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The Atmosphere.
We must now try to conceive of the atmosphere as a whole, and to realize clearly the idea of its unity. And what a whole! what a unity it is! It possesses properties so wonderful, and so dissimilar, that we are slow to believe that they can exist together. It rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards that heaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow-flakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wings.

It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail storm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned, unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat daze and burn up all things. Were there to atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtains of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labor till the evening.

To the ear it brings forth all the sounds that please through it,—the grave eloquence of men; the sweet songs and happy laughter of women; the prayers and praises which they utter to God; the joyous carols of birds; the hum of insect wings; the whisper of the winds when they breathe gently, and their laughter and wild choruses when they shriek in their wrath; the plashing of fountains; the murmur of rivers; the roaring of cataracts; the rustling of forests; the trumpet-note of the thunder; and the deep solemn voice of the everlasting sea. Had there been no atmosphere, melody nor harmony would not have been, nor any music. The earth might have made signs to the eye, like one bereft of speech, and have muttered from her depths articulate sounds, but nature would have been voiceless, and we should have gazed only on shores "where all was dumb." To the last of the senses the air is not less beautiful than to the others. It gathers to itself all perfumes and fragrances; from bean-fields in flower, and meadows of new-mown hay; from hills covered with wild thyme, and gardens of roses. The breezes, those "heavenly-winged thieves," waft them hither and thither, and the sweet south wind "breathes upon lands of violets, stealing and giving odor."

Judge not that you be not judged.

The following line requiem, we copy from the N. Y. Home Journal; but in what paper it originally appeared, is not stated.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF Rev. Dr. JUDSON.

Was it the sea-woman's man,
That dreary, muffled tone,
That broke the silence, on Indian ear?
The swift returning ear,
The boatman homeward bore,
While sweetest dawn shone o'er the evening breeze.

No! other sounds than these,
Than earth's soft melodies,
Amid the tall palm trees, now on the air!
Where parted waves from waves,
To make an ocean grave,
A lonely Christian gave a brother there!

Free from life's feverish woes,
Wring to death's sweet repose,
Calmy the waters close above his form;
And when the prayer was said,
Mourned his spirit fled from earthly store.

How will the dark-browed race
Miss his familiar face,
Look at his grave face, with saddened heart,
How the vessel kept,
Whose keel he once had steered,
He o'er their dead hath well—could he depart?

He taught them to forsake
Their idols—and to love
From Error's sleep, and make his faith their own,
Answering their spirit's need,
Christ's word ring to their ears,
This was his earthly home, and this his goal!

The mortal mind must first
Its mortal fetters burst,
And stay its burning thirst, at Wisdom's well,
To drink the life-giving
How glorious the quest, where angels dwell!

Oh, child of sin, and learn
His lesson here was born,
But hark! beyond Life's border—reward was given,
For many souls he won,
To find his work is done,
And Christ, the incarnate Son, claims him in heaven!
Coca.

From the Mothers' Magazine.

NOVEL READING.

BY MRS. H. C. CONANT.

"Aunt Deborah!" exclaimed young Amy Greene, in an eager and somewhat triumphant tone, "this writer in the Review seems to have quite a different opinion from you on the subject of novel reading."

"Ah!" said Aunt Deborah, with a quiet kindly smile, "what, then, does he think?"

"Why, that novel reading tends directly to cultivate the imagination and the sensibility, the two qualities most lovely and most useful in a woman; and that it is the novel reading women who are capable of doing most and sacrificing most for others, because they feel most."

Aunt Deborah stopped knitting, pushed back her spectacles, and said, very gravely: "How strange it was that Absalom did not wear a wig!"

"What an idea!" cried Amy, laughing. "I am sure he had hair enough of his own."

"That is the very reason," said Aunt Deborah. "It is because he had so much, that he ought to have had more."

"What do you mean, aunt?" asked Amy, looking rather puzzled.

"Why, my dear, I always thought that our sex had, by nature, more imagination and feeling than most of them knew how to manage, and yet, according to this writer, our chief aim should be to increase the stock as much as possible. Now to me it appears that the weaker parts, the understanding and judgment, stand most in need of being strengthened."

"Then you won't allow any use in novels, aunt Deborah?"

"Do you think applies a wholesome article of food, Amy?"

"To be sure."

"Then, of course, you will eat all the hard, unripe, and all the decayed and wormy apples you can find, as well as the good ones. You will neglect your regular meals, exercise, and every duty, for the sake of eating apples. You will even set up half the night to do it, they are so very wholesome!"

Amy laughed and blushed, for the preceding midnight had found her absorbed in "the last new novel."

"The fact is, my dear, that young girls read novels just as children eat apples, not for the sake of any benefit it may be to them, but simply for the pleasure they take in doing it; and if they can get a strict and sober old body like me to admit any possible use in their favorite authors, why, then it is nothing but novels, morning, noon, and night. One would think they were resolved to offer up soul and body in search of the hidden virtue."

Amy made no reply, and after a little pause Aunt Deborah continued:

"And not only so, but you make it the excuse of reading novels of bad, or, at best, of doubtful character, such as in your own heart you know are unfit for a pure eye and an unguarded mind. It is not for the use, it is for the entertainment, the excitement, that you read them, and it is not honest to pretend otherwise."

This was said with unusual sharpness of tone, for untruthfulness in any form was in Aunt Deborah's eye a cardinal sin; and she had, moreover, paid the penalty of Amy's vigils by a nervous headache.

She recovered herself in a moment, however, and proceeded in a milder voice:

"Now, Amy, if you ask honestly after the uses of fictitious reading, is it not plain that two things are presupposed? First, that all works of immoral or even doubtful tendency are to be swept at once out of view. No matter what claims they may put forth as works of genius, as pictures of

life, of human character, the more attractive they are, the worse they are for the young mind. Balzer, Sue, and Sand can not even be put on par with us."

"And now for the second condition."

"Is it that such as stand the test in every respect, shall be read *heavily*, fully; that is, at proper times and seasons; in the daytime, and not when the body requires sleep; not to the neglect of your regular course of solid reading, or of daily practical duty; with moderation, not like a dram swallowed at a single draught."

"Oh, aunt Deborah, your second rule is harder than the first. What! read a novel by piecemeal, interspersed with history, moral essays, mending stockings, &c. It is out of the question for me to stop for anything short of a matter of life and death, in the midst of a story. The only way for me is to go through it with a rush, and done with it."

"Now you touch the kernel of the question," replied aunt Deborah. "By your own admission, this sort of reading comes into practical life as a disturbing influence. The mind loses for a time its self-control, the feelings are diverted from their proper objects, and, of course, duty is neglected. Yet the claims upon you remain just the same. The household, of which the eldest daughter is so important a member, can not accommodate itself to your unsensational enjoyment. Your mother has, I suppose, no extra supply of strength for the occasion, you can't magnize your little brothers and sisters into a convenient state of 'suspended animation,' that you may read undisturbed, and nobody suffer by it. Is it not true that the enjoyment is, on this account, almost without exception, an unquiet and feverish one, and followed by a feeling of self-reproach?"

Amy looked very thoughtful a few minutes, and then replied, with a sweet ingenuousness of manner: "I believe you are right, aunt Deborah. I must own this has been my experience a great many times."

"And how much worse the case must be with hundreds and thousands who are not blessed with the countless influences which surround you! Novel reading grows with them into an inveterate habit, no less strong and no less fatal than that of the drunkard or opium-eater. That disorder of mind which you experience from an occasional indulgence, becomes their habitual state, the only change being to a craving for more frequent and stronger potations. The moral sense is weakened, not only by the false sentiments imbibed from vicious novels, but by the daily neglect of common practical duty for the sake of the indulgence. The reasoning powers and feeling than most of them knew how to manage, and yet, according to this writer, our chief aim should be to increase the stock as much as possible. Now to me it appears that the weaker parts, the understanding and judgment, stand most in need of being strengthened."

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"Oh, aunt Deborah, your second rule is harder than the first. What! read a novel by piecemeal, interspersed with history, moral essays, mending stockings, &c. It is out of the question for me to stop for anything short of a matter of life and death, in the midst of a story. The only way for me is to go through it with a rush, and done with it."

"Now you touch the kernel of the question," replied aunt Deborah. "By your own admission, this sort of reading comes into practical life as a disturbing influence. The mind loses for a time its self-control, the feelings are diverted from their proper objects, and, of course, duty is neglected. Yet the claims upon you remain just the same. The household, of which the eldest daughter is so important a member, can not accommodate itself to your unsensational enjoyment. Your mother has, I suppose, no extra supply of strength for the occasion, you can't magnize your little brothers and sisters into a convenient state of 'suspended animation,' that you may read undisturbed, and nobody suffer by it. Is it not true that the enjoyment is, on this account, almost without exception, an unquiet and feverish one, and followed by a feeling of self-reproach?"

Amy looked very thoughtful a few minutes, and then replied, with a sweet ingenuousness of manner: "I believe you are right, aunt Deborah. I must own this has been my experience a great many times."

"And how much worse the case must be with hundreds and thousands who are not blessed with the countless influences which surround you! Novel reading grows with them into an inveterate habit, no less strong and no less fatal than that of the drunkard or opium-eater. That disorder of mind which you experience from an occasional indulgence, becomes their habitual state, the only change being to a craving for more frequent and stronger potations. The moral sense is weakened, not only by the false sentiments imbibed from vicious novels, but by the daily neglect of common practical duty for the sake of the indulgence. The reasoning powers and feeling than most of them knew how to manage, and yet, according to this writer, our chief aim should be to increase the stock as much as possible. Now to me it appears that the weaker parts, the understanding and judgment, stand most in need of being strengthened."

"Then you won't allow any use in novels, aunt Deborah?"

"Do you think applies a wholesome article of food, Amy?"

"To be sure."

"Then, of course, you will eat all the hard, unripe, and all the decayed and wormy apples you can find, as well as the good ones. You will neglect your regular meals, exercise, and every duty, for the sake of eating apples. You will even set up half the night to do it, they are so very wholesome!"