

1875
For making hard hats soft.

Take three 12 quart pails of water
heat it as hot as possible, and
not boil, dissolve in the same
a large table spoon full of soda-
ash, then put in the hat, re-
maining an hour. look to it often,
try to keep it under water.

Rinse it out nicely, and work
it to the crown block a little,
then let it dry to a dampness,
suitable for pressing.

1 " " Sugar
1 " " Butter

1 " " Of warm water in
which is dissolved a desert spoon
of Soda. One table spoon of Glycerine
Mix as soft as can be rolled
and take in a quick avon

One Question was Enough.

While traveling in a Hudson river county, Lorenzo Dow stopped at a country tavern kept by a man named Bush. The next morning the celebrated Erastus Root, who lived near, called for his morning dram and was introduced to the celebrated preacher. He said to Dow: "Well, sir, I am glad to see you, and I want you to tell me about the future world you speak of. Describe its appearance, and the face of the country in general." Mr. Dow, knowing their disbelief in revealed religion, said: "Heaven is a beautiful place, beyond our capacity to conceive, and there is not a Root or Bush in it." They asked no further questions.

HARVEST HYMN.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's boldest triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors old, yet ever new;
Oh, blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the bowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts its shine behind us still

Gives us, with our rugged soil,
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil,
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Besides the bounteous board of home?

Thank heaven, instead, that freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
And fields with fruit awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The earlier and the latter rain.

—John G. Whittier

An English writer has said there is a great analogy between the highest goodness and the highest genius; for under the influence of either, the spirit of man, "when ever it lifts up its head and shakes its locks," may scatter light and splendor around it, without admiring itself or seeking the admiration of others.

"Whosoever," is written on the outside of mercy, and "whatsoever," on the inside. The "Whosoever" takes in all classes, ages, every individual of our race. The "Whatsoever," covers the whole range of each individual's need for time and eternity. Hasten to get inside Mercy's golden gate, if not already there, and when admitted to her banqueting house, grasp firmly the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it."—[Selected.]

An old citizen died the other day in want, though he had large sums in the bank. His neglect to draw on his stores was attended with the same fatal consequences as real poverty. Many Christians live and die with a meagre experience because they fail to apply to the "bank of heaven" where untold spiritual wealth has been deposited by their Lord, subject to their order. To live poor when God has endowed us with true riches is a sign of ingratitude, carelessness, and unfaith, rather than humility.

What does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow of its sorrows; but, ah! it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil, it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless to-morrow, and it robs to-day. For every day has its own burden. Sufficient for each day is the evil which properly belongs to it. Do not add to-morrow's to to-day's. Do not drag the future into the present. The present has enough to do with its own proper concerns. We have always strength to bear the evil when it comes. We have not strength to bear the foreboding of it.—[McLaren.]

The average life of temperate people, in which category I include both total abstainers and those who use fermented liquors but only temperately, is sixty-four years and two months. The average life of intemperate people, in which category I include all those who habitually drink alcoholic liquors, using them not merely with their meals but drinking at different hours of the day, is thirty-five years and six months. Thus the average life of a drinker is but little more than half that of the non-drinker, and yet we are asked to believe that brandy, whisky, gin, and rum are wonderful promoters of health, strength, and life.—[Willard Parker, M. D.]

Soft Ginger Bread

- 1 Cup of Molasses
 - 1 " of Sugar
 - 1 " of Thick Sour Cream
 - 1 Table Spoon of Ginger
- Mix very soft.

Ginger Cookies

- 1 Cup of Molasses
 - 1 " of Sugar
 - 1 " of Butter
 - 1 " of Warm water in which is dissolved a desert spoon of Soda. One table spoon of Ginger
- Mix as soft as can be rolled and bake in a quick oven

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2 The Lord's day is not lost. While the machinery is stopped, while the car rests on the road, while the treasury is silent, while the smoke ceases to rise from the chimney of the factory, the nation enriches itself none the less than during the working days of the week. Man, the machine of all machines, the one by the side of which all the inventions of the Watts and the Arkwrights are as nothing, is recuperating and gaining strength so well, that on Monday he returns to his work with his mind clearer, with more courage for his work, and with renewed vigor. I will never believe that that which renders a people stronger, wiser and better, can ever turn to its impoverishment. —[T. B. Macaulay.

2 The ascent of Jack and Jill to fetch the water from its fountain head leads us to consider: I. The attraction of the heights. II. The upward impulse of the sense of want. III. The profit of pursuit. IV. Misdirected effort. Lastly. By this memorable catastrophe we are led to consider—the penalties of overloading. In conclusion, this authentic history indicates that no man rises or falls in the world by himself. When Jack fell down Jill came tumbling after. Momentous issues hang on every step we take in life. The false step by which we fall is certain to involve some one else in our disaster. Therefore ought we to be ever mindful of our goings that our footsteps may not slip, like those of Jack and Jill.

In thousands of homes no religious instruction is given, nor moral training worthy the name is imposed, the voice of prayer is never heard, and nothing whatever is done to impress on the child's mind the solemn truth that he is a responsible being and will be held accountable for his acts. If educated men sometimes fall and become criminals, it is not on account of their education, but in spite of it, and for want of that moral and religious education, which teaches respect for truth and honor, for the rights of men, and the fear of God. Something should be done to supply this all important defect, or the merely intellectual education we are giving will prove to be quite as much of a peril as it is of a blessing. —[Evangelist.

Dr. Busch, the author of "Bismarck and the Franco-German War" thus writes of the gratification it afforded him to be so near Prince Bismarck: "Pleasant, too, was the thought, after the day's work was over, of being one of the small wheels in the machinery with which the Master [Bismarck] was working out his mind and will on the world, and shaping it according to his plans. Best of all, however, was the consciousness of being near him, and that continued to be my highest reward." If it was honor and joy to Dr. Busch to be so near Bismarck, working out with a master-mind and skill his purposes—what must be the joy and gratification of the Christian to be nearer his Master, Christ, who is fashioning to his will and purpose all the movements, great and small, of a universe?

Alas! What a host of little Jack Horners there are in the world, people who think themselves so good that they do not realize the possibility of becoming any better! They feed their vanity upon their piety. The way of Jack Horner's goodness was in himself. He felt very pious after he had stuffed himself with pie. And how many people imagine that they happen to have more goodness than others because they happen to have more goods! They estimate their moral worth by their money worth; they are "good" for so much. But happily the Recording Angel does not estimate our piety by the superficial measurement of our pie-crust. Ah, friends, it is very easy to feel pious with plenty of pie! It is not so easy to feel pious on an empty stomach.

A holy follower of Christ is one who is in good spiritual health. The heart is in sympathy with God's will; the conscience is quick to detect sin, and strong in its protest against it; the affections lay strong hold on Christ; there is a constant and honest endeavor to keep all His commandments. One of the best evidences of holiness is the spirit of humble and childlike obedience. When such a follower of Jesus falls into sin, the lapse is followed by deep contrition: and sin, instead of being a petted inmate of the heart, is treated as a treacherous and hateful intruder. The motto of a holy Christian is "not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but this one thing I do, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

*The speech several
and arranging all things in the garden,
Shakespeare*

PERIHELION AND PESTILENCE.

What may Ensnare During the Next Seven Years—A Period of Suffering and Death

[From the Science of Health.]

If there is any thing in "astrological criology," we are approaching one of the most pestilential periods of earth's history. Since the commencement of the Christian era, the perihelia of the four great planets of the solar system—Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn and Neptune, have not been coincident. But this is about to occur, and in the language of Dr. Knapp, who has traced the history of the greatest epidemics that ever afflicted the human race to the perihelia of these planets, there will soon be "lively times for the doctors." The theory is that when one or more of the large planets is nearest to the sun, the temperature and condition of our atmosphere are so disturbed as to cause injurious vicissitudes, terrible rains, prolonged droughts, etc., resulting in the destruction of crops, and pestilence among human beings and domestic animals.

Dr. Knapp has collected a mass of statistical data, all going to show that perihelion data have always been marked by unusual mortality, and that sickness and death have invariably corresponded with the planets in perihelion at the same time. The revolution of Jupiter round the sun is accomplished in a little less than 12 years, of Saturn in a little less than 30 years, of Uranus in about 84 years, and of Neptune in about 164 years. If it be true, therefore, that the perihelia of these planets occasion atmospheric conditions unfavorable to life,

pestilential periods should occur once in a dozen years, and aggravated and still more wide-spread epidemics at longer intervals. In tracing its history of epidemics for more than 2,000 years. Dr. Knapp finds the facts in all cases to validate the theory. Thus in the sixth and again in the sixteenth centuries, three of these planets were coincident in

perihelion and those were the most pestilential times of the Christian era.

But soon we are to have, for the first time in 2,000 years all four of these planets against us. They will be at their nearest approach to the sun in or soon after 1880, so that for a few years, say from 1880 to 1885, the vitality of every living thing will be put to a severe and trying ordeal. Some persons think they see, in the signs of the times, evidences of the great disasters in the immediate future. The excessive heat, the unexampled cold, the prevalence of flood and disasters at sea, the general failure of the potato crop, the wide-spread chill fever among human beings, and the equal prevalence of the epizootic among the animals, are mentioned as among the premonitions of the rapidly approaching perihelion.

Well, "to be forewarned is to be forearmed." Accidents excepted, we know very well that the persons of more vigorous constitutions and more hygienic habits will have the better chance to survive whatever adverse influences the extraordinary perihelia will occasion. It is well known to physicians that, in all pestilences, plague, typhus, small-pox, cholera, mur-

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rain, etc., the intemperate, the dissipated, and those whose sanitary conditions were bad, furnished the victims.

We do not write to alarm any one, nor to make a sensation. We state the facts which all history attests. Readers can judge for themselves what importance to attach to the subject. That the conjoint perihelion of all the large planets of the solar system, one of which, Jupiter, is a thousand times as large as the earth, must disturb our atmosphere and temperature very considerable, is probable; that this disturbance must be injurious to health and life, is certain; and that these periods have heretofore been pestilential, is a matter of record. How much we shall suffer during the next dozen or fifteen years, depends very much upon how nearly we live a life in accordance with the laws of life.

All true life is progressive. It is so in all nature, first the blade, then the stalk, then the full corn in the ear. The life of the infant grows and expands into the life of manhood. It never stands still. Thus, if real, does spiritual life grow, till it reaches the fullness of the stature of Christian manhood. If in this growth, development is wanting, then is there wanting an essential accompaniment of salvation. Shall one continue for years in spiritual infancy, never showing any advance, and still reckon himself saved?—[Dr. Wm. Lamson,

The peculiarity of the fly is that he always returns to the same spot; but it is the characteristic of the mosquito that he always returns to another spot. Thus he differs from the leopard which does not change his spots. This is an important fact in natural history.

The jokers that included a piece of stained brick among the "geological specimens" which they placed upon the desk of the professor as objects worthy of his explanatory remarks received the following reward: Taking up one of the specimens, he said: "This is one of baryta from the Cheshire mine. This," holding up another, "is a piece of feldspar from the Portland quarries. And this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impudence from some member of the class."

Brother Gardner stated that he was in receipt of a personal letter from a colored man in Indiana, asking the club to contribute financial aid to assist him and four other colored men in building a church. "I favors de church," explained the President, "but afore I make any contribution to de cause, I want to be sart'in that these five culled men can't do all de prayin' that am necessary right at home. If dey can't, and must have a church, will dey pay their pew-rent? Dat's de stick. Some men will clau off a doctah's bill; some will hang off when dey owe a butcher; oders will walk a mile roun' to keep away from the grocery whar dey got trusted for a codfish; but de six y y'ars I has put in on dis earf hev taught me dat de man who am ready to come right down wid pew-rent when it am due, hez yes to be bo'n. I know fokses in dis town who hav' been trabblin' to'rds heaven for de last twenty y'ars, prayin' in a voice loud 'nuff to shake de plasterin' down, an' yet in debt to de church for paw-rent till dey can't reckon up de figgers."—
[From the Lime Kiln Club,

The River of Life.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river-smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is rapid,
Why as we near the falls of Death
Find we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

—Thomas Campbell.

worth reading

There lived forty years ago, in Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived heard of this, and felt that he must give him a lesson. He did it in this way. He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came in he said to him: "Master, take my measure for a pair of boots." "With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker, "please take off your boot." The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room. But as he was putting up the measure the pastor said to him: "Master, my son requires a pair of boots." "I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?" "It is not necessary," said the pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last." "Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise. "I tell you, sir, to make my son's on the same last." "No, your reverence, I cannot do it." "It must be—on the same last." "But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him. "Ah, then, master shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit; and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last, of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do, either." The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said: "I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbors less harshly in the future."

Religious.

"Give according to your means, or God will make your means according to your giving."—[Dr. Hall.

No! the force you and I are to obey is the force of Fatherhood, not of Caesarhood; the force of Character, not of Edict; the force of Right, not of Might. And no one can obey the Right, except he do it voluntarily. —[Geo. D. Boardman, D. D.

The sceptic may hold, if he will, that to all human observation there are spots on the sun's disc; I only ask him to admit,—and it would not seem an unreasonable request,—I only ask him to admit that the sun shines, nevertheless,—Dr. James Walker.

Agreeably

We picture death as coming to destroy; let us rather picture Christ as coming to save. We think of death as ending; let us rather think of life as beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. And as the voice of death whispers, "You must go from earth," let us hear the voice of Christ saying, "You are but coming to me!"—[Norman McLeod.

Presumptuous sin is a frequent cause of spiritual depression. One cannot turn his back to the sun without casting a shadow before him. No more can the Christian turn his back on God without bringing a dark shadow across his soul. Sin rises up to form the thick cloud that hides the face of the Father. There can be no peace or rest as long as there is an interruption of free, flexible, spontaneous communion with God. The child who willfully disobeys his father cannot be at peace with himself.

The missionaries must "begin at Jerusalem." The genuine ones always do. And the churches that are so eager to export the gospel to distant places, must take care that they keep a good supply on hand for home consumption. "Physician, heal thyself," is a proverb that is beginning to be quoted to them with some sharpness, and they must heed it. It is of the utmost consequence that the churches which are so full of zeal for the Christianization of all that is outside of them should take good care to Christianize themselves.—[Sunday Afternoon.

The employment of the will in religion is not essentially different from its exercise in any other sphere. In all other pursuits it is well understood that a vigorous use of the will is necessary to the highest efficiency. If the mind is sluggish it must be aroused by effort. There is no skepticism as to free-agency in the practical affairs of life. Every one knows that he can bestir himself, overcome his inertia and set his faculties in motion. Men do not wait for moods or feelings. Necessity will not let them wait. Something *must* be done and something can be done.

The church that is full of zeal in the making of new converts and careless of the character of its membership, that gathers every year to its communion a multitude to wrangle and backbite and cheat and lie, is not a Christian church. It was not the Christian of whom it was said: "Ye compass land and see to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him tenfold more the child of hell than yourselves." The church whose operations indicate that it thinks more of quantity than of quality in its evangelizing work is none of Christ's.—[Sunday Afternoon

Even our natural love of destruction can be changed into a love of creation. Look at Paul. He wanted to destroy the Christian Church, but God changed his nature, and killed the old lion in him, and "Out of the eater came forth meat."—[*Dr. Richard Newton.*]

It is easy enough to destroy; and there are always destroyers enough. It requires skill and labor to erect a building; any idle tramp can burn it down. God alone can form and paint a flower; any foolish child can pull it all to pieces.—[*John Monro Gibson, D. D.*]

It is an unhappy division that is made between faith and works: Though in my interest I may divide them, just as in the candle there is light and heat, yet put out the candle and they are both gone; one remains not without the other. So it is between faith and works.—[*Selden.*]

The ancients said of forgiveness that it was not according to law, nor against law, but above law and for law. So we may say with emphasis of the Divine forgiveness: it is above law because we are not punished; for law, because punishment is not omitted; and remission is granted that we may live hereafter to the divine law.—[*Hugo Grotius.*]

The human mind is so constituted that, whenever it sees an event, it is obliged to infer a cause; also whenever it sees adaptation, it infers design. It is not necessary to know the end proposed, or who were the agents. We do not know who built stonehenge, or some of the pyramids, or what they were built for; but no one doubts that they were the result of design.—[*James Freeman Clarke.*]

People say children cannot understand. We greatly underrate their capacity to understand and to reason. Willie, aged ten, and Jemmy, aged six, were playing together. One of them was minutely examining a fly. "I wonder how God made him!" (That has been a wonder to many. Huxley cannot answer that question.) "God don't make flies as carpenters make things," observed the other boy. "God said, 'Let there be flies,' and there *is* flies."—[*Gough.*]

There are various kinds of ministers. The fossil ministers, who are cut out at the seminary and who hold their form all their lives—formal ministers—funeral ministers—fluent ministers—flippant ministers—funny ministers. None of these suit us. The minister is to be a live man, a real man, a simple man, great in his love, great in his life, great in his work, great in his simplicity, great in his gentleness.—[*Dr. John Hall.*]

Were there no drunkards when wine was the drink, there could not have been any need of enacting laws for their punishment—Deut. xxi: 20, 21; nor would Solomon have written of the poverty to which drunkards are brought—Prov. xxiii: 21; nor would he have pictured the effects of drunkenness as he has in the closing verses of this same chapter. But it is enough that we know that it is drunkenness produced by wine that the Scriptures everywhere condemn. Is it not likely that wine drinkers "get very drunk?"

Did you ever read Coleridge's sublime hymn, written in the valley of Chamounix, on the side of the Alps, where he represents all nature lifting up a ceaseless anthem of praise to God? If creation even, fallen as it is, praises God, why should we Christians be a discord? Why should we put on crape and ashes, when creation tries to put on her bridal robes? Are blackbirds happier than Christians? Are flowers more beautiful than the robes of righteousness, that are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb?—[*John Cummings, D. D.*]

The same hurricane which clears the atmosphere, and which sweeps away noxious accumulations from the surface of the earth, serves a not less important purpose in bringing into view the fissures, the settlements, the forgotten rents in the structures we inhabit. It is Heaven's own work thus to purify the atmosphere; but it is man's work to look to his own house—after a storm, and to repair its dilapidations. To rejoice gratefully in a health-giving atmosphere, and a clear sky, is what is due to piety; but it is also due to piety to effect, in time, needed repairs at home.—[*Isaac Taylor.*]

Christians are Christians just in the measure in which they are obedient. Faith is as obedient as it is confiding; love is as dutiful as it is affectionate; humility is as submissive as it is lowly; penitence is as much afraid of sinning as it mourns for sin; joy is as quick to do the will of God as it is enraptured and transporting; and zeal is as warm and steadfast in opposing all that is wrong, as when it burns with its boldest and most active spirituality. It is a dry doctrine—a dead orthodoxy, no more resembling true piety than a marble statue does a living man, that does not express itself in obedience.—[*G. Spring.*]

Isaac Taylor besides.

Christians are ever going back to their dead experiences for a living Christ. They search for him in their memories. They look for him in the hopes of yesterday whom they should look for in the hopes of to-day and of to-morrow. They know not the meaning of the declaration, His mercies are new every morning. They mourn over the withered flowers gathered last week instead of going out to pluck those that have the dew upon them. They try to keep the manna of yesterday, and know not that the manna fresh fallen from heaven sparkles on the ground to-day. Many a Cowper thus seeks the living among the dead, singing,

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still."

President Porter, of Yale College, made a point the other day in an address before the "Phi Beta Kappa" of New York. He was combating the idea that the law of evolution explain our ideas of God and immortality, and expressed his distrust of the principle, and said:—"It follows that the axioms of scientific faith must, under the workings of the same law, be exposed to similar distrust. The axioms of mathematics, the belief in time and space, the confidence in the order of the universe, and in the achievements of science itself—nay, the recently evolved belief in evolution itself—are all but the temporary results of the joint action of many somethings with their environment for countless ages. If one sentiment can give way to another, then one axiom may give way to another. But if these may give way to other axioms, who shall guarantee the stability of science itself? Why may it not happen that at the next turn of the wheel evolution itself shall be evolved out of being? Science in these days wields a sharp scythe, and performs many splendid and daring feats. It were a pity that seeking to clear out of its way all impertinent intruders and make for itself a clear and open field, it should cut off its legs."

The *Christian at Work* pleads for the utterance of the doctrinal truths of Christianity from the pulpit, in the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, the home: We want to see the young people growing up, not jelly-fish creatures, but stalwart Christian men and women, rooted and grounded in the faith, and able to give a reason for the hope that is in them. Let us have more theologic instruction among the young, and when the new generation becomes grown we shall see fewer square men in round holes, churches will have less occasion to shift their creeds to suit applicants for church membership, and though some of our religious contemporaries may feel grieved, we shall meet with fewer men who are "children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine," while the gain to the Church of Christ, of whatever denomination, will be well nigh incalculable.

Well we may pray God to deliver us from the supremacy of the commonplace; for its effect upon the world is deleterious in the extreme. It consecrates stupidity and sanctifies braying folly. It exalts solemn ecclesiastics and dull high dignitaries, while noble men of genius, Heaven's real messengers to us, are rendered nearly futile by our melancholy uniformity. Decent forms long since fallen empty of meaning, plausible modes that never had particularly meaning at all, have nearly all men singing *gloria in excelsis* to them and doing them such homage as to have neither strength nor time for more serious work. Orations are composed, books written and other enterprises undertaken for the approval of reviewers; not as in God's sight, but as in man's. Sordid loyalty to semblances and high treason against supreme facts are the natural outgrowth of a spirit that has an eye for phylacteries and no eye for eternal noblenesses. To which may be added an intense joylessness in Christian work, and a lethargic interest in Christian worship as natural consequences of sanctified dead-life.—[Dr. Lorrimer.]

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One of the first duties of any man in service is to make his master's interests his own. That which he is set over should become an object of his solicitude, of his personal concern. To reach his affectional relation to his work, he must enter into the feelings and desires of his employer, and care for that employer's concerns as if they were his own. This is not impossible; it is not even difficult. To a right-minded man nothing is easier than a thorough-going loyalty to a master's interests. We are fitted for God's service by capacity to serve our fellow men with a perfect fidelity.—*[Methodist]*.

Do not be so eager to disclaim personal merit that you shall fall into the tone of abjectness and self-contempt. Doubtless it is only by God's grace that you stand, yet doubtless it is you who stand by God's grace. Does God who gives this grace despise you? What right then have you to despise yourself? Since you are precious in his sight, you ought to be honorable in your own. Between self-righteousness and abjectness there is a wide interval, and it is not necessary in departing from the one vice to fall into the other. "As for me," says David, "I will walk in mine integrity."—*[Sunday Afternoon]*.

Religion demands the service of the whole man. Every faculty should be sanctified. A holy conspiracy of powers is needed to form a consistent and symmetrical character. This the Psalmist prayed for when he said, "Unite my heart to fear thy name." The use of the will in religion deserves very careful consideration. The world has heard enough about the metaphysics of the will, and needs to be taught more concerning its practical capacities. The doctrine of inability has possibly been pressed too far. Or at least, injurious inferences are sometimes drawn from it. It is very true that the soul is entirely dependent upon the gracious influences of the Divine Spirit for its religious life. Until one has learned that without Christ he can do nothing, he is not religious. *30*

Annals 1869. This has been

An infidel passing through the shadows that hang around the close of life, and finding himself adrift amid the dark surges of doubt and uncertainty, without anchorage or harbor in view, was urged by his skeptical friends to "hold on." He answered, "I have no objection to holding on, but will you tell me what to hold on by?" Here is a question which men do well to consider before they reach the closing scene. If they are to hold on, what are they to hold on by? Where is their trust? Where is their confidence? What certainty have they as they go down into the shadows? Surely a man who comes to his dying hour needs something better than infidelity can give him; he needs the guiding hand of Him who is the resurrection and the life, who has conquered death and triumphed over the grave, and who is able to bring us safely off at last. He needs that hope which is "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."—*[The Christian]*.

Returning from the fields, a party of laborers one evening seated themselves beside a little brook, and not only drank of its fresh and cooling water, but used it to wash off the sweat and dust from their persons. Gotthold, seeing them as he passed; thought with himself: My God, how sweet and pleasant to me is the pure stream of thy goodness, which this brook adumbrates to my view! However circumspect I may suppose my walk during the day to have been, I yet cannot wholly avoid contracting various defilements; and these I always see best when evening brings leisure for meditation, and I examine what the work of the day has been. But the stream of thy heart-refreshing grace is then my resort. In it I wash and cleanse away my sins, and find solace and refreshment for my weary soul. And as this brook not merely washes off impurities, but overwhelms them, so that they can no longer be found, even so thy divine mercy, and the stream of my Saviour's blood, not only sweep away, but extinguish my sins, sweeping them into the depths of the sea, where through all eternity they shall be remembered no more. Lord Jesus, thou fountain of life! thy grace is my consolation, thy overflowing goodness fresh water to my troubled heart. Would that I had as many tongues as there are drops in this stream! Their only work should be to proclaim thy incomprehensible love and goodness.—*[Gotthold's Emblems]*.

16th
There are two classes of Christians—those who live chiefly by emotion, and those who live chiefly by faith. The first class, those who live chiefly by emotion, remind one of ships, that move by the outward impulse of winds operating upon the sails. They are often at a dead calm, often out of their course, and sometimes driven back. And it is only when the winds are fair and powerful that they move onward with rapidity. The other class, those who live chiefly by faith, remind one of the magnificent steamers which cross the Atlantic, that are moved by interior and permanent principle, and which, setting at defiance all ordinary obstacles, advances steadily and swiftly to its destination, through calm and storm, through cloud and sunshine.

21st
It takes just so many turns of the potter's wheel to make a vase or a cup, and the pitcher of life requires just so many turnings of the wheel of grief. God's wheat is not ready to be taken into the garner until the hoofs of calamity and the hoofs of persecution and the hoof of death have trampled it out. Do you realize, then, that you are in God's keeping? Each person is as much under the searching care of God, the fatherly care of God, the motherly care of God, as though he were the only person in all the world, in all the universe. Let us remember this. God delights to be used. He never grows weary of ministering to the need of his people. If this were ever kept in the remembrance of the thoughts of our hearts we should hear less of the accents of impatience and discontent, and more of the sweet language of thankfulness and praise.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

Contact with the world either breaks or hardens the heart.

To read without reflecting, is like eating without digesting.

True love is always firm, and true firmness is always love.

Our firesides must be our sanctuaries, our refuge from the world.

Honor demanded, is as worthless as insult undeserved is hurtless.

22nd
A philosopher is one who unflinchingly "accepts the situation."

Those only who can command themselves are fit to command others.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

23rd
The man who has no poetry in his soul never finds any anywhere else.

Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

Holliness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up his living temples.

Do not count, when day is o'er,
Daily loss from life's rich store;
But the gains, however small,
Count them duly, one and all.
Every sweet and gracious word,
Every pleasant truth you've heard;
Every tender glance and tone,
Every kindly deed you've known;
Every duty nobly done,
Every rightful victory won—
Treasure all, and count them o'er
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought
Have a bitter harvest brought;
If some foeman hath assailed you,
Or the friend most trusted failed you;
If unkindness and untruth
Have to you brought saddest ruth,
Blot the score without delay—
Keep no record of the day.

Keep no record of the care,
Loss and cross we all must bear;
On the page of memory write
Only what is fair and bright.
Let all evil things go by;
Still, with brave endeavor, try
Simple joys to multiply.

Thus you'll learn how large a sum
Will with faithful reckoning come.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that Thoughts are Things—
Endowed with being, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our "secret thought"
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known
And yet make comrades, when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly
And leave their impress, by and by,
Like some Marsh breeze, whose poisoned
breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

2
3
"Between the past and the future
I stand in solemn pause,
As a bird that flutters for flying,
Aroused by a sudden noise;
And I know in the gone and the coming
The purpose of griefs and joys.

"For life is not mine that is lent me,
And thought is not mine to keep;
Not mine are the hands that labor,
Not mine are the eyes that weep;
Not mine is the ear that listens,
Nor the feet that climb the steep.

"My soul in a bundle of being,
Has bound them every one,
And I am myself thereafter,
Because I have seen the sun;
Because I have trodden the rain-paths,
And heard the torrents run.

"And the face of God is distinct
Beyond the outmost star,
And me he has left behind him,
With the men that around me are,
Until the day we shall meet him,
When he cometh from afar.

"And I sway the balance of duty,
And I walk in the midst of days,
And I lift my heart in petition,
And I utter my soul in praise.
And He who has made me must keep me,
And His are the whole of my ways."

In the very interesting extracts from Dr. Busch's copious diary of Prince Bismarck's utterances, forwarded by the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, occurs the following, bearing on the Prince's religious belief: "I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in a future life. If I were not a Christian I should not remain at my post for a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, and am sufficiently genteel and distinguished without the Chancellor's office. Why should I go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfil these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles to me have no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combating all manner of absurdities for ten years past, is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of religion, you would not have lived to see the sort of Chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself, and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans. I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to King and country, it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of their sires. For my own part I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God, and I return to Varzin to devote myself industriously to the production of rye and oats."

we have used as a bell
for the children to hear
3rd we stay in our shops & make wires as
letter to Mary W. of Canterbury, I do come
packing for Eldred & Ann & Co.

4th Paint the upper slop floor, the west stair
& the tin pails, pans & boilers & in around
these we use when we put our milk in

Comparatively few know a hero when they see him, or even suspect that the loftiest deeds of true heroism are wrought around them every day.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

Vanity is our dearest weakness, in more senses than one; a man will sacrifice everything, and starve out all his other inclinations to keep alive that one.

True greatness consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in making mankind better and happier for your life.

Honest good humour is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people; and we never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarrelled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.

A man's conscience is his sole tribunal; and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion" than he should fear meeting a ghost, if he crossed the churchyard at dark.

Examine your lives, weigh your motives, watch over your conduct, and you will not take long to learn or discover enough to make you entertain charitable opinions of others.

A great idea may be thus defined: It gives us the perception of many others, and it discovers to us all at once what we could only have arrived at by a course of reading or inquiry.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his frame. They prove him to be a man.

No matter how unworthy a man may be, he should have our sympathy if he is suffering.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

Moderation may be considered as a tree, of which the root is contentment and the fruit repose.

He that cares only for himself, has but few pleasures, and these are generally of the lowest order.

Doctrines are of use only as they are practised; men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

The real wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and by which he is blessed.

People addicted to secrecy are so without knowing why; they are so not for cause, but for secrecy's sake.

We may make angels of our own tender and kind and loving thoughts and feelings by letting them fly to others.

Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can grow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it—nothing.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.

Every human soul has the germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Many a small man never ceases talking about small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

Why should everyone try to make his own company as agreeable and valuable as possible? Because it is company that he can never avoid.

There is no man that is knowingly wicked but is guilty to himself; and there is no man that carries guilt about him but he receives a sting into his soul.

The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly; but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits and appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. 'Tis better that a man's own works than that another man's words should praise him.

Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters.

It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I have always followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and happiness and wealth; and I shall point out the same path to my children.—[Lord Erskine.

We were stopped in a street-car the other day while a great ship passed outward, through the draw at South Boston, on its way to Alexandria in Egypt. And as we sat surveying it, as slowly it passed before us, our attention was seized by the enormous anchor which hung over its side. As the afternoon sun shone upon those towering masts, and those sailors who idly walked the deck, how useless and needless seemed that great anchor! When the sea is calm and the sun shining, it is of little use. But other days—days of thick darkness and awful tempests—are coming. Then all the hope of those sailors will be in that anchor, so useless now. So religion seems to many, in fair weather, of no account. They can get along all right without it. It is as unnecessary as that anchor hanging at the side of the ship. Ah, friends, storms are coming, and then your agonizing cry will be for that anchor. If you have it ready—"an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail,"—wise and happy will you be. But if you have it not, then is all hope vain. Your bark is drifting upon the rocks, and will surely be lost. How is it, dear friends, have we this *hope in God* as an anchor sure and steadfast?

To restore rubber rings for fruit jars, to
two parts of water put one part ammonia;
let the hardened rings lie in this mixture
from five minutes to half an hour, as may
be needed to restore their elasticity.

and

O who will stand in the trying hour
And brave all dangers here below
O who will learn to earn the power
And live above while here below
O tis I my works will show
That I the Cross will Love
And then when above with things above
I will wear above to love love love

11

brethren's clothes to mend &c; besides the
darning work, & all the articles for sale we make
Anna has John Dean, Wood Neal, & Thos. Anderson

...the morning was to go, that
this or that evil was to come! He would
have no heart for the smile and laughter and
sunshine of to-day, glad and bright though
it might be, if he were overshadowed with the
cloud of a certain misfortune that was to
come on the morrow.

were made comfortable,
We've also had
since the Year came
winter instead of
strawberries & once we

5th This week we are
in preparing hair
Anna D.'s hair beds.

15th Anna D. goes to the
Benjamin & Maria M. & Minny Barber

seen much help in

For the time of year

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt;

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase,
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out;
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right,
Have the universe on their side.

And that somewhere beyond the stars,
Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see it, and I will wait.

[W. Gladden.]

Our thoughts, aims, plans are carried
upon our spiritual natures.
As the woven web here, so the
garment will be there;

Charity

RICH gifts that Heaven delights to see,
The poorest hands may hold;
The love that of its poverty
Gives kindly succour, prompt and free,
Is worth its weight in gold.

One smile can glorify a day,
One word new hope impart;
The least disciple need not say
There are no alms to give away,
If love be in the heart.

The gentle word, the helping hand,
Are needed everywhere:
God's poor are always in the land,
And small things done for them shall stand
Large recompense to share.

No earthly pen the tale may write
Of cup or crust so given;
But angels have such deeds in sight,
Writ large, in characters of light,
On records kept in heaven!

MARY ROWLES.

Four happy years have roll'd away
And gone to swell the ages past;
And we today with tearful hearts
Must break the ties which cannot last.
Happy hours here we've spent
Have carried with them joy and pain,
Smiles and tears, hopes and fears,
That we shall never know again.
To you we bid a fond farewell,
While our hearts warmly glow
With feelings, thoughts, we cannot tell.
Off on life's broad and restless waves
When we are tossed by wind and sea,
Our thoughts by mem'ry backward led,
Oh, may our band once more unite
And dwell for aye in heaven's bright clime.
Now we part, ne'er to meet

Bards have sung of Golden Ages,
That have past with much regret;
But in spite of bards and sages,
The Golden Age is coming yet.
When free from dogmas and from creeds,
And superstition's binding chain;
When Bigotry for Truth recedes,
We know Free Thought's assumed her reign.
The age is coming when man can teach,
Mankind should make Fair Truth their guide;
And be allowed freedom of speech;
No fear from Prejudice and Pride.

When we can roam the realms of thought,
With no walls to limit her boundless sea;
To a book or a creed no longer locked,
But unfettered, untrammelled, and free.

'Tis coming, yes, 'twill soon be here!
The Past's dark form try to forget,
For Reason speaks in tones most clear,
The Golden Age is coming yet.

Each other as good

The milk is ju
for two milkings past, not much odd of 27 p

Anna is engaged making some needle
books for sale by Abigail C's request

27
He is the one who lives in pleasant places, that has sailed over the waters of life where the seas ran high, that has sailed in troubled waters, but has kept his helm to the front. Let him who is so sailing, sail on. There is a port for him that will safely harbor his barque. He shall pass his immortal life in peaceful action. A sea becalmed is a peaceful sea; but a sea tossed by a favoring breeze is a peaceful sea to the grateful mariner.

28
Deep is the ocean that floats the ships from all nations. Mortal life is the ocean on which souls from the earth pass to their destination in the ocean of spirit-life. If some sail in the earth-life in the ship they are not able to manage, they will find in the spirit life are still unable to sail their craft in the waters in safety. For there are everywhere breakers in the earth-life; and in the spirit-life those who learned not to avoid them will find troubled waters in which to sail. The soul that cannot say, "I am the master in this craft," is the soul to be told, "Go learn to manage this craft before your time comes to sail on in the ocean of spirit life."

He is the proud soul that is so forgetful of himself that he finds pleasure in the joy of another. If the people knew the joy of doing this, their pleasures would be increased ten-fold.

He lives well who lives to do good. They who seek opportunities shall find them. The poorest can find the time and place to be of use to another. He is the one to do well that lives to this end, that he may teach others to live in the pure way. He is to be commended who leaves his own pleasure to seek the wicked to teach them the way to live.

Every soul shall bear its own burdens; let yours bear the burden of good deeds, not evil ones.

Let none think to escape trouble by putting the spirit out of the body; for they then have the added burden of a great sin, and must return to perform the duties they fled from. Let those, who have friends worthy to be loved, love them, and let this be known to them, that they may not be tempted to commit this terrible act.

He that has sent a lire to the spirit-spheres has let himself to evil. This is the price he receives, that his soul shall not pass to pleasant places; his life may never be to him a pleasure. As so many consequences follow such an act, it may take the eternal years to overcome them. If the one so sent to the spirit-world seems to be of little use in the earth-life, it is none the less a crime.

Let me impress the importance of prayer. Prayer is answered according to the laws of the creative power. Those who call for help shall receive it. To those who pray for good, attending spirits send the aid called for; and to pray for evil is not well, if the one who prays wishes peace; as such prayers put the evil to their tasks, as well as the good, and prayer for evil upon another rebounds to the one who so prays. The answering of prayer is a fulfilling of the law, not a change of any plan or law.

29th Anna and myself
the phisicians; it

August

3th To day for the first time we make
some milk cheese, in the after noon
commencing at 2 1/2 o'clock, finished at
1/2 past 5 o'clock. Past week we made

The Cloud of Witnesses.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

I leaned upon a burial urn,
And thought how life is but a day;
And how the nations, each in turn,
Have lived and passed away.

The earth is peopled with the dead,
Who live again in deathless hosts;
Who come and go with noiseless tread,
A universe of ghosts.

They follow after flying ships,
They flicker through the city's marts,
They hear the cry of human lips,
The beat of human hearts.

Oh, what a wondrous life is theirs,
To fling away the mortal frame;
Yet keep the human loves and cares
And yearnings still the same.

Oh, what a wondrous life is ours,
To dwell within this earthly range;
Yet parley with the heavenly powers,
Two worlds in interchange!

Oh, balm of grief, to understand
That whom our eyes behold no more
Still clasps us with as true a hand
As in the flesh before.

No longer in a gloom profound
Let memory, like a mourner craped,
Sit weeping by an empty mound,
Whose captive hath escaped.

So, turning from the burial urn,
I thought how life has double worth,
If men be only wise to learn
That heaven is on the earth.

DUALITY OF LIFE.

Human existence is a duality. Every single life is also double. Dependence and independence are commingling opposites in our social structure. All live more or less a life of manifestation, by which we characterize the fact of existence. We do not recognize life unless it makes an image of itself, unless it tells a story, unless it is reproduced, unless it is represented by thoughts and deeds. What are you? What am I? Infinitely more than a curious frame-work of tangible material. If a human body explains personality, then death as well as life stands for being; but the ego of being leaves the body when life does. Life proves its reality by demonstration, and it uses the body as an organ of conveyance. To know life is to know the vitalized thought, the embodied thought through which life utters itself. We can not judge of a life unless we can inspect the panorama of it. What a life has to show for itself is the ground of our judgment of it. This is human estimate. What appears stands for that which makes the appearance. A shadow outlines an object, and we perceive the status of life through its shadowings. What one may have to tell us of his or her life will not pass for it. We look at the picture life creates. We make a map of life from actual surveys. Its charts tell us where and what the individual life is. To us the lines are not where we say they are, but where we have drawn them. This suggests outward life—the life that may be seen. The effort of most people is to create such an appearance that personal advantage may accrue.

19th Anna & Marie returns home with Minnie B
& Benjamin from Hudson?

26th I make the Cheese today without Anna's help
Gimel is here to help me Anna is gett ready

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty.—*V. Cousin.*

As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works.—*R. Whately.*

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.—*Colton.*

Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful, leaves its large truths in a riddle to the dull.—*Bulwer.*

Christian works are no more than animate faith, as flowers are the animated spring-tide.—*Longfellow.*

There is a gentle element and man may breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul, and drink its living waters till his heart is pure; and this is happiness.—*N. P. Willis.*

Those deeds of charity which we have done shall stay forever with us; and that wealth which we have so bestowed we only keep; the other is not ours.—*T. Middleton.*

A WRITER in an exchange says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have popular or basswood posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect upon them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot."

4th To day it is much warmer, I make a few small baskets, but on account of the numberless armies of distressing flies I omit.

It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge; that which we feel here as beauty, we shall one day know as truth.—*Schiller.*

Joy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature; joy moves the wheels of the great time-piece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from their firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer.—*Schiller.*

There is to me a daintiness about early flowers that touches me like poetry; they blow out with such simple loveliness among the common herbs of pastures and breathe their lives so unobtrusively like hearts whose beatings are too gentle for the world.—*N. P. Willis.*

In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.—*Horace Mann.*

in the paper we have to
to from the farm, Antoinette
in Anna's place while she
in a law case this first
month made 100 \$ of better
work

"Spirit Side of Life."

[From a new work just issued in San Francisco, entitled, "Teachings from the Spirit Side of Life."]

He is wise that lives the way of peaceful harmony with those by whom he is surrounded. The time will arrive for the troubles of life to pass away; then to look back and contemplate the trials well borne, is a happiness in store for all who so bear them.

Seek honorably to obtain possession of this world's goods, for with them you can benefit yourself and others. But seek most of all the treasures that are eternal, and in this to succeed, let not every moment be spent in the accumulation of wealth that is often a fleeting possession.

Better the crust in peace than the fattened calf in contention. Let this be the motto of those who quarrel in the houses allotted to eating of the sustaining food.

He is in the path to the kingdom that believes that the things that become the soul in earth-life, will also become it in the spirit-life. He that seeks the kingdom by his pure conduct in the life that now is, shall find it when he passes to the life that is to come.

He cannot pass to the higher pleasures of this life who lives in a fretful state; how much less pass to the higher pleasures in the spirit-life, who takes with him the fretful nature. The spirit-life to such will be an unpleasant one until this is overcome.

He who seeks to live the peaceful way, should be able to live above all petty cares. To live in this way is to let nothing that cannot be avoided cause trouble in the mind. He that can thus live has the peace of soul that is conducive to happiness. He should say, "I have done the best in my power,"—having done it, "there is now only to bear." The resolve to bear patiently enables the spirit-guides to give the necessary strength, as it is the passive only that can so receive assistance.

FROM STERNE.

There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking glass, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this proposition; and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It gives us nothing but the translations of them. A mirror even reverses our features and presents our left hand for our right. This is an emblem of all personal reflections.

Impatience is the principle cause of most of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented my going there. After it was over, I would not give a shilling to have been there.

I would pay a crown at a time for a venison ordinary. But after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it venison.

Think frequently on this reflection, ye giddy, and ye extravagant.

Works of art are human thoughts materialized, their materialization being necessary to their comprehension in material life. They are here the objects of sense; in spirit life the same thoughts are objects of the soul, when the matter-types cease to be of value. Good thoughts here are gems of priceless value there.—*World's Advance Thought.*

The inhabitants of a whole graveyard bursting the cerements of the tomb and walking forth might not of itself tend to spiritualize the nature of the mortal beholding the wonder. The superficial thought of ordinary curiosity has no abiding effect; the soulful thought, that looks within for nature's guarantees of immortality, becomes a part of the soul. The former is the torrent pouring over the immovable cliff; the latter is the rainfall sinking into the soil and giving renewed vitality to all forms of use and beauty that spring from it.—*World's Advance Thought.*

from the Second Grandly 17th
on Thursday 23rd sent 12th
returns; we are making better
at a brisk rate; Cured 9th this month;

October 1869.

1st We are engaged cutting apples & preparing
Tomatoes for winter use,

3rd Sabbath day
till Monday

it rained

4th To day short

age 89, entered his spirit home? he was
confined 3 week only

5th To day short

6th **Everyday Work.**
Great deeds are trumpeted, loud bells are
rung.
And men turn round to see:
The high peaks echo to the pæans sung
O'er some great victory.
And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest
men
Find opportunities but now and then.

Shall one sit idle through long days of peace,
Waiting for walls to scale?
Or lie in port until some Golden Fleece
Lures him to face the gale?
There's work enough, why idly, then, delay?
His work counts most who labors every day.

A torrent sweeps down the mountain's brow
With foam and flash and roar.
Anon its strength is spent, where is it now?
Its one short day is o'er.
But the clear stream that through the meadow
flows
All the long Summer on its mission goes.

Better the steady flow; the torrent's dash
Soon leaves its rent track dry.
The light we love is not the lightning flash
From out a midnight sky.
But the sweet sunshine, whose unfalling ray
From its calm throne of blue lights every day.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread.
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no
bells;
The book of Life the shining record tells.

—Critic.

1820—1st Mo. JANUARY, begins on Saturday, hath 31 days.

JANUARY is supposed to take its name from Janus, an ancient king of Italy, who was established to bear rule at all beginnings; and by others, of *janua*, a gate, it being as it were, the entrance to the rest of the months. Then all tradesmen and artists began their work, and the Roman consuls, appointed for the year ensuing, entered solemnly upon their office. The Romans took care, that at this time all quarrels be laid aside; that New-Year's Gifts, the tokens of friendship, should pass between them, and the day conclude with mirth and diversion.

The more complicated and polished the civilization the more universal the use of the mask. Our present civilization presents an exterior of amazing display, which is none the less false, because many-sided and contagious. There is an ominous lack of truth in the show of our present outward life. The modern heart beats fast and feverishly under the sway of appearances. We see through much of this flimsy film, but we do not resist it, so powerful and established has it become. The tendency of this thought will carry one into every labyrinth of life, and it may be recognized everywhere, coloring existence with its gaudy daubs. Put on and keep up an appearance at any cost, is the universal motto. How appearances verify the truth, is a question unasked and unanswered. Thus a great mass of social life becomes artificial, unnatural, deceptive, sepulchral, adorned with outward blandishment, but repellant and ungainly within. Thus, too, life becomes enigmatical, filled with strange and inexplicable moods and impulses; freakish, queer and puzzling, so that we gladly acknowledge that it is difficult to really know people. We feel the falsity, but we are at a loss to discover it.

The milk has increased to 31 & 32 pails a day

13th

We clean the shop & turn
the north, I move to the

Never sacrifice principle to the desire
of pleasing people.

A habit of prying is one of the surest
characteristics of a little mind.

Sorrow that never bubbles up from
the heart to the lip lacks dynamic spiri-
tual force.

More men are wanted everywhere
with the far-reaching power to mind
their own business.

He that cannot withal keep his mind
to himself cannot practise any consider-
able thing whatever.

Those who have most pity for the
sufferings of others are generally the
best able to bear their own.

The cunning man can see the slightest
peck on his nose; the wise man's
vision can sweep the horizon.

Refusing to accept consolation in
your misfortunes is even worse than to
deny your own sympathy to others.

south room, connecting

1820—4th Month APRIL, begins on Saturday, hath 30 days.

APRIL—from *aperiendo*, Latin, opened, because the pores of the
earth are then opened, the 4th month of the year. The ancients
painted this month like a young man clothed in green, with a gar-
land of myrtle and hawthorn buds, winged, holding in one hand
primroses and violets, and in the other the celestial sign *Taurus*.

When April blows his horn, (i. e. when it thunders)
It is good for hay and corn.

raised higher in the
the intention of pro
and less steam for
dairy for which the
Send to the Office
of Scalded Cream but

Office 2nd

No one knows
how to use any book who does not first

apprehend its true character, its real end, and therefore its right use. The mathematical professor who objected to "Midsummer Night's Dream" because it did not prove anything, was not further out of the way than the man who studies the Bible for a science of either the physical or the moral universe, or who thinks that an intellectual curiosity, however keen, can interpret its truths to him.

The student who will look into the Bible to see what it teaches concerning itself and its own uses will find these statements abundantly illustrated and confirmed. "The words that I speak unto you, they are life," says Christ. The life that is in the words of the Bible constitutes their genius; it is for that life they are to be studied. "The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. The Testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The Statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart." The Bible is the product of character, and is to be studied for its effect on character. Its end is not information, but character-building. The watchwords of its student should be obedience, trust, faith, and fellowship. He who studies in it in this spirit and to these ends will not fail to find its inspiration attested by its fruitfulness. He who searches in it for a perfect psychology of man or a perfect philosophy of life will come away from it disappointed; but not he who seeks in it impulses to the obedience of a free spirit, the restfulness of a trusting one, the joy of a believing one, and the fellowship of a loving one.

each
time
better
thorns
ished
or
aday
the
don't
s of

day for thanksgiving
the Yearly Opening
we sent 25# of butter to the

22 pails of milk aday
of butter a week.

intending to move upstairs
on account of the

Another.—Dissolve 15 or 20 grains of the super carbonate of soda in a tumbler full of soda water, as prepared at the soda fountains. The whole to be taken at once. This palatable prescription is recommended by a physician who has himself witnessed its salutary effects.

Sir George M'Kenzie has discovered that oil rubbed upon the stems and branches of fruit trees destroys insects, and increases the fruit buds. Mr. John Linning has added to the discovery, by using it successfully upon the stems of carnations, to guard them against the depredations of the ear-wig. The coarsest oil will suit, and only a small quantity is required. *English Journal.*

Water-Melon Sarrup.—A writer in the Edwardsville Spectator, under the signature of Medicus, states as a fact, "that one gallon of water-melon juice will, by boiling, afford one pint of pure sarrup, preferable to either honey or molasses, for domestic or medical purposes. The trial is easily made; the expense trifling, and the reward to the patriotic great.

To kill Cockroaches.—An infallible means to destroy them, will be found in giving them the root of the veratum virede, commonly called black hellebore, which grows wild in our country marshy grounds, and may be got of our market people—Strew these roots about the floor at night, and next morning you will find all the family of cockroaches dead or dying, from having eaten it, which they do with much avidity. They will never fail to eat it while they can get it, and will all as surely die; it causes them to froth at the mouth and to split in the back occasionally. The plant is in May in full growth.

Another.—A correspondent informs that elder leaves scattered in places where cockroaches frequent, will drive them from the house: he further says, he has known houses infested by thousands of them cleared in one night.

Anecdote.—A gentleman in Surry had a farm worth 200l per annum, which he kept in his own hands; but running out every year, he was necessitated to sell half of it to pay his debts, and let the rest go to a farmer, for one and twenty years.

Before the time expired, the farmer one day bringing his rent, asked him if he would sell his land. "Why," said the gentleman, "will you buy it?" "Yes, if it please you," said the farmer. "How" returned he, "that's strange! Tell me how this comes to pass, that I who could not live upon twice as much, being my own; and you, upon the half, though you have paid rent for it, are able to buy it?"—"Oh! Sir," said the farmer, "but two words make the difference: You said *Go*, and I said *Come*."—"What's the meaning of that?" says the gentleman,—"Why, Sir, replied the other, "you lay in bed or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business; and I rose betimes, and saw my business done myself." *London paper.*

oblige to
I'll not be
below

of butter, Office
tter in rolls, all
trying out
reasonably; we
but think it
, & Salt;

moved in the

se room & the
move the mil
e on with
fix up, with
longing to the
rect a wooden
tunnel which

conveys the milk from thence to the
long trough reaching the barrill,

3th Emma helps Mary pick Turkeys all day
14th We both go to pick Turkeys, 25 of them
17th We now have 16 pails of milk a day.
18th A storm all day very bad.

All the surplus butter, we lay out,
for shortning, when needed, we still
supply all the cooking butter, from the
churn; two cows have come in this month.

25 Christmas; the weather is warm & pleasant
without snow, We have now 14 pails
of milk from the barn, each day.

30 Thursday, Emma goes to Albany with
Benjamin & Ming Barbour, & returns

31 Friday, this Law Case is, we think settled
Thus, we have spent this twelve month year
By death last friends who were most dear.

With fortitude for our ensign,
Braved all Storms, with power of mind,
So numbers the days, of Care, and toil,
Of joy, & sorrow, & much turmoil,
Of anxious hopes, mingled with fear;
Some dark Clouds, some bright rays to cheer.

USE YOUR OWN ADVANTAGES.

God never asks a sacrifice of us that he doesn't give us the means of making. Heaven has a way of substituting the word for the deed as well as the deed for the word. I know of people who are always sacrificing for other folks who never sacrifice for themselves. Incalculable would the amount of piety be in the world if everybody was as pious as everybody else would be if he was in the next man's shoes. How often you hear Jones say, "If I was as rich as Brown, what a sight of good I'd do with my money!" The number of saints that would like to run into heaven on other folks' coupons is intolerably large.

FAITH IN GOD.

It was counted unto Abram for righteousness (a word the Bible employs as a substitute for orthodoxy) that he believed in the Lord. He was taken for a sound man simply because he had given the proofs of a thoroughbred desire to be sound. God takes us for what we ought to be when he sees we cordially want to be what we ought to be. A belief that helps a man to be righteous is the only belief that will count for righteousness. And it is no more possible for a man to go to heaven merely on a sound intellect than it is for a man to lift himself by his boot straps. And we are not righteous ourselves until we get able and willing to admit Abram into the church simply on the score of his deep faith in God, leaving his exegesis to grow with his growth and take care of itself in the safe elucidation of righteousness.

HOW PRAYER HELPS.

Will God ward off pestilence by prayer? No—not without sanitation. Is prayer ever a factor in warding off pestilence? Most certainly. Prayer will help us to help ourselves, but it will do nothing for us that we can do for ourselves. The most orthodox doctrine is not faith nor works, but faith and works. Prayer, real, wrestling prayer, quickens conscience, the perception of obligation, and the enforcement of obligation. Prayer moves on the heart and on the head it sets before a man prominently, not others' obligations to him. but his obligations to others. Prayer like that wards off all pestilential devils, be they the bacilli of typhoid or of turpitude. I care not what evil you want prevented, or what good you want evolved, other things being equal, a man who prays will achieve more effective results, and he who works rightly will offer the most effective prayer.

Stole
Store for
Consumed
For

December

all the butter for Cakes, provided from the Churn, & off ce month.

True Wealth.

Be my mind a sacred treasury,
Stored with gems and diamonds bright,
Where no dross shall ever gather,
That would dim their lustrous light.

Garnered there the wealth of knowledge,
Truth and Wisdom's golden sheaves,
Richest fruits and fragrant flowers,
Not alone life's fading leaves.

Walls of sapphire form the chambers,
By eternal Goodness made,
I will fill this heavenly structure
With the sunshine, not the shade.

Like the ghosts in ancient story,
Protean forms of passions base,
Sordid loves, and gross desires—
These the temple would deface.

Innocence and pure affection,
Deeds in consecration wrought,
Holy thoughts and aspirations,
To this temple shall be brought.

Gems of good my soul shall cherish,
Spurn the false and prize the true,
Look beyond the things that perish,
Where bright glories rise to view.

Brighter now appears the prospect,
And the angel life is mine;
Growth and progress are eternal,
In the spheres of truth divine.

MARTHA ANDERSON, Mt. L.

Anna I have sent

the Fleetsome Pair

We have sent 106

Office, all Cured this year; 30th rise
to be their regular allowance;

We've had 7 barrels of Short-Cakes this year
all from the Dairy. We've provided 6 meals of Beans
but in small quantities, over in 4 quarts each.

Mr. 18/10

2 1/2
the 3rd week which was reduced
its adage, but it did not last
this time, we had about
had been left, of a few
and it supplied all wants.
Baired butter, for the table,
self, make each of the Elders
Second Order as well stand
us?

very mild and pleasant
the pails on the stoop all
tably;

long following our noses
with the full intent of
doing some good; & as little as possible

possible. We make slow progress in
our sale articles,

2 Cows have come in, the milk keeps
up regular, we have given some new
milk to Thomas Hemmingway, & to the Miller,

from
Seasoning has
20th we have Pair
of Butter.

28th Commenced to make
Cheese & every other
Curing Butter.

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ong
If a
alk in bro
quence to those

Don't despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

Cunning men always get beat in the long run, because they are just as dull on one side as they are sharp on the other.—[*Josh Billings*.]

When you are down-hearted and the world looks black to you, you ought to be hospitable enough to entertain a hope of better days.

The diamond fallen into the dirt is not the least precious, and the dust raised by high winds to heaven is not the less vile.—[*Persian Proverb*.]

undance; 20 pails per day;
at the 2nd Order Susun
ed. 30 years.

ing. Milling water scarce.

again, There has been
his Month. Trial Butter today.
er returned from a seed

at Groveland. I have tried
New Cheese in our cellar

successful, I have now
the upper Dairy concluding to
to dry the Cheese if necessary.

great supply of milk having
bes this month, The weather

badly cold, with no change

enough to make slipping

walking 22 pails of milk

1st Thur Make up
last time, I hope so.

7th Wed The Ministry return from
the last of 100 \$ of butter

10th Sat Ministry Sisters go to Har
Theological conference

12th Mon Ministry return Eliza
Bees resigns for ill health
Jennet takes her place
takes her place in

17th Sat We have a great amount
not less than 22
make 120 \$ of butter

22nd Thu Put the Cheese made
in the cellar. about

25th Sat Very warm with no
we have had

19th Mon Augusta Wrote to

5th Mon We ride a little
around the

February

Be strong, be steadfast in fair virtue's cause,
Nor fear reproof, nor covet vain applause;
Heed not of evil tongues the envious strife,
Nor the loud storms that rage in human life.
On truth's firm basis let your hopes remain,
And seas may rage and tempests roar in vain.

'Tis easiest dealing with the firmest mind;
More just when it resists, and where it yields, more
Blest are the lips that open but to bless! [kind.
That never yet the gentle heart belied!
Still prompt to smile, to praise, or to caress,
And ever slow to censure or to chide;
Blest shall they, be on earth by all who hear,
Nor their vocation change in heaven above;
For what do angel lips in that bright sphere,
But sing of praise, of mercy, and of love.

How terrible is passion! how our reason
Falls down before it; whilst the tortured frame,
Like a ship dashed by fierce encounter's tide,
And of her pilot spoiled, drives round and round,
The sport of wind and wave. CONN.

This month

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1886.

Three Lessons.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul,
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength when life-surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

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I'll help
And spirit friends will bear you hence,
To scenes of fairer view.

"A great mind is above doing an unjust act;
above giving away to buffoonery; above giving
away to grief; and it would be invulnerable if
compassion did not prey upon its sensibility."

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

Be strong, be steadfast in fair virtue's cause,
Nor fear reproof, nor covet vain applause;
Heed not of evil tongues the envious strife,
Nor the loud storms that rage in human life.
On truth's firm basis let your hopes remain,
And seas may rage and tempests roar in vain.

'Tis easiest dealing with the firmest mind;
More just when it resists, and where it yields, more
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Thy charities on all.

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Strength when life-surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

Hear,
To that radiance
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile, till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You
may go around and watch the opening bud from
day to day, but it takes its own time, and you can
not urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it
is only torn in pieces. All the best results of a
garden, like those of life, are slowly but regular-
ly progressive, affording great pleasure to those
who take pride in it.

of the year, or
to rather reduce
part owing to the
& corn stocks, which
devoured by the

April 1
The milk is quite
have expected to be
scalded cream butter

glory was in their shame."
been to some of its worst forms, for "their
of sensuality, yet it is evident they must have
may not have been addicted to all kind
"positive attitude
remains the same in
thro' winter, with
but trifles very

we have
of which
this
average

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to rather reduce
part owing to the
& corn stocks, which
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April 1
The milk is quite
have expected to be
scalded cream butter,

er room floor for the
the house was raised
the spruce yellow
Stoop cleaned the floor for painting
once over only;
down in the Summer
a good, warm & dry.
mention that we got a
of the Deaconsess instead
shelves, which we gave
leg to store away the boys
rd we painted inside red
olor; it stands in the
heverance only, accomplish

O M...

Home and Fireside.

HOME, where sunny faces smile, fair flowers bloom, sweet voices sing, is the Eden of the soul. In it pure love forms the golden chain which draws dear ones around the Fireside, and he who neglects its endearments, is a stranger to one of the purest of joys.



—V
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day
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ing

1870

Shop, John Dean's, with

weather very dry, & warm.

is the most wonderful

as be

ac

at

July 1870

1st This month is very warm, with frequent showers, the hay-makers are very much settled, they move on briskly.

14th Br Benjamin Lyon, goes hence to his eternal home, of red age 90 years. to day.

11th Make Sage cheese, 10 in number, of all sizes we do differently, this season, about our Sage we put it in the rennet, & squeeze it & get the strength out, taking the curd only to chop up in the morning; we find it a better way.

20th make Sage cheese again, in twice making this kind of cheese, we have taken our previous morning's milk making three meal cheese, the same as making three stones; in quantity.

26th The weather is very warm & milk plenty we make cheese right along; Everaging setting milk twice a week Tuesday & Friday or (Thursdays) The odd minutes we work for sale but the flies are so thick around that it really seem impossible. Cows comes in this month

August 1870.

1st Weather warm & the milk keeps up good
Anna is engage in getting ready to go East
and I am getting Andrew ready too

8th We both finish off working for Sale, up to
this time we both supplied many calls from
the Office Anna has invented a nice little
square Box, calls the Traveling Pocket Book she
made several of them, many calls for my
Hanging Basket I make 25 & carry to the Office

15th This week the milk is quite less down to 24 Pails
aday,

22nd The milk is increasing 3 cows have come in this
month, & D. H. is mowing grass for the cows.

24th Wednesday at 5 o'clock D. H. Elisha B. & Andrew &
Harriet G. Anna D. Mary B. & Elizabeth S.
Start for a long journey East. I have a
large quantity of milk, & make two large
cheeses, & two small ones; today I tipped the
19th cheese which I made yesterday,
there was 55 cheeses in ^{the} cheese-room when she
left, besides Trubridge's 6 small ones, today

day, after dinner I sell one $\frac{1}{4}$ Page cheese & send
7 balls of Such-Cheese to the Office. After Dinner
Patsie & L. Phelps & Adaline C. Accompanied
by Pholomon Stewart start for Long Branch.
I sweep some, & write some, & so pass away this
first day, which seems to me a week long.

Emma Evans comes to assist me in the Dairy in
Anna's absence. It is Cloudy & Smoky all day,
Spreading a death gloom on all animate &
inanimate things: Emma C. is 25 years old today.

25th We set the milk, the morning is very cloudy
& flowery; A Company rides out to Pittsfield;
A man fell 20 feet off the 2 Order's barn
he has hurt his spine & is going to be taken
home to his family.

29th Monday This week is very warm; to day
we both go to washing, a large number gone
from home; After which we were obliged to
skim three milkings, all the rest part of
the week we make cheese. the weather very
warm; as much Milk as we had in June.

September. 1870.

5th Monday make cheese to day the weather
some warmer, but no promise of making Chee
again. Tiped the 96th the last this Year.

6th Cured 19th of butter, the first this fall.

7th Emma & I go down the swamp after Black-
Cherries fell in the brook, then walked to
the mill & saw the new flume; got diso-
pointed in getting a ride home; arrive at
2 o'clock, very much fatigued

8th Iron some, write for Sabina & a letter

9th Cut Apples, and pick Grapes.

13th Churn twice 32th of butter

15th Churn again twice, 38th of butter, I am busy
picking hair for W. Fortier's Mattress, spend two
days, & half a day in spinning it, to the hard-shop
17th Churn again twice 46th, making 1246th, this week
more than we ever made in a week before.

We now have 28 pails of Milk from the barn
in a day; 16 at night, & 12 in the morning; the
cows remain in the barnyard all night, making
a vast difference with the quantity of the milk

2
21.00. We had week of this month make 1350th of butter

19 Louisa's engage in making hair Mattress
21 ~~Clean~~ the gerrets &c. Cut Apples. the weather
is very warm, & we have a great amount of
butter on hand, impossible to work it out
on the Machine; What can we do,

23rd paint the East steps, & ~~sand~~ them for the
first time;

25th The weather is rainy, & warm, we skim
two milkings, & turn all the Cheeses; a
busy morning work, for Sabbath day. We
hear a letter from ~~new~~ Eliska, & Co who are
East on a visit.

27th Cure 26 # of butter, a little cooler this morn,

28 Cut Apples, & Cure 24 # of butter. to day
we have now 40 # full pans nights and 37
& 38 at night, the milk is very rich; we get
considerable more than a jar of Cream at
a skimming. We scrub the South Chees room

29th Clean over north Shop; already for ~~some~~
return, I have just received a letter, from my
Dear Sister Anna, stating they will not start
for home, till the 11 of October, O! heart rending

1893. The last week of this month make 136 # of butter

October 1870.

1st Saturday weather rainy, warm & muggy
3^d Mon, Emma and I, go with the Physician Sisters
Jane & Marie Lapsley, down to the swamp, to
gather Black-Cherries for wine, got over 20 bus-
-shells a very large quantity.

6th Cream in abundance, Cure better again.

10th Weather fair and warm

13th At three o'clock P.M. our Eastern visitors
viz. Elisha Blackman, Andrew Fortier,
Harriet Goodwin, Anna Dodgson, Mary Rice
& Elizabeth Vail, returned home, all well,
and joyful.

14th We gather all the apples to day;

17th Today ^{Mr} returns to the dairy department
to commence business, & Emma who has
assisted me in Anna's absence, leaves
for other business;

21st Anna sends a cheese weighing 22 lb.
to Henry Fuller in Newton.

29th The Lawyer Andrews, & his women Matilda
Came here to remain over the Sabbath, they

announce to us, that the Barber law case which has been pending some over a year is now settled for us, proving that our written indentures is right, and lawful:

By their request we give them 10 lb of butter
* 20th I forgot to make mention, that we painted our Shop woodwork, with the paint left of the windows, the first Coat 20th & again 25th, & the third 27th, & moved in the 29th, but did not inhabit the room, till Monday the 31st of this month we did not clean off any paint which was on; we only painted over the old red color; it being very dark, our object was to lighten up the Shop for Comfort only.
28th We have Pured, & prepared 50 lb of butter to send to the first Order at Canterbury, as returns for presents received.
31st Monday we both commence ironing for the winter, we prefer it to washing, as we have formally done, for two winters past.

November 1840

1st To day we commence our (Sale work
or fancy Articles for Sale exclusively.
I begin by making wash-Cases, (or baskets)
The Weather is fair & very pleasant &
quite warm the Cows go down the
Swamp regularly, the grass is quite green.

5th. Angelic to day moves to fill Molly Best
place left at the upper room of the Shop
north of the dairy, where the Boy's mending
is now done, in the lower room of the same
Shop; Emma Jane Neil moves in with
us; in Angelic's place; & Nodaine C.
moves to the wash-house to take the
Bonnets, &c;

11th We have now 20 pails of milk a day.
I will say here, that we have taken four
Cart loads of wood in the house, one we've
stored in the Cheese-room under the
stairway, & one in the hall, one in the
Cellar, & one under the stair way down
the lower-room, all on account of there

being so much out doors, the boys are bringing it, & distributing it - all "about; in the Shops, & house, & Sheds.

14th Weather fair and without snow.

15th The day an order for our articles is called for, to send to England and a busy week's work for this shop, Anna, Emma Jane, & myself. By Friday accomplished about 248 worth;

18th Send a jar of butter 50th to Canterbury

19th A light snow fell last night, the first this Season, giving a thin white appearance to the terry ferny.

21st This week is a stormy one, I want to note that up to last week we have churned five times a week. now we churn four times for the last two weeks.

22nd We send 55th of butter to the Office to be sold, 30th for Edward, 25th for the Sisters:

25th The Cheeses are weighed, & moved in the Cellar, 35 in number, weight 670th

Elder Daniel C. John Dean & Andrew
P. assisted. The day was truly beautiful.
24th Thanksgiving day, is observed by us.
24th General Opening is on this day.
~~24~~ 11th I should have mentioned that a little
change, has taken place in the kitchen
arrangement of the milk, sent there;
Only enough for table use, of new milk.
The skim milk is sent from the dairy
all that is needed, the Bread milk &c
& five pints of Cream each day, from the
dairy. The reason of this, is owing to the
small kitchen store room, being enlarged
taking in the pantry, which place they
have formerly had for keeping the pails
of milk.

December 1850

1st The weather is truly beautiful
4th Sat. The bro have volunteered four in num-
ber with four boys to do the milking,
mornings this winter. The boys & youths
have formerly been able to do it: but
this winter, the number of both is low.

12th We receive from the barn 18 pails of milk
a day: — Today we clean the upper
south room, (or winter Dairy.)

14th We move the Milk upstairs, we only
take one horse upon which to deposit
the milk. This we place west of the sink
keeping our large table east side of the
room, thus we commence our winter.

16th At 4 O'clo P.M. we churn, & work out
the last batch of butter on the Machine
this we do, down stairs, or in the Sum-
mer Dairy, the rest we intend to try
out as we did last winter it proved
to be a good way;

19th Andrew helps us nail on some cloth

around the Stoop, above the boarding
we have had three days of strong north
west wind, & snow a little nearly all
the time. To day it is calm again:
but quite cold 14 above zero.

- 20 The weather is cold & winter-like, and
continues for the rest of winter, only
moderating a little a day or so, then
the wind would be north again.
We have had a very little snow as
yet, the ground is not at all covered.
The water grows quite scarce?

Suppliment for 1870

On the whole we have have a large dairry
this year, we have made a large amount
of cheese; Sold a large amount; we have
exercised in the use of cream, often setting
the milk to get the cream for the table.
This we feel is rendering the family
more comfortably; we have had not
a flush in the summer of milk (scurvy).
In September the milk increased to our
advantage; We Cured a large amount
of butter; Sold some for the first
~~time~~ since we've been in the Dairy
departement; Anna I has been a long
journey East, and left me to manage
the House as best I could; All things
Appears to be prospered, the warm & pleasant
weather; was long with us this fall.
Again this winter we provide more
creame for the table; twice & sometimes
three times a week, on puddings & on
the rice Sabath morning.

Amount of Butter Made in 1870

Total	At Cured.	At Consumed
January \$ 295	\$ 295
February 312		" 312
March 320	\$ 40	" 280
April 327		" 327
May 389	\$ 66	" 323
June 286	" 286
July 280	" 280
August 308		" 308
September 500	\$ 212	" 288
October 601	\$ 228	" 373
November 497	\$ 221	" 276
December 413	\$ 102	" 311

Butter Sold \$ 174. Given \$ 110.

Cheese Manufactured 1870

Sold \$ 948 + 18

Consumed " 588

Given " 66

Stored " 670

Total \$ 2,222.

January, 1871.

- 1st Sabbath today, br John Schildersluve's funeral is attended, Elder Peter from Groveland is here; A very good & pleasant day.
- 12th On account of the scarcity of water, the bro (D. H. and P. G.) take the cream in the North family's churn which they had bored the day before; started at 7 o'clock & returned at half past nine; The condition of the butter, is better imagined than described, we however, emptied the churn, in tin pans & pails, & put it on the stoop to cool, it remained in that condition till five o'clock P.M. We then commenced by washing it in cold water, then worked it on the machine, at half past six we accomplished the task, by finding we had 45 lb of sweet butter; made twenty nine balls.
- 13th It came off a thaw to stay, which lasted a week, very warm indeed, the weather resembling spring.

14th Today our leaf^{or timber} is got for our counter top.
Edward L. gets a jar of butter 30 lb
to Dale; We are very much engaged on our
Saw-work. We bolt iron every week
& now we are cleaning the press for
eight weeks. John Brown does the shuffl.

17th The new leaf is done, & on the counter.

18th Today Peter goes to Pittsfield, & buys
a new churn called the Blanchard
Churn. At the same time Anna goes
to the Second Family, to ascertain how
to proceed in preparing the Cream &c
At quarter to four the Churn arrived
& we commenced operation; churned
80 lb of butter in 15 minutes; The churn
was No 6. which proved to be rather
small, said to churn 12 gallons.

20th Today The churn is taken back &
changed for No 7. Said to churn 18 gallon

21st Sat. We again churn in the New
churn, 39 lb of butter in 13^m it works
the buttermilk out, & then we pour a

pailful of cold water this washes the butter, then we salt it, and it works it all in; ready for balling up; the churn has two cranks; it is done by hand two persons can turn it together.

23rd The mercury stands 11 ^{deg} below zero the coldest day this winter

February 1831.

1st Our quantity of milk has kept very equal averaging 22 & 23 pails at a milking; or, 22 pails a day; the Cows have come in, all along in each month; We are having a much larger dairy this winter than usual; & consequently are expecting less milk in the Summer.

10th We have all the butter on hand we need, cured for use. And we are now commencing to prepare the butter right from the churn for the market; all that is over the needed allowance, for the family; We are using ortor for coloring the butter, we are giving Benjamin \$10 a week, & Edward ^{if he wants} some or any

of the rest at the Office, that wishes; we
15th Gave Benjamin B; 10[¢] each week for a month
Commencing the 8th on this month.

18th We have done our Sale work, or the greater
portion, intend to stop a week or two, & then
proceed again on our fancy work, & do all we
can till the flies get unbearable.

March. 1871.

8th March has really been pleasant, and
much warmer then usual, or for many
years past; The Milk has gradually been
reducing & now we have from 18 to 20 pails

13th today we are not expecting to send any ^{more} Butter

14th to the Market. To Day at 4 o'clock I
heard the awful news, That I was to
leave my home & accompany Sister Abigail
Crosman to Groveland. Heartrending thought!
to leave friends, & home to go to a land which
to me is unknown, I desire all that reads this
to offer a prayer in my behalf, that the true
Gospel spirit may guide, & direct all my way & action.

I have been employed in this department
four years the 19 of next month, April.
During which time I have enjoyed almost
undisturbed happiness, comfort, & daily satisfaction
with my true friend Anna Dodge who came
here the following September of the same year, 1867.

29th

Monday, This morning quite early our company
of Dear Elders and Sisters i.e. Elder Calvert
Reed Elders. Abigail Crossman, Elizabeth Sutton
Louisa Young and Sarah Butler take their
leave of their Labrador homes, and set
out for Greenland. By this I am left
and have been for nearly two weeks with-
out my pleasant and loving companion
Louisa. I sorrow much, and regret to
part with her, but all this is of no use
so I conclude to jog along as quietly as
possible. Rebecca Turner came to help
me and she is all I could desire, for neat-
ness and comfort. We make out very
well only I am alone in the shop, except
when poor sick Maggie gets along.

I have forgotten to say, we turned
over, friends out in a snowstorm.

April 1871.

1st Sat I am still trying to finish my sale work
weather quite cool, milk about the same.
Not a word yet from our friends, quite unex-
pected to know about them.

5th M. A letter to day from Louisa, mailed Friday.

6th Th. Anne goes to Eng. & South to read letter,

x 7th Fri Finish sale work except needle books.

8th Sat Very warm, Thermom 80 in shade, The
west woods are on fire, so the Br have to
turn out to subdue it. I ought to have

x 9th Sat. Friday, 9th Br James Goodwin left home
also to be a Groveland Trustee, We know
well how to be sorry for our selves, whether
we move or for Groveland or not.

12 Wed. The writer goes to Pittsfield with Sabitha &
Polly Lewis, tried to find some books for
Baskets, disappointed! Cold and stormy;

13 Thur. Make a few Case, new article, Some young
Believer Sisters here on a visit, we are all
wondering how they are feeling at Groveland
Letters seem rather blind, or, we are dull.

April

14th Fri. Andrew assists Emma Lane and writer to carry
Sole work to the Office. Finished to day.

With two girls we clean the yard, I take the
trouble to clean & varnish our little counter.

Milk just now about 20 pails daily.

Fine weather the rather cool. Enions silent

15th Sat. To day and yesterday. Several letters received
from our Groveland Friends.

17th Mon. Wash house cleaned to day. So the ironing
will be done Tuesday, which exempts me
for the first time since I returned from
an Eastern journey in October 1870.

19th Wed. Commenced to clean the Shop with a
little girl for help and company.

20th Thur. Got the shop white washed, where the kitchen
is finished, Calamine it myself. Rebecca D.
helps me finish it, The Counter drawers
varnished and reknobbed.

21st Fri. Clean Dock yards and finish the upper
part of our house scrubbing.

18th Sat. Libby
Came home
on business.
This evening.

24 Mon. Augusta Stone just finished a kitchen
lower comes to the Dairy but not yet permanently.
We clean the Cellar.

25 Tue. Clean the Lower Room Rebecca helps us.

27 Wed. Oil the floor in Lower Room, and take
the window blinds to Tailors Shop, &
paint them.

29 Sat. Finish painting Lower Room door & etc.
Henry Cantrel return home from Groveland.

Quite pleasant to day after a cold storm.
Milk continues quantity nearly unchanged
18 & 19 pails per day; no more!!!

What lot to the second order to sing.

(May. 1871.

1st Mon. Go to washing. Augusta & writer,

3rd Mon. Clean the Cheese Room.

2 Tue. Paint the window blinds again.

4th Thur. Move below with the milk, & Mendenhall,
wind never was the like before, blowed down
the bellis south of the Dairy the spar from the
weather vane, & other wonders.

May

- 6th Sat. Elder Henry Blinn arrives here from Cg.
8^{am}. Send a few rifles by Elder Henry. Henry
Cantrel moves into the House
- 12th Fri. Clean the upper brand of spirit the old butter from
10th W. at the Office Sisters have 11 gals of cream to sell.
- 13th Sat. Yesterday was the first warm day we have
had since May came in, we have had cold
below freeze, cherries are blasted, and we
have faint hope of peaches, today cold N.E. wind.
- 17th Mon. Milk still continues in meager quantity,
about 17 pails a day from the barn.
Canterbury Ministry arrive. Carson
Winters leaves us today much
lamented by kind and true friends.
- 20th Sat. Weather growing very warm, we are
thinking to prepare for making skin
milk Cheese on Monday.
- 21st Sat. Put 24 & 12 halves milk together in
the vat & scald to 130°. Cool to 70°.
- 22nd Mon. Turn the milk in good order, make
the first Cheese & Success.
- 23rd Tues. Jesse has a new Hat!!

24th We have of the most disastrous fire at
Groveland ever known among Believers
& buildings consumed

27th Sat Make the first New Milk Cheese,
Thomas Drake left on Saturday last.

28th Fri Charles Lizer makes a new box for Buttermilk
rather on the increase. This week
we commence to send the milk to the
Kitchen instead of skimming cream here,
the decrease of our family in numbers
is very perceptible in the reduced rate
of dairy produce needed for consumption.

31st Wed. Today we visit the Harvard Ministry.
I should have stated Mon 29 George Wickes has
left for Groveland to assist in Drafting & planing
The milk continues about the same as it
has been at the greatest quantity thro the
winter, we have made 10 cheeses, 14
skins & 6 New 20 lbs of Butter prepared
for the Office. about the same amount
on hand to try but.

June 1871.

1st Mon. Warm, milk continues about
normal, make cheese three times a week
and keep well supplied with butter, using
for our kitchen only 5¢ a pound.

2nd Tues. Clean the Brick Shop.

3rd Wed. Make cheese three times this week.

4th Mon. Charlie Webb leaves here today.

5th Tues. We are officially informed that John Robe
and James Gaps are to move into our family.
The Dentist takes impressions for teeth mine
among the rest.

7th Wed. I finish all my sale work, having just
received some locks for which I have been waiting.

9th Fri. We have 25 pails of milk, the greatest quantity
we have had this year. Cut the first cheese.

11th Sat. Put on light ~~white~~ ~~drapes~~ ~~second~~ ~~drapes~~ for dining.

14th Mon. First meal of strawberries this morning.

William Walpole 18 years old moves into the
Church. Misses leave for Waterbury.

15th Tues. Henry Cantrel returns from a tour of weeks
to visit his relations &c!!!!

18

16th The weather is warm

had some rain, the snow about the same in quantity. Mowing for the cows

17th Sal Make cheese 4 times this week, 30 lb butter. Make out the next lot of shortening with butter, made 1869. being nearly two years old, the remainder will be used to oil cheese.

18th Sal Rains all day, for the first time this season.

19th Mon Peter Groves is not here, left Chandistine. Alice Webb leaves to day.

20th Tue This eve. I receive my letter, very nice indeed.

22nd Thur. Augusta and writer take a ride to ^{Hancock} Chesapeake. George W. returns from Groveland.

24th Sat Rains again all day. Cold & unpleasant.

29th Thur Very cold for this season, & the year. The sisters are painting the new iron fence.

30th Fri We have had cream made, every day since Strawberries commenced, so this week we set the milk four days, we have 33 types cheese, 8 skin, common amount of small ones to sell on hand. about 24. pails of milk today

Out of Bran,
Short of feed
short of money

1869
July 18th

1869
July 18th

The photographer here says
the school house quite good weather.

4th July 1809
4th to 8th of August
at the Spring

9th Mon. This day is considered memorable by the
very sudden death of Mr Dwight Hinkley.
He was engaged digging post holes in the
street for the new iron fence, when he
was struck down by a fit of apoplexy
and expired immediately. Mr John
Dean was at work with him and
ready to call for help instantly.

5th Mon. Funeral attended
done without delay.
We have lost our herd
a tailor a man of
and good, where
John Brown taken

6th Thur. Mary Bart leaves
7th Fri. Benjamin returns
10th Mon. Rebecca Turner lea
12th Thur. Milk decreases abo
14th Fri. About this time Thom

the school-house, quite good weather.

This day is rendered memorable by the very sudden death of Br Dwight Hinkley. He was engaged digging post holes in the street for the new iron fence, when he was struck down by a fit of apoplexy and expired immediately. Br John was at work with him and called for help instantly.



4-2-76 1897 to 1898
to the same old
the same old

messmates and
Point. In the war they were Major Generals of cavalry on opposing sides. One day General Young was invited to breakfast at the Hunter mansion in Virginia. The beautiful young ladies had prepared a smoking breakfast, to which the General was addressing himself with ardor, when a shell burst through the house. Glancing through a window he saw Custer charging toward the house at the head of his staff. Out the window Young went, calling to the young ladies: "Tell Custer I leave this breakfast for him." Custer enjoyed it heartily, and looked forward with pleasure to the dinner in the distance. In the meantime Young smarting over the loss of his breakfast and his hasty retreat, drove the Federal line back, and by dinner time was in sight of the Hunter mansion again. Custer, who was just sitting down to dinner, laughed and said: "That's Pierce Young coming back. I knew he wouldn't leave me here in peace. Here's my picture—give it to him, and tell him his old classmate leaves his love with this excellent dinner." And out of the window he went and away like a flash, while the Georgia General walked in and sat down to dinner.—*Atlanta Constitution*

It is a good
Sit calmly down and look out at the world;
Ransack the heart, search every secret place,
Prayerful uproot the baneful seeds there thrown;
Pluck out the weeds ere the full crop is grown.
Gird up the loins afresh to run the race,
Foster all noble thoughts, cast out the base,
Thrust forth the bad and make the good thine own.
Who has the courage thus to look within,
Keep faithful watch and ward with inner eyes,
The foe may harass, but ne'er surprise,
Or over him ignoble conquest win,
Oh! doubt it not, if you wouldst wear the crown,
Self, baser self, must first be trampled down.

IN THE TOE OF A SHOE.

"Curious things happen in trade sometimes," said a St. Louis merchant, "but last week I ran up against an incident which fairly eclipsed anything within the range of my experience. Just before the holidays a lady bought a pair of fine shoes from one of the leading shoe-dealers on Broadway, intending to make a present of them to her sister. Not knowing her exact size, it was stipulated that if the shoes did not fit they were to be exchanged. After Christmas they were returned by the sister who had received them and another pair substituted. The first pair were carefully put away by the stock-clerk in the particular department to which they belonged, and the incident, which is frequent in large establishments, was forgotten. About three weeks later an order was received from a country customer for three pairs of shoes of the kind which the aforesaid lady had purchased, and a clerk was given the order to fill. Upon examining each shoe to see that all was right before shipping, as is the custom, the clerk felt some foreign substance in one of them, and on bringing it to light, found a dainty package tied up with ribbon. He was not long in opening it, and the act disclosed a \$20 bill, with a note reading: 'Dear sister,—The shoes are for you and the money to buy some Christmas presents for the children.' The recipient had evidently tried on the shoe that was empty and, of course, failed to find the note and its enclosure. Both parties were well known to the shoe-dealer, who restored the money to its rightful owner, and the country customer missed a lucky find.—*St. Louis Republic*.

ing a note to the effect that
a house in the Far West.
wonderfully! I am wondering what!
the thing for several years!!!

messmates and classmates, and devoted friends at West Point. In the war they were Major Generals of cavalry on opposing sides. One day General Young was invited to breakfast at the Hunter mansion in Virginia. The beautiful young ladies had prepared a smoking breakfast, to which the General was addressing himself with ardor, when a shell burst through the house. Glancing through a window he saw Custer charging toward the house at the head of his staff. Out the window Young went, calling to the young ladies: "Tell Custer I leave this breakfast for him." Custer enjoyed it heartily, and looked forward with pleasure to the dinner in the distance. In the meantime Young smarting over the loss of his breakfast and his hasty retreat, drove the Federal line back, and by dinner time was in sight of the Hunter mansion again. Custer, who was just sitting down to dinner, laughed and said: "That's Pierce Young coming back. I knew he wouldn't leave me here in peace. Here's my picture—give it to him, and tell him his old classmate leaves his love with this excellent dinner." And out of the window he went and away like a flash, while the Georgia General walked in and sat down to dinner.—*Atlanta Constitution*



1900. He then joined the militia and was captured when the war broke out, so that his neighbors into active service when the fighting began. He started in as lieutenant-colonel of the 88th Indiana Regiment soon became colonel of the 53rd Indiana and, on the recommendation of both Grant and Sherman, was made a brigadier-general and placed in command of Nashville. During the "march to the sea," he commanded the division of the 17th Army Corps.

8. place,
 9. are thrown;
 10. is grown.
 11. a base,
 12. and thine own
 13. sin,
 14. nor eyes,
 15.
 16. the crown,
 17. down.

the meeting, Elder Daniel B. Chase, of East Fair-
ing as to the effect that
a home in the Far West.
double, I understand it!
the thing for Edward &c!!!

found dead at May's Landing, N. J.
 R. J. Connersman
 The Coldwater, Mich., national bank was
 robbed of \$20,000 cash and \$40,000 bonds.
 Springer was critically sick of erysipelas.
 his picture toward the wall. Congressmen
 resolutions denouncing D. B. Hill and turned
 hidden club of Jamesstown, N. Y., passed
 and the Democrats lost ninety-six. The
 publicans gained 101 supervisors in the state
 according to returns of the elections the Re-
 publicans were killed by a landslide. At
 Vienna. Many persons were dying in Hun-
 and named him to a tree. There was an
 from the jail a murderer named Amos Miller
 being reported. At Cairo, Ill., 200 men took
 recorded except that of April, 1891, 434 deaths
 greater than that of any month previously
 tally in the state during January was
 state board of health reported that the mor-
 the storm was still raging severely. The
 coast by the storm. At Gloucester, Mass.,
 were destroyed on the New Jersey
 defeated Maher in twelve rounds. Beaches
 \$5,703,764. At New Orleans Fitzsimmons
 there was a net increase in the circulation of
 fifty persons were killed. During February
 Union near Guyanabua, Brazil, more than

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Thursday, March 8.—By a railroad col-
 lision near Guyanabua, Brazil, more than
 fifty persons were killed. During February
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 defeated Maher in twelve rounds. Beaches
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 being reported. At Cairo, Ill., 200 men took
 from the jail a murderer named Amos Miller
 and named him to a tree. There was an
 alarming increase in the number of crimes in
 Vienna. Many persons were dying in Hun-
 gary of starvation. At Aachen, Germany,
 nine men were killed by a landslide. Ac-
 cording to returns of the elections the Re-
 publicans gained 101 supervisors in the state
 and the Democrats lost ninety-six. The
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 R. J. Connersman
 found dead at May's Landing, N. J.

Excellent Christmas meeting.
 Hails of milk today.
 enough to hand confusion.
 to school our Father John Dean

- One year to the East Family!!!! Miserable days
 1. Monday, August 1st, I have been busy making a
 few more articles for sale, that at the office
 2. There is more company than bread.
 3. Mr. McHardy returned with success.
 4. Mr. John Jones for the East Family.
 5. Company of six sisters from Walsingham.
 6. Mr. and Mrs. ride to East Family.
 7. We were having an Elevator put in for
 raising the milk from the cellar to use
 for cheese, under the direction of James C.
 8. The Elevator finished and stained. Harvest
 and Hay finished!!! James goodwin
 was here. The week of beginning for general
 health and success. Spent no Sabbath here.
 9. I go to Manchester N. H. with Sarah A. Sp.
 on peddling tour, L.

BY O. W. BARNARD.

When upon life's weary way,
Should the clouds obscure the day,
While the sun is hanging low,
And the tide's about to flow
And the waves are dashing high
With evil omens in the sky—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

When upon the mighty deep,
And the waves awake from sleep,
Now in fury rising high
While the winds go howling by—
Drives the bark upon the strand,
And there seems no helping hand—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

When comes sorrow's bitter draft,
And the dregs at last are quaffed,
And the soul with utmost dread
Is by darkest phantoms fed—
And a darkness over all,
Thick as midnight's blackest pall—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

When the cyclone's angry roar,
Breaks in terror—black and sore,
And the clouds by fury whirled—
Ruin spreading through the world—
Cities scattered far and wide—
Moaning heard on every side—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

When the earthquake in its wrath,
Leaves destruction in its path—
Sparing naught on land or sea,
Save but those who chance to flee,
And the skies are thick with gloom
Dark and dreadful—black as doom—
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

Even thus should hope serene,
Shed its light o'er darkest scene—
Better 'tis to hope and fail,
Than despair its curse entail—
Better 'tis to try again
Yielding never—hope will reign
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

The River of Life.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The glad some current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river-smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is rapid,
Why as we near the falls of Death
Find we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

—Thomas Campbell

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

[Metuchen, New Jersey.]

BLESSEDNESS.

It is not happiness I seek,
Its name I hardly dare to speak;
It is not made for man or earth,
And Heaven alone can give it birth.

There's a something sweet and pure,
Through life, through death it may endure;
With steady foot I onward press,
And long to win that blessedness.

It hath no shadows, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright;
It bids each heart-born tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of Love,
In silence falling from above,
A conscience clear from wilful sin
That hath no subterfuge within;

Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour—
These, these, my soul, make Blessedness;
I ask no more, I seek no less.

And yet I know these are too much;
My very being's life they touch;
Without them all, oh! let me still
Find Blessedness in God's dear will.

[Louisa J. Hall.

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BC Sat Furniture begins to move from
the east Tunnel. Which it is con-
templated in the Spring will be
broken up. A final accomplishment.

3. Lab. We hear the Father of Little Wash. C. bring
his boy back and he is received.

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Department

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I leave with God to-morrow's where
and how,
And to concern myself with but the
now.

That little word, though half the fu-
ture's length,

Well used, holds twice its meaning and
its strength.

Like one blindfolded, grouping out its
way,

I will try to touch beyond to-day,
Since all the future is concealed from
sight,

I need but strive to make the next step
right.

That done, the next, and so on, till I
find,

Perchance, some day I am no longer
blind;

And, looking up, behold a radiant
friend,

Who says: "Rest now, for you have
reached the end."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THREE GOLDEN GATES.

If you are tempted to reveal

A tale some one to you has told

About another, make it pass

Before you speak three gates of gold,

Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"

Then is it needful?" In your mind

Give truthful answer, and the next

Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last

It passes through these gateways

three,

Then you may tell the tale, nor fear

What the result of speech may be

—Ex.

He who has most of heart knows most

of sorrow.—Bailey.

It is by studying little things that

we attain the great art of having as

little misery and as much happiness as

possible.—Johnson.

	23 1/6	5' 4	124
	225'	106	180
		61	50
	5368	635	74
			456

Total 44-69

Cheese 187

\$	5'50	Sold.
"	282	Consumed.
"	5'75'	Shared.
"	1407	Total.

Yielding never—hope will come.
Never despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

Religious.

THE SOWER.—

"I had much seed to sow," said one; I planned
To fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring,
And water it with care. But now the hand
Of him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring,
Is laid upon his laborer, and I wait,
Weak, helpless, at his palace gate.

"Now I have nothing, only day by day
Grace to sustain me till the day is done;
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way
Of him, the altogether lovely one,
And some strange things to learn, unlearned before,
That make the suffering light, if it but teach me
more."

Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,
Forth floated winged seeds of thought and prayer,
Those, reaching many a desert place to bloom,
And pleasant fruit an hundred-fold to bear,
Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh,
To fall again with showers of blessings from on high.
[*Frances Ridley Havergal.*]

The physically blind feel their infirmity,
but what shall we say of the morally blind?
—[*Jean Paul.*]

A man can profess more religion in fifty
minutes than he can practice by working
hard for fifty years.

Make a journey every day to three moun-
tains. Go to Sinai, and see your sins; go to
Calvary, and behold the Lamb of God; go to
Zion, and view the heavenly city.

I have no confidence in cross Christianity;
it is not the Christianity of the cross; and it
denies the Master as openly and effectually
as Peter did when he said, "I know not the
man."—[*Sunday Afternoon.*]

Religion gives to virtue the sweetest
hopes, to unrepenting vice just alarms,
to true repentance the most powerful consolations;
but she endeavors above all things to
inspire in men love, meekness, and pity for
men.—[*Montesquieu.*]

Where the peace is that Christ gives, all
the trouble and disgust of the world cannot
disturb it. All outward distress to such a
mind is but as the rattling of hail upon the
tiles of him who sits within the house at a
sumptuous banquet.—[*Leighton.*]

Here is something for preachers, church-
members and parents who encourage danc-
ing: "The Chief of Police in New York says
that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in
that city were ruined by dancing!" How
would this do as an illustration of the harm-
lessness of the practice?

I have found nothing yet which requires
more courage and independence than to rise
even a little but decidedly above the par of
the religious world around us. Surely the
way in which we commonly go on is not the
way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-
bearing which the New Testament talks of.
—[*Dr. John W. Alexander.*]

England's Future King

The English people have but just ac-
cused to the fact that the elder of the two sons
of the Prince of Wales is a probable heir to
the throne, and that he is, as such, an inter-
esting person. At the same time they re-
member, with a mixture of amusement and
amazement, that they know almost nothing
about him. In fact, they are rather puzzled,
when it is necessary to speak of him, to
know how he is to be called. He is, in full,
Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward. He
used to be styled Prince Albert Victor of
Wales. Popularly he has been known as
Prince Victor. When he was studying on
board the "Britannia" he was called Prince
Edward. Out of the abundance of titles it
is not easy to make a choice, and the British
public seems to be as much "at sea" meta-
phorically as the Prince now is literally, in
attempting to discover anything interesting
or gossipy about one who, if he lives long
enough, will be the ruler of a vast empire.
The Prince was born at Frogmore Lodge,
Windsor, on the 8th of January, 1864, and
has, therefore, nearly completed his 16th
year. He was born and has lived—that is
all the English people really know about
him. Occasionally he has accompanied his
parents in their travels here and there, and
his features have excited some mild interest
in the family photographs. But, in general,
his history and his person are unknown, and
his life has been almost as obscure as that of
any boy in the kingdom.

What has now drawn attention to him is
his sailing, in company with his brother,
whom all English folk know as Prince
George of Wales, on a voyage round the
world. The two Princes have been trained
on board the "Britannia," and now they go
as cadet midshipmen on the ship "Bac-
chante," which sailed from Portsmouth har-
bor on Sept. 18th, and proceeded to Port-
land, where, after a week spent in drill, the
ship was to depart for a short cruise in the
Mediterranean, and to pass the winter in the
West Indies. Of course, very little will be
heard from the young princes while they are
absent on this voyage, and they will return
a year or two hence tall striplings, one of
them just coming into manhood. As they
are the only sons of the Prince of Wales, the
succession would pass, in case of their death,
to the daughters, and once again the British
throne would be occupied by a woman.—

By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D. A truly great work of a master mind, and one whom Spiritualists should delight to honor. The result of years of deep thought and patient research into Nature's finer forces are here garnered and made amenable to the well-being of humanity. Medical men especially, and scientists, general readers and students of occult forces will find instruction of great value and interest. A large, four-pound book, strongly illustrated, containing beautiful illustrative plates. For sale at this office. Price, postpaid, \$6. It is a wonderful work and you will be delighted with it.

"The Commandments Analyzed. By W. H. Bach." The Commandments are not only analyzed, but contrasted with other Bible passages, showing great incongruities. Price 25c.

met, and a thorough gentleman. I have stood by him in good and evil alike; and we have been close friends all these years. The debates held with him have been interesting and instructive. The wonder is that Spiritualist societies which claim to be friends of free speech, and afraid of no man's reasons against their philosophy, seem shy of the open arena of debate with a Materialist. They are willing to meet the clergy. I do not think anyone will say that in all my debates with Spiritualists I ever treated them other than with respect and courtesy.

Perchance, I may, like Paul, obtain a knock-down argument in some of these debates, for I am ever ready for

Jan	306	70	
Jan	323	34	
Feb	220	87	
March	372	63	
Apr	348	44	
May	242		
June	253		
July	243		
Aug	273	4	
Sept	321	54	124
Oct	236	116	180
Nov	225	106	50
Dec		61	74
	3368	635	456

Total 4469.
 Cheese 187
 Sold.
 Consumed.
 Stored.
 Total.

Yielding never—hope will
 Never despair! but look above,
 God forever rules in love!

The real is but the half of life; it needs
The ideal to make a perfect whole;
The sphere of sense is incomplete, and pleads
For closer union with the sphere of soul.

All things of use are bridges that conduct
To things of faith, which give them truest worth;
And Christ's own parables do us instruct
That heaven is but the counterpart of earth.

The pier that rests upon this shore 's the same
As that which stands upon the further bank;
And fitness for our duties here will frame
A fitness for the joys of higher rank.

Oh! dark were life without heaven's sun to show
The likeness of the other world in this:
And bare and poor would be our lot below
Without the shadow of a world of bliss.

Then let us, passing o'er life's fragile arch,
Regard it as a means, and not an end;
As but the path of faith on which we march,
To where all glories of our being tend.

—Good Words.

There is this difference between happiness
and wisdom: he that thinks himself the
happiest man really is so; but he that thinks
himself the wisest, is generally the greatest
fool.

There is no morrow. Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we always
Fall to o'er take it, hasten as we may;
God only gives one island inch of space
Betwixt the Eternities as standing place
Where each may work—the inexorable to-day.

[M. J. Preston.

The faculty of reason is the candle of the
Lord within us.—[Bishop Butler.

True courage is unassuming; true piety,
serious and humble.—[Robert Hall.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty
conscience drives it.—[Thomas Fuller.

Death is as the foreshadowing of life.
We die that we may die no more.—[Hooker.

How rarely do we accurately weigh what
we have to sacrifice against what we have
to gain.

He that enjoys aught without thanks-
giving is as though he robbed God.—
[Talmud.

Practice in life whatever you pray for,
and God will give it you more abundantly.
—[Dr. Pusey.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure,
and the conquest of evil habits the most
glorious triumph.

Culture of the intellect without religion
in the heart, is only civilized barbarism and
disguised animalism.—[Bunsen.

Neither human applause nor human cen-
sure is to be taken as the test of truth; but
either should set us upon testing ourselves.
Whately.

Duties are ours, events are the Lord's. It
is our part to let the Almighty exercise His
own office, and steer His own helm,—
[Rutherford.

Is it best worth your while
To meet life with a smile?
Frown, that you ever were forced to begin it?

Ah, "Life" is the name
Of a curious game!
Whether we smile, child, or whether we frown,
We must each play in turn,
Though we scarcely may learn
The rules of the game till the cards are thrown
down;

'Tis a queer hurry-scurry,
Full of bother and worry,
Each player comes in with some trick of his
own;

But the secret of winning
Lies all in beginning,
Are you are right, child, then—"Play it
alone."

To return good for good, is civil courtesy;
evil for evil, malicious policy; evil for good,
hateful ingratitude; good for evil, true
Christian charity.—[Schlatter.

Christianity is a missionary religion; its
first word is "Go," it always calls men forth
from themselves and sets them at work in
behalf of others. A Christianity which
feels no impulse of this sort is altogether
spurious.

"The Lord is thy keeper," but not thy
jailor. His keeping is not confinement, it
is protection. When you commit your ways
to Him, he does not abridge your liberty;
he only defends you against the evil.—
[Sunday Afternoon.

Paul did not stop preaching because all
his converts did not hold out. Many of
the converts, even of Jesus, went back,
"and went no more with him." If a man
tumbles into the river, are we to refuse to
rescue him because he may fall in again?

"God's heaven is made to grow out of
Christ, that Christians may not have a sin-
gle thought about it, in which he is not
present. ... He darkens all the sky save
where he appears—spreads a vast trackless
waste around, and leaves the soul with
Christ alone."—[Rev. Dr. Ker.

Mr. Moody said, in preaching on "Christ
as a deliverer," I remember preaching on
this subject, and walking away, I said to a
Scotchman, "I didn't finish the subject."
"Ah, man! you didn't expect to finish, did
ye? It'll take all eternity to finish telling
what Christ has done for man."

Secret of living always easy.—An Italian bishop having struggled through great difficulties without complaining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions, without ever betraying the least impatience, an intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he conceived it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could tell him the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and will do it very readily. It consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain. "Most willingly," said the bishop.—"In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind the space I shall shortly occupy in it; I then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes there are who in all respects have more cause to be unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our care must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

1871.

brought with
make it sensor-
of my companion,
ange, which

I am happy to say has proved a success in
as well as her condition,

A great and solemn event occurred in
very sudden death of our good and
bravest herdsman, Br Dwight Hinkley.
He thought at first, an earthquake might
as well have swallowed the Barn Stock Fall.
"But Lo! the world still moves alternately into
Sunshine and shade. Cows give milk just
as tho Dwight was here, and we have been
ceedingly prosperous. Our table is supplied
th butter and Cheese constantly and cream
a week. Augustus and my self
th Br John Brown and James Glasp.
e things with ease and harmony
chronograph over department, 1871

OUR KEY-THOUGHTS.

[This department is intended to be specially educational. If the reader, after perusing a thought, will keep it in his mind while it is in a reflective and receptive mood, light may come by spiritual influx].

ERROR has no positive existence.

- There must forever be a greater.
- Love is the central gem in the spiritual crown.
- The soul's capacity grows as its sympathies widen.
- Necessity is the cradle of genius; luxury is its grave.
- The realities of the present were the fancies of the past.
- The best part of the fruit is the inside: do not worship the husk.
- Supernatural law to one generation may be natural law to the next.

— Doubt will haunt the soul until the soul's own evidences drive it away.

— Stop grieving and begin thinking. Is not material loss spiritual gain?

— Human thoughts may be the incarnated souls of doves or serpents.

— When you see success in your soul feel sure of its external realization.

— Abiding success can not be reached through deception and insincerity.

— All energy is soul impulsion from God. Partial views are but partial truths.

— The idols of material worship disappear as the light of spiritual truth advances:

— There would be no revengeful God if there were no revengeful men and women.

— By solving familiar mysteries the wise destroy their highest value to the ignorant.

— A grain of wheat in the ground has more intrinsic value than a diamond on the breast.

— The "demonstration" of science is only an opinion expressed in the most emphatic form.

— The intrinsic value of all external things can only be fixed by the appreciation of the soul.

— As well attempt to add a new element to the sunlight as to voice an absolutely new truth.

— All the future is ahead of you to improve, but no one ever commenced to improve in the future.

— Trying to ignore a new truth after its introduction is like trying to ignore sunrise by shutting the eyes.

— The revolution that comes to right wrongs is moved by the same force that throws the tidal-waves upon the shore.

— The idea of man existing outside of God, or *vice versa*, has about ceased to be necessary as a feature of spiritual education.

— If popularity were the test of righteousness the millennial glories would now be illumining all the walks of human life.

— The material man forms with the hands; the intellectual man invents with the mind; the spiritual man evolves from the soul.

— Selfishness holds you right where you are; unselfishness carries you higher. The former is the ice-block; the latter is the rainbow.

— To the unawakened soul, Arctic wastes of cold indifference; to the awakened soul, a universe in which every particle is glowing with love.

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VOLUME 136

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size of the others. But when she came home and her sick mother cut the loaf open, many new silver pieces of money fell rattling and shining out of it.

The mother was not a little alarmed, and said: "Take the money at once back to the good gentleman, for it certainly got into the dough by accident. Be quick, Gretchen! be quick!"

But when the little girl came to the rich man and gave him her mother's message, he said, kindly: "No, no, my child, it was no mistake. I had the silver put into the smallest loaf to reward you. Remain always as contented, peaceable, self-denying and grateful. She who would rather take the smallest loaf than quarrel for the larger ones, will obtain far richer blessings than even if money were baked into the loaf. Go home now, and greet your good mother very kindly from me."

LITTLE FOXES.

One little fox is "By-and-by." If you track him, you come to his hole—"Never."

Another little fox is "I can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No use in trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is "Don't care." Oh, what mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is "No matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.

We must not deceive ourselves, for he that overcometh not himself in little matters will not be able to do so in great things.

—*Good News.*

steam, he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top, I des I'll det out here."

THE THREE RULES.

What is the lowest rule of human conduct? The Iron rule.

What is the next higher rule? The Silver rule.

What is the highest rule? The Golden rule.

What is the Iron rule? Evil for evil.

What is the Silver rule? Good for good.

What is the Golden rule? Good for evil.

Why do you consider the Iron rule the lowest? Because it is the expression of the animal faculties of the mind, and the law of brutes and savages.

Why is the Silver rule better? Because it is the Golden rule one-half expressed.

Why is the Golden rule the highest and the best? Because it is the essence of our spiritual perceptions of right; and flowing from the highest faculties of our nature, must be the best guide in the conduct of life.

HOLD ON BOYS.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associations seek your company and invite you to

Society Record.

EARLY MANUFACTURE OF STEEL PENS.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

I write to inquire if you can give me information concerning the manufacture of metal pens in this country. I may be vain in the supposition, but I am almost persuaded, that my people—the Shakers—were the originators of metal pens. I write this to you with a silver pen, “one slit,” that was made in the year 1819 at this village by the Shakers.

Two or three years previous to the use of silver for pens, our people used brass plate for their manufacture, but soon found silver preferable. Some of our people, now living, sold these pens in the year 1820 for 25 cents each, and disposed of all that could be made at that price.

The machinery for rolling the brass and silver plate was a home invention; also the shears for cutting the pens; these we still have in our possession. At the above date the inventor writes: “I now have my new shears, with which I have cut 292 pens in 14 minutes; this is doing it with dispatch!” The metal used was melted silver coins; and at one time the worker says, “I melted up \$55.00 or \$60.00 of silver money.” I find the following in a late Boston paper:

“English steel pens are almost entirely made by women. In 1828-29 the first gross of ‘three-slit’ steel pens was sold wholesale at £7 4s. the gross. In 1830 they had fallen to 8s. and in 1832 to 6s. the gross. A better article is now sold at 6d. per gross.”

I leave you to judge the merits of this pen from the appearance of my chirography; and can assure you it has seen nearly sixty years’ service. The two I have in possession are equally good writers, and were presented to me by my venerable friend, D. A. Buckingham, who, 58 and more years ago, engaged

REPLY.

We find no record of the manufacture of metal pens in this country as early as 1820. At that time Gillott had begun to make steel pens in England. As early as 1803 barrel pens of steel were made by a Mr. Wise in England. Evidently Mr. Lomas writes with a good pen.—*Scientific American.*

DEATHS.

At Shakers, N. Y., Sept. 2, Irene Bates, aged 54 years. (It is difficult to realize how the record of this peaceful sister’s death has been delayed.)

At Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., Nov. 14, Lucy Jacobs, aged 78 years.

At Harvard, Mass., Nov. 18, 1878, Caroline King, aged 78 years.

At Groveland, N. Y., Nov. 22, John Lockwood, aged 87 years.

At Poland Hill, Me., Erastus Legrow, aged 43 years.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y. The evidence of the superiority of spirit-power over earthly impediments was simply, but prettily and satisfactorily illustrated at the recent funeral of Lucy Jacobs, when one of the young sisters, an inveterate stammerer, speaking under the influence of the deceased, addressed the assembly for half an hour, without any impediment whatever.

We will soon present a paper upon “Dried Corn” and its introduction to the world as an article of merchandise by this society.

SHAKERS, N. Y. This society is known for its manufactures of brooms, brushes, dried and hermetically sealed fruits and vegetables. Stock on hand equal to former years, both quality and quantity. Hence proceed “SHAKER GARDEN SEEDS,” which, according to the analysis of Prof. Beal, of Michigan, stood BEST over all others tested and there were—

LIFE IMMORTAL.

Let the everlasting shrine of wisdom unloose, and uncover the magnetic, and electric cord, and screen. What wonders does she pronounce and denounce, for it is not her confinement that exposes the realities of science, but 'tis the exposition that is offered which give opportunities to unclothe all the beauties of nature, and all the unfoldments which enwraps around and within this bud of science. As one covering is opened forth, what does it reveal? It shows a farther and an inner covering still, and as the inner coat is laid by, does it not reveal other unfoldments which will open forth with the discoveries the investigator may make?

So on every sphere of life and nature, revelations occur as often as the one searches out, and reaches out for this most wonderful truth science reveals. All else may seem in doubt and darkness, until one has started out for this purpose, and then it is like finding daylight out of darkness so clear does it come forth; and too, like a cleansing out of a dense forest which seems so bright that one cannot go astray; and so like the sunlight to the confused and wearied brain, it opens up a peace and surity of another day to follow again.

So dense may be this thicker, that all hope one may have to advance in this noble work is pushed into an individual mind by our inspirations, and were it not for that and certain ones that we can impress and show the light, how dubious, how would be everything in life, and therefore does it not prove, too, a growth, a knowledge which is beyond the limits of mortal minds to expound?

And is not this the divine inspiration and wisdom which science propounds? It does not need any other branch to go in company with it, for it is an independent knowledge, ruled and governed by an authority higher than the code of earth's laws can teach, yet connected with everything in nature and humanity, and is a part of all, just the same as the material and the immaterial are two separate forces, yet combined to form a whole. Thus is this handiwork of nature. Its uses are thrown out as a benefit and governor to man and beast; but its essence is the inner conscience unwrapped to be moulded by principle, and law, wisdom, and science.

Then, as season after season rolls round in all its changes, its beauties, its grandeur, and in all the many shades and colorings of its variegated landscapes, and in all the glowing decorations, and tints each blossom gives as timely too, and as punctual as the rising and setting of the sun. And in all the different needs each field requires, as well as the many changes in latitudes and longitudes the climate requires to do its part, fulfilling each their work in the world to allow a more harmonious state of nature to spread forth through her embalming breezes in winds, and gales perhaps, and in calms and mists which, too, give changes in seasons, in time, and which eternity alone will disclose upon its pages of histories the past, the present, the future repeats and discloses in not a lifetime of one individual alone, but of every child of God born on earth.

Thus will appear again on the great

canvass of life in the spiritual sphere sketches and panoramas, which was thought by the observer of science long since forgotten, and dead in memory.

O, what a history will be this to study, and how many will turn with surprise to behold again those life-scenes. Life again repeated in all its true motives, for how many are living and doing the best they may, without a single motive ahead to give encouragement perhaps, or to offer any surity of another day when the sun goes down beneath the horizon of night and of life. Imagine what a life-sketch would be, drawn from such living as this.

When the years roll in and out and nature has done all she can and humanity performed her simplest mission, 'tis then life is justly born anew to unfold the inner part of its charms and give food for reason to act over again and redeem its past neglects, and improve and gain in the knowledge, which was never unloosed from her coverings. O, then, how short will man become e'en after he had lived his allotted time upon the earth because he knew not, nor heeded not the deep ingatherings of his own sense and the revelations which science bespeaks.

Then, as we turn back to the glad Spring time, and behold its elegant display of foliage nature has put on, how the aspiring mind grasps for some word, or sentence to give utterance grand, and deep and sublime that could most besit his or her sentiments. Such a mind can realize the depths, the coloring every leaf foretells, and every limb affirms because hers or his is in accordance with the ways of science, and acknowledges a God, a ruler, a benefactor, who sways every course in life as well as in nature.

Truly, these are wisdom's ways and led by the hand of justice supremel

Infinity is stamped upon every footstep of man and sways all turnings of mind and matter. Life means eternity of spirit, and earth decay of matter. So when the bud is unfolding and about to blossom, O, how sweet to know on the contrary, this same hand can chastize with her rod of correction as well. And 'tis sweet to understand wisdom's ways in all, and how and why those things are brought to bear upon the weak and strong, that they can understand wisdom's ways in all.

What chaos would reign were not this mighty hand of justice armed with her weapons of right and wrong to chide, to guide or lead at all times and in all places; therefore 'tis sweet to investigate and keep unfolding these grand truths this great book dollars and cents you may leave behind, but by the moral teachings, the sweet inspirations given, and the calm and innocent characters maintained through your human natures, that a child can look back with remembrance and follow your examples and teachings in this noble truth you gave.

'Tis sweet to suffer and endure, and live (it may be) for others, for it brightens your future path-way, and, too, gives you a conscience clear in feeling you did your duty well and faithful in a few, and when you, too, have passed out from the world, you can return again and give back the assurance of another life through that blessed "peace that passeth understanding."

A. E. S. UNDERHILL.

N. B. This article porports to have been written by J. G. Holland, author of 'Camille,' 'Bittersweet' &c.

Three this month a I have
acquired 110 Days butterfly
and dream twice a week.

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Then the spirit of summer came up from the south,
With the smile of the Junes on her beautiful mouth,
And breathed on the valleys, the plains and the hills,
While the snow rippled home in the arms of the rills.
The winter was gone, but the symbol was there,
Towering mutely and grand, like the angel of prayer,
Where the morning shall stream on the place of its birth
Till the last cross is borne by the toilers of earth.

It cannot grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn,
While heaven's pure finger transfigures the dews,
And with garlands of frost-work its beauty renews;
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sands o'er the banks of the Nile,
And it still shall point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o'er the world like a banner of peace
Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the red sea of Time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the shore.
As long as the incense from ocean shall rise,
To weave its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystals shall part
That cross shall gleam high on the continent's heart.

82
*The "Mount of the Holy Cross" is the principal mountain of the Saguache Range, in Colorado. It is 14,176 feet above the tide-water. The cross is located near the top, facing the east, and consists of two crevices filled with snow, summer and winter. The crevices are about 50 feet wide, and the snow in them is from fifty to one hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular arm of the cross is some fifteen hundred feet long, and the horizontal arm seven hundred feet. It is in plain view, when the air is clear, at a distance of forty or fifty miles. Its impression upon the mind of the tourist is deep and abiding.

SIVARTHIAN THEOLOGY.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT].

THE MESSIANIC REPUBLIC.

18
BASED UPON THE NATURE AND WANTS OF MAN.

BY SIVARTHA, THE ORIENTAL ORATOR AND WRITER.

Fourth Letter.

23
5 THE voice of science and the voice of inspiration unite in proclaiming the exalted social destiny of man. But in what noble forms shall we mold the institutions of that new and coming age? We need more than simply to know that there is a good time coming, and the science of man alone can give us a practical guide, with exactness of plan and clearness of detail.

The history of man records a vast growth through successive phases. Science is now able to show us in advance what the coming phase will be. The growth of civilization has been a constant attempt to organize institutions which should better provide for the collective or societary wants of man.



In Messianism, as shown by our model, each society has twelve departments. We provide one of Art, because man has a group of artistic faculties, with wants to satisfy. We have one of Letters, because man's organs of memory require books, schools, and public records. Without these, the organs of memory could not be supplied with the knowledge which we all require to use. If the organs of memory had no existence in the mind, then we would have no power to store up knowledge, and these institutions would be of no service to us. And the want itself could not exist in society. There would be nothing to make us conscious of its existence. We

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 hat it "is an historical fact, too well at-
 ed, has taught the damnation of infants."
 evangelical denominations have sub-
 yterianism has given assent, and to which
 rk to show that "the theology to which
 pt response. Upon which the Herald goes
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 ir sins," to eternal misery. The above
 ery that doomed unbaptized babes, dying
 In Adam's fall we sinned all," and the
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 is who die in infancy, even if heathen
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 leaves the Shakers today !!!!
 No increase in quantity of milk, propose
 to sell some cows and calves.

NEW

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

From Punch.

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD.

BORN NOVEMBER 19, 1831, DIED PRESIDENT OF THE
 UNITED STATES, SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

Silence were best, if hand in hand,
 Like friends, sea-sundered People met,
 But words must wing from land to land
 The utterance of the heart's regret,
 Though harsh on ears that sorrow thralls
 E'en sympathy's low accent falls.

Salt leagues that part us check no whit.
 What knows not bounds of time or space,
 The homestead feeling that must knit
 World scattered kin in speech and race.
 None like ourselves may well bemoan
 Columbia's sorrow; 'tis our own.

A sorrow of the nobler sort,
 Which love and pride make pure and fair;
 A grief that is not misery's sport,
 A pain that bows not to despair;
 Beginning not in courtly woe,
 To end in pageantry and show.

The Great Republic's foremost son
 Struck foully, falls; but they who mourn
 Brave life cut short, good work half done
 Yet trust that from beyond Death's bourne
 That blameless memory's gifts may be
 Peace, Concord, Civic Purity.

Scarcely known of us till struck with death,
 He stared us by his valiant fight
 With mortal pain. With bated breath
 We waited tidings morn and night,
 The hope that's nursed by strong desire,
 Though shaken often, will not tire.

And now our sables type, in truth,
 A more than ceremonial pain.
 We send, Count, Cottage, Age, and Youth
 From open hearts, across the main
 Our sympathy—it never swerved—
 To Wife he loved, to Land he served.

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DEATH.

wo travel-worn and weary feet at rest,
From paths of pain now shrouded in the
Two cold hands folded on a colder breast; [past;
From which the soul has taken flight at last;
Two eyes from whose dark vacant cells the
Of sunlight seems forever to have fled; [glow
Two mute lips meeting like an unstrung bow
From which the final arrow, speech, has fled.

This is the subtlest of all mysteries:
Some call it Death, and others name it Peace.
—[Southern Bivouac.

SPARE TIME.

Young people of only moderate means, who are obliged to toil daily for the means of existence, urge as an excuse for neglecting the cultivation of their minds that they have no time to spare. Now, let us see how truthful this assertion is. Eight or nine hours out of every twenty-four must be given to sleep. Eight or ten, and sometimes twelve hours, with recesses interspersed, must be given to daily labor. There are four hours, more or less, left for incidentals, attending to social duties and miscellaneous work. Now, this we can portion out largely as we please. The man may spend it in smoking cigars, in visits to the corner grocery, in lounging about the streets, in loafing at home, and in various other ways that may be pleasant at the moment, and leave no results of a valuable character behind. Or, he may employ it in acquiring a knowledge of science, of mechanics, of literature, of theology, or of whatever else he pleases. The woman may spend it in making ruffles, in embroidery, in superfluous nicety of housekeeping, in making cake and pies, in gossip with her neighbors, and in ten thousand other ways that leave no results of a valuable character behind. Or, she may employ it in acquiring knowledge and accomplishments of various kinds. But these young people cannot "have their cake and eat it." The matter is entirely a question of choice. The husband must relinquish what he calls his pleasure, or give up the idea of acquiring knowledge; while the wife must neglect many of the trifles which she deems almost indispensable. To keep her

A longing for change prompts many a young man to go out west and try his fortunes there. He is tired of the scenes that are familiar to him. Perhaps office confinement has become distasteful to him; perhaps he desires to see more of the world than is comprehended in his narrow circle. He longs for the boundless prairies of the West. Once his resolve to go is fixed, it is useless to point out the temptations, the perils and the hardships to which a young man is subjected on the borders of civilization. Nobody will accept testimony thus given at arm's length, or if he heeds it, will regard it as applicable to some particular case, not his. He feels his own ability to keep out of pistol range of the desperadoes, the scum and offscourings of the cities and their pupils. A code of rules could readily be laid down to guide a young man in his course on the western frontier, including primarily, of course, an avoidance of all dance-houses, drinking saloons and gaming places, and a steadfast determination to succeed through pluck and energy, beginning, if necessary, at the bottom of the ladder. Such rules it is needless to write, for every young man knows them, and they are held up to the view of all westward-bound emigrants. Nobody would for a moment think of denying that by a close observation of them a man would succeed in the West. But the same observation of the same rules would certainly entail the same, or greater, success in any eastern city; and if the young man would apply them at home for a year or two, he would probably never start for the West at all. Try home first, young man.

desiring his relations send word he will not expect to return.!!!!!!

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A Remarkable Prophecy.

The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488, and republished in 1641. All the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines—which is still in the future—have already come to pass.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do;
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk,
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

The so-called "goose wheat," now popular in the North-West, is said to have been discovered as follows: A wild goose was shot two or three years ago in the Turtle Mountain District, Dakota, and in its crop was found a few kernels of wheat of a variety which Judge Bennett, of Fargo, declares is something not only new, but the best variety yet. The contents of the goose's little granary were sowed, and from these has sprung a variety of wheat that bids fair to take the lead in Northern Dakota and Minnesota.

LA LUMIERE, of Paris, has a communication, by spirit "Emanuel," through the medium Hab, which we thus translate: Superior spirits incarnated in the flesh have voluntarily taken upon themselves much suffering to advance the progress of the world. [ADVANCE-THOUGHT] ideas are spreading and being confirmed among all peoples]. Do everything that duty demands of you, paying no attention to the sneers of undeveloped humanity. A day is coming when every act will be appreciated at its just value. A day is coming—it is not far distant—when there will flash into your souls a celestial light that will repay you for the weary past. Suffer patiently: your highest hopes will be realized when you shall have drained the bitter cup. Be of good courage. Grand things are coming to the world.

25th Lat. Commenced making candles,

27th Mon. Begin scrubbing in lower Room.

29th W. About 36 pails of milk, two large Cheeses & 1/2

31st Sold 10 Cows, having 30 in the Drive.

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CAUGHT IN A CLOCK.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN A CHURCH STEEPLE.

The Minute Hand in the Clock of St. Paul's Cathedral Nearly Cut His Head Off.

Have you ever been in St. Paul's. I mean the great cathedral in London. If you have you doubtless know the dome. You have looked down perhaps from its dizzy height on the people walking on the pavement below, and who seem in the far distance beneath you, like black ants crawling about. When I was comparatively a young man—I am not an old man even yet, though my hair is so gray—I went to London, and one of the first objects that I visited was St. Paul's. I had read of it so often as a child. It had been told so frequently it was Wren's masterpiece; every Englishman assured me it had no rival, except, perhaps, St. Peter's, at Rome, and even at that there was a doubt, that I was eager to see it. Accordingly, taking an omnibus at Charing Cross, I went along the strand, passing by the memorable Temple Bar, until a large dome, looming into the heavens before me, told me that the object of my pilgrimage was close at hand. At last, I confess, I was disappointed. On a nearer approach I found that the western side hid the dome almost entirely. The interior, too, was cold and gray, without a tinge of warm color. The aspect chilled me. I did not remain long in consequence in the auditorium, if it may be so called. I did not care to linger to read the epitaphs on the monuments to departed heroes. I at once ascended the stairs until

I REACHED THE GREAT CLOCK, and there, attracted by the immense wheels that move the heavy hands around the clock-face, I took my stand. Just below the center of the great dial-plate, and to the right of the pivot upon which the hands revolve, is a hole about about fourteen inches square, possibly somewhat more, and this hole is usually left open to admit of repairs to the clock as needed. A strange fascination took possession of me to look through this hole, more than two hundred feet above the street, to get a panoramic view of bustling London below. I thrust my head, therefore, through the hole without further thought. What a spectacle rewarded me! For miles and miles, in every direction, the city and the country about lay spread before me as in a map. I saw the Thames in the rays of the sun; I saw the looking like a silver sea, the east parks, whose carriage roads seemed like narrow paths. So busy was I with the scenes around me that I took no note of time; all my attention was entirely engrossed by the view spread out around and beneath me. Nearly an hour had passed unheeded since I took my position and, as one object of interest after another met my gaze, I was still unsatisfied. At length

SOMETHING PRESSED UPON MY NECK.

For an instant I was ignorant of the cause, and my hands being on the inside of the orifice, I could not raise them then to clear away any obstruction. The truth, the horrible truth, burst on me all at once. Judge of my surprise and agony when I thought, for the first time, of the inevitable passage of the ponderous hands! Slowly and steadily, but firmly, the great minute hand was making its regular trip around the dial plate, and it was that which was pressing against my neck. I felt its cold edge, but it was too late to extricate myself, too late to turn my head! I shouted aloud for help. But my feeble voice could not reach the street below, and a moment's reflection showed me that, even if it could, it must take longer than three minutes to reach me at that height, and before that three minutes had become six, my head would, doubtless, fall among the people on the sidewalk!

OH! DREADFUL MOMENTS!

The great hand pressed more heavily every second. With every tick of the mighty pendulum I counted off another moment of my fast lessening life. As my throat rested on the lower edge of the hole, I had the greatest difficulty in breathing. Heavy drops of moisture oozed from my head, at every pore. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets!

In these brief moments I thought of home, of my mother, of my early days. Incidents, long ago occurring and forgotten, thronged to my mind. In that space of time I seemed to live years. Ask the victim to the Spanish garrote, as the executioner, having fastened the strap around the neck, begins to turn the fatal screw behind; slowly at first, but surely, then suddenly, till the head falls, as the neck refuses longer to hold it in place. Ask that victim how many years he is living over again, as that dread screw is turning? I closed my eyes, uttered a feeble prayer, and became insensible. But I live to tell the tale. Yes, at the last moment, when life was barely assured and death was imminent, the sexton, coming to oil the works of the clock, entered the room, saw my peril, and with ready presence of mind, stopped the pendulum. But only just in time. Then with a lever attached to the cogs of the great wheel, he pried back the hand and set me free. I lived, but was thoroughly exhausted. My nerves were unstrung. A brain fever followed, and death again seemed beckoning me away. But my strong constitution enabled me to rally, and after four weeks' confinement at my hotel, I rose once again a well man. But my hair, from a dark brown, had become gray. Do you think, after this, I can ever forget the clock of St. Paul's?

WEALTH MUST LEAVE YOU AT THE TOMB

Why not be contented with the little you possess,
And just give the world the richness of your bloom?
Why not give your surplus to your kindred in distress?
For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

Why should you breed sickness in accumulating wealth
When it only brings the soul eternal gloom?
Why not be contented with your labor and your health?
For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

Why not stay the hunger of your starving fellow-man,
And thus pay the world the rental for your room;
Feed them with the surplus of your fortune while you can?
For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

When to gain a million ever means to rob and squeeze,
You must know the crime will seal your spirit's doom,
Then be up and seeking pain and sorrow to appease;
For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

There are threads of gold and silver for your soul to wear,
When you weave them on your own life's honest loom;
But the ghost of hoarded wealth will haunt you over there,
For you know your wealth must leave you at the tomb.

DR. T. WILKINS.

WAYFARING.

One way is long, O Lord, that leads
To cooling springs and fragrant meads;
I weary of its weary length;
I lose all heart and hope and strength,
As here I halt my tired feet
And pray for rest so far, so sweet.

I thank thee for a halting-place,
Made glad by thine own smiling face;
I thank thee that the dusty way
Thy footsteps knoweth day by day;
I thank thee that some path there be
From pain and care to peace and thee.

I know my times are in thy hand;
I long for light to understand
How thou canst for each pilgrim care,
How thou canst hear each pleading prayer,
How unto thee each soul is known
As if it walked the world alone.

And some time I may comprehend;
The way is long; but at its end
A clearer vision waits the sight,
In thy dear garden of delight;
Wayfaring done, let me abide
Where never falls an eventide.

—Geraldine

*From Groveland
it makes cheer
on the mountain
and come
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bring home
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of 24 pails
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recognition of the name, and upon whose mind the question wrought so strongly as to produce insanity.

THE THIMBLE.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT IT THAT ARE NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

"There is a rich family of the name of Lofting in English," said a dealer in fancy articles to a New York Sun reporter, "the fortune of whose house was founded by such an apparently insignificant little thing as the thimble. Two hundred years ago thimbles were unknown in England. The thimble is claimed by the Dutch as an invention of that country, but it is known now that it was in use by the silk embroiderers of China hundreds of years before it was used elsewhere. The first thimble ever seen in England was made in London less than 200 years ago by a metal-worker named John Lofting, the founder of the family named. The usefulness of the article commended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune and great fame in the manufacture of this new accessory to needle-workers art. The implement was then called the thumb-bell, it being worn on the thumb when in use. This clumsy mode of utilizing it was soon changed, however, but when and why the

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13th Dur Augusta

It is a long distance from the falling acorn to the towering oak, from waving flax-fields to beautiful linen napkins, from the wheat of autumn to that delicious bread, aptly termed the staff of life. The processes of reaping, thrashing, winnowing, bagging, grinding, bolting, kneading, baking, if not terrible, are at least trying. And so the school-ings and processes by which men become transformed into angels are oftentimes sad, crushing, trying, and tearful. Mortals complain of all these—aye, worse; they go to glory grumbling!

The Poet

FOR THE SUNDAY EXPRESS.

Within the poet's soul is hung
A harp by angel-fingers strung,
And harmonies from higher spheres
Sound through its chords to mortal ears.
Ah, sweet are the songs those minstrels sing,
Whose notes the winds from heaven bring,
Enduring the fame of that true bard
With souls enfranchised in accord.
Who doth in Poesy's graceful dress
The thought that flows from heaven express!
But know, ye poets, those mystic strands
Shrink from the touch of worldly hands,
Nor at the call of vain conceit
The echoes from heaven's courts repeat!
With reverence strike each trembling string,
For the angel-gift is a holy thing,
And to draw from its chords their loftiest strain
The heart must be pure as a child's again,
And the soul on aspiring pinions rise
To gather melody from the skies.

FIDELITAS.

RUSSIAN INGRATITUDE.

There was a dear old Emperor
With his breast all covered with stars,
And when he had his helmet on
He looked just a little like Mars.
He had besides quite a number of hats,
And of clothes he had several suits;
And he generally wore slippers at home,
Though when he went out he wore boots.
His children dear were all Grand Dukes,
With their breasts all covered with stars,
And when they went to a party or ball
They wore broad ribbons and bars
Around their necks; and their gloves were kid,
With buttons three at the wrist,
And when they met their pa in the morning
They all ran up and got kissed.
The whole family'd go together to church,
With their breasts all covered with stars,
And then walk back again to the house
To smoke cigarettes and cigars.
A perfectly harmless family
As you'd find, go north or go south,
And you'd know by the very look of their faces
That butter wouldn't melt in their mouths.
And they were so kind to their people, too,
With their backs all covered with scars,
They tucked them in bed at 9 o'clock,
Though they often made them see stars.
And it seems to me a shame to be
Ungrateful to men like these,
And to want to shoot at them all the time,
Or to pollard them like trees.

—[New York World.

House.

the Dairy.

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the office

BY GEORGE COOPER.

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom.
Oh! with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare flinty meadows
A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost!
But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done,
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun!"

Ministry here to say

from No 8 to No 2.

an hauling Cheese &c.

pails of milk today;

the mountain for whortle berries.
 S. Maria M., Doratha W., Robena G.,
 Henry C. Lemster conveyed us over
 woods to the lot where the berries
 plentiful, get 50 quarts, Ferdinand
 is team to convey us home.
 in the cellar getting butter out of
 balling it before putting brine
 rounds to ball pack it in a barrel
 called before, the day far spent 1/2 two.
 our Visitors return from Groveland
 at 23 in the morning makes cheer
 starts for the berries on the mountain
 James S has been up and come
 word that there are enough to
 hands, there being a company
 in the for each pair of hands to
 children, and do a kind of book
 You must study the natural tastes of
 "grants" can be read with pleasure and
 charming writer for boys, and his "Boy
 could not wish it better. Noah Brooks
 kind. The book is so good of its ki
 brought about any great results to benefi
 language those events in all nations that
 for it is a good foundation for all futur
 only one let it be "The Story of Lib
 "Old Colony Times," "The Story of Lib
 Seventy-Six," "The names of the books are, "The
 The names of the books are, "The
 and over again, both with pleasure and
 but they can be read by old and yo
 Illustrated, and are three dollars per

OFFICE
 GEORGE COOPER.
 Wonderful weaver
 in the air,
 weaves a white mantle
 earth to wear.
 Wind for his shuttle,
 and for his loom,
 waves, how he weaves,
 light, in the gloom.
 nest of laces
 bush and tree;
 the flinty meadows
 says he.
 What cap he places
 and post,
 changes the pump
 , silent ghost!
 Wonderful weaver
 vary at last;
 little lies idle
 flew so fast.
 in peeps abroad
 work that is done,
 es: "I'll unravel
 for fun!"
 ing
 e p.c.

No it a 112
 adding 30
 This evening
 Satey Florinda rises
 and at 1/2 to
 hearing that
 home with
 employ more
 who went up
 170 quarts, for
 We have been
 of milk a da

Wed

VOLUME 136

[illegible]

It was only a glad "Good-morning,"
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
O'er the living day.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

If there is a virtue in the world at
which we should always aim, it is cheer-
fulness.

BULWER-LYTTON.

"HAVE some milk this morning?"
asked the milkman of Foozer, who stood
at the back door. "No, not this milk,
some udder milk," said the little one.
And the milkman walked a chalk line
away from the house. — *Newton Repub-
lican*.

HE was a country young fellow, a lit-
tle awkward and bashful, but of sterling
worth of character. She was a Cincin-
nati belle and had sense enough to ap-
preciate his worth, despite his awkward-
ness and bashfulness, and was his fian-
cée. On a gloomy Sunday evening last
winter they were standing in front of
the window in the parlor of her home,
on East Walnut Hills, watching the
snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He
was not up in society small talk, and,
being hard up for something to say, re-
marked as he saw the snow falling:
"This will be hard on the old man's
calves and sheep." "Never mind,
dear," said she, slipping her arm around
him, "I will take care of one of them."
— *Cincinnati Commercial*.

NERVOUS wife (starting up in bed at
midnight) — George, for mercy's sake,
wake up! I believe there is somebody
in that empty room upstairs.

Indignant man of the house — Well,
of all the illogical women I ever knew,
you are the worst! If you can believe
that, you'll believe anything. You are
cut out for a Theosophist. — *Phila. Press*.

IN Galloway large rocks are met with
having ancient writings on them. One,
on the farm of Kruckleby has, cut deep
on the upper side,

"Lift me up and I'll tell you more."

A number of men gathered at this
rock and succeeded in lifting it up in
hopes of being well rewarded; but in-
stead of finding any gold they found in-
scribed on it,

"Now lay me down as I was before."

"Dwo yas schoost enough, budt dree
vas too blendy," remarked Hans when
his best girl asked him to take her
mother along with them to the dance. —
Cambridge Tribune.

A SKUNK once challenged a lion to a
single combat. The lion promptly de-
clined the honor of such a meeting.
"Why," said the skunk, "are you
afraid?" — "Very much so," quoth the
lion, "for you would only gain fame by
having the honor to fight a lion, while
every one who met me for a month to
come would know that I had been in
company with a skunk."

THE sentiment of the honeymoon is
a frail thing, and after a while a man
flops right through it like a brick through
a cobweb. A three months' old bride
was rattling away in her usual loqua-
cious style, when her husband, forcing
himself to appear not too severely tor-
tured, said: "Don't you feel as if you
were perilling your beauty by talking so
much?" "Why so, John?" she asked
with some surprise. "Because, precious,
this is summer time, and you may get
your tongue sunburnt." — *Brooklyn
Eagle*.

Take short views, hope for the best,
and trust in God. — *Sydney Smith*.

A ROCHESTER street-car horse shot
out with his heels the other day and hit
the driver with one and the cash box
with the other, and an investigation
showed that he had kicked six dollars
into the driver's overcoat pocket. Such
wonderful sagacity on the part of the
horse caused the discharge of the driver.
— *Detroit Free Press*.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD was enveloped in a
shirt much too big for him. After
strutting about for some time he burst
out, "O ma! I feel awful lonely in this
big shirt."

It is rather discouraging for a poor
fellow who has tried to be honest and
do good to his fellow-men to hear a red-
handed murderer, whose life has been
one long stretch of successful villany,
boast that he is forgiven, and is as sure
of going direct from the gibbet to
heaven as that there is a gibbet. Your
cold-blooded manslayer is about the
only sort of man who feels sure of
heaven at the last moment.

IMAGINATION AND SYMPATHY. — It
takes imagination to realize vividly any-
thing outside of our own consciousness,
but as soon as we have this keen real-
ization of another's condition, we are in
some sort of sympathy with him. Who
would tread upon a worm, or wantonly
crush a butterfly or kick a dog, if he were
vividly realizing the pain he was inflic-
ting? And, still more, who would wound
a fellow-being by word or deed or look;
who would oppress the poor, cheat the
ignorant, or despise the feeble, if the
distress created was ever present before
those who caused it? So true is it that
"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
as well as want of heart." — *New York
Ledger*.

THE habit of looking on the best side
of every event is worth more than a thou-
sand pounds a year. — *Johnson*.

THERE are a number of us creep
Into the world to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,
But merely to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.

seeming to

JOHN
EAGLE

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

The surging sea of human life
Forever onward rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore
Its daily freight of souls.
Though bravely sails our bark to-day,
Pale Death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived,
A hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly,
In life's short, narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high
Above our brother man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine
In slavish homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust,
A hundred years from now.

O patient hearts, that meekly bear
Your weary load of wrong!
O earnest hearts, that bravely dare,
And, striving, grow more strong!
Press on till perfect peace is won;
You'll never dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road,
A hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time!
Like breakers on thy shore;
They rush upon thy rocks of doom,
Go down, and are no more.
The starry wilderness of worlds
That gem earth's radiant brow,
Will light the skies for other eyes
A hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes
The past and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling
To Thy protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us
If we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne,
A hundred years from now.
— *Christian at Work*.

*I go back I go
Back she has been*

Wren Beamster.

*of Hay Roped
he holding on to*

*The person lying on the ground faint, his
leg bone broken a little above the ankle.*

7.

Sat

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Wed 13

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open running

Tue 17 Florinda goes to the
a cape for Charles St
they finish it - find
the basket shop to
storm wind and snow

Sat 21 Turkeys and ducks
Florinda assists. Eld
last Monday to help the
Alexander Young being

Mon 23 Augusta washes, Elder D
Matilda Reed and Thebe
for Groveland expecting
assist them about Natal
week at waterliet.
a little more milk

Wed 25 Christmas reminds us that
and we should prepare
with resolutions to be more faithful in
our various duties; we have a good meeting
Eldress Ann and Eldress Polly attend and administer
comfort and blessing to brethren and Sisters they
appear more like angels than human good souls.

THE Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel Company, now driving a five mile tunnel for railway use and mining purposes as well, straight through the Rocky mountains, 5,000 feet below their snow-capped crests, sixty miles due west from Denver, is really making a success of the great work, to the satisfaction of more than 4000 men and woman already interested as shareowners in this co-operation of labor and capital to unearth immense wealth from the gold and silver mines owned by the company. The tunnel is already in 3000 feet on the east side, and 1400 feet on the west side, and at the depth of 1800 feet below the surface on the east end they are bringing ore out from an eight foot wide vein that yields \$184 per ton of gold and silver, and from another vein five feet wide, silver and ore worth nearly \$200 per ton. When completed for railway use—as it will be—it will be the greatest and most profitable honest enterprise in this country. Those caring to know particulars will receive a large descriptive pamphlet by inclosing a 2-cent stamp to Mark M. Pomeroy, president, No. 234, Broadway, New York city.

Oct 11 18

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

just about as it is
Tue 31 Sisters have another large job at seed boxes

On Sunday last, Feb. 28th, W. J. Colville lectured in Berkeley Hall to large and deeply interested audiences. The subject at 10:30 A. M. was "The Father's House with Many Mansions." The lecturer introduced the theme by reading John xiv. and commenting upon the circumstances under which the words of the text were spoken. Jesus was a teacher dearly loved by his followers. His presence seemed absolutely essential to their welfare. They seemed to need him always at their side to spur them on to holiness and victory over the manifold temptations which beset them. It was not, therefore, surprising that when he spoke of becoming altogether invisible to sense they should be oppressed with sadness. He told them, however, that his going away was for their best interest, as his departure was only in appearance; in reality he would be always with them, but their spiritual perceptions needed quickening or they could not perceive him. How many there are to day who look upon their worldly losses and bereavements with hopeless eyes, and yet the very trials which are hardest to bear are most productive of spiritual growth. The many mansions in the Father's house are not visible to eyes of flesh; they cannot be beheld by all who pass from mortal life, for just as sounds are not heard except by those who have hearing ears, and colors are not seen by those who have not seeing eyes, so the glorious realities of spirit-life are reserved for those only who can drink in the beauties of the omnipresent spiritual universe. In all lands and all ages the spirit-world has been portrayed by seers as natural and homelike. All we really love we shall enjoy after death; but if our choice be evil, then our sufferings will spring, not from the denial but from the gratification of depraved taste. We must learn to set our affections on pure and useful objects, then when we quit the mortal frame and each goes to his own place, the place to which he is attracted, a mansion in the skies, not a cellar in the earth, will be the habitation of the spirit.

In closing the lecturer pressed home upon his hearers the deep necessity of thinking more of our spiritual state and less of our outward surroundings; the audience were greatly amused when the grumblers who are unhappy everywhere were pictured before them; the people who tell you your best room and your choicest dainties prepared expressly for them are a shame upon hospitality; while another visitor who takes you just as you are occupies an attic and eats simple fare in the kitchen, leaves your house praising it as though it were a palace. A happy disposition, a contented mind, constant enjoyment in well-doing—these are the conditions necessary for enjoyment in every part of the universe. Those whose chronic discontent makes this world a hell will take hell with them into the next life, while those who are here endeavoring to live down selfishness and take delight in blessing others are surrounding their spirits with an atmosphere of light, a sheen of glory which will give them the lilies of heaven wherever their duty lies.

In the evening the lecture on "Pre-historic Egypt" proved so interesting that the audience unanimously voted to request Mr. Colville to give two more on Egypt on the next two Sunday evenings. Each lecture will be illustrated with dissolving views. The services of a professional gentleman who thoroughly understands the stereopticon have been engaged, and those who attend Berkeley Hall next Sunday, March 7th, at 7:30 P. M., may expect a rare treat. A short vesper service will precede the lecture, during which a violin solo will be rendered by Mr. Freeman A. Oliver, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. H. E. Morey. Mme. Fries Bishop, Mme. Dietrich Strong, and other distinguished artists will also appear. An admission fee of ten cents will be charged at the door to cover the heavy expenses. At 10:30 A. M. Mr. Colville will speak by request from Matt. ix: 27th and following verses, "Blind Men Receiving Sight."

The public are cordially invited to Mr. Colville's public receptions in Langham Hall (adjoining Berkeley) every Monday at 8 P. M. and Saturday at 3 P. M. On Friday evening, March 5th, a course of lectures on "The Roman Empire; Its Institutions and Religion" will commence. Service begins at 7:45 P. M. All are welcome. Voluntary collection.

W. J. Colville's new class in Mental Science opened Wednesday.

A German Fable.

A famous hen's my story's theme,
Who ne'er was known to tire
Of laying eggs—but then she'd scream
So loud o'er every egg 'twould seem
The house must be on fire.
A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,
A wiser bird and older,
Could bear no more; so off did stalk
Right to the hen and told her:
"Madam, that scream, I apprehend,
Does nothing to the matter;
It surely helps the eggs no whit,
So lay your eggs and done with it.
I pray you, madam, as a friend,
Cease that superfluous clatter;
You know not how't goes through my head!"
"Humph! very likely," madam said,
Then proudly putting forth a leg—
"Uneducated barnyard fowl,
You know no more than any owl
The noble privilege and praise
Of authorship in modern days;
I'll tell you why I do it:
First, you perceive, I lay my egg,
And then—review it."

May Heaven its choicest blessings send
To cheer thy days, my dearest friend.
May happiness be thine a bounteous store,
With health forever at your door.
May you be blest with mind serene,
To see what is and what has been;
Nothing be wanting the good may want;
All this, and more, may Heaven send.

Can I not have in all this space
One little spot on which to trace
A tender thought for thee?
A spot on which no name appears,
But which within the coming years
You may be pleased to see.

Fameless, 'tis true, and yet, dear friend,
This heart within beats warm as any,
And holds his wish for you:
That in the unknown coming years
That have for thee both smiles and tears,
You'll find a heart that's true.

From one that
truly loves Louise

Made 11/8/12

Sold
Consumed
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only from
in truth

age of the most abundant harvest the
 a new in this country for many years
 first party appeared to consider this stroke
 a special mark of the favor their mis-
 fortune had in the eyes of heaven. The
 taken fresh courage from it. They are
 much loathe that, if they could accom-
 pany did last year in spite of poverty
 they did last year in spite of poverty
 and, it will not do for ago, Mr. Alfred
 makers anywhere to ignore the
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 pride, their essence is
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 are coming to feel
 He has been emphatically
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 of invalids. For sale

aging from 2 to 12 below zero,
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nned to death because chimney
res, their residence was in
est of the horse barn,
sed (or more properly undressed)
uch warty humpy bumpy
never saw on Thens almost
a them, they were very fat
their
THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT. 2 live hens

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

just about as it is
 Tue 31 Sisters have another large job at seed boxes

Month	Amount	Total	Balance
Jan	205		
Feb	235		
March	218		
April	245		
May	271		
June	221		
July	214		
Aug	239		
Sep	212		
Oct	222		
Nov	156		
Dec'r			
Total	2664	1071	506

40th accounted for waste in trying, and given or presented Dec.

Cheese made 1872.

8	362	-----	Sold
"	585	-----	Consumed
"	840	-----	Stored
"	1785	-----	Total

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theories in truth

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Another
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The lightning which our Franklin tamed,
 And Morse his brows with laurels framed,
 The fire that thrills the hearts of men
 In artist's brush, in poet's pen.

The power that rends in earthquake shocks,
 And carves the angels from rude rocks,
 And tuned divinely Mozart's lyre,
 In poet's muse, in seraph's fire.

The hand that doeth all world's commands,
 And holds aill space in loving hands,
 In summer's spray the shimmering light,
 In beauteous rainbows blending tints.

In cooling dews with wondrous power,
 That paint and gild each wayside flower,
 In magic power from heights above
 That guides and moulds with parent love.

Our muse has traced through realms of thought
 And wondrous powers of healing brought;
 Through nature's laws has searched to find
 The laws to heal and bless mankind.

It is said that angels scattered,
 With a gentle, loving hand,
 From the bowers of truth and goodness
 In the beauteous Summer Land,
 Flowers of bright and radiant beauty,
 Flowers that mortals had not planned.

They fell so gentle, tender,
 Like the dews at eventide;
 Fraught with goodness, fraught with gladness,
 Down this cold, dark world beside,
 That the nations rose to bless them,
 And the earth was beautified.

So we come in loving kindness,
 With our heart and voice and pen,
 When the earth seems all in darkness
 To the souls of suffering men,
 And we strew bright flowers of gladness,
 All unseen by mortal ken.

All the hidden occult forces
 We have harnessed to our car,
 And we would not paint a picture
 Earth's bright harmonies to mar.
 But we feel the souls that suffer,
 And we hear them from afar.

So with kind and gentle mission,
 Kinder, far, than mortals know,
 We would meet you, we would greet you,
 Wheresoe'er on earth you go:
 We would heal you, we would bless you—
 'Round your lives a halo throw.

Like the aura 'round the angels
 In the beauteous Summer Land,
 We would scatter o'er your pathway
 With a gentle, loving hand,
 Flowers with brightly beaming radiance
 Sweeter, far, than mortals planned.

While I labor for an end,
 It should be for the good of men;
 The brightest, noblest, and the best,
 'Tis making all men truly blest.

And like the Nazarene of old,
 Not with diamonds or fine gold,
 But deep in love for all the race,
 He worked for God in every case.

And when I see men do the same,
 'Tis then they pray to Jesus' name,
 Which is a prayer of common sense,
 With life eternal recompensed.

But if the gold is his chief end,
 He's lost the dignity of man.
 Tho' good may come from such a course,
 Yet he has gone from worse to worse.

But when he strives the race to bless,
 By healing sick and giving rest,
 Oh! what a pleasure he enjoys;
 'Tis smiles of heaven without alloy.

past with its
anges evidencing
of life are.

Worlds and systems ever wheeling
 Through the fathomless abyss
 Send their voices softly steaming
 Musically down to this.

Every starry octave blending
 With the chorus atoms sing,
 Through the chain of life unending
 Nature's nerves are quivering.

In the shock of storms and thunders
 Oceans sobbing to the strife.
 God translates the signs and wonders
 In the miracle of life.

Here the song of ages center,
 Here infinitude is shrined,
 Here eternal glories enter
 The immortal realm of mind.

But in man is oft repeated
 Nature's awful passion—shocks—
 In whose language, when completed
 God hath written on the rocks.

Chastening.*

BY LOUISE S. MIXSELL.

Unto my life there came a call,
 When busy hands could scarcely spare
 A moment's pause, when anxious care
 Was deepest, and the present hour
 Held me with an unwonted power,
 Then came the call.

No "nay" for answer to that call,
 But swift obedience! Quickly fades
 The world that so engrossed, and shades
 Of twilight from an unknown sky
 Fall thickly o'er me where I lie,
 Led by that call.

Familiar faces e'en grow strange!
 The world—how far away! How vain
 Alike its pleasure and its pain!
 While the unseen, which seemed to be
 In those past hours so shadowy,
 Alone is rest.

Waiting upon the border land—
 Passive and weak—too weak for choice,
 (Yet leaning unto rest) the voice
 Comes once again, "Not yet for thee
 The long-desired rest shall be,
 But higher work."

"Learn thou how frail a thing thy life!
 And as the moments swiftly speed
 Upon thy nobler self take heed;
 And though thy hands must labor still,
 Give me thy thoughts, thy work, thy will,
 Till thee I call."

—The Churchman.

Religious.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude.—[*Sir Thomas Browne*.]

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.—[*Ambrose*.]

Those are the best Christians, who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.—[*Fuller*.]

Any one thing in the creation is sufficient to demonstrate a Providence to a humble and grateful mind.—[*Epictetus*.]

Some thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

To rejoice in the happiness of others, is to make it our own; to produce it, is to make it more than our own.—[*J. A. James*.]

The beginning of faith is action: and he only believes who struggles; not he who merely thinks a question over.—[*Carlyle*.]

It should cheer the steps of the servant of Jesus Christ as he journeys to know that even in darkness his guide is still with him, and that that guide is the King of the country through which he is traveling.—[*John Foster*.]

Turn thine eyes unto thyself, and judge not the deeds of other men. In judging others, one labors in vain, often errs, and easily sins; but in judging himself, he always labors fruitfully.—[*Thomas A' Kempis*.]

He who boasts of being perfect, is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together.—[*Surgeon*.]

What can we wish that is not found in God? Would we have large possessions? He is immensity. Would we have long continuance? He is eternity itself. Would we be perfectly and forever satisfied? We shall be, when we awake in his likeness.—[*Arrowsmith*.]

An eccentric minister, stepping one day into the shop of one of his parishioners, asked abruptly, without even waiting for a salutation, "Did you expect me?" "No!" was the reply. "What if I had been dead?" he asked; and stepping out, was gone as suddenly as he came in.

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue has any vigor or immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.—[*President Quincy*.]

Our sitting at Christ's feet when we hear his word, signifies a readiness to receive his teachings, and the entire resignation of ourselves to the guidance of them. We must either sit at his feet, or be made his footstool. But if we sit with him at his feet now, we shall sit with him on his throne shortly.—[*Matthew Henry*.]

We are poor, but Christ is rich; we are dead, but he is life; we are sin, but he is righteousness; we are guilty, but he is grace; we are miserable, but he is mercy; we are lost, but he is salvation. He ever lives; ever loves; ever pities; ever pleads. He loves to the uttermost, and saves all who come to him.—[*J. Mason*.]

Things all serve their uses and never break out of their place; they have no power to do it. Not so with us; we are able, as free beings, to refuse the place and the duties God appoints; which, if we do, we sink into something lower, until it may be that, all the holy callings of God's purpose exhausted, He can but use us to demonstrate His justice.—[*Bushnell*.]

It is no wonder that more of the world's people do not come to the weekly gatherings for spiritual gift-givings, Christ's people are so slow to come themselves. The very persons who ought to be there are the ones who are not there. Perhaps these scenes on earth are prophecies of the next world. Perhaps we shall look for some members of Christ's visible Church on the right hand of the Judge at the last great day, and they will not be there!—[*Theo. Cuyler*.]

There is a test-point about you somewhere. Perhaps it is pride; you cannot bear an affront; you will not confess a fault. Perhaps it is a personal vanity, ready to sacrifice everything to display. Perhaps it is a sharp tongue. Perhaps it is some sensual appetite, bent on its unclean gratification. Then you are to gather up your moral forces just here, and, till that daring sin is brought under the practical law of Christ, you are shut out from Christ's kingdom.—[*Bishop Huntington*.]

He up stairs for
obtained a
her at the 2nd Order
south room

A vast fund of righteous power is locked up by the silence of good men, of men of fair intentions, in the presence of a minority of bad men. The sneer which is so strong in politics—which in these days accuses the friends of decency of a desire to convert the nation into a Sunday-school—costs immense sums of money and ruins thousands of politicians. The very heart of the evil in political life is the ascendancy of the worse over the better through the compromise on the lowest level which is constantly going on.—[*Methodist*].

The stairways of temptation are very numerous. Fashion carpets some of them gorgeously and claims that they are safe. But we pastors know how often young converts venture on the slippery places only to catch wounding falls. The moment that a Christian goes where he cannot take Christ with him he is in danger. The Master will not keep his hand under our arms when we go on forbidden ground. Presumptuous Peter needed a sharp lesson, and he got it. That bitter cry at the foot of the stairs bespoke an awful fall. How many such are rising daily into Christ's listening ears!—[*Cuyler*].

We little know how much in the way of indirect influence we exercise in being lights of the world. We do not need to obtrude our light forcibly upon men. Light is always best when it exercises a silent influence. And the influence of light is a blessed one, whether it comes directly from the cross of Christ, or indirectly from us who have seen that cross. The power of light is a liberating power, and we carry liberty with us when we shine. The power of light is a healing power, and carries health with us when we shine. The power of light is a strengthening power, and we carry strength with us when we shine. Ever let us shine, and remember that if the world be not the better for us in these respects, it will be the worse.—[*Ocean Grove Record*].

Oh, how preposterous, in this view, is the soft opinion many hold of faith; as if it were the faith of a soldier to expect that his captain will do all the fighting himself, and that he is never to fight under him, or win with him; or as if it were the true believing unto life, to come in as cynical patients, and lie down upon the Gospel to be saved by it! No! the salvation of God is no such washy and thin affair—it has meaning, it has dignity; else it has no mark of God upon it. To really believe is to come into the great life-struggle of Jesus, and be with him in it; to be engineering for him, watching for occasions to commend him, watching for souls to receive him, fighting for him in sacrifice. The salvation of the world by man—that is the tremendous fact which all true faith takes hold of, and for which it is girded even by the sign of the cross.—[*Bushnell*].

In the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Dr. Tyndall takes occasion to defend himself against the misunderstandings of his position as a scientist into which people in general have fallen. He denies that he is a materialist, in the accepted sense of that word, and thus defines his position: "Religious feeling is as much a verity as any other part of human consciousness; and against it, on its subjective side, the waves of science beat in vain. But when, manipulated by the constructive imagination, mixed with imperfect or inaccurate historic data, and moulded by misapplied logic, this feeling traverses our knowledge of nature, science, as in duty bound, stands as a hostile power in its path. It is against the mythologic scenery, if I may use the term, rather than against the life and substance of religion, that science enters her protest." All of which, to common folk, is, as the old lady said, "Clear, lucid and ambiguous."

Quiet Lives.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate, and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low
Bushes tall, and moss and grass grew round
Playful sunbeams darted in and found
Drops of dew stole down by night and
But no foot of man e'er came that way:
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Useless? Lost? There came a thought
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Leafage veining, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the Last day!

[*Christian at Work*].

"Sitting before my fire on a winter's evening, and musing, as old men are apt to do about their acts, their errors, their successes or their failures, it occurred to me what I would do if I had the power, and was compelled to wipe out twenty acts of my life. At first it seemed as if this was an easy thing to do. I had done more than twenty wrong things for which I had always felt regret, and was about to seize my imaginary sponge and rub them out at once, but I thought it best to move with care, to do as I had done to others, lay my character out upon the dissecting-table and trace all the influences which had made or marred it. I found to my surprise if there were any gold threads running through it, they were wrought out by the regrets felt at the wrong; that these regrets had run through the course of my life, guiding my footsteps through all its intricacies and problems, and if I should obliterate all of these the act to which these golden threads were attached—whose lengthening lines were woven into my very nature—if I should obliterate all of these, I should destroy what little there was of virtue in my moral make-up. Thus I learned that the wrong act, followed by the just regret and by thoughtful caution to avoid like errors, made me a better man than I should have been if I had never fallen. In this I found hope for myself and hope for others, and I tell you who sit before me, as I say to all in every condition, that if you will you can make yourselves better men than if you had never fallen into errors or crimes. A man's destiny does not turn upon the fact of his doing or not doing wrong, for all men will do it; but of how he bears himself, what he does and what he thinks, after the wrong act. It was well said by Confucius, the Chinese sage, that a man's character is decided not by the number of times he falls, but by the number of times he lifts himself up. I do not know why evil is permitted in this world, but I do know that each one of us has the magical power to transmute it into good. Is this not a grand thought, which should not only give us hope, but which should inspire us with firm purposes to exercise this power which makes us akin to the Almighty? There is nothing we do which will not make us better or worse. I do not speak merely of great events, but of the little duties which attend every hour. Our acts mainly spring from impulses or accidents—the sudden temptation, imperfect knowledge or erring judgment. It is the afterthought that gives them their hue. The world may not see this; it may frown upon the deed and upon the man, who nevertheless by his regrets makes it one which shall minister to purity and virtue in all his after life. Let it not be thought that I prove wrong may be done so that good may follow. With St. Paul I protest against such inference from the truth that men are saved by repentance of their sins.

"But let us look further into this subject, for it deeply concerns us. Though we are unable to recall the errors of the past, we may so deal with them that they will promote our virtue, our wisdom and our happiness. Upon this point I am not theorizing. Whoever thinks will learn that human experience proves this.

character and make us sensible of the sympathies which give beauty to the intercourse of life. As I had to obliterate twenty events, I found I could best spare the successes or triumphs which had only served to impart courage in the battle of life, and had but little influence in forming character. It is true that wherever and whenever we are we can so deal with the past that we can make it give up to us virtue and wisdom. We can by our regrets do more than the alchemist aims at when he seeks to transmute base metal into gold; for we can make wrong the seed of right and righteousness; we can transmute error into wisdom; we can make sorrows bloom into a thousand forms like fragrant flowers. This work of transmuting evil into good is a duty to be done by all conditions of men.

All human religion holds out hope to men who feel regret for every evil act. I wish to call your minds to that amazing truth that there is a Being who rules the world with such benevolence that He enables weak and erring mortals, if they will, to turn their very sorrows and errors into sources of happiness. Here we have a truth, not only given us in holy writ, but proved by our own experience, that mental regret will convert a material wrong into a blessing, or, if the offender wills, it will make the same a hundred fold more hurtful if he rejoices in his wrong-doing or hardens his heart against regret. Materialism, evolution, pantheism, or any of the theories which deny the government of an intelligent God, are confused by this truth, that we can, by conforming to His laws which demand repentance, convert evil into good, or, by violating them, make evil ten-fold more deadly and destructive. We can by our minds and sentiments change the influence of material events, and vary the action of laws which govern the world. If man, with all his weakness, can do this, it can only be by the aid of a higher power which shapes, directs and regulates.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

This world is composed of good and evil; of the true and the false; of things worthy to be sought and things unworthy of the desire of a being so exalted as man. To seek out and adopt that which is high and worthy is the duty of every one who would advance the true interests of humanity. Progress in any form is always aided by deliberation and study, by discretion and intelligence, and is not as dependent upon chance and accident as has often been supposed. Ignorance and conceit must yield before the rapid march of truth in this brilliant century. Professional men, medical men must cause harmony and unity to take the place of discord and contradiction, and must inscribe at the head of their debates the legends of free thought and enlightened progress. They must remember that the generations move forward, and that to limit their actions to a few and established notions is to limit the past, is a confession of ignorance and a reproach to their calling. As in other sciences so in ours, we are often baffled, shadows lie where we most wish for light. The keenest minds have not yet pierced the last subtle secrets of the human structure. Lack of knowledge allows certain plagues to prey on the human organism. Investigation brings out new theories and new remedies day by day, but each in its proper turn proves again the comparative insignificance of human skill and human effort. Still the great work moves on, never ceasing, never yielding its high quest, but advancing slowly and persistently along the line of patient investigation, it approaches the far summits of success. In this search fortune and honor and fame attend some, while others, with equal resources and equal opportunities, fall to the lowest rank. The opportunities given every

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feccion. And why? It is not because of know-
ledge, it is not on account of his well laid founda-
tions, for they are weak and tottering; but
because he can play upon the credulity of the
populace and make the false appear to be the
true. What, then, must characterize the com-
ing man? Shall it be education and science alone?
Shall it be discreetness and common sense? Has
either alone or all in conjunction shown their
masterly power over the Kingsley humor or the
Southern plague? There is something in the
picture of the generations that have gone before
us; of their achievements and projects; of their
theories and practices; of their religion, govern-
ment and literature, which, going beyond the
gratification of curiosity, teaches us by compa-
rison the wonderful advancement which time
has brought about. Looking back over the
records of past ages, we find much to instruct
and entertain us, many things that are indeed
serious, and, at the same time, many that seem
odd and quaint. To read of disease and its
remedies as then known and applied, in the light
of our present advancement is, indeed, a strange
romance. He who had the most nauseous and
complicated compound was then the "great
physician." He was a fountain of knowledge
and a blessing to humanity. But the Reforma-
tion came: ignorant pretension gave place to
earnest study and investigation and the estab-
lishment of practical facts. Soon each disease
had its separate and proper name, was placed
in its peculiar class, and the science began rap-
idly to advance. Pathology was not long in
establishing its popularity, Education cleared
away the cloud of mystery, and Medicine was
lifted within a century from the lowest depth of
ignorance to its present bright and flattering
state. The zenith, however, is not yet reached;
not yet have men learned positively how and
when to act; not yet have they learned
to choose for this or that its certain spe-
cific, but the time must come, and not very
far in the dim uncertain future, I see man,
the ideal of Creation, traversing the stage of
Time, with a magnificent heritage of protecting
light and knowledge won for them through the
earnest effort and untiring zeal of the toilers of
to-day. There will be disappointments, but dis-
appointments continually lead to strength and
knowledge. They show the fallacy of many
things supposed to be glorious discoveries, and
teach men that yet there must lie hidden and un-
known the remedies that possess the power to
eliminate and cure malignant and now incurable
diseases. They will convince us too that "life
is not all a bed of roses," and that he who is
apparently having success and luxury and ease
has suffered many unknown troubles and sor-
rows and defeats. Ability, patience and good
judgment must accompany him who would
excel. He must understand what he sees and
hears. He must be able to interpret the meaning
and significance of those occult and mysterious
facts that lie beyond the ordinary view. To
learn that certain diseases are attended with
many and different phenomena requires but a
moment's reflection, but to recognize the im-
portance of this or that, to be cognizant of its
origin, cause and effect requires no little study,
judgment, experience and power to discriminate.
But this must be possessed, or a humble seat at
court will be the inevitable result.

"I think," said
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The New World
Buffalo, N. Y., is
patients.

"Pat, my boy,
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"Will you have
missioner Brennan
roast of beef. "I k
this country," replied Pat,
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"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend,
"to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have
Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and
thus keep myself and family in good health. When I
am well I always feel good natured." See other column.

When a girl talks about "two strings to her beau,"
does she mean his suspenders?—Cincinnati Saturday
Night. When an 'arrow-minded girl makes a target
of her beau, he ought to string her up to a lamp-post—
suspend'er, as it w re.

"Ball this evening, dear?" inquired Desdemonda of
Othello, when she saw him loading up his old navy re-
volver. "No, not this evening—s'm'other evening,
love," he replied, as he reached for the pillow and soft-
ly wedged it down her œsophagus.

In Paris the chocolate manufacturers produce a great
variety of figur s in their toothsome mixture. Said a
mother to her little boy: "If you are very good, Pierre,
on New Year's day I shall go to Menier's and buy you
Faith, Hope and Charity." "I'd rather have the
twelve apostles," replied the greedy little boy.

A rural subscriber wants to know if it makes any
difference in the lastingness of fence posts, whether
you set them "top end up," the same way the tree
grew, or "top end down." In setting a hen, however,
there is a vital importance in this distinction, which
the careful poulterer will do well to observe.—Hawk-
eye.

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CREAT

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What we Need.

When I go to the house of God, I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear the remedy against the harassing of my guilt and the disorder of my affection. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light upon the mystery of providence; to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I shall be prepared for duty and for trial; how I may fear God all the days of my life, and close in peace. Tell me of that Lord Jesus "who his own self bore our sins in his body on the tree." Tell me of His "intercession for the transgressors," as their "advocate with the Father." Tell me of His Holy Spirit, whom they that believe in Him receive to be their preserver, sanctifier, comforter. Tell me of His presence and sympathy and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of His cross, and nurtured by His grace. Tell me of the glory reflected on His name by the obedience of faith. Tell me of the vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of a life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is Gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner.—
Dr. John M. Mason.

Good Advice.

It is difficult to avoid being saddened by the fact that there is so much good advice in the world, and so little disposition, on the part of those who need it, to make use of it. It is only another illustration of the fact that knowledge of the truth is not enough to insure obedience to the truth. There is such a thing as deliberate choosing of the evil, knowing it to be the evil, and mere giving of advice is not enough to wean a sinner from evil courses which have been thus deliberately chosen. Yet advice may be an effective unit in a series of means which may induce a wrong deed to give up the evil. Those who choose the evil only, to be more than

FURNITURE POLISH.—The following is a good receipt for polishing a piano or any other furniture: Melt over a moderate fire, in a clear vessel two ounces of white or yellow wax, and when liquified add four ounces of good essence of turpentine; stir the whole until it is equally cool, and the result will be a kind of a pomade equal to varnish without having any of its inconvenience.

Religious.

The faculty of reason is the candle of the Lord within us.—[*Bishop Butler*.]

It is an unhappy division that is made between faith and works: Though in my interest I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat, yet put out the candle and they are both gone; one remains not without the other. So it is betwixt faith and works.—[*Selden*.]

We must not think to trust God, and then live as we list. It is not trusting, but tempting Him, if we do not make conscience of our duty to Him. Nor must we think to do good, and then trust to ourselves, and to our own righteousness and strength. We must trust in the Lord and do good.—[*Matthew Henry*.]

A wife twenty years ago eloped from her husband, taking their boy with her. For twenty years the father has been searching the continent. The best of his life and all his fortune have been expended in the search. At last it is rewarded by finding the son in a State prison, having just entered it under a sentence of twenty-one years.

You may bind a bird with a soft silken cord, and while he remains still he will not

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Under the telescope we could trace what seemed at first to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these lines appeared to be but rounded steps formed by successive lava bursts spreading over the plain and making, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with sunlight before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. From the larger crater rays spread out, as though the volcanic force cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting through the broken surface ridges of dazzling white lava, that spread out like the arms of cuttle-fish covering a vast surface.

The grandest phenomena are to be observed by following the sun on the moon. The advancing dawn forms a ragged crescent line upon the surface still in darkness. The sun's rays pass over dark chasms and low fields, lighting up ragged mountain tops far in advance. They appear like little islands of light lying off the coast of an illuminated sea. High mountains and crater walls near the shore of light cast deep shadows. The circular rims of crater are illuminated, and shine like rings of silver, glittering upon a cushion of darkness. The advancing dawn now lights up the bases of the outlying mountains that but a moment ago showed but a speck of light, and still new mountain tops are tipped with silver far in advance. The sunlight strikes upon the side of a circular wall of a crater, and there is a silver crescent, with a black space between it and the sea of light. Slowly the summit of other portions of the circular wall are lighted up, and then the sunlight invades the depths of the crater, while the shadow of the wall nearest the sun stretches half across the floor of the chasm. Frequently great gaps are broken in the crater walls, and streaks of light stream across the floor. The jagged rocks, in calm, cold beauty, shine and glitter in the fierce white light. The mountains are mountains of desolation, and the valleys are valleys of silence and death. They are wrinkled with the flow of lava and torn with upheavals. The moon is dead. No air, no sea, no forest shade, or living thing. The moon is a never-failing source of delight. It is also awful in its suggestions of power and in its loneliness of utter desolation.

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Washington Irving, whom we suppose you mean, was born in New York city on April 3rd, 1783. He was the youngest son of a Scotch emigrant, who had settled in New York as a merchant before the Revolution. At the age of 16 he entered a law office; but he profited largely by his father's well stocked library, Chaucer and Spenser being his favorite authors. New York at this period was a small town of about 50,000 inhabitants, many of whom were descendants of the original Dutch settlers, having quaint manners and customs, of which Irving was a curious observer. In 1804, with the excuse of a tendency to pulmonary disease, he travelled extensively in Europe; and returning to New York in 1807 contributed a series of genial and humorous essays to a periodical called *Salmagundi*. In 1809 he wrote a "History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, by Diedrik Knickerbocker," a burlesque chronicle written in so quiet a vein of humor that it has sometimes been taken for a veritable history. Having no taste for law, he engaged in commerce with his brothers as a silent partner, but devoted his time to literature. At the close of the war in 1815, he visited England, where he was welcomed by Campbell, who introduced him to Scott. His commercial house failed, and he was obliged to write for his bread. After this he was a rather prolific writer, visiting Paris and Spain, which furnished him with materials. In 1842 he was appointed minister to Spain. His great work, "The Life of Washington," was published in 1855-59. An edition of his works, in 15 vols., reached a sale of 250,000 vols. He died suddenly of disease of the heart, Nov. 28, 1859. He was never married.

The Christian idea of repentance, says Dr. Eaton, involves two chief elements—the changing of one's mind and the reformation of one's habits of life. It is not enough for a man to say before the altar that he is sorry for his sins and then go out into the world and commit the same sins again. It is not enough for a drunkard to repent of drunkenness and then continue in drunkenness. The sinner who has really repented will no longer sin; the drunkard who has repented will no longer drink;

TALMAGE says it is a good thing to graduate at the Royal College of Trouble. These graduates are in all the higher and nobler walks of life; in all the more illustrious ranks of the redeemed. Have you not observed that many of our greatest and most effective writers and reformers have been fitted for their special work by the baptism of tears? When men receive the honor of knighthood, they are touched with the flat side of the sword. When men are set apart for the honors and dignities of the Kingdom of God, they are pierced by the sharp point and cut by the sharp edge. Suffering is the road to perfection alike with individuals, nations and the world itself. All is necessary. Paul suffered much, but Paul could not afford to dispense with one shackle, one scourging, one pang. It was training. It was the royal school of trouble. It was the road to perfection.

The Influence of Thought.

We may not dream how a single thought
(A germ of the yet to be),
May fill the soul with an earnest wish
For the truth that will make it free.

It may take root in some genial mind,
Where love's pure light must glow,
And gather strength thro' sun and storm,
While giant branches grow.

And, as in nature's vast domain,
Life reaches out for light,
So in life's battle with the wrong
'Twill surely gain the right.

—Mrs. F. E. Rogers.

house, nicely and so

Sat 24 and breakfast at 5 o'clock, in

home at 9 A.M. for home, made 15th

expenses arrive home 12 1 feeling

No Knight am I with pennoned spear,
To prance upon a bold destrier;
I will not have black Cares prevail;
I have my long sword sheathed in vain.

Beside one crupper, Knight and Care,
Like two black Templars sit they there;
Tight squeezing of his heart in wry,
Still sits behind his honor's back.

And though he rallops as he may,
I mark that cursed monster black
Jump up, but now behind my Knight.
Methought I saw the grisly spite
Beside the belted horseman sit.

Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
I mind me of a Romish clerk.
Before I lost my five poor wits
"Atra Cura," in "Rebecca and Howena."

Best commentary on this line of Horace in
"Atra Cura," in "Rebecca and Howena."

VII. Post equitem sedet atra cura.—I
was—"On Horace."
rect." His phonetic spelling of these words
in writing that a document was "All O
with the American Congress used to sign
way by which an ignorant official connect
its introduction. It is said to have been
is now hard to ascertain the exact time
date the expression was not now, though
"Slang Dictionary" (1884). Even at the
of Americanisms." I find it in Horace
it is not mentioned in Bartlett's "Dictionary
for many years in the United States. Thou

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO DURING THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS? NOW IS THE TIME TO PLAN AMUSEMENTS AND OCCUPATIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON. CROCHET WORK AND Gossip,—we don't mean ill-natured gossip, but just trivial talk about persons and in a good many households. As to the first, a little crocheted edging is all well enough, but it should not be allowed to ex-

CONDUCTED BY EMILY LOUISE TAPLIN.
CHAT BY THE WAY.

The N. F. Elders have requested that the Church families attend the publick meeting as their brethren would have to work in the field securing the crops. We had a very good meeting. The largest audience of Spectators there has been this Mon 19th season. Elder Daniel C leaves home bound for Caroga expecting to be absent 2 week or there abouts. Thu 22nd Benjamin and the S. not very successful home they meet Ma

THE Christian idea of repentance, says Dr. Eaton, involves two chief elements—one changing of one's mind and the reformation of one's habits of life. It is not enough for a man to say before the altar that he is sorry for his sins and then go out into the world and commit the same sins again. It is not enough for a drunkard to repent of drunkenness and then continue in drunkenness. The sinner who has really repented will no longer sin; the drunkard who has repented will no longer drink;

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Where love's pure light must glow,
And gather strength thro' sun and storm,
While giant branches grow.
And, as in nature's vast domain,
Life reaches out for light,
So in life's battle with the wrong
'Twill surely gain the right.
—Mrs. F. E. Rogers.

house, nicely and
Sat 24 and breakfast at a vacant
home at 9 A.M. for home, made
expenses arrive home 1/2 1 feeling

EMERSON AND CARLYLE.
From the London Spectator.

Inferior in genius, as a man Emerson will compare favorably with Carlyle. He certainly possessed his soul in patience, which Carlyle never did. He had a magnanimity in which Carlyle was altogether wanting. He sympathized ardently with all the greatest practical movements of his own day, while Carlyle held contemptuously aloof. Emerson was one of the first to strike a heavy blow at the institution of slavery. He came forward to encourage his country in the good cause, and slavery raised the flag of rebellion. He had a genuine desire to see all men really free, while Carlyle only felt the desire to see all men strongly governed—which they might be without being free at all. Emerson's spirit, moreover, was much the saner and more reverent of the two, though less rich in power and humor. His mind was heartily religious, though his transcendentalism always gave a certain air of patronage to his manner in speaking of any of the greater religions. One of his youthful sermons was thus described by a lady who heard it: "Waldo Emerson came last Sunday and preached a sermon, with his chin in the air, in scorn of the whole human race." That is caricature, but whenever Emerson spoke on any religion which claims a special revelation, even in later life, his chin seemed to be "in the air" still. He had the democratic transcendentalist's jealousy of any one who claimed to be nearer God than the race at large. He was contemptuous of the pretensions of special access to God, and this, to our ears at least, always spoils

Mary Ferga
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Andrew F. Florinda S. C
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brought home 16 quarts, n
and them

A LITTLE WORD LOST.

I lost a very little word
Only the other day;
A very naughty little word
I had not meant to say.
If only it were really lost,
I should not mind a bit;
I think I should deserve a prize;
For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find
Again that little word,
So that no more from any lips
Could it be ever heard,
I'm sure we all of us would say
That it was something fine
With such completeness to have lost
That naughty word of mine.

But then it wasn't really lost
When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up,
And now he says it too.
Mamma said that the worst would be
I could not get it back;
But the worst of it now seems to me
I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad; papa looks grieved;
Johnnie has said it twice:
Of course it is no use for me
To tell him it's not nice.
When you lose other things, they're lost;
But lose a naughty word,
And for every time 'twas heard before
Now twenty times 'tis heard.

If it were only really lost!
Oh, then I should be glad;
I let it fall so carelessly
The day that I got mad.
Lose other things, you never seem
To come upon their track:
But lose a naughty little word,
It's always coming back.

WHAT THE MOUSE SAYS.

Can any one tell me the reason
Why most of the folks I see
Will start and run away screaming,
If they catch but one glimpse of me?

Now if I was a savage monster,
A tiger, or even a bear,
It wouldn't be so surprising
If I gave them a little scare.

But I'm such a tiny creature,
Not a bit like a beast of prey;
Besides, if they only knew it,
I'm always more frightened than they.

Why are men and women so stingy?
There's plenty of bread and meat
And cake—yes, and cheese in the pantry—
Yet they grudge me the little I eat!

Last night I was nibbling a cracker—
Do you think that was very wrong?
But Bridget rushed in with the poker,
And shrieks that were loud and long.

One of the boys called, "Pussy,
Come, pussy!" and when he said that,
I was not only grieved, but offended,
For they know how I hate a cat.

Back to my house then I scurried,
And supperless went to bed.
While the family—cruel wretches!—
On numberless dainties fed.

When I ventured out this morning,
Now what do you think I saw?
Why, a horrid thing called a mouse-trap,
Exactly in front of my door!

So I'm going to write a letter
To that kind S. P. C. A.;
I'll ask them if they will protect me,
And I'll let you know what they say.
E. T. Corbett.

live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies !
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances

Up the the rugged heights of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of religion, less of profession;
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression,
In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion;
More of love and less of passion;
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error gifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial,
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to dis sever,
And in whatsoe'er we do,
Won by love's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty
Evermore be firm and true.

—Stratford Herald.

is said of General Sherman
and an impure
lips. He assured me, as his
posed to swear he would be com-
se the sentence. Such

sh. The room & scene

Great excitement was caused in Barcelona one morning recently by an invasion of bulls. The town was literally at the absolute mercy of about a hundred of these animals. Three hundred American bulls had that morning arrived by the Italian process steamers. During the unloading together a rope that bound a whole herd of animals suddenly broke, and between animals stampeded across the quay and inhabitants were panic-stricken. Soon a fearful battle was waged against the infuriated animals, but it was not till evening that the populace had succeeded in partly killing and partly capturing the greater number of the beasts. Two people were killed—namely, a young girl, who was trampled to death, and an old lady, who was injured. The persons were injured, four present numbers of enormous icebergs, 300 feet of the continent are found in the sea. Some of the continent are found in the sea. Some of the continent are found in the sea.

WORLD OVER.

Out of the \$150,000 available for bursaries and scholarships at St. Andrews University, Scotland, one-half is reserved exclusively for women students. The depth of snow on the summit of Ben Nevis is 38 inches.

Mr. Guthrie Lorne, of Birmaham, has purchased privately the salmon fishings of Loch Loven, Argyllshire, which extend to about twelve miles from Lord Abinger, who lately acquired Loch Treig and Inverlair.

The Home Secretary has promised a more thorough inspection of Scottish factories and workrooms; sub-inspectors are to be placed at call, or for surprise, at available points. One will be placed at Glasgow.

Chased privately the salmon fishings of Loch Loven, Argyllshire, which extend to about twelve miles from Lord Abinger, who lately acquired Loch Treig and Inverlair.

An anti-travelling demonstration was held at Perth on January 28, when it was resolved to petition Parliament requesting a commission to enquire into the fishermen's grievances with a view to an international conference being called to consider remedial measures.

Then have been sold, which altogether realized £217,525, so that any capitalist who desires to invest in Scotch land will find no difficulty in doing so.

An anti-travelling demonstration was held at Perth on January 28, when it was resolved to petition Parliament requesting a commission to enquire into the fishermen's grievances with a view to an international conference being called to consider remedial measures.

This morning Mary Hagan
start on a peddling excursion,
Syrings expect to be absent about a fortnight.
ing unusual transpires in our department;
weather very warm with frequent showers
today much thunder, and for a few
hail stones fell fast and thick.
Cunice C, and Emma J Neal,
their mission being to gather
I wish them prosperity & success
milk averaging 20 pails a day
fore part of the month.
mention that haying & harvesting
was finished Monday 12th.

Andrew F, Florinda S, Maria M go to Amos
Mountain Thursday to hunt for black whorl
berries found some and spent afternoon picking
when it commenced raining and they returned
home, and the Monday following went again
with the addition of Adeline C, to their company
brought home 16 quarts, not as plenty as they expected
and them.

of them being as yet mentioned in a
with the great counterfeiting conspiracy
Brockway and Doy. He was engaged
Washington Grand Jury. Brockway has
to make damaging disclosures
holding official relations with the
less some favorable disclosures regar
be surprised if there are some str
hereafter in this strange case.

THE PLINY GOIL

DEAL BEACH, N. J.
steamer Pliny is rapidly
surf. This morning
fast, and the beach
debris that float
iron knees of
twisted, entirely
out, and the
for miles
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and the
Hung
oak
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has always been in speaking
ner in speaking
One of his youthful ser
a lady who heard it: "Wau
Sunday and preached a sermon, with
air, in scorn of the whole human race.
is caricature, but whenever Emerson spoke
any religion which claims a special revela
tion, even in later life, his chin seemed to be
"in the air" still. He had the democratic tran
scendentalist's jealousy of anyone who claimed to
be nearer God than the race at large. He was con
temptuous of the pretensions of special access to
God, and this, to our ears at least, always spoils

Endeavor to be always patient of the imperfections of others; for thou hast many and imperfections of thine own that require vocations of forbearance. If thou art not make thyself that which thou wishest to canst thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will?

—Thomas à Kempis

Blest.

BY MARION BERNSTEIN.

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the "law of kindness" still,
Whatever others do.

Blest be the ears that will not hear
Detraction's envious tale;
'Tis only through the listening ear
That falsehood can prevail.

Blest be the heart that knows no guile,
That feels no wish unkind,
Forgetting provocation, while
Good deeds are kept in mind.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.

Dead & ho

how can we

silent, Each one

was confined

Good for boiling ^{clothes} soap
 for one barrel of soap
 Measure out ¹⁵ gallons of
 soft soap, then dissolve 12
 pounds of Sal Soda in 15
 gallons of boiling water
 dissolve in 10 minutes
 add to the same liquid
 3 pounds of unslacked lime
 let these articles boil together
 twenty minutes, when cold
 turn off the composition
 & mix it gradually with
 the soap.

There be those who sow beside
 The waters that in silence glide:
 Trusting no echo will declare,
 Whose footsteps ever wandered there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,
 The stream flows on as yesterday;
 Nor can it for a time be seen,
 A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead,
 Which in the lonely place is spread;
 It lives, it lives—the spring is nigh,
 And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, that desert ground,
 No more unlovely shall be found:
 But scattered flowers of simplest grace,
 Shall spread their beauty round the place.

And soon or late a time will come,
 When witnesses that now are dumb;
 With grateful eloquence shall tell,
 From whom the seed, there scattered, fell.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Count up the joys and not the pains;
 Think not of losses, but of gains:
 Keep the clouds back; gaze at the sun;
 Thus life will smoothly with you run.

Our gifts are more than all our blows,
 And what is best we know God knows;
 And He will send His blessings down,
 Some veiled, but all will hide a crown.

If we could know the meaning grand
 In tears that come by God's command,
 Then sweetly should we take the cross
 And count as gain what seems a loss.

Only let us wait and pray,
 When out of night will come the day,
 And pearls long hid from human sight
 Will crown our brows with holy light.

Rev. O. D. Bradlee

BY-AND-BY.

How often the memories which gather
 About us, in the moments of rest,
 Are not of those present, but rather
 Of the lost ones, whom we have loved best?

Will there come a time when no changes
 Shall embitter the hours of life?
 When no falsehood ever estranges,
 When we'll meet with no worry and strife?

Shall we e'er find a dwelling where never
 The angel of death draweth nigh;
 Where love shall be changeless forever,
 Where flowers ne'er wither and die?

Where we need not with smiles mask our grieving,
 But those smiles show raptures we feel;
 Will there be neither wrong nor deceiving,

Since Franklin caught the lightning from the
 cloud

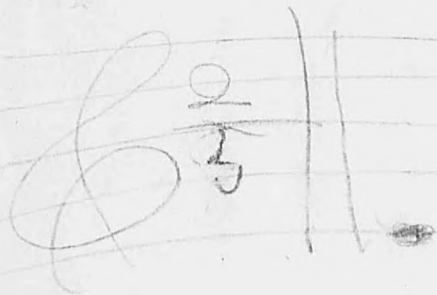
And held them to the service of his will.
Magnetic science comes to us endowed
 With prophecies and power to fulfill;
No more can prejudice resist the shock
 Which breaks in thunder voices from the cloud
 Where reasons holds her touch above the rock
To guide the storm-tossed traveler home.
Wayfarer on life's strange tempestuous sea
 Look for the light-house, hear the signal call;
Though pirates hall and landsharks beckon thee

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What is life? It is like the weather



come to me sweet Katter



Eloquence

his gentle voice saying of it

Spirit Affection

me of choice & abide in Eloquence

ry of

Spirit Affection

hope so animating

City

it in my power

and unto that peaceful City of all, forsake it

& possess all.

clothed in robes of beauty. 6 years of age Louise

Wandering Boy Prov. 10, 1.

A beautiful specimen of Sublime Eloquence

Robed in the rich, & priceless drapery of

Spirit-Affection

A beautiful specimen of Sublime Eloquence

Robed in the rich, & priceless drapery of

Spirit-Affection

To me there is no thought so inspiring, no hope so animating
as that which encourages me to believe, I have it in my power
to gain an inheritance with those who give up all, forsake, &
dispose, all, that in the end, they may gain & possess all. —

written when 16 years of age Louise

Wandering Boy Prov. 10, 1.