Religion in Schools.

BY A. D. MAYO.

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The discussion has already reached the point where the whole subject is open. The question to be decided by the people is this: Can the Government of the United States, or a Commonwealth in the Union, make any public acknowledgment of religious obligation of God or mankind, through any institution which represents the people of the United States? The American common school is a portion of the American system of government; its object being to insure in every generation that style of manhood and womanhood which is essential to citizenship in the Republic. Religion has the same rights in every region of our American public life, and the edict that would banish it from the public school would also expel it from the legislature, and the courts, the executive bureau, and the reformatory institutions, the army and navy, and the domestic and foreign relations of the Government. In short, under the thin veil of a wrangle about children's text-books the mighty question is up for adjudication: Shall the people of the United States completely secularize all their public institutions, or, what is the same thing, declare that republican government, the future government of the world, utterly disowns the government of Almighty God as the original authority and origin of human rights, and utterly repudiates all obligations to the Divine law in national affairs? We undertake to say that the man who, after thorough examination of the literature and practical bearings of this question, does not see that this is the sum of the whole matter, is either incompetent to deal with it, or is a special pleader in some one of the various side issues connected with it.

Perhaps the most mischievous misapprehension of the question is that which confounds it with the use of the Protestant Bible as a text-book in the common school. This is not even a preliminary consideration, and has almost faded into insignificance before the appalling magnitude of the present crisis. The Catholic priests are not opposed to the Bible in the public schools because it is a religious book, and they vote it out only as a preliminary skirmish to their grand field-day. The Roman Catholic clergy in America with one voice declare that the American public school must be a Catholic religious school or must cease to exist, and the Catholic laity so far have followed their lead. If this priesthood had its will, the Bible would be used in the public school in the same way as in the Catholic church; in a form much more offensive to the individual conscience than now. The atheistic party vote out the Bible, not because it is a Protestant or Catholic or Hebrew, but a religious book. As in Cincinnati, it goes out with the whole body of religious literature, music, and instruction. This party proposes to make it impossible to teach the existence of a God, the religious sanction of morality, or the immortality of the soul in the school-room. It proposes to found American institutions on public atheism. These two parties having taken up their respective lines of march for the opposite poles of a state church and public atheism, linger a moment in the half-way house of the school board, unite, in their only act of communion, to trample on the Bible, then vanish into eternal opposition.

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The real practical question, the impending danger, we repeat, is the proposition to divorce republican government in the United States from all acknowledgment of religious origin or obligation, and that presents a moral crisis in American affairs which goes deeper than even the question of liberty and union which convulsed the people for five years in civil war.

The false issue on which this question is presented first claims our attention. The atheist demands the entire secularization of republican government, as a question of conscience. As he believes neither in God nor the possibility of religion, he declares it an unbearable wrong that the Government shall tax him to support public institutions that in any way acknowledge religious obligations to God or human society. This party is not overwhelmingly large, and is chiefly composed of foreign-born citizens who have been indoctrinated by their leaders into the extreme religious and social theories of European radicalism. There is, however, a much more numerous constituency of unbelievers in the Christian religion, who adopt the theory that republican government should not even imply the existence of God or religious obligation in its proclamations, policy, or laws; and a somewhat scattering fragment of the Hebrew and Protestant churches cannot see their way out of this dilemma. Meanwhile the Catholic church stands calmly aloof, expecting that this battle of conflicting consciences will plunge American society into a hopeless anarchy, out of which the only path will lead direct to Rome.

This question, like a good many others that vex our people, needs only to step forth into plain view to be dismissed by the common sense of America as an absurdity. It proposes to govern a nation of thirty-five millions of people by the edicts of thirty-five million individual consciences. If Mr. Echel or Mr. Heintzen can put all acknowledgment of God out of American public affairs to gratify a troubled conscience, either of those gentlemen becomes for the occasion the American autocrat. But only for the instant; for he is only the topmost wave in mid-ocean, vibrating at its giddy height, while myriads of rivals assail it in an irresistible deluge. Is conscience alone concerned with matters theological? Does not every act in human life hinge upon the right and the wrong? Was not the conscience of Stonewall Jackson as clear as that of John Brown or Abraham Lincoln? It may be no valid argument to a European Red Republican that his theory of government dissolves human society itself; but the American people spent nine billions of dollars and a half million lives to put down the heresy that the conscience of a State is valid against the deliberate judgment of the people, and we do not believe it will stultify itself by adopting this chimera of the supreme authority of the individual conscience, which is only the fantasy of State Rights run to seed.

Evidently there is a limitation somewhere to this boundless claim of individual right in this Republic. To what extent do American institutions acknowledge the right of individual conscience? Obviously, only to the point where the practical assertion of such right will destroy republican society. The criminal conscience would destroy republican society by changing a civilized community to a den of thieves. The Government permits anybody to form and express an opinion in favor of theft and lust, either under their real names or their polite synonyms of national "repudiation" and social "elective affinities;" but when the disciples of such opinions step forth to apply their theories in actual life, they meet the sheriff and are warned back into the realm of ideas. The Catholic conscience may have full swing as long as it confines itself to the ventilation of the doctrines of the papal syllabus, through speech, print, or religious ceremonial. If it can convert two-thirds of the American people to the Catholic Church, that people by legal form can change the Constitution, and unite Church and State. But until that day, the refusal of one Catholic bishop to pay his taxes would bring down the sheriff, the police, or the army of the United States, and, if necessary, even his ecclesiastical robes would be sold at auction for the payment thereof. Nobody proposes to meddle with Judge Stallo as long as he concentrates his subtle intellect upon the task of convincing the American people that modern civilization is essentially secular, and religion an infinitessimal concern in human life. But until he has changed the opinions of the American people, he is the citizen of a republic which separated from a European monarchy on the fundamental principle that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In short, the American Republic is not a Government by individuals or a Government by States, but a Government of the people by a majority which represents for the time the national conscience and sense of justice. That national public conscience, always appealing to Almighty God in the act of executive authority, always open to every divine and human influence in the formation and revision of all its decisions, is the supreme power in this Republic. To this power every individual conscience must yield; for the simple reason that the whole is greater than the part, that all citizens are members of the great body politic, that man himself is not Almighty God, but is a part of that human family of which God is the Father, Sovereign, and Judge. And this exercise of authority by the public conscience is not tyranny, but in perfect accordance with human rights. If the majority denies to the minority the right to hold and express opinions, to persuade the people and vote in their behalf, to exercise power when it has become itself the majority, then ensues oppression, as when the majority in the slave States refused all these rights to the minority, and compelled the national Government to destroy the whole fabric of Southern society to preserve republican institutions. But while the public conscience represented by the majority respects all rights of this nature, it claims and enforces obedience by that Divine authority which is the final appeal in all human affairs.

It is because the American people founded republican institutions on the public conscience as representative of divine authority, that it is able to present to the world the present majestic spectacle of American nationality. And European radical republicanism is a series of dissolving views around a fixed imperial figure-head, because its atheistic leaders attempt to base society on the chimera of unbridled and infinite individual liberty. This whole assertion of the ultimate rights of the individual conscience is a simple argument for anarchy. Whether it winged the eloquence of the radical abolitionists in days gone by, now poisons the logic that dissolves the family at the will of husband or wife, or raves on the stump against the suppression of public beastliness by law, or inspire the scheme of the radical religionist and Atheist in his campaign against Omnipotence, it is equally and everywhere the most subtle and deadly foe of republican institutions. Like the courser under full headway approaching the brink of a precipice, the American people, in the exultant joy of its triumph over slavery, is rushing towards this abyss—of boundless individual freedom unrestrained by the deliberate conscience and authority of the majority; and reckless of any obligation to a power above itself. Its self-elected radical leaders are spurring ahead, invoking it in the sacred name of liberty to take the final plunge. The people of the United States are not a Red Republican association, a coterie of beer-garden philosophers, or an eternal committee of the whole on the state of the universe, and will respectfully decline the invitation to disappear from national existence in vindication of any captivating theory. The national conscience at present holds that American institutions are not bound up in the interests of any church or sect. Neither are they secular, in any sense that repudiates the acknowledgment of religious and moral obligation to God and mankind. They are bottomed on the acknowledgment of universal, unsectarian, absolute religion as the final authority in human affairs. Anything and everything which commends itself to the public conscience as essential to the maintenance of this idea and the preservation of this order of American society, will be adopted and maintained in the full spirit of American republicanism. And if it seems to the public conscience that the reading of the Bible without note, comment, or explanation, either as a whole or in part, is essential or highly conducive to the formation of a true citizenship; that will be enforced, and its enforcement will violate no right of private conscience within legitimate exercise of that faculty.—*Old and New.*

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In Heaven.

BY P.

When rosy morning brightens in the east,
Her well-remembered form again I see;
Her sweet smile beams upon me as of old,
When o'er the lawn we gamboled lithe and free.
And when mild evening comes, she's with me still
In memory fond, and loving faithfully,
Her arms are round me twined in hopeful trust
As when she was the all in all to me.

We parted years ago, to meet no more
This side the great hereafter, the dim shore
Beyond the grave where all is yet unknown,
And will be wrapped in doubt forevermore.
Ah! no; beyond the grave all is not doubt,
There is a certainty for hearts of love;
For there with God in his celestial home
Is happiness—then let me look above.

O! let me see once more those eyes of light,
And fondly press that loved form to my breast;
Let those dear arms that clasped me once so fond
Be folded round me in my last, last rest.
In Heaven my darling one is happy now,
Far from this cold earth's bitterness and scorn.
'Tis midnight on my heart,—O let me see
The radiance she has seen in that dear morn!

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

In one of the poorest, narrowest streets of a beautiful foreign city lived a woman and her little son, whom we call Henri. The boy had no recollection of his father, who had cruelly deserted both his wife and child. Their only means of subsistence was what could be obtained by the woman's labor—such household work as could be obtained in the dwellings of the rich. Sometimes she had to walk long distances to and from her occupation, but no murmur ever escaped her lips, save one of regret that her little fair-haired boy had to be left alone in her absence, and that she could not earn money enough to send him to school. Nature, however, all unaided, was teaching him without the help of books or masters, and everywhere in Florence (the city of flowers) there was more than sufficient to excite the admiration and satisfy the cravings of this child of genius, whose inquring eyes would always rest on whatever was beautiful, and such was to be met with in every nook and corner of the grand old place. The "purple and transparent shadows" which flooded the whole city at eventide, and lit up the gorgeous palaces and churches fair, made for him so many glowing pictures, on which his poetical imagination dwelt long after the first impression had passed away.

During his mother's absence, the greater part of his time was spent in what we should call grubbing in the street gutters, making odd-looking things of any soft material he could shape to the needed consistency, just as one sees children making sand-houses at the sea-side. These little juveniles generally set up, and then demolish *their* buildings; Henri did nothing of the sort. Every one of these little lumps was moulded into some form copied either from nature or art, for in that beautiful city every street is a museum. Projections, bosses, finials, all are specimens of real architectural beauty, of a peculiar and distinctive type. For a long time the young boy continued to fashion objects of this sort, until, by a kind of fresh inspiration, he aimed at representing the human form; the only difficulty seemed to be how to obtain the models from which to work.

At length a happy thought occurred to him. He had no money, but he could easily reward the sitter by giving him his next meal, and to lose that was nothing compared to the joy he felt at having some chance Arab who would answer his purpose, and who could be enticed by so small a guerdon to the artist's humble studio. In spite of his mother's remonstrances, Henri worked away early and late, every day becoming more passionately attached to his beloved art.

Years sped on without any public recognition of his talent, but his resolute, persevering nature would not allow him to be discouraged. It is true that he was poor, but then he was rich in hope, and sustained by the consciousness of that inward power which is the accompaniment of real genius. He never dreamed of envying others, but thought only of making himself perfect in what he determined should be the masterpiece of all his hitherto attempted studies, one of which was now growing to ample proportions beneath his busy fingers.

At length, his task, or rather labor of love, being complete, he told his mother that he should ask permission to show it at an exhibition of sculpture which was shortly to take place in his native city. He applied for permission; and his request was granted, on condition that the statue should be sent forthwith to the hall of inspection.

"That, gentlemen, is impossible," replied Henri. "I am very poor; and the apartment in which I live is so small that my work could only be removed by taking off the roof."

The men looked at each other in amazement; but there was so much simplicity and honesty in the youth, that after conferring together for a few moments, they proposed to accompany him home, to see the marvelous production, to which Henri at present declined to give any name. They followed him up the narrow staircase to the little garret, and looked around in vain for the wonder they had come to behold. Henri saw their surprise, and without a word, threw back a baize curtain from the floor, and revealed to them the lay, figure, life-size, of a murdered man. The gentlemen started back in amazement. So lovely, in death, were the linements of that exquisite face, so faultless in form, so wonderously expressive of purity and innocence, that they could not believe it the work of an untutored youth, entirely devoid of art education and of the laws of antamony, which the most critical admitted were perfectly unassailable in the figure before them. No; they would not credit it, and avowed their belief that he had been implicated in some terrible crime, for which the victim had served as a model. It was in vain that the young sculptor protested, explained; they were inexorable, and declared he should be sent to prison, and there await the issue of the charge preferred against him. They further desired him at once to name the counsel fort his defence. "He shall appear, gentlemen, on the day of trial; I cannot give his name before."

Amazed beyond measure at the calmness and self-possession displayed by Henri, they felt compelled to acquiesce. Either his youth, his beauty, or his earnestness—perhaps all three combined—made the judges so far mitigate their severity as to allow him the use of his tools, and the admission of his visitors during his imprisonment.

It is needless to dwell on the disappointment to the youth at this terrible blow to his long-cherished desires—hardly less on his own account than on that of his good mother, whom he had hoped to place beyond the need of all further earthly wants. It will better please the reader to learn that he did not yield himself up to despair. His will was nerved to plan, his hand to execute, another statue equal, if not superior, to the one he had already achieved.

It will readily be imagined that the advent of such a trial as that now impending caused no small stir in the city. The hitherto obscure life of the young sculptor, and the stand he had made about his counsel, very considerably enhanced the anxiety and excitement of the public. Many unable to restrain their impatience, visited him in prison—some, doubtless impelled by curiosity, others moved by some higher motives.

Among these were two distinguished-looking individuals, who chanced at that time to be sojourning in Florence. One was considerably past middle age; the other (said to be his nephew) was a young man of remarkable handsome countenance and noble figure. No restriction seemed to be put either on the frequency or length of their visits; whilst to poor Henri the time thus spent was as gold and sunshine in this otherwise dark phase of his career. Greatly to the astonishment of every one, his mother had removed to a handsome *loggia* in the best quarter of the city; her sadness of heart and countenance seemed to have vanished; and there was a gladness in her whole bearing, such as none who had known her had ever seen. "It is a great mystery, certainly," said the gossips, "how this change should come about before her son's fate is decided!"

At length the all-important day arrived. The judges (who had never seen the prisoner since the day of his arrest) being assembled in the great hall of the assembly, desired the prisoner might be brought in. The prone figure was placed on the platform concealed as before with the cloth of green baize; whilst at its side but considerably raised, was another, also covered. The question was at once put as to what counsel he had employed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am my own counsel. You questioned my ability to give you a representation of 'Death'; here is one of 'Life.' My subject is, 'The Murder of Abel by his brother Cain.'"*

Both coverings were withdrawn. Profound stillness succeeded this declaration, followed by a burst of admiration such as had never before been heard in Florence in the nineteenth century. Foremost of his admirers were his former accusers. The news was instantly carried to the king, who commanded the statues to be brought, and placed in the Patti Palace.

"It is not possible, gentlemen, for me to obey the command of my sovereign," said Henri; "the sculptures are no longer mine, having been purchased by the Emperor of Russia. The money I have had for them has paid for my mother's present abode, and placed me forever beyond the reach of want."

The nephew of the Russian embassador, Kissalieff, had served as a model for the arm of "Cain;" and those to whom his features were familiar at once recognized the handsome face.

The narrator of this circumstance has seen the statues at St. Petersburg, in a building expressly erected for their reception. The sculptor's name was Dupre, since become one of world-wide celebrity.—*Chambers' Journal.*

*A plaster-cast of the latter may be seen at Sydenham.

"Is Father on Deck?"

A number of years ago Captain D. commanded a vessel sailing from Liverpool to New York, and on one voyage he had all his family with him on board the ship.

One night when all were quietly asleep, there arose a sudden squall of wind which came sweeping over the waters until it struck the vessel and instantly threw her on her side, tumbling and crashing everything that was movable, and awaking the passengers to a consciousness that they were in imminent peril.

Everyone on board was alarmed and uneasy; and some sprang from their berths and began to dress that they might be ready for the worst.

Captain D. had a little girl on board, just eight years old, who, of course, awoke with the rest.

"What's the matter?" said the frightened child.

They told her a squall had struck the ship.

"Is father on deck?" said she.

"Yes, father's on deck."

The little thing dropped herself on her pillow again without a fear, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly in spite of winds or waves.

Blessed child! How her confidence shames our doubts and fears and restless, vague surmisings. She had faith in father, and she had no room for fear.

And how is it with us? We have our storms and troubles and temptations. We fear and tremble. What is the matter? Is it not time for us to ask, "Is Father on deck?" Father understands all about the vessel, the winds, the waves, the rocks, the storms, the squalls, the tempests. "Is Father on deck?"

Yes, blessed be God, Father's "on deck" all the time. "He that keepeth Israel shall never slumber nor sleep." He is "on deck," for he says, "Lo, I am with you always." He is "on deck," for he has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Tempted, troubled, distressed and frightened soul, look up. Give to the winds thy fears. Rest in God's faithfulness and love. Cast every care upon his arm.

"Fear not the windy tempests wild,
Thy bark they shall not wreck;
Lay down and sleep, oh, helpless child;
Thy "Father's on the deck."
—*The Christian.*

What Breaks Down Young Men.

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University collected by Professor Pierce, from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of death for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class of inferior scholarship. Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where Æschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers are heavier than the lion of Euclid.

Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is, as the early flower, exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named Legion. A few hours sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes;" make war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtasked, and weakened, by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men, right about.

HOME.—Our home! what images are brought before us by that one word! The meeting of cordial smiles, and the gathering around the hearth, and the interchange of thoughts in kindly words, and the glance of eyes to which our hearts lie open as the day—there is the true city of refuge! Where are we to turn when it is shut out from us or changed? Who ever thought his home could change? And yet those calm and deep and still delights, over which the world seems to have no breath of power, they, too, are like the beautiful summer clouds, tranquil as if fixed to sleep forever in the pure azure of the skies, yet all the while melting from us, though imperceptibly passing away.

The Roll-Call.

BY C. W. S.

I read in the *Register*, a few weeks since, of the touching incident of a young soldier who, being mortally wounded in battle and conveyed to the hospital-tent in the rear, was heard to call loudly, "Here." Upon being asked what could be done for him, he replied, "Nothing. They were calling the roll in Heaven, and I answered to my name." and turning his head upon his pillow immediately expired.

They carried him gently to the rear,
The bravest of the brave:
"Mortally wounded," the surgeon said,
"Nothing his life can save."

Darkness had shrouded the field in gloom,
Where many a loved one slept,
And tearful comrades, bending low
O'er manyly forms, had wept.

Suddenly up from the couch where he lay,
At midnight calm and clear,
The voice of the wounded boy was heard
To answer loudly, "Here."

"What can I do?" the surgeon said,
And quickly rushed to his side.
"Nothing, Doctor, they were calling the roll
In Heaven, and I replied."

He turned his head, his eye grew dim,
Not a sigh, not a stifled groan,
But when the surgeon whispered again,
His spirit had sweetly flown.
—*Christian Register.*

A CHILD'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

I want to tell the children what a beautiful dream my little girl had, some time ago, about Heaven, and ask them, after they have read it, if they will not go to the blessed Jesus, and ask Him to make them lambs of His fold, and when they die, take them to that beautiful home above.

But before I tell you the dream, I think I must tell you a little about my daughter and my home, then you will understand it better. She is a very thoughtful, delicate child, and gave her heart to God before she was six years old. This made her a happy child, and she loved to read and talk about heaven. One of her brothers had been in heaven for some years, and although she had never seen him, she heard so much of his happy life and death that, of course, he was not a stranger to her, and she often longed to join him in his home above.

But now we were in deep sorrow. We had given our first-born, our greatest earthly treasure, at his country's call, to suffer, and perhaps to die. Nobly had he done his part, and just when we were almost daring to hope he would come back to us again, came the news, "Your son is dead!" We laid him in a soldier's grave, and with stricken hearts went back to our desolate home, struggling through our tears to sing. "We shall know each other there." A few mornings after, very early, my daughter came creeping softly to my bed, laid her finger on my mouth, and said:

"Please, ma, don't speak. I have had such a beautiful dream; I am so afraid I shall forget it that I want you to help me keep it. I dreamed I had been very sick, and pa carried me down to a river, and you both kissed me, and cried because you could not go over with me. It was not very wide, but the water was black, and my feet seemed to stick in the mud; but on the other side of the river, at the top of the hill, was *heaven*. I could hear the music and singing, and by the light could see the gates of the city, and I was trying hard to get there. When I reached the other side of the river, I was very dirty! and some evil-looking people told me it was no use for me to climb the hill, as nothing unclean entered there.

"But I was determined to try, and at last came to the gate, and asked the keeper to let me in. He looked at my dirty clothes, and told me he would see, but did not think it was of any use. O how I wanted to join in the singing; and to be so near, and then not go in, was more than I could bear. All at once the thought came to me, and I sprang up, and sung—

"'Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.'

"And a voice inside the gate answered, 'Yes, I love her, let her come in.'

"The keeper opened the door, and there stood the blessed Saviour. O, ma, I wish you could have seen Him! you would not wonder that He came down to die for us; His look was full of love. He put His hand upon me to bless me, and as he did so, all my clothes and dirt were gone, and I was dressed in white robes, and felt strong and well, and full of joy. I tried to thank Him, but the words would not come. He beckoned to two beautiful children, told them to be my companions and teach me to sing.

"I cannot half tell you how beautiful everything was. They took me to see the flowers, and I am sure God must have gathered the prettiest from all parts of the world. Then we went to the groves. The trees were laden with all kinds of fruit, and singing birds were among the branches, and everything seemed full of joy. The children I saw were so sweet. You cannot tell how good it is to be all love. Among the trees there were fountains of pure sparkling water. While we were looking at one we heard the sound of music, and they told me it was the hour of worship, and we must go to our own home—for every family group had a home of its own there.

"As we turned to go, I saw my brother, M., with Willie leaning on his arm. He threw his arms around me and kissed me, and seemed surprised to see me there. He then introduced me to Willie; for you know he did not know me. They both wore long white robes, and their hair hung in loose curls upon their shoulders, and looked so handsome and good.

"As soon as I had taken a seat with my brothers, they brought me my harp, and the angels that were nearest the throng commenced singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!' and all in heaven joined the song. O how glorious the Saviour looked! I cannot describe the beauty of his throne of pearl and gold, and rays of light surrounding it; but it was the Saviour Himself who filled my heart with joy. He had done so much for us. O how I loved Him! I felt I could look on Him forever!

"After singing and chanting some time, they brought a crown, and as they placed it upon His head, we sung—

"'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;'

and just as they were singing the last line I woke. But I think I have been there, and had to come back to tell you so, that you might know how happy dear brother is."—*Good Words.*

God's Omniscience.

God never forgets anything. All His works, from the creation of a world to the tinting of a leaf, are finished, perfect. Did you ever stand under a full-boughed, heavy-foliaged tree in summer time, and pluck one of its myriad leaves and examine its delicate tracery, its coloring, the very perfection of its finished beauty, and then think of the countless number of such leaves, of the mighty forests whose luxurious growth covers so much of the world, and reflect that then among them all there is not a leaf unfinished, each perfect in its form and color? And did you ever pick a flower, either from cultured garden or by wayside walk, enjoy its beauty, and stop to think how all the wide earth blossoms with such fragrant beauty, and no flower of them all forgotten—the same careful hand filling each glowing heart with perfume and coloring each leaf with care? When we think of this omniscience, of this never-failing care, we feel something of the attributes of that Power—unseen, yet ever present; untouched, yet ever felt—who gives to the violets its color, to the rose its fragrance, who tints with beauty the tiniest leaf, and yet whose hand controls the planets in their courses, and whose flat rules the countless worlds.—*Rural New Yorker.*

AFFECTION OF A DAUGHTER.—When the daughter of Queen Victoria was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the whole assembly were deeply affected by the evidence which she gave of her devotion to her mother. After the marriage ceremony was concluded and the family greetings were exchanged, her Royal Highness flung herself upon the neck of her mother in the presence of the large assembly and sobbed aloud. The scene was very affecting, and nearly all wept.

The act was a key to the daughter's character. It satisfied beholders that she was a girl of real worth. The evidence of true filial love is the best proof that other virtues are found with it. Probably there was not a person at that royal wedding who went away unimpressed by the evidence of a true daughter's worth. She ranked higher in the estimation of all. Thus, a single act often tells what a girl is now and what she will be.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Humors of Bookselling.

Country customers often include other articles in their orders for books, and the houses send out and purchase them. One order for 200 or 300 popular works contained the item, "One Smoked Glasses." The clerk who filled it bought and shipped to the customer a pair of colored spectacles instead of the desired book, with the name of which he did not happen to be familiar. For months afterwards the reminding jests of his fellow clerks made the life of that unfortunate young man a burden to him.

Another order enumerated "Six Primitive Christianity." It was sent back with the response pencilled opposite that item, and not all in jest, "No Primitive Christianity to be found in Boston!"

"The Impenitent Dead" is a work by a Massachusetts professor of theology. One morning visitors in a leading book-house were all startled by the inquiry which one clerk who was filling an order shouted to another in a distant part of the store: "Have 'The Impenitent Dead' come in yet?"

A rather slow boy had been employed in a great establishment—in which his father also was a clerk—just long enough to realize that he did not know anything, and to look bewildered whenever he was asked for an unfamiliar work. One day a fellow-clerk, wishing to speak with the elder, asked: "Bill, where is your paternal ancestor?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied the lad in a tone of despair, "I never know where half the books are!"

A rather quiet boy, and also a new-comer, had learned the great lesson of a salesman—always to sell a visitor something, whether the store contains what he asks for or not. A dignified gentleman in gold spectacles entered and inquired: "Have you 'Fouchwanger's Gems?'"—a large treatise on jewels. The lad had never heard of it, but he instantly produced a little religious volume, and replied: "No, sir; but here is a book which may answer your purpose—'Precious Gems of the Heavenly Foundations!'" The astonished inquirer gave one searching and perplexed glance over his spectacles, as if in doubt whether the youth was making game of him or not, and then, without a word, turned upon his heel and stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost.

Sabbath Thoughts.

Many and thrilling are the associations which the weekly recurrence of the Sabbath brings. The sun of a Sabbath morn first shed light on a finished creation. When the earth stood out a complete and lovely thing before its Maker; when Eden bloomed a little heaven below, and man, with his pure and lofty spirit, lived in its bowers; ere yet the trail of the serpent was over all, "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." The beams of a Sabbath morn first shed light on a ransomed creation. Then it was that the Captain of our salvation, having battled with death in his own dark domain, shivered his fetters, rose a victor from the tomb, led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men; so that now, instead of the woe and shame sin had entailed upon the fallen, there is profferred to them the beauty of the brightness of a purchased immortality. The Sabbath is a type, and tells of that rest which remaineth to the people of God—of that hour when the Christian pilgrim shall terminate his long and toilsome march through the wilderness, and cross the threshold of his Father's home—when the Christian mariner shall heave over the last ocean billows, and near the desired haven—when the soldier of the cross shall lay off his panoply, wear the rich robe and the crown. Independently, too, of the grander associations, there is much—much of poetry, much of piety to make the Sabbath day to a Christian's soul the very "best of all the seven." The image of a gray-haired sire, the family shrine, the domestic Sunday school the "big ha' Bible once his father's pride," the music of the church bell, the house girt round with the graves of his kindred, devotion's lofty peal—Oh! it cannot be that the man is on his way to heaven who loves not as his life this atom of heaven dropped on earth—it cannot be that he is of the "peculiar people" who call not the "Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable"—that he has any claim to the character of a religious being, who allows its golden hour to glide away without some thought about that inheritance to which it points.

Wedded Bliss.

God bless the wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money!

When we are sick
They heal us quick—
That is, if they love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
And raise tombstones above us!

Saving.

A man is very apt to deceive himself into an idea that he cannot save, and that it is of no use attempting it. He convinces himself that his income is little enough for present necessities, and puts of the hope of accumulation, if he forms it at all, to that happy period when he shall be in somewhat better circumstances. His circumstances do, perhaps, improve; but his wants have extended as much, and still the time for saving is far ahead. Thus he goes on and on, resolving and re-resolving, until he is at last surprised by some sudden calamity which deprives him even of his ordinary earnings, or by death, which cruelly cuts him off in the very midst of the best intentions in the world. Did any man, we would ask, ever experience a falling off in his income, even to so small an amount as a few dollars in a week? Many answer they have. Did they continue to live at that reduced rate? They reply we did so, we were compelled to do it. Very well; and pray, what is the difference between being compelled to live a few dollars a week cheaper, or compelling yourself to do it? Or suppose stationary wages and a rising produce market. Did you not find that, though bread rose a penny a loaf, and other provisions in proportion, you still contrived to make your income do, something like the usual exhibition of victuals? You answer yes. And where, I would ask, is the difference between spending a small extra sum upon certain articles of food, and laying it by for accumulation, supposing it not to be needed? It is clear that if you had the fortitude and strength of character to make the saving as much a matter of compulsion as the other circumstances are, you would save. You have, therefore, no excuse to present for your not saving, except that you are too weak-minded to abstain from using money which is in your power.

Curious Facts in Regard to Sound.

The following curious observations in regard to the transmission of sound have been carefully verified by an extended series of experiments: The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards through the air; the noise of a railroad train, 2,800 yards; the report of a musket and the bark of a dog, 1,800 yards; an orchestra or the roll of a drum, 1,600 yards; the human voice reaches to a distance of 1,000 yards; the croaking of frogs, 900 yards; the chirping of crickets, 800 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air from below up to a distance of 600 yards; from above, it is only understood to a range of 100 yards downward. It has been ascertained that an echo is well reflected from the surface of smooth water only when the voice comes from an elevation.

Other similar phenomena connected with the transmission of sound have been observed, but the results disagree either from inaccuracy in the observations, or from the varying nature of the circumstances affecting the numbers obtained. Such variations occur to an extent of ten to twenty per cent., and even more. The weather's being cold and dry, or warm and wet, are the chief influencing causes. In the first case, the sound goes to a greater, and, in the second, to a lesser distance.

POWER OF LOVE.—A certain man had a wayward son. His conduct brought down his father to a premature grave. On the day of his funeral the son was present, saw unmoved the pale face of his father in the coffin, stood unmoved on the brink of the grave. The family retraced their steps. Their father's will and testament was read; in that testament was the name of the undutiful son. As his name was read his heart heaved with emotion, his eyes were bedewed with tears, and he was heard to say, "I did not think my father would have so kindly thought of me in his will." In the family of Christ, some of us, in reading His testament, and thinking upon His great love and marvelous gifts, feel our unprofitableness and unworthiness, and are filled with contrition and gratitude, with love and wonder.

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

Yes or No.

When of a man I ask a question,
I wish he'd answer *Yes* or *No*,
Nor stop to make some smooth evasion,
And only tell me—*may be* so.

I always doubt the friendly meaning—
Of well—perhaps—I do not know—
When for a favor I am suing,
I'd rather hear the answer *No*.

When of a friend I wish to borrow
A little cash—to hear him say,
I've none to-day—but on to-morrow—
Is worse than if he told me Nay.

Why all this need of plastering over
What we in fact intend to show?
Why not at once, with much less labor,
Say frankly—*Yes*, my friend, or *No*?

I from my soul despise all quibbling,
I'll use it not with friend or foe—
But when they ask, without dissembling,
I'll plainly answer *Yes* or *No*.

And when I ask that trembling question,
"Will you be mine, my dearest Miss?"
Then may there be no hesitation
To say distinctly—*Yes, sir—Yes!*

A farmer out West recently killed "the destroyer of his peas." It was a bug.

A Missouri man was recently married, as he said, "to quiet a fuss in the church."

The richer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

If money is "easy," as the quotations say, we hope it feels better.

A warning—there's many a flip between the flip and the flop.

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

A Yankee is said to have obtained a patent for a new safe. N. B.—It locks up the cashier as well as the cash.

The greatest farmer in Minnesota began life on ten cents capital, pre-empting his first tract of land.

A girl in Wisconsin swallowed forty percussion caps. Her mother refrained from spanking her for fear of an explosion.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

To ascertain the number of children in a street—beat a drum. To ascertain the number of loafers—start a dog fight.

What is the difference between the entrance of a barn door and a loafer in a printing office? One is a barn door, and the other is a darn bore.

A lecturer at Patterson, New Jersey, asked his audience in stentorian tones, "What did Moses say?" "Shoo fly!" was the answer from a dozen boys in the gallery.

"Did you say that my brother Jim didn't know as much as Smith's yellow dog?" "No, I said Smith's yellow dog knew more than your brother Jim."

A young lady secured a position as school teacher upon the following certificate:—"This is to certify that Tamar Noyes stands on a medium with other girls of her age and sex, and for what I know, is as good as folks in general."

Who gives anything, food or clothing, to a beggar, and does not expect thanks? Yet how many who receive God's daily bounties, and ask every morning for God's daily bread, forget to give thanks!

Brown—"Whose boy is that Jones?" Jones—"Oh! a relative of mine by marriage." Brown—"What relation?" Jones—"A son—that's all."

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring: "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"

The old bachelor who had been waiting for the "laps of ages," has finally tried the laps of young ladies, and is quite pleased with the result.

An inebriated man walking along the street, regarded the moon with sovereign contempt: "You needn't feel so proud," he said. "You are full only once a month, and I am every night."

A Cobler at Leyden, who used to attend the disputations held at the Academy, was once asked if he understood Latin.

"No," replied the mechanic; "but I know what is wrong in the argument."

"How?" asked his friend.

"Why, by seeing who is angry first."

"I wish, reverened father," said Curran to Father O'Leary, "that you were Saint Peter, and you had the keys of Heaven, because then you could let me in." "By my honor and conscience," replied O'Leary, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the *other* place, for then I could let you *out*."

A little deaf and dumb girl was asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply: "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

FRIENDSHIP.—In the hour of distress and misery, the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is our want? It is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? *my friend.*

A Neighbor.

Do not harshly judge your neighbor,
Do not deem his life untrue
If he makes no great pretensions,
Deeds are great though words are few.
Those who stand amidst the tempest,
Firm as when the sky is blue,
Will be friends while life endureth,
Cling to those who cling to you.

What to Read.

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thompson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott, and Wadsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke and Shakespeare.

Are you deficient in powers of reasoning? Read Chillingworth, Bacon, and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalist, Webster, and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes and the Life of Washington.

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edward's works.

Are you deficient in anything? Read the Bible.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The body is to die. No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the land of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters—but wings its way wearily back without a live leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely blending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heavens, yet breathes no secret of the etherial wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life, there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither feet nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart; but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.

GAMBLING.—Gambling is the origin of more extensive misery than all other crimes put together; and the mischief falls principally on the unoffending and helpless. It leads, by insensible degrees, a greater number of wretches to the gallows than the higher atrocities from which that terminus is seen more plainly. And yet statesmen make it the means of revenue, and kings bestow on it the title of *royal* under the name of lottery. The royal lottery-keeper is both a gambler and a swindler; for, in his playing, he knows that the stake he lays down is unequal to his opponent's.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE FARM AND THE HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Receipts.

COLORING RECEIPES.—If Nellie, of Ogle County, Ill., will use the following recipes for coloring woolen green and scarlet, she cannot fail of having good substantial colors. For the green take three ounces alum, one-half pound fustic, two ounces curcuma, one table-spoonful blue compound to each one pound of goods; boil the fustic in enough water to cover the goods and strain it, add the other ingredients, and bring it to a boiling heat; rinse in clear water. To color scarlet, for one pound of goods take two ounces cochineal, one ounce cream tartar, one ounce quercitron bark, one half ounce curcuma, two ounces madder compound; put all the ingredients, except the madder compound, into enough water to cover the goods, bring it to a boiling heat, add the compound, and put in the goods; let it stand until you have the color required. If you want a bright pretty crimson, color your goods a strong madder first, and then in the cochineal dye.—M. E. C., *Oneida Co., N. Y.*, 1870.

TO COLOR SCARLET.—Take soft water enough to cover the cloth, bring to a boiling heat in a copper or brass kettle; then add one and a-half ounces of cream tartar for every pound of cloth. Boil a minute or two and then add two ounces of powdered lac and three ounces of madder compound. The lac and compound must be mixed in an earthern bowl. Boil a minutes more; wet the yarn with warm water and ring out; put in the dye, boil an hour and rinse in cold water.—Mrs. E. W.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Pickle Red Cabbage.—Select solid heads—small *hard ones* are better than loose ones, but any kind will do—trim and quarter them, (unless the heads are quite small;) stick into each whole cloves, from ten to twenty in a quarter; add any other spices to suit taste; boil till tender—not *too soft*—in pure cider vinegar; no other kind will do. When done, keep them covered with vinegar, as you would other pickles. It is a good plan to pickle in the fall for winter's use, and then in the spring to last till May or June. This is better than canning or choping up, in my opinion; and it is simple. The pickle is not bad to sharpen up the appetite.—Yankee.

Manure may be hauled while snow lasts, or while the frozen ground permits easy wheeling on plowed land. Work over that which is liable to heat, and mix with litter not needed as bedding.

Potato Pudding: Cook in water two quarts and a half of fine potatoes and mash through a fine colander. Mix them then with a quarter pound of melted butter and the same quantity of powdered sugar. When the mixture is thorough, add six eggs, beaten as if for an omelette, a glass of brandy and a pound of Zante currants. Mix again, turn the whole into a cloth, tie it that the pudding may not escape. Put it to cook in boiling water, boil for a quarter of an hour, take it out of the cloth. Set it on a dish, and serve it bathed in sauce made of a glass of wine, in which sugar and melted butter have been mingled.

Graham Bread.—I have seen in the "Rural" various recipes for graham bread, and as I make no other kind, have watched them closely to see if I might improve upon my rule, but have tried none that I like as well as mine. Here it is:

Stir a sponge of fine flour at night, using a teacup of warm water for sponge. In the morning, take a pint or more of wetting, part milk; to this add half or two-thirds teacup molasses, into which is beaten to a foam half teaspoon soda. Into this stir the sponge and graham flour enough to make as stiff as can be mixed with a large iron spoon. Put into the tins and set in a warm place to rise for the oven. Let it get pretty light, if it takes two hours, which it often does. This makes two loaves. I like it well baked,—an hour or more.

Graham Pudding.—And now, shall I tell you what to cook for breakfast, when you do not know what to get, and want something simple and healthful? Graham pudding, (or mush,) with maple syrup; or, in absence of the maple, use a syrup made of light brown sugar. We make the pudding same as corn meal pudding. It is more easily made free from lumps by stirring a part of the flour in cold water. Be sure that it boils before adding the remainder of flour, also that it boils while stirring in the latter; and let it boil several minutes after this.—MRS F. G. FISK, New Haven, Conn.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HOW TO KEEP EGGS.—*Eds. Country Gentleman*—I saw an inquiry in your paper of Jan. 20th, for the most successful way of keeping eggs through summer. I have tried the following with success: First rub the eggs in salted grease of any kind, except rancid fat; then put them upon the small ends in anything that is dry—a pail or pan—and set them in the coldest place in your cellar, on a shelf or up from the ground, unless the cellar is a very dry one; in that case set them on the ground. Another way is to make a strong lime water and put them in it, and they will keep as long as any one would be likely to want to keep them, but they will not whip up light frosting. M. E. W., *Lanesborough Mass.*

Corn Fritters: Young sweet corn, pepper, salt, nutmeg, butter hot in the pan. Grate the corn from the cobs into a basin, season and drop by spoonfuls into the pan, and fry until brown. This is a delicious breakfast relish, but requires a considerable time to prepare.

Jenny Lind's Pudding: Grate the crumb of half a loaf, butter the dish well, and lay in a thick layer of the crumbs; pare ten or twelve apples, cut them down, and put a layer of them and sugar; then crumbs alternately, until the dish is full; put a bit of butter on the top, and bake it in an oven. An excellent and economical pudding.

Rice Cake: Take six eggs, with their weight in fine sugar, and in butter also, and half their weight of flour of rice, half of wheaten flour; make the cake as directed for the Maderia cake, but throw in the rice after the flour; then add the butter in the usual way, and bake the cake about an hour and ten minutes. Give any flavor that is liked.

TO REMOVE DIRT FROM THE EYE.—Take a hog's bristle; double so as to form a loop. Lift the eyelid, and gently insert the loop up over the ball, which will occasion no disagreeable feeling. Now close the lid down upon the bristle, which may now be withdrawn. The dirt will surely be upon the bristle.

A Mother's Death.

Few who have lost their "first and dearest friend" can read the following with unmoistened eyes:

Death comes an unsought guest to every board, and at his spectral bidding some beloved one goes forth to his mysterious home.

Time and philosophy may teach resignation unto hearts made desolate by his coming; but they can never fill the vacancy therein, when she that was our mother no longer casts a halo about our darkened hearth.

A mother's place—so loved, so worshipped—once empty must be forever so. A breast once panged by a mother's death, no medicine can reach with healing.

No mind, however sacred, no heart, however hardened, can forget the gentle being whose suffering begot his life.

A mother is truly our guardian spirit upon earth. Her goodness shields and protects; she walks with our infancy, our youth and mature age—ever shelteringus with her absorbing love, and expiating our many sins with her blessed prayers.

And when our mother, with her burden of love, her angelic influence, her saintly care, ceases her beauteous life, how much we lose of home and happiness, of Heaven, no one can reckon; for our mother was none but ours, and we only can know how holy she was—how sacred her memory must ever be.

But may we not borrow consolation from the thought that our loss is Heaven's gain; that surely one angel watches over us, erasing with grateful tears the records of our sin, and making easy our path to her with blessed and blessing prayers?