whether the speaker had any sympathy with Spiritualism, he replied that he looked upon Spiritualism as a science, somewhat as they did upon geology, astronomy and other sciences. Swedenborg was spoken of by him as the angel of Spiritualism. Referring to the scenes of the day of Pentecost, he said it would be considered at this day as a manifestation of Spiritualism.

Referring again to Spiritualism, in answer to another question, the Elder said Spiritualism, as a powerful element, originated in the Shaker order eleven years before its supposed origin in Rochester. There were at that time hundreds of mediums among them, and they closed their intercourse with the world outside, because it was Orthodox. To the question whether it was a fundamental doctrine of the Shakers that spirits commune with mortals, he said they did fully believe it.

On Sunday evening Music Hall was entirely filled, although a fee of ten cents was taken at the door. The principal address was made by Elder Frederick W. Evans, of Mount Lebanon, N. Y., whose recent "Autobiography of a Quaker" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has been extensively read and copied. The vast audience were not only thoroughly interested by his novel positions and statements and logical method, but also kept good natured by the quiet play of humor that relieved what otherwise might have shocked some sectarian prejudices and appeared almost like blasphemy. We can only give from memory a very brief digest of the Elder's discourse.

They believe the deific life to be both male and female—not three male persons, as in the Trinitarian theology. Theodore Parker, whom the speaker eulogized in terms of high appreciation, after visiting their societies and becoming acquainted with their views upon this subject, always used in prayer the term "Our Father and our Mother." This divine and dual life they find throughout Nature. The God of the universe, therefore, cannot be a local Deity, as was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and as the Christian world generally believe. The God of the Hebrews was a partial being, a Spirit who had a particular object to accomplish through the instrumentality of that people. Other tribes or nations of men were nothing to him but obstacles to be driven out of the land into which he called this "chosen people." This was not the God of the universe, who is no respecter of persons. But this partial Spirit or local God was a being of great power, and he was working in divine order. His object was to produce perfect physiological beings—to secure perfect obedience to the laws of the body. Very little was known or thought by the Jews concerning immortal life. All the promises made them by their God referred to length of days and a land flowing with milk and honey in this world—supremacy over other peoples, based upon physical strength and prowess. To this end he called them out from the midst of the luxurious Egyptians, by the mediumship of Moses—a man prepared and endowed for the work—to whom he appeared in a wonderful spiritual manifestation in the burning bush. They were led for forty years through the wilderness, murmuring most of the time and looking back to the fleshpots and luxuries of Egypt with regretful complaints. When they feared starvation, and complained that they had been led into the wilderness to die, their God sent them manna from heaven. But each one, high or low, had to go out from their tents and gather for himself from the surface of the ground. This compelled activity of body and the daily inhalation of pure, fresh air. The food was simple, nutritious and healthful; but when they murmured for animal food, he sent them quails, and in such abundance that the most wicked of them surfeited themselves, and, as a consequence, had the cholera and died off, just as people die now of cholera and other diseases, from unnatural diet, and particularly excesses in animal food. Thus he got rid of the most difficult ones to manage—a very good arrangement, I think, said the Elder. The bread, which, at the beginning of every week, was placed on the altar for their God—which, if he did not

eat, the priests and their families did—was standard bread for the whole people. It was made from the whole grain and was unleavened. No devices, such as we have now-a-days for spoiling the bread, by bolting the flour and raising the dough, were then tolerated. Consequently their food, thus prescribed, was wholesome, and had much to do with the great mission of that people. And, all through their history, we see him dealing with a stubborn and refractory people, whom he was obliged to kill off, sometimes by the thousand at a time, and in one way or another, so that he might at last accomplish his purpose of bringing a pure, healthful seed into the promised land to be the founders of a new, vigorous and healthful physiological race. But out of the multitude who left Egypt, crossing the Red Sea between the walls of water rolled up on either side by spirit-power, only two individuals entered the promised land. But the children born in the wilderness, who had eaten simple food, breathed pure air, and been compelled to daily exercise, entered that land, from which the barbarians were driven out before them, there to found that institution of marriage, which nowhere else has ever had such sanctions, or been based upon the only purpose for which marriage is intended. The only object of this institution, thus founded, was to perpetuate the human race, under the most perfect physiological conditions. This was the grand culmination of the Mosaic order. And would it not be well, asked the Elder, for Christians who profess to accept that dispensation as the basis of Christianity, to retain and observe those great natural features which distinguished it—physiological obedience to the laws of individual life and the law of procreation? When one divorce occurs in every eight marriages in this land, and one-half the children die before attaining five years of age, is not something wrong, and an evident departure from the truth and law revealed by the Hebrew God? We are deeply interested in this matter; we are really anxious about it. If you do not live better and produce healthier children, what material shall we have to make Shakers of? If you cannot become Shakers, at least live out the order which you do profess to accept.

In the Temple of the Jews at Jerusalem apartments were appropriated to the young men and maidens who were destined for the temple service. There was room for many thousands of them. They were trained to the most perfect obedience to physical laws, and, as a consequence, were sound and healthful—pure in body. From this number, undoubtedly, was the virgin, Mary, the mother of Jesus. His organization thus derived, was fitted for the great work to which he was called. And now another spirit, the Christ, came to inaugurate a new spiritual era. Jesus was not the Christ, he was only one of many brethren, our brother, but the Christ came to him and taught him Christianity; it taught him non-resistance; it taught him the virgin life; it taught him self-abnegation. These principles he uttered and lived; but his apostles were not all Christians; they were not all converted entirely to Christianity, neither have his professed disciples been, from that day to this. Christianity is the new spiritual order in the world, a light shining in a dark place, a city set upon a hill. The Shakers believe that Jesus was not the only revelator of the Christ, but that the revelation is through the female as well as through the male.

As appropriate to this part of the subject, the speaker said he would introduce a sister who better than himself could present their views upon it. The name of this sister we did not hear, and, being unexpectedly called upon, she failed to continue the statement of their principles, but in a very cordial manner expressed, in behalf of the Convention, their gratitude and pleasure in the reception and attention which they had received from the people of Boston. This feeling was often expressed by them, and was, at the close of the meeting, embodied in a resolution, including, also, thanks to the press for the just and fair reports which have been published.

Liberty is the right to do whatever you wish without interfering with the rights of others.

Save your money, and you will find it one of the most useful friends.

Never give trouble to your mother or father.

Take care of your pennies and they will grow to be dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the trouble in this world; beware of strong drink.

The poorest boy, if he is industrious, honest, and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; remember that it has no power to tell how much it suffers.

Honesty is always the best policy.

THE INVENTOR OF THE ARGAND LAMP.

There died at his chateau, near Marseilles, France, October last, Jean Baptiste Quinquet, son of the man who obtained the credit and reaped the fortune of the invention of the Argand Lamp. I know nothing of this very worthy unit of the forty millions of Frenchmen of the year 1871, save that he had the reputation of being a wealthy man, and that his family history had in it an element of the ludicrous. What English-speaking people call an Argand Lamp is always named by Frenchmen a Quinquet Lamp. The reason of this and a narrative therewith came to me many years ago at second-hand from Faraday. Aimé Argand, a Frenchman, residing in England, invented the lamp. He introduced it in France, but with the not uncommon luck of inventors, found himself forestalled. The father of the recently deceased millionaire had stolen his invention. Argand was not a man of business. Quinquet was. A contest followed, and Quinquet beat. He went around for years with a card on his hat, bearing in staring letters these words, "I am Quinquet the inventor of quinquets." He was the "lord Timothy Dexter" of Paris, and somewhat the same sort of man; but he had brains enough to amass an immense fortune and to leave his children rich. Faraday's story was as follows:

"When my father lived in the rooms over a coach-house in Jacob's Well Mews, London, about the beginning of this century, there used to come to the church-yard, just behind the stables, exactly at sunrise every morning, an old man with a bag. I was accustomed to watch him from the window while he was collecting decayed bones, coffin wood, and roots of plants growing on the graves, having gathered which, he hurried away. Once I met him as he was coming through the old gateway, and at his request helped him home with his bag. He lived all alone in a ruinous dwelling, and did nothing after his morning walk but sort his roots and bones, and make decoctions from them. I was about nine years old, and as the decrepid man fancied that I could be of service to him, he encouraged my coming, and I became a frequent visitor. There were glass jars, bottles and phials containing variously colored fluids set around all over the house; there were a small furnace, blow-pipe, and many crucibles, and all the duties the occupant seemed engaged in were either to distil the contents of his bag or to decant liquids from one vessel to another. The wood he calcined that he might analyze its ashes; the bones he exposed to the action of strong solvents; the leaves he submitted to the alembic. Thus engaged, with his long white hair in disorder, his clothes old and covered with stains, and his eyes luminous with a brightness alike of genius and madness, he would have answered exactly as a model of an alchemist of the middle ages. The real nature of the end he had in view I did not know, nor should I then have understood it. His death occurred in January, 1803, and his papers showed that for years, living on the mere remnant of a once ample fortune, his whole object of pursuit had been to discover the elixir of life."

Thus far Faraday. The man himself, this modern disciple of Albertus Magnus, had been an eminent *savant*, and was the author of one of the most valuable improvements in the art of lighting which was ever made before the discovery of coal gas. Previous to his day, whenever a good artificial light was required by those who could not afford to burn wax candles, recourse was obliged to be had to the old oil lamp, the light of which, though comparatively powerful, was so yellow and unsteady as materially to injure the eyes, and the gas it omitted was seriously detrimental to the lungs. By a simple contrivance these disadvantages were obviated, causing an oil lamp to consume its smoke and give a steady and brilliant light. These objects could be effected only by some means which would supply the interior as well as the exterior of the flame with oxygen, and thus secure the perfect combustion of the oil. These means were found in arranging the wick around the circumference of a circle, whereby the flame formed a hollow cylinder through the interior of which a glass chimney caused a current of air to descend. This principle of construction will be recognized as that of the Argand lamp. The name of our alchemist and the earliest educator of that greatest of men and humblest of Christians—Michael Faraday—an intimate acquaintance with whom for fifteen years caused Dr. Bence Jones to say that "he was too good a man to be estimated rightly and too great a philosopher to be un-

derstood thoroughly," was Aimé Argand.

Argand constructed his first lamp in England in 1785. Repairing instantly to Paris to protect his invention by a French patent, he found he had been anticipated. Bonadventure Lange, a former workman whom he had employed, had constructed an Argand lamp, claimed the invention, patented the principle, and made public his asserted discovery in every possible way. He was reaping both fortune and fame when Argand found him; had laid the invention before the Academy of Science and been elected a member; and was preparing to manufacture the lamps on an extensive scale. Poor Argand was indignant and challenged Lange to fight a duel, which the latter refused. Too poor to carry his rights into the courts of law, and too unknown to enlist the powerful on his side, the real inventor was reduced at last to the miserable necessity of either starving outright or accepting a partnership with Lange. Humiliating as it was, to save his life Argand accepted the last alternative, and received from Lange a transfer of one-half the patent.

The advantages possessed by the new lamp aroused into hostile opposition all the makers of every kind of old lamps in the kingdom. Their trade was doomed if Lange and Argand succeeded, so they corrupted the workmen, burned the buildings, and threatened the lives of the new firm. The court was petitioned and injunctions craved; the *parlement de Paris* was besieged and its interposition invoked; actions at law were brought and the cases pushed forward for trial. In fact it seemed as if all the industrial forces of the kingdom were arrayed against the new invention.

But *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose*. The great Revolution broke out, and patents and petitions, lawsuits and the very courts themselves were consumed in the conflagration. Everybody was free to do everything. Among the hundreds who commenced to make the Argand burners was Quinquet. Sharper than the rest he named them *quinquets*, advertised them as *quinquets*, stamped them *quinquets*, as as they had no other name everybody called them *quinquets*. Argand went to law, but it did no good. The invention was lost. His reason gave way under this last blow, and he returned to London a monomaniac. The one idea of discovering the elixir of life possessing him thenceforward.

N. S. DODGE.

Boston, June 13, 1873.

It is as unjust to the Bible as it is vexatious to science, to endeavor to reduce scientific systems into conformity with the Biblical accounts, or to require the Bible to give us scientific systems.—[Arthur P. Stanley.]

STRONG CHARACTERS.

STRENGTH of character consists of two things; power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence; strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those who subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That was a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet remain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

LIGHT as well as fresh air is needed in a sick-room. All know that plants will not thrive in a dark room. The sick, especially during convalescence, require light as much as plants; not only light, but direct sunlight. Its warmth is pleasant, its associations are pleasant; but it has other influences we cannot explain. It aids ventilation, it warms and dries the room, and renders healthful what otherwise is poisonous. The pale, weak, and bloodless, under the direct influence of a "sun bath," gain color, strength, and health. Not that all are to be exposed to it under all circumstances, but let the room have a sunny aspect.

[Prize Essay Mass. Med. Society.]

BLUNDERS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

A mill-stream complaining,
Thus murmuring said:
"I am sick of the mill-wheel,
I wish I were dead;
No good to a mortal
Do I, that I see,
Float never a vessel
Away to the sea;
No ferry clasps over me
Souls, else asunder;
I wonder if somewhere
There is not a blunder."

The poppy's red blossom
Turned purple and white,
As she whispered the beetle,
"It did not seem right
That the rose and the lily
Beloved should be,
While she lived untended
And died silently."
Ever ending the protest,
"I wonder, I wonder,
If living and dying
Is only a blunder!"

From the borders of Jordan
A saint saw her crown,
But her footstep an angel
Stayed, ere she went down.
Then reluctant she plodded
The world's way again,
And took up her burden
Of weakness and pain.
Tho' prayerful, she marvelled
What wisdom lay under
God's ways, that to mortal
Looked thus like a blunder.

Be patient, poor river,
See oceanward flying
A vessel flour-freighted;
For starving and dying,
Ah! noble hearts send her,
And generous too.
But lacking thee, river,
What could they all do.
Flow on, little mill-stream,
Nor tarry to wonder,
A good purpose followed
Is never a blunder.

Speak softly, sad flower,
Thy leaf soul shall bring;
A ministry blessed
Shall silently fling
Over quivering nerves
Calm shadows of rest;
Give merciful sleep
And quietude blest;
Lay bands of forgetfulness
Over pain hot;
Is this, sleepy flower,
A blunder, or not?

Saint, when at the dawning
Thy crown thou shalt wear,
There will souls shine as jewels
That once were not there.
Souls prayed for and guided,
Souls given to thee,
Since back from the river
Camest thou wearily.

Oh, trust Him, river, flow'r and saint,
Nor question what your mission be;
Wait, wait till blunders shall grow bright,
Unshadowed, in Eternity.
Then all we now see not aright,
Or seeing, fail to comprehend,
Shall fall as links do in the chain
Of which the Master holds the end.

WILL MAKE THE OLD TRUNK ANSWER

BY GRACE H. HERR.

I said, on this great journey now
A new trunk I must surely get;
But Memory's hand is on my heart,
I'll make the old trunk answer yet.
I've dropped some tears within thy lid,
And oftener smiles have o'er thee shed,
When stooping down to pack my gear,
New hopes and fancies filled my head.
Thou dost not shine as formerly,
Thy trimmings now are somewhat dim;
In truth, my trunk, thou'rt growing old,
And lookest very soiled and grim.
On voyages, and on journeys, too,
We've had some pleasant days together;
And now, though squalls are in our wake,
I think I'll hold thee in my tether.
We've met some friends who kindly were,
But lately all are coarse and cold;
What wonder, having fared so hard,
What wonder if we both seem old!
As for the handsome, bran-new trunk,
Myself I promised I would get,
I will not have the shining thing,
I'll make the old trunk answer yet.

Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut.

The landlord who could walk a few rods from his door, enter and opening in the side of a bluff, an find stored therein a quantity of clear, beautiful ice, ready for use, without any of the trouble of securing, carting, storing, or the daily expenses of buying, would no doubt consider himself a lucky individual. Yet, according to the Ellenville (N. Y.) Press, that is what the proprietor of the Sam's Point Mountain House does daily, having for the last few weeks supplied himself with ice from caves recently discovered near his house.

These caves have been unknown until recently, even by the oldest inhabitants of the Point, although far surpassing the famous caves above Ellenville in extent, capacity and beauty. The bluffs for a long distance south of the Point have been broken up by some mighty convulsions of nature, into a series of crevices which penetrate them in every direction, forming numerous large caves, often several hundred feet in length and of unknown depth, with frequent openings in the top of the bluff. On account of the rough nature of the ground, which is covered with huge rocks and trees, these caves are not readily accessible from below, but on the bluffs very easy provision could be made for affording excursion parties a sight of these wonders without any rough clambering.

Beginning at a point several hundred yards south of the Mountain House is a nearly perpendicular opening into the bluff, down which streaming sunlight reveals gloomy and mysterious depths. This is descended with considerable difficulty. At a depth of one hundred feet below the surface, the cave opens in several directions, extending one way in a gallery several hundred feet in length. The width is several feet, and walls rising perpendicularly nearly to the surface, where they close in, except at frequent places, holding at times immense boulders in their rocky jaws. Progress is barred at a certain point by a deep pit extending down toward the bowels of the earth across the bottom of the cave, but the sunlight shows an exit a few hundred feet distant.

A pistol fired in this cavern sends reverberating echoes rebounding along the rocky walls. From the deepest portion of the cave conversation can be held with a person outside through a small opening in the top. There is but a small quantity of ice in this cave. There are intervening, before the ice cave can be reached, two or three other large caves. Finally, the explorer finds and opening through which ascends a heavy mist, resembling smoke. A long and deep cavern is discovered, the floor of which is completely paved with thick ice. In another cave large masses of ice are found covered with snow, and a party of excursionists recently enjoyed the novel pleasure of snowballing in

July. Another cave has a trickling rill of ice-water running through it.

Says a late visitor: "Language would fail to describe the wonders and beauties of these caves, in which we spent upwards of two hours. Their extent, I believe, no one at present has any knowledge of. The walls are in most cases smooth and perpendicular, with no hanging fragments apparently ready to fall at a breath on the heads of those who enter, as is the case with the 'ice caves' above Ellenville. At places large chambers open in the rocks, affording opportunity for the imagination to weave fancied resemblance of the homes of bandits."

CELIBACY.

By Daniel Frazer.

"What are the effects of abstinence from exercising the generative functions?" Freedom from all diseases of those functions.

"What does your eighty years' experience contribute to physiological science?" It contributes the above important fact.

"What forms of disorder arise from such abstinence?" No specific form of disease is incident to a virgin life—the life we live. We enjoy better health than do those outside our body.

"How does it affect length of days?" Favorably. The writer is seventy years of age; was thirty when he came here, and indorses the above answers in all their details. To philosophers and physiologists we say, form your theories according to the above facts, and we will abide the result. We assume that man is in possession of and manifests a two-fold life. The lower, represented by the baser propensities; the higher, by the attributes of goodness, truth, mercy, and all aspirations God-ward. In view of this assumption, the above questions may be summed up by one inquiry: "Can men and women live, in the exercise of the higher, divine life, to the exclusion of the exercise of the generative functions?" We take the affirmative of this question, and it is for philosophers, medical men and others, to show—give evidence—that the position we have taken is untenable; when they do, we will meet them with an experience of nearly a hundred years. And this experience is barely a drop to the bucket of the experience of past ages.

In Thibet, celibate institutions have flourished for thousands of years. The Brahmans and Ascetics of India can speak of their experience also. To-day, China and Japan have their celibate orders. There, existence in these stereotyped civilizations is an inverted prophecy—that celibacy has existed in these countries for untold ages. The Therapeutae of Egypt present their experience. The Esenes of Judea had their celibate communities. The order of the Vestal Priestesses in ancient Rome lasted about one thousand years; and the monastic orders of Europe, down to the present day, about two thousand years. And, strange to say, before Columbus touched these shores, Mexico and Peru had each their own civilization, and celibacy was found in them both.

From every quarter of the globe we have concurring evidence that, whenever man has made any progress beyond being a mere animal, the law of the higher life has broken forth from celibate institutions. First in history, and foremost in the field, is Asia; next is Africa Europe responds for more than two thousands of years in similar manifestations. Ancient America adds her quota of experience to the practicability of a virgin life. And lastly, the Shakers of modern America, in the sunlight of physiological law, and in all the well-understood relationships of social life, add their testimony to that of

past ages, that a celibate life is not only practicable, but favorable to health and longevity. And it is a condition necessary to their wants—an essential preliminary to their happiness—the manifestation of the divine element in their spirits. Because of this life was Christ manifested in Jesus, to gather all into one fold, who progress above and beyond the procreative law.

The idea that a virgin life is a contravention of the Creator's plan, seems to me to be one-sided, and certainly is a low estimate of man's ultimate destiny; and is not sustained by man's nature, nor by the analogy of other created things. Human beings are as really subject to be reaped, as is the grain they sow. On this subject Jesus said: "Cannot ye discern the signs of the times? the harvest is the end of the world; the angels are the reapers, and ye are they on whom the ends of the world have come"—the ends of the generative life. In harvesting grain, the reapers gather the elements of their own bodies. So, in the harvest of the world, the angels gather those in whom the elements of angelic life are quickened. These, when gathered, will manifest the Divine civilization, in which are neither *war* nor *want*. "Their bread and water shall be blest, and sickness taken from their midst." The Shakers, as a people, are in the full realization of the former, and to the latter, freedom from disease, we are surely and steadily approaching. We take a practical view (as did Jesus), that all are not prepared, as yet, for *this* life. But we think that humanity needs our example, to which, if they do not attain, they may approximate.

From the wide-spread action of Spiritualism we anticipate greater results; its mission thus far has been to disintegrate old organizations and ideas; all their attempts to organize, heretofore, have made bad worse. When its present phase is accomplished, we trust, as a wave of spiritual light has reached rudimentary humanity, that it may be succeeded by a wave of light and warmth combined, necessarily convicting and organizing in its results. If the Spiritualists organize a higher civilization on the generative plane, and, if the more advanced portion realize a higher ideal than we present, we shall be most happy.

Outside of our Order there is a growing desire for a permanent amelioration of human conditions. Governments, which rule by brute force, as do lions, are not acceptable. The diseases that afflict humanity, especially those referable to the generative functions, are appalling. In the midst of plenty, and in the possession of the most productive agencies the world ever beheld, it is supposed that nearly twenty millions of persons in the British empire alone, have, during the present century, perished from lack of food. The power to possess wealth and to increase it, without creating any, the antagonism between the accumulative products of labor and the laborer, the condition of the productive class, particularly the agricultural portion, reveal a state of things too awful to contemplate. A war establishment to kill and to destroy, is at the same time associated with extensive missionary efforts to preach a gospel of peace which they do not possess. We must be borne with, when we designate such a civilization a Satanic form of human life, the organic law of which is "the love of self at the expense and neglect of the neighbor." To bring about a distant approximation to our form of human society, we ask for the elevation of humanity to the practice of the law—"the love of self, and the neighbor as self." The organic law of our Order is: "*He that is greatest, shall be the servant!*" To those who wish to enjoy a Divine form of social life, we say, "Come and see" whether such operates among us or not.

There are little things often, that trouble us, and that render us impatient of the end. Yet God is as much alive to these as to those of greater magnitude. Let us trust Him; then, in these. The fret and the worry of soul concerning them, in which so many indulge, is idle. Worse than that, it is sinful, and works harm.

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Visit to the Shaker Settlement.

"Last, but not least, comes up the remembrance of my visit to the Shaker Settlement. That is a leaf in memory to which I shall often turn. I have it all before me now. Its broad acres of rich land; the trees laden with ripe golden fruit,—everything growing in rich profusion that heart could wish for; the substantial built houses; the cheerful ways of the well-ordered families; the great broad-backed, soft-eyed cows, themselves partaking of the quiet, gentle ways of their keepers,—the rich, pure milk drawn from their udders by pretty young Shakeresses; the young mother who passed on before us, showing us her stock (and with an air of pride pointing out the best) with his broad-brimmed hat, fat, rosy cheeks, and bright black eyes,—all these things like a bright picture that will never fade.

"As I passed from one to another and saw the calm, happy look on each, I could not but wonder of their inner lives,—what of their hopes and fears, &c. * * * * *

"As these things crowd my mind, the tall, slender figure of Sister Sarah comes up before me. Her kind, motherly ways gave me the confidence to ask what I would. She told how, at seven years of age, her mother had brought her from the far-off hills of Vermont, and laid her an offering upon God's altar, consecrating her to His service. Fifty years have passed since then, and her testimony now is, 'I am happy.' What a lesson for the worldling! I scanned that placid face; no mark of discontent was there; no hard-drawn lines had settled round any of the features, but a peaceful, happy expression, telling of the beauty of her life. As I looked at her I wondered if, when fifty-three years of my life had passed, I should be able to bear the same testimony.

"And then I said to her: 'Have you never in all these long years longed for the pleasures of the world?' With an eye beaming with truthfulness and a voice full of sweetness, she said: 'Nay, sister, never.' With this testimony I was led to believe what I had never thought before, that the Shakers are a happy people. All that I saw led me to think it. It is surely no convent life with its rigid laws and penances; no dark vaults or gloomy cells; no high walls or grated windows. Strong, willing hearts are here, bearing a firm but gentle rule. A ready obedience from all, gives birth to the good order and happiness that are so plainly visible. As I passed through the cool, pleasant rooms, seeing the happy faces and hearing the cheerful voices of old and young, and seeing the well-filled larders, I thought, 'O, what a home for the hungry, what a rest for the weary!' I know it is very unromantic to talk of being hungry; but as I am of the earth, earthy, I confess I was able to do justice to the sweet Graham bread and golden butter, the fresh milk, cakes, pies and fruit that were set before us. And then there was such a delicate politeness in the offering of this lunch, almost making me feel that it was by accident, while we knew it was placed there especially for us. After feasting on these good things, we were led back to the reception room by gentle Sister Sarah. I could not but express my thankfulness for the kindness she had manifested and the pleasure I had realized, and looking into her clear, calm eyes, I longed for a place in her love and memory; and when I asked her to grant me this boon, bright tears gathered in those soft eyes, and she bent over and imprinted a fervent kiss on my face. I shall never forget the pleasure of those sweet lips; and like the child whom the great Napoleon kissed, must ever keep that spot sacred. I do not know that it was so, but I shall ever cherish the idea that when the dewy tears gathered in those soft eyes and that warm kiss was given, there went up a prayer for my eternal welfare. Be that

as it may, I shall ever pray for one who was to me so kind, and I look forward to the time when I shall rest beside the River of Life and hold sweet converse with the gentle spirit of Sister Sarah.

MARY FRANCES CARR.

SNOW.

BY G. H. BARNES

See how the snow, the pearly snow,
Is falling to the land;
Like white-wing'd sea-birds settling down
Upon the ocean strand:
Look up and watch the feathery flakes
Float from the drifting cloud;
How busily their countless bands
Are weaving Earth a shroud;

Until the snow, the fleecy snow,
Has covered hills and vales,
And hid the withered leaves that fell
In bleak November's gales!
And only where the whispering pine
O'er spreads his tent of green
Do the crimson partridge-berries shine,
And mosses show their sheen.

The downy snow, the deepening snow,
Has buried all the seeds,
The acorns and the hickory nuts,
On which the squirrel feeds;
And hungry crows, from tree to tree,
In quest of scanty food,
Awake to their discordant notes
The echoes of the wood.

From bough to bough, scattering the snow,
The red-cap tree-peck flies,
Starting the hare from her ferny bed
With a fear in her round eyes;
And his rattling thump on hollow stump
Of beech or basswood tree
Makes all the white hills loudly ring
To the noisy reveille.

The chilling snow has checked the flow
Of many a laughing brook,
That trilled a song as it danced along
Of home in a shady nook:
But the school-boy laughs, and sings, and shouts,
And waves his fur cap high,
For the snow has laid a crystal track
On which his sled can fly!

O who may know the worth of snow,
If not the boy of ten?
Give him his sled and a sleety path,
Away with book and pen!
The snow's his joy in early morn,
At noon a fresh delight,
A pleasure lasting all the day,
He dreams of snow by night!

And when the snow, the drifted snow,
Has softened in the sun,
Then crusted in the keen north wind,
So hard a deer might run
Upon its smooth and shining breast,
Nor pierce with pointed hoof
The polished armor of the hills,
Close-linked and battle-proof,

How swiftly fro, on the crackling snow,
A merry, red-cheek'd crew
Will cut the breezes through:
"Hurrah! hurrah!" What care they then
For whistling wind or storm?
While the bounding blood in youthful veins
Is quick, and strong, and warm!

For high and low alike the snow
Has treasures rare in store;
The poorest child may fill desire,
The rich can do no more:
And, though the heirs of fortune claim
Of wealth an endless flow,
The sons of poverty can be
Their equals on the snow.

Then ho! for the snow, the dazzling snow!
See how it leaps and whirls,
And dances down on the flowing beard
And on the maiden's curls!
Right merrily we'll pass the time
Until the March winds blow;
Then we will bid a kind farewell
To the pure and spotless Snow.

ALWAYS have a book within your reach which you may catch up at odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. Give fifteen minutes every day; it will be felt at the end of the year.

REMARKABLE WORKS.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 round, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, 300 feet high, and had 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the Pyramids is 481 feet high and 659 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 308. It employed 330,000 men in building. The Labyrinth, in Egypt, contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round and 100 gates. Carthage was 23 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$500,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire.

ACCORDING TO THE RESOLUTIONS.—Recently, at a missionary meeting of the negroes of one of the richest negro churches of this city, the following resolutions were passed unanimously: 1. Resolved, that we will give something. 2. Resolved, that we will give according to our ability. 3. Resolved, that we will give with joy. After the resolutions were read and approved, and passed, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, and put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro, who was very rich—almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small bill. "Take that back again," said the chairman of the meeting. "Dat may be 'ordain' to de fast resolution, but not 'ordain' to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat, much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a larger bill on the table, saying, "Dar, take dat." It was a twenty dollar greenback, but it was given with so much ill-temper that the chairman answered, "No, sah; dat won't do! Dat may be 'ordain' to de fast and second resolutions, but not 'ordain' to de third." He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself, the rich old negro sat a long time, until nearly all were gone, and then advanced to the table and, with a smile on his countenance, laid a large sum of money on the table. "Dar, dat berry well," said the presiding negro; "dat will do; dat am 'ordain' to all de resolutions."—*Montgomery Mail.*

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—There is a place in Oregon called the Smoky Valley, where the people have a very curious way of cooking. They do not have the trouble of making a fire every morning when they wish to get breakfast. They just walk out with kettles, coffee pots, and whatever else they need, and cook at the boiling springs. The water seems a great deal hotter than common boiling water, and all they need to do is to hang their kettle in it a short time, and their food is nicely cooked. They are able even to bake in it. The bread is put into a tight saucapan, and lowered into the boiling flood for an hour or two, and then drawn up most exquisitely baked, with but a thin rim of crust over. Meat is cooked here, and beans, which are the miners' great luxury. It takes out a minute to cook eggs, or to make a pot of coffee or tea; but if there should chance to be a "slip between the cup and the lip," the food would be gone beyond recovery.—*American Paper.*

GOODNESS.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Do and suffer naught in vain;
Let no trifling be;
If the salt of life is pain,
Let 'em wrongs bring good to thee;
Good to others, few or many,
Good to all, or good to none.

THE DESERT OF ATACAMA.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

DOUBTLESS, to the young reader, this name seems somewhat familiar. You have studied about it in your geographies, at school. But perhaps you have almost forgotten what and where it is. Searching the map of South America, you find that it covers a little patch of territory which extends from Bolivia, in a southwest direction, to the Pacific Coast; and that is all you ever know about it. Perhaps you do not even notice that the Andes run through the small space obscurely assigned to it, nor consider the probability that it lies upon tolerably high ground.

But, small as it looks when compared with the vast Sahara and others far better known, this Desert of Atacama is, after all, a very strange and interesting place. Though seldom visited, a few reliable travelers have left us a record of what they found there. And certain it is, if we may credit their accounts, the wide world scarcely presents objects of more thrilling interest for science or history.

Cobija, a town upon the Pacific Coast, is a favorable starting-point to reach the Desert. From this place the road follows the seashore for a few leagues; and then turns eastward, toward the mountains, which also run parallel with the ocean, and at a very short distance from it. These mountains, which constitute the first range of the Andes, rise to the height of about four thousand feet; and on the plateau above lies the Desert of Atacama. The way up to this plateau lies through a steep ravine, which was formerly the bed of some mighty torrent descending from the heights above. Through this rough and rocky path the traveler toils upward for four or five hours, when he emerges from it upon a vast undulating plain, which is the Desert of Atacama.

The surface consists of a calcareous earth, in which innumerable particles of salt, niter, etc., are shining with such a glare, under the rays of a torrid sun, as to make it painful to look around. Not a plant grows here; not a bird, or insect, or any other form of animal life is to be seen. The stillness of death reigns everywhere, except for the moaning of the wind, which carries from place to place the powdered sand and lime.

The only evidence that men have ever been here is that human bodies, as well as those of mules and horses, are scattered about upon the waste—not reduced to disjointed fragments, but dried and shriveled to mummies in the parching atmosphere of this dreary height.

Day after day the thirsty traveler pursues his journey over such a soil and amid such objects, till he reaches Calama, a settlement in the midst of an immense morass, where he rests a little to refresh himself and his jaded mules. This morass, with its brackish and unwholesome water, is the source of a small river, called Lao, which at length becomes the boundary between this portion of Bolivia and Peru. It is so highly impregnated with the lime and other substances which are held in solution that the coarse bulrushes of the morass are quite encrusted, and small channels and trenches for draining are soon filled up by the same deposit.

Two days' journey from Calama, over the dazzling sand and through the stifling dust, brings the traveler to Chin-Chin, an ancient Peruvian burying-place, still within the bounds of Atacama.

And here in reserve for him is a spectacle which one might safely affirm has not its like upon the face of the earth! It is called a cemetery, by which we generally understand a place for the interment of the

dead. But here the dead are not buried. Seated in a large semi-circle, one beside another, are the mummied remains of an assemblage of human beings—men, women, and children—to the number of five or six hundred, all apparently in the places and attitudes which they first occupied, and which they have kept perhaps for ages! There they sit in the sand, immovable, as in a solemn council, gazing vacantly, with sunken and dried eyeballs, into the arid waste before them. Nearly all are in the same position, though some are fallen down and partly covered with the sand. The hot, dry air has preserved them as imperishably as the embalming art the bodies of Egypt.

What is the explanation of so strange a scene? Who were these that now constitute this ghastly company? Where, and how, and why did they first take their places in this vast semi-circle?

A thousand questions may be asked, but few answered. The inhabitants of the country who live nearest to the spot have no knowledge on the subject. Some think that the bodies were brought hither and placed in this position after dark, and that such deposit was to serve the purpose of burial. But where could the people have lived who brought their dead to this spot? There is no habitable region at any convenient distance; and no place of similar design is known to exist, to prove that it was a custom common to the aboriginal population.

Others believe that this may have been the remnant of a native tribe, hunted and pursued by enemies, and driven to a desperate choice between two impending evils—to die by their own act or by the weapons of their foes. There are mothers, with infants in their arms, among the mummies; and it is even thought that the dried and shrunken countenances retain sufficient expression to indicate that some grievous calamity had overtaken or was about to befall them. It may be their fancy, but travelers aver that grief and despair may be traced upon these shriveled features, and they are ready to believe that their possessors might have been retreating before the conqueror of their country (perhaps from Pizarro himself), and that, sooner than submit tamely to the rapacious and cruel invaders, they preferred to hide themselves in this dreary and inaccessible spot, and to suffer the agonies of a voluntary death, sustained by such comforts and hopes as their own simple faith could afford.

We cannot tell; but there is a spot on the border of this desert called Tucuman, which in the Indian language means "All is lost!" Perhaps the name commemorates the heroic resolution of these hunted people as they sought the desert for self-immolation!

It is said, too, by those who have studied the religious ideas of the ancient Peruvians, that they believed in self-sacrifice for their country; that, thus dying, they would be speedily removed to a better land toward the west.

The whole subject is full of a peculiar and melancholy interest, and would repay a more thorough investigation than it has ever received.

GOOD RULES.—A good man once said: The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the following rules, which I have laid down myself in relation to such matters:

1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind until I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed toward others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given.

O HAPPY ISLES!

BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

I.

O HAPPY isles! O happy isles!
Beyond the mists of time,
Where everlasting summer smiles,
A fair and stormless clime;

I dream of ye, I dream of ye,
Beyond the sunset low
That resteth down upon life's sea,
A soft and tender glow;

And in my dream, my waking dream,
Such sweetness comes to me,
I muse, I muse upon the theme,
Sweet islands of the sea.

O happy isles! O happy isles!
How oft I dream of ye,
Where everlasting beauty smiles,
Sweet islands of the sea.

II.

Often I list, I fondly list,
And from your far-off shores
I catch the echoes through the mist
Of softly-dipping oars;

And voices sweet, O voices sweet,
Come murmuring to me
Of angel rovers, fond and fleet,
Fair dwellers by the sea;

And O they tell, they sweetly tell,
In songs that echo clear,
Of those who in the islands dwell
We loved and cherished here.

O happy isles! O happy isles!
How oft I dream of ye,
Where everlasting beauty smiles,
Fair islands of the sea.

III.

O wave-tossed bark! my trembling bark!
Thy prow is thither bent,
Though often here by tempests dark
My sails are sorely rent;

But when the straits, the stormy straits,
My weary bark hath passed,
And lifted be the heavenly gates,
My anchor I will cast

Within the veil, within the veil,
Among the happy isles,
Where comes no dark and stormy gale,
Nor touch of sin defiles.

O happy isles! O happy isles!
How oft I dream of ye,
Where everlasting beauty smiles,
Sweet islands of the sea.

IV.

O crystal sea! O radiant sea!
I seek your island homes,
Where roam the ransomed and the free
And sorrow never comes.

My kindred there, my kindred there,
They wait, I know, for me,
Where only love perfumes the air,
Sweet islands of the sea.

My Lord and King, my Lord and King
Dwells in those happy isles;
I long to see his face and sing
Forever in his smiles.

O happy isles! O happy isles!
How oft I dream of ye,
Where everlasting beauty smiles,
Sweet islands of the sea.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

.... A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman: "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never heard of it!" "Then one-quarter of your life is gone." "Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half of your life is gone." "Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life is gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman: "Can you swim?" "No." "Then the whole of your life is gone."

—A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year-old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."—*Youth's Companion*

WATER FOR DRINKING.—Rain-water, properly collected and preserved, is the best and safest water for drinking and cooking, though pure spring-water is equally good. Water from wells, streams, etc., where liable to drainage from any corrupt vegetable or animal matter, is rendered more or less impure, and in many cases is dangerous to health. Water standing in an occupied room absorbs much of the bad air formed by breathing and perspiration, and soon becomes unfit for drinking, impure water being worse than impure air.

SMART WEED made into tea, is said to be a good remedy for colic. When cut and dried in full bloom, it is said to be an excellent preventive for bots in horses, and an excellent physic likewise. About one pound per week should be given.

OVER THE RIVER.

BENJAMIN MOORHOUSE.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

No lon - ger we shrink on e - ter - ni - ty's brink, Nor wish for a fur - ther de -
 lay; Clean robes are pre - pared for the jus - ti - fied souls, And an - gels are guard - ing the way.
 O - ver the riv - er of death,— On - ly just o - ver there! The spir - it re -
 leased from its bur - den of clay, Lives when made pure, in an e - ter - nal day.

2. While nearing the stream, in vision I see
 A structure rise noble and grand;
 'Tis not built on any false dogma nor creed,—
 'Tis a bridge to the fair summer land.

Chorus.

3. The shadow of doubt is forever dispelled,
 And kindreds are joined heart and hand;
 For messengers cross on this bridge every day,
 From their home in the bright spirit land.

Chorus.

4. Each day that we live, some gem we may store,
 The work of our own willing hand;
 The garment we weave in this valley below,—
 We shall wear in the bright summer land.

Chorus.

Immortality.

The following lines are an expression of the view of immortality cherished by George Eliot:—

O may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge men's search
 To vaster issues!

So to live is heaven:
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing a beautiful odor that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.
 So we inherit that secret purity
 For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred despair,
 Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
 A vicious parent shaming still its child,
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
 Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
 Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,
 That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burden of the world,
 Laboriously trusting what must be,
 And what may yet be better, saw within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love—
 That better self shall live till human time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tombs
 Unread forever.

This life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more glorious,
 For us to strive to follow. May I reach
 That purest heaven, be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony.
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense!
 So shall I join the choir invisible
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Farewell to 1876.
 Farewell, old year, farewell!
 Time rings thy funeral knell,
 While hearts with sorrow swell,
 A garland bright we'll weave,
 To grace thy pulseless breast,
 From memories choicest leaves
 And put thee thus to rest.
 And O departing year,
 When time shall be no more,
 Wilt thou again appear
 On the eternal shore?
 Farewell, old year, farewell!
 What memories with you dwell
 No mortal tongue may tell.
 But deep within the heart,
 Are treasures rich and rare,
 With which we will not part
 But guard with loving care.
 Farewell, old year, farewell!
 In humble silence now
 My blessing I will tell
 As at God's throne I bow;
 Farewell, old year, farewell!
 Mrs. M. A. Noteman, Toledo, O.

I hold this is the plan
 Of heaven's divine Evangel,
 The true, the perfect man
 Becomes the perfect angel.

44825

A Shaker Sermon, by Elder Evans.

The following address eloquently delivered by Elder F. W. Evans, in the meeting house at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., Sabbath, July 29, 1877, was listened to with much attention by a large and intelligent audience:

"When we begin to pile up in cities, as in Europe, we shall begin to devour one another as they do in Europe.—Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Jefferson, one of the illustrious founders of this Republic, laid it down as a fundamental truth, that land could not be held as property any more than we possess the stars of the firmament, or monopolized truth. We can only hold land only in usufruct. This reason for his position is: land was not created by man—it was not the result of his labor—that no individual could lay exclusive claim to any portion of it, and that all men, by virtue of their birth, have an inherent right to the use of it. In England we see to-day the evil results of the violation of this natural truth. When William of Normandy took possession of this country, he claimed sole ownership of the land by right of conquest. He divided the land among his generals and barons, who held it by feudal tenure. The common soldiers became tenants of the lords, and the original inhabitants were reduced to a state of virtual slavery. The church and ecclesiastical orders became large land owners, many opulent persons upon their death-beds having bequeathed to them their property as expiation for their sins.

In process of time, the Catholic church held one-fifth of the land in England. But, though the land was thus held by comparatively few persons, the poor were not in very bad condition. The land was let on easy terms. Any one who called at the castle of a lord or at a religious house was fed with bread and beer—at least all had enough to eat. There were no taverns in those days—only ale-houses. The clergy not having it trusted to their care, to a large extent, for the benefit of the poor. The reformation gave the Protestant clergy possession of the property previously held by the Catholic church, and from that time common people were debarred the enjoyment of any benefit resulting therefrom. The ecclesiastical revenues were used for the aggrandizement of the hierarchy of the English hierarchy. The income which the lords of the church derive to-day from property thus unjustly held from the people is simply enormous. Thousands if not hundreds of thousands are compelled to live under ground, as miners, a life of incessant toil, barely earning subsistence—degraded, downtrodden, abused, till life ceases to be desirable. I do not hold individuals responsible for this state of things. It is the inevitable result of a vicious system. The Great Napoleon, by confining the acts of the Revolution, added three millions of land-holders to the population. The result of that enlightened policy in France, notwithstanding the tremendous drains upon her resources in consequence of unsuccessful, disastrous wars, is to-day the most prosperous nation of Europe.

When we look at the events of last week—strikes, riots, disturbances of the peace, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, resulting in bloodshed and devastation, do we comprehend the cause? Let me tell you, American citizens. There is wrong, national wrong, at the bottom. On one side we behold the strikers demanding bread or blood, indulging in riot and tumult, destroying millions of property, violating law, resisting authority and endangering the peace of the country. On the other side we see capital, enormous monies, vast interests controlled by a few men bent upon extending their powers, enlarging their possessions, becoming richer at the expense of the common people. That such a state of things should exist in America, among the first and most enlightened people on the globe, is surprising as well as deplorable. When Charles Bradleigh was here and heard the complaints of mechanics and laborers, and beheld the dissatisfaction existing among the common people, he was out of all patience. "Why," said he, "you have everything that we are fighting for. You have the ballot, universal suffrage, elect your own officers, make your own laws. You have the power in your own hands to remedy the evils you complain of." Are we to suppose that the strikers, who acted so wildly and blindly for the past week or two, don't know enough to choose honest legislatures to make just and reasonable laws? General Grant said, "The best way to secure the repeal of an obnoxious law is to enforce it," meaning, of course, that the sovereign people would elect such legislatures as would frame laws in accord with the wishes of their constituents. The deplorable occurrences of last week are the natural result of disregard of radical truth. Unless people examine the cause of things and comprehend the relation in which they stand to them, they will have trouble and discord, and the wild wave of anarchy will roll over them. Theodore Parker said, "If you search for radical truths they will drop out at your finger's ends." My friends, when we see men like Stewart, Astor or Vanderbilt becoming so uselessly rich, we will also see hundreds of thousands becoming uselessly poor. We will see strikes convulsing the country from one end to the other, tramps filling our streets, and hear the dreaded cry of "bread or blood," the ominous cry that preceded the French Revolution. It has been heard in England—is now heard for the first time in our country. What will you do with a mass of men who cannot obtain work and have no bread? Either you must get up a national war, enlist these men and set them to killing each other, or they will kill you. But I think there is a remedy for our present troubles. I mean land limitation. Land titles remain as at present. Deprive no one of his rights, but pass a law that after 1878 no one shall acquire more than a certain number of acres of land. And as the present owners of exorbitant

tracts die, let the surplus revert to the Government, subject to public sale, or compel the heirs to sell to the legal limit. By this arrangement millions who now crowd the cities would flock to the country and become small land owners, the equilibrium would be restored, a healthier tone would prevail in the land and the cry for "blood or bread" would be heard no more. Individuals are not responsible for the present unjust, abnormal state of things. The glorious Declaration of Independence affirmed that "all men are born free and equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights. The Constitutional Convention recognized slavery. This was a compromise between ships and swamps. Massachusetts had ships and wanted the carrying trade; Carolina had swamps and must have slaves to work them. The sentiments of the Declaration were the advanced ideas of a few men. Every Fourth of July spread-eagle orators reiterated these ideas, until the people were educated up to the Emancipation Act, and amended the Constitution in favor of human liberty. By peaceful and persistent agitation, the public lands became free, the Homestead law broke out and imprisonment for debt abolished. I desire you to take hold of it, grasp it, reason, agitate, vote for it, until you incorporate it in your laws. Your wrongs will be righted—there will be bread for all. It will be a move in the right direction. But it should not be your only truth should be your guide in every relation of life, social, political and religious. The logical errors have more to do with present complications obey the truth to receive truth in the love of it no matter from what source it comes. Jesus was the most sensational preacher of all time. He produced a sensation wherever he stepped, and broke away from old-established customs and systems, and pointed out a higher and better way. And though His doctrine was revolutionary in the extreme, He used no violent means to enforce it, on the contrary, He preached and enjoined peace. When rulers give way to violent passions, resist the law of the land and destroy millions of property, they pursue a wrong course to obtain redress for their grievances. To gain the sympathy and respect of the people they must least peace—must show by their conduct that they are worthy of better conditions—that American citizens are not law-breakers. We must remember that it is written, "There is no peace for the wicked." This is true of individuals and of nations. All wrongs must be righted until He comes whose right it is to reign, because He shall seek only to reign in righteousness. He that ruleth over man must be just, ruling in the fear of God.

Wonderful Watches.

A watch about the size of an egg, said to be made by a Russian peasant, is now exhibiting in St. Petersburg. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance, and the sentinels on duty. While a spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek church at eve. A watch somewhat larger, still small enough for a capacious pocket, was shown at the meeting of the society of antiquaries a few years since; it had an alarm, and showed whether the hour was morning or afternoon in allegorical figures representing morning, noon, evening and night, which presented themselves to view at proper times. Other figures told the day of the week and months, the names of the months, the phases of the moon, etc.; but the figures of this machine were not dolls, but were engraved on revolving discs. A watch at present in the Swiss museum is small enough to be inserted in the top of a pencil case. Yet its tiny dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the times when watches were inserted in snuff-boxes, shirt studs, breastpins and finger-rings. George III. carried one of these little time-keepers, which was set in a ring like a jewel; it contained one hundred and twenty different parts, and just about as many grains, so that the parts averaged one grain each, the balance wheel and plunger weighing the seven-thirtieth part of a grain. The king was so pleased with the wonder that he rewarded the skilful donor with five hundred guineas. Mary Queen of Scots had a watch made in the form of a death's head. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the scythe and the hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer; at the base of the skull is a hand destroying all things, and at the top are the head and scenes of the Garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch is opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and lifting the jaw by a hinge; this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Family, angels, and shepherds with their flocks.

The World's Silver Production.

In 1800 the production of silver in the whole world amounted to \$35,000,000, which in 1850 reached \$42,500,000; in 1854, nearly \$47,500,000, and in 1865 rose to about \$62,500,000. In 1873 it was \$85,250,000, of which the mines in the United States yielded \$36,500,000. Including 1873, the total production of silver in the New World since the discovery of Columbus has been \$715,000,000, the largest source of accession latterly being from Nevada.

The Cry of a Lost Soul.

[Translated from the Portuguese of Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil.]

The cry of the Campanero, a Brazilian bell-blind, resembles the slow tolling of a church bell. You hear his toll and then a pause again, and then a roll, and again a pause. Then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll and so on. A person would stop in mid-chance, Maria would defer her evening song and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him, so sweet, so novel and romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white Campanero. To the superstitious half-breed the note is one of horror, for he believes it to be the cry of a soul condemned to the torments that the Church prescribes for the damned.

In that black forest, where, when day is done, With a serpent's stillness slides the Amazon, Daily from sunset to the rising sun, A cry, as of the painted heart of the wood, The long, despairing moan of solitude; And darkness and the absence of all good, Startles the traveler with a sound so drear, So full of hopeless agony and fear, His heart stands still and listens with his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll, Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole, Crosses himself, and whispers: "A lost soul!"—"No, Sonor, not a bird. I know it well!"—It is the pained soul of some infidel, Or cursed heretic that cries from hell. Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair, He wanders shuffling on the midnight air, From human pity and for Christian prayer.

Salute strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother hath No prayer for him who, sinning unto death, Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath—"Toss to the baptized Pagan's cruel lie, And bring new horror to that mournful cry, The voyager listens, making no reply, Dim burns the boat lamp, shadows deeper round, From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound, And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveler's heart a secret sense Of nature, plastic to benign intents, And an internal good in Providence, Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes, And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries, The cross of pardon lights the tropic skies! "Father of all," he urges his strong plea, "If on lovest all," thy erring child may be Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!"

All souls are Thine; the wings of the morning bear None from that Presence, which is everywhere; For he can hide, for Thou art there; Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame And ill.

Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still, With Thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal! In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole, And change to praise the cry of a lost soul? [Forest and Stream.

"God Helps Those Who Help Themselves."

Wouldst thou do a deed worth doing? Doth a far and fiery torch Wave thee on, to be pursuing Through the dim, enchanted porch?

Try the matter; be it worthy Deed of pencil, pen, or sword; Follow on, let nought deter thee, Only trusting in the Lord.

Failures are but as we take them, Few succeed with less than three; Tread them under foot, and make them Stopping-stones to victory.

Never temple, town, or nation, Won at once the right of sway; Even God, in his creation, Did not do it in a day.

Patience! patience with thy fallings, With thy little racking best; Wherefore waste thy time in wallings? Do—and trust him for the rest.

Trustest courage is in trusting; Trustest trusting is to try; Trustest dignity—not trusting, But to fight, and never fly.

Better than an angel's mission May be thine, if thou wilt be Patient, constant in commission Of the work that calls for thee.

Like a flower of purple, springing Lordly from a rifted rock; Like a bird that rises, singing Lonely o'er a northern loch—

So thy heart shall rise within thee, Upward to thine honest aim; Bide thy time; if he be in thee Will he leave thee unto shame?

It is better for a man to be an advanced oyster than a degraded pig; for in the former case the path is upwards, in the latter it is downwards. —Ager.

True Love.

- 1 Purer than the skies of ev-en, brighter than the morn-ing sun,
Is that angel-love from heaven, blending all our hearts in one;
Now within our hearts 'tis beating, march-es to the brighter spheres.
Now like rippling wa-ters meeting, murmuring gladness to our ears,
- 2 Oh, it is a glorious feeling, deep'ning as we heavenward go,
Spotless as the sunlight, stealing softly through the falling snow;
'Tis a fount of living waters, with rich blessings running o'er,
Where all Zion's sons and daughters, drink of bliss and thirst no more.
- 3 Love will heal the broken hearted, it will cure the stricken soul;
'Twill unite whom death has parted, where no waves of sorrow roll.
It will triumph when the mountains, time, at last, shall overthrow,
And when silent, all life's fountains, love shall bright, still brighter glow.
- 4 Like the light of hope that's beaming, o'er the dark clouds rolling high,
Love reveals far o'er them gleaming, brighter worlds beyond the sky.
Grant, thou Great Almighty Giver, o'er our wild and bleak domain,
Love may, like lost Eden's river, make this world to bloom again.
- 5 'Tis to God and to each other, love unites us heart and hand,
And will guide us, sister, brother, homeward to the promised land;
While we pray to be forgiven, while we hope for heaven above,
May our strife be all for union, and our contest all for love.

The Beauty of my Shaker Faith.

BY HARRIET BULLARD.

My call to be a Believer is something more than a casual circumstance. I feel its force, and realize its holiness. As a woman in the sphere of nature, I realize how enslaved I should be, to the fashions and life that gratify the merely animal; the object and slave of man's passions. As a sister in the spiritual family of Christ, I am relieved from earthly servitude, and am a free being—free to live and to be as pure as the heavens, with companions who also are pure.

I have the association of brethren, upon whom I can depend for my spiritual and physical protection—who are not seeking the spoliation of the angel virtue in woman. We, as their sisters, are enabled to be their ministers of comfort and love. The reciprocity of gentleness and sweet companionship between brethren and sisters, who are true and well tried, may find an equal illustration in the heavens, but no other condition on earth yields an equal joy. I realize every day of my life, the beauty of my gospel faith. Living in pure virginity, apart from the excitements of a worldly life; with a privilege of confessing and forsaking the mistakes of the past, and of feeling my attachment and relation to the spirits in the heavenly world. My whole being is under the guidance and ministration of the superior world. I love its discipline; I am happy in my call to an entire consecration of soul and body to a cause so noble; and though many rebel against the call of God, I know the discipline of a Shaker life is of God, and that its principles can never fail. I have tasted of the bread and waters of a regenerated and eternal life, and to every sincere seeker after truth, I send greeting, a welcome to share with me.

PRESENTED ON A CARD
IN FORM OF A HEART.

I'LL write upon my heart the words
Of chastity and love,
And gather home, unto their strength,
The "pure, white-breasted Dove."
'Tis this shall be my golden theme,
To strengthen all my toil:
To weaken every act of sin
That round its life would coil.
The fire of purity and truth
Shall glow with radiance there,
And stir anew the life of faith
To consecrated care.
And, when the angel fingers touch
The golden chords of love,
The sweetest notes within my heart
Shall thrill with theirs above.
Through holy efforts, thus I'll form
A resting place for truth,
And grow into the life of God,
In everlasting youth.
This is my off'ring, simple, true,
An emblem of a heart;
And every promise traced thereon
Shall strength to me impart.

Charlotte Byrnsall.

I will listen to any one's convictions,
but pray keep your doubts to yourself.—
GORTHE.

Things I Love.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

- I love the honest, truthful soul,
Who is not ashamed to say,
"I own I'm wrong; help me to walk
In a more perfect way."
"A wrong confess'd is half redressed,"
Pray speak of it no more;
You have acted nobly, and I love
You better than before.
- I love the artless, noble soul,
Who will not wince, nor start,
To learn his faults, though from a foe,
With malice in his heart.
"Strike on, strike on, keep striking on!"
The wise old Roman said;
"Your blows, good friend, may mend my heart,
And will not break my head."
- I love the brave and fearless soul,
Who dares, in open day,
To meet his heart alone, and bear
All that it has to say.
"If you have anything to say,
Speak on, good friend, within;
Together let us seek the light,
And search out every sin."

BELOVED ELDERS:

I ADDRESS you all unitedly as one, because I have reason to believe you have one Faith, one Lord, and one Baptism; and that you are unitedly striving, according to your several gifts, to build up the cause of Truth, Purity, and Holiness among your fellow-beings. And such as can truly appreciate your labors of love, and the deep solicitude you feel for an increase into the higher life of all souls committed to your charge, cannot but love, respect and reverence you, for your work's sake. Not as lords over God's heritage, but as examples to the flock, in meekness and Christ-like humility.

The world are accustom'd to bow
To men of ambition and pride;
But who shall be revered now,
The Gospel alone must decide;
For he that would stand in the lead
In this Dispensation, must know,
That he is the greatest, indeed,
Who is the most humble and low.

That you, beloved Elders, may have health and strength to perform the many arduous duties devolving upon you, and be the faithful medium through whom the Divine Spirit may bring many souls to feel the blessings of this heart-cleansing, sin-consuming work, and be your Epistle read and known of all men, is the sincere desire and prayer of your aged brother,

Richard Bushnell,
(near 82 years of age.)

What to do With Daughters.

- Bring them up in the way they should go.
- Give them a good substantial, common school education.
- Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
- Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
- Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
- Teach them how to make their own dresses.
- Teach them to make shirts.
- Teach them to make bread.
- Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and parlor.
- Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.
- Teach them that the more they live within their income, the more they will save.
- Teach them that the farther they live beyond their income, the nearer they get to the poor-house.
- Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen.
- Teach them that a good, round, rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.
- Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.
- Teach them that Nature made them, and that no amount of tight-lacing will improve the model.
- Teach them every day, a hard, practical common sense.

THE Christain is very frequently the only Bible the world will read. How sad that the copy should be so defaced!

GOOD BY, PROUD WORLD.

Good by, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam,
A river ark on the ocean brine;
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world! I'm going home.
Good by to flattery's fawning face,
To grandeur with his wise grimace,
To upstart wealth's averted eye,
To supple office, low and high,
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hastening feet,
To those who go and those who come,—
Good by, proud world! I'm going home.
I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies played,
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,—
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

R. W. EMERSON.

TRUE FREEDOM.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

R. LOVELACE, 1618-1668.

THE SISTERS.

There be three sisters sweet,
But various in mind—
One daring, yet discreet,
True, humble, and resigned;
She standeth, where would others fall,
And trusteth God for all in all.
Another, bright of mien,
And jubilant with life;
She spyeth the unseen,
Beyond all earthly strife.
Who hath this fair, vivacious maid,
Hath sunshine in the darkest shade
The last is all divine—
The greatest and the best,
O world! were she but thine,
Thou wert supremely blest.
But whoso hath these sisters three,
Hath Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Four Impossible Things.

1. To escape troubles by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but it did not succeed. Therefore manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.
2. To become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes gold shine forth with unalloyed luster.
3. To form an independent character, except when thrown upon one's own resources. The oak, in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is constantly beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.
4. To be a growing man by looking to your position. Therefore prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty than to be steamed up by a power outside yourself.

Wicked men never see fairer prospects than when they are upon the threshold of destruction.

He gives his views to-day,
And changes them to-morrow;
Which simply is boy's play—
The end is deepest sorrow.

tone to body and mind that comes from the vigorous, varied exercise of house-work. She flew briskly around the house, now singing, as she made beds up stairs, with the fresh morning air sweeping breezily through the open windows, now sweeping the sitting-room, now kneading dough, now out in the garden for vegetables, all this varied work bringing every muscle into play the more healthily, because not done deliberately and with "malice afore thought."

"How do you feel to-day, Susan?" queried Mrs. Whitaker, anxiously.

"I really don't know, mother," replied Susan laughingly. "I haven't had time to think."

And so Sue had grown plump and rosy, and had a buoyant step, a light and sparkle in her eyes, the radiance in looks and spirit that comes from a sound mind in a sound body.

A Woman at the Bottom of It.

"To tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw aside his evening paper and faced the little group in the parlor, "I am fast growing out of patience with this text,—a woman at the bottom of it." It would be strange in this world, made up, as far as we are aware, of nothing but the two sexes, if a woman would not occasionally be found at the bottom of anything good! It is the injustice of the thing that makes me angry. Now there are a hundred of us poor fellows who owe all we are, all we have, and all we can hope to become, in this world or the next, to the unselfish love of woman."

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly, so much so—"Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be anticipated, and John commenced, at first a little timid, but gaining confidence as he proceeded.

"When I first came to New York, at the age of twelve years, to seek my fortune, I can call myself a precocious chap without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-appreciation. I was quick to learn everything, the bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oaths he dropped with a naturalness that surprised even myself. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted, but after two weeks of nausea and indescribable stomach wrenchings, I came off victorious, and could get away with my paper a day with the best of 'em.

"True, every word of it," continued the speaker.

"One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to read, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by and by a lady said very softly and pleasantly: 'Would you please, little boy, be more careful. I am going to a party this afternoon, and I should hate to have my dress spoiled.'

"I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw. Pale, earnest and loving, to my boyish heart it was the countenance of an angel."

"What in the world did you say?" interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears, as she saw how the memory of this beautiful woman affected her husband.

"Say! There was very little I could say. I think all I did for sometime was to look. I managed to dispose of the tobacco, however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and mentally commented upon."

"Have you a mother, little boy?" she next asked in the same low tone.

"No ma'am," I answered, and I felt my throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"You have a father, then, I suppose?" she kept on.

"No ma'am, no father."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Neither, ma'am."

"Then the little boy is all alone in the world?"

"All alone, ma'am."

"How long has his mother been dead?"

the dear woman looked away from my face, and waited till I could speak.

"Two years," I answered.

"And you loved her?" came next.

"Dear!," was all I could say.

"She was silent for a moment, and then said so sweetly—oh! I shall never forget it—'And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?' pointing to my cheek where the telltale eud had vainly tried to stand its ground.

"I must leave now," she continued, "but here is my card, and if you come to me most any evening, I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other."

She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I felt that I could do nothing—with her I could grow to a man's estate—a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never passed my lips.

As soon as I could summon courage I called upon that lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down; and how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting room. Here she got at every point of my life, and before I bade her good bye, it was arranged that I should spend two evenings of each week at her house, and study on these occasions just what she thought best.

I grew careful of my personal appearance careful of my conversation, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of hers, where I remain to this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe this woman. During the last three months of those two years, I noticed that she grew constantly pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would reply:

"Oh, no! I am only a little tired—that is all."

One evening she kept me by her sofa much longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons, and laid out work enough it seemed to me for months.

"Why so much to-night?" I inquired, conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

"Because, dear," she answered, "I do not want you to come for the next week, and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John?"

"I think you can ma'am," I answered, almost sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

"That I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after; and when I hear folks saying, 'There's a woman at the bottom of it,' I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me."—[American Citizen.

THE SPIRIT I COVET.

(Amelia Calver.)

Praying spirit of my Savior,

In my heart O, find a place;

Help me, when the night is darkest,

When upon the desert waste.

When the day seems drear and cloudy,

And sweet hope her powers resign,

Blessed Savior, be thou near me;

Prayerful spirit, be thou mine.

Peaceful spirit of my Savior,

Canst thou find a place with me?

Give me power to calm the tempest,

While upon Time's billowy sea.

I would have my words and actions

Bend subservient to thy will;

That, should wrath my bosom enter,

I can whisper "Peace, be still."

Steadfast spirit of my Savior,

Let me feel thy scepter's sway,

Then like thee, I'll tread with firmness

Duty's path, in trial's day.

Like thee, I will stand unyielding

To the lurking charms of ease;

Over self will reign triumphant,

Seeking God alone to please.

Forgiving spirit of my Savior,

Take possession of my heart;

When offenses grieve my spirit,

Wilt thou then thy balm impart?

Aid me to recall thy sorrows

On the crucifixion day,

When in sweet and tender accents,

"Forgive them Father," thou didst pray.

Loving spirit of my Savior,

Let me in thy fountains bathe,

Ready to renounce all pleasure

Which a selfish heart would crave.

With thy influence for my guardian,

I can for all others care;

Joy with them when joy abounds,

Likewise of their sorrows share.

Healing spirit of my Savior,

O could I possess thy power,

Gladly every pain I'd banish,

Grail humanity restore.

Tho' I fail to heal the body,

May I not the spirit soothe?

Touch the wounded broken spirit,

Healing with the tones of love?

Blessed Savior, thy example

E'er shall be my "Polar star,"

Guiding, though 'mid trackless waters,

Pointing on to realms afar.

Prayerful, Peaceful, Steadfast, Healing,

Loving and Forgiving ever,

Blessed spirit of my Savior,

O, I pray thee, leave me never.

Mt. Lebanon.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,

No matter which way I turn,

I always find in the book of life

Some lesson I have to learn.

I must take my turn at the mill,

I must grind out the golden grain,

I must work out my task with a resolute will,

Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need

Of even the tiniest flower,

Nor check the flow of the golden sands

That run through a single hour;

But the morning dews must fall,

And the sun and the summer rain

Must do their part, and perform it all

Over and over again.

Over and over again

The brook through the meadow flows,

And over and over again

The ponderous millwheel goes.

Once done will not suffice,

Though doing be not in vain;

And a blessing-filing us once or twice

May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod

Is never so rough to the feet;

And the lesson we once have learned

Is never so hard to repeat.

Though sorrowful tears must fall,

And the heart to its depths be driven

With storm and tempest, we need them all

To render us meet for heaven.

Gentle Words and Tender.

Little acts of kindness

Christian love display,

Make home bright and happy

Through all the busy day.

Gentle words and tender,

Like soft drops of rain,

Making spring-time blossom,

Take away sharp pain.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life! I know not what thou art,

But know that thou and I must part;

And when, or how, or where we meet,

I own to me a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,

Through pleasant and through cloudy

weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;

Say not good night, but in some brighter

clime,

Bid me good morning.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The early flowers bloom bright and fair;
Fair shines the morning sky;
The birds make music in the air,
The brook goes singing by.

ANON.

THE FALL OF SLAVERY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ABOLITIONIST. II.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

Mr. Garrison went to Baltimore in the Fall of 1829, and took the principal charge of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, which was enlarged, and from that time issued weekly. Mr. Lundy, it was understood, would contribute to the editorial columns so far as he could while spending most of his time in lecturing and soliciting subscriptions. Never was a partnership entered upon for a holier purpose or in a more fraternal spirit. And yet, from the outset, there was between the two men a wide difference of opinion upon one fundamental point. Mr. Lundy's conviction of the wrong and sinfulness of slavery was as deep and earnest as that of Mr. Garrison, but he was an advocate of gradual emancipation, while his mind was preoccupied with schemes for colonizing the slaves as fast as they should be set free. Mr. Garrison, on the other hand, from the moment of setting himself to the serious consideration of the subject, saw clearly that gradualism was a delusion and a snare. Slavery was either right or wrong in principle, as well as in practice. If it was right even for an hour, it might be so for a year, for a century, or to the end of time; and, therefore, any effort for its abolition would be a war upon Divine Providence. If it was wrong, it was so upon the instant and in the nature of things; and, therefore, there could be no excuse for its continuance for a day or even an hour. All this seemed as clear to him as any mathematical axiom, and as fundamental as the law of Divine justice. His experience in the temperance cause had taught him that any movement against a wrong custom or an unrighteous institution, if it was to be of much avail, must rest upon some clearly defined moral principle which would commend itself instantly to the popular apprehension as a self-evident truth.

It was this clear moral perception of Mr. Garrison which, penetrating through all the subtleties in which slavery had become entrenched, qualified him to lead the great movement to which he was henceforth to be devoted. It was only in being himself lifted up to this high plane of moral principle that he could hope to draw his fellow-countrymen into sympathy with the movement, or even to arrest their attention for more than a fleeting hour. To spend his time in depicting the cruelties of the slave system, while tacitly consenting to the casuistry by which its existence for the time was excused, would be such a process of self-stultification as inevitably to defeat the object he had in view.

Mr. Garrison explained his views to Mr. Lundy with the utmost frankness, and they talked the matter over without coming to an agreement. How were the two men in the face of this difference to walk together? Mr. Lundy, in his sweet Quaker way, solved the difficulty. He said to Mr. Garrison: "Well, these may put thy initials to thy articles, and I will put my initials to mine, and each will bear his own burden." And so the two men struck hands, and *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* was a paper with two voices, but one was a voice of thunder, while the other sunk almost to a whisper. Up to this time the paper had made little impression upon public sentiment. Its readers went over the wrongs and cruelties of slavery, but they thought that a sudden emancipation would be attended with still worse evils; and so while they wept for the slave they excused the masters, and made no intelligent and well-directed assault upon the system. The chief sin of slavery they assigned to its guilty originators; the duty of repentance and emancipation was postponed to an indefinite future. In the nature of things the holders of slaves could see little ground for alarm in an anti-slavery sentiment so unintelligent and blind as this. But when Mr. Garrison lifted up the standard of immediate emancipation the ears of the slaveholders of Maryland and Virginia began to tingle. Under Mr. Lundy's exposures of the cruelties of the system they had indeed been annoyed and angry; but the sight of that banner of immediate emancipation filled them with alarm for the safety of their system. For the first time they heard their right to keep even one slave in bondage for a single hour disputed. They were told that by every principle of justice and by the law of God it was their duty to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." All the excuses and subtleties by which they had stifled the voice of conscience were swept away by an invincible logic, and they saw themselves arraigned before the Nation as a body of oppressors. Baltimore was not only a slaveholding city, but one of the chief marts of the domestic traffic in slaves. Slave-pens haunted their streets as in open day upon the principal streets, and

sade than could have been accomplished by years of timid half-way effort. It was no confused or uncertain sound that the new tocsin rang out upon the air. It proclaimed slavery a sin and shame, and demanded that every yoke should be broken, every fetter sundered, every captive set free. It startled and aroused thousands who would have been deaf to any more equivocal message, and kindled in the hearts of a noble few a fixed determination to cry aloud and spare not until slavery should be utterly abolished.

It was not long, however, before the slaveholders of Baltimore found what they thought was an opportunity to crush out the new movement and the paper that represented it. Mr. Garrison, of course, did not fail to denounce the domestic slave trade, of which Baltimore was one of the principal marts. There came to that port a vessel owned in Newburyport, Mr. Garrison's native place, and commanded by one of her citizens, named Francis Todd. Captain Todd loaded his vessel with a cargo of slaves and sailed for New-Orleans. Here was a case of Northern complicity with the infamous traffic which stirred Mr. Garrison's deepest indignation, and he denounced the transaction as in no respect different in principle from taking a cargo of human flesh on the coast of Africa and carrying it across the ocean to a market. The law denounced the their wealthy owners moved in the best society and occupied pews in Christian churches. Vessels loaded with slaves, torn from their kindred and friends in Maryland and Virginia, were constantly departing for Mobile, Savannah, New-Orleans and other Southern ports; and coffles of slaves, chained together, often moved in sad procession, sometimes to mocking strains of music, through the streets out into the open country, on their way to the National Capitol. The state of society in which scenes like these were tolerated need not be described. And yet it was in this seat of the domestic slave-trade that Lundy and Garrison set up their anti-slavery banner. Their friends, of course, were few and very timid, and ready to run under cover at the first alarm. Slavery was indeed admitted to be a bad system, leading to many gross wrongs and cruelties. Even the slaveholders generally admitted as much as this. But emancipation was held even by the sincere opponents of slavery to be impracticable. The holder of slaves was declared to be in the position of a man having a wolf by the ears—he must hold on to save his own life. The slaves, if emancipated, would take revenge for past wrongs by cutting the throats of the masters, burning their houses and ravaging the land. They could not take care of themselves in a State of freedom, and in fact did not desire to be free. In this sort of sophistry and falsehood the common sense and the conscience of the whole community were enmeshed. Emancipation in any shape, however gradual, was held to be an impossibility; the very thought of immediate emancipation the wildest fanciful dream; and even the discussion of the subject was dreaded as a knell of doom to the Republic itself.

We need not wonder, therefore, if *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, which as a small monthly under Mr. Lundy's mild management had been barely tolerated, was now, in its enlarged form and issued every week, absolutely intolerable to the people of Baltimore and the surrounding region. The slave power, entrenched in church and state, began to growl like a wild beast at bay. The air was thick with fierce denunciation of "that madcap Garrison," and men in places of power and influence began to look each other in the face and ask whereabouts this new crusade against slavery would grow if some means of crushing it out were not speedily found. The slaveholders hardly dared to make open war upon the freedom of the press, lest in doing so they should arouse an enemy too strong to be successfully resisted. They contented themselves therefore, with exciting a popular clamor against the obnoxious paper, under which the more timid of its subscribers fell away. Mr. Garrison himself says: "My doctrine of immediate emancipation so alarmed and excited the people everywhere, that where friend Lundy would get one new subscriber I would knock a dozen off. It was the old experiment of the frog in the well that went up two feet and fell back three at every jump." Men who could see only half-truths and lacked courage to maintain even those with firmness, said: "How foolish to throw away all chance of doing any good by such ultraism." But Wisdom now, as always, was justified of her children. The excitement by which the slaveholders hoped to extinguish the rising tide of anti-slavery sentiment only served to fan it to an intense flame, and more was done in a single month to prepare the way for the new cru-

foreign slave trade as piracy; the domestic slave trade, in the sight of God and according to every principle of justice, was no whit better, nor in any respect different in quality. Captain Todd, stung to the quick by Mr. Garrison's denunciations, brought suit against him for libel. A trial in a slaveholding court and before a slaveholding jury could have but one result. Mr. Garrison was found guilty and fined in the sum of \$50 and costs of suit. If he had been a rich man he probably would not have consented to pay a single cent of the sum demanded of him. But he was too poor to pay, and so of necessity went to jail. There was no effort on the part of the patrons of *The Genius* to avert his fate. The excitement in Baltimore was almost as intense as that in Jerusalem when Jesus was led away to be crucified. "And they all forsook

him and fled" was hardly more true in the one case than in the other of those who before had professed to be friendly to the cause and its champion. But the young Abolitionist was neither cast down nor dismayed, nor did he for a moment waver in his adherence to the principles he had avowed. He would make no apology, nor retract a single word. He knew that the effect of his imprisonment in the long run would be to arouse popular hostility to slavery, and promote the cause of emancipation. His undaunted spirit found utterance in two sonnets, which he inscribed with a pun on the walls of his cell, as follows:

THE GUILTLLESS PRISONER.
Prisoner! within these gloomy walls close pent,
Guiltless of horrid crime or venal wrong—
Bear nobly up against the punishment,
And in thy innocence be proud to bring!
Punishment by man's laws, is due to all mankind!

LET IT PASS.
From All the Year Round.
Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is no foe to peace;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unguarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May content us without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the Geydons on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass!
Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these hours to waste to heart,
Let it pass!
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to wait than wrong;
Therefore sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

