

The Fireside.

From the Hearth and Home.]
SUBMISSION.
 BY L. V. N.

We went forth to the forest
 My bitter thoughts and I,
 To the shadowy wood where silence stood
 Till the gray squirrel rustled by.

A mighty wind was blowing
 Among the hemlock tops—
 A free, wild breeze that shook the trees
 And whistled through the copse.

Far—far o'er dale and hillock
 The last year's dead leaves fly,
 And loose, white clouds, like Nature's
 shrouds,
 Go drifting down the sky.

Oh! wind that crushes at forests
 Beneath thy footsteps' feet,
 Thou mayest shake but canst not break
 The wild flower at my feet!

Why is the wild flower growing
 Where the oaks uprooted cast
 Their branches wide on every side?
 It bendeth to the blast.

The wisdom of submission
 The blossom knew full well,
 And at my feet in accents sweet,
 Its simple tale could tell.

We came back from the forest,
 My happy thoughts and I,
 From the shadowy wood where silence
 stood,
 Till the gray squirrel rustled by.

THE VOCATION OF A TEACHER.

We have before spoken of the office of the educator of human beings, as the noblest on earth, especially when those who follow the vocation appreciate the great duties devolved upon them. When we speak of this calling as the noblest on earth we write deliberately.

It is more important than that of the statesman. The statesman may set fences around our dwellings and property, but how much more are we indebted to the educator who brings forth all the powers of the affections and mind of those for whom our property was earned and our dwellings reared, and who renders our children objects of our love and respect. We go further, and maintain, that higher ability is required for the duties of an educator for the young than that of a statesman. The highest ability is that which penetrates deepest into human nature, and comprehends the mind in all its capacities, which can arouse the child to the most vigorous action of all its faculties—understand its perils, and know how to blend and modify the influences that outward circumstances exert on the youthful mind. The speculations of the statesman are shallow when compared with these.

It is the chief function of the statesman to watch the outward interests of society; that of the educator to quicken its soul. The statesman must study to manage the prejudices and passions of the people. The educator must study the most essential, the deepest and loftiest principles of human nature. The statesman works with coarse instruments, very; we may say too, often, for dirty ends; the educator works by the most refined influences on that delicate and ethereal essence the immortal mind. We are aware that very few teachers have the high appreciation of their dignified vocations, but when one can be found, his worth cannot be estimated in gold. Very often our truest and most able young men prefer to follow any other calling than that of an instructor of youth, because they do not meet with the encouragement they deserve. The community as a general thing look with disfavor upon the vocation of a teacher, and think that any one is fit to become an instructor of their children; this is the crying evil that afflicts us with incompetent teachers.

A NEW manner of catching rats is exciting great interest among the returning householders in Madison avenue. A barrel is filled half full of water. A layer of powdered cork is laid on its surface, and over this is a layer of corn meal is sifted. A chair and a box or two are placed unobtrusively in the neighborhood, whereby the rat gains the edge of the barrel. He sees nothing but the meal, descends on the cork and goes under.

From the Christian Union.]
"ROBIN-RUNAWAY."

That's just what he was, though you would wonder how his short legs could run away so easily with a little roly-poly body. Before he was fairly dressed he'd give you the slip; for if your back was turned a minute, the next question was, "Where's Bobbie?" And if you caught him around the premises, all right; if not, a neighborhood search must follow. With his uncombed curls pinned up in a knot until mamma had time to make ringlets of them, hatless, and in general morning undress, he would go clattering down the street, with many a backward glance to see if any one was in pursuit, and if not ignominiously captured, he would "bring up" at the steps of the grocery, and there serenely fix his seat and gaze with delight upon the passing horse-cars and "dummy-carts." The store-keeper, knowing his "tricks and manners," often tried all persuasive arts in the attempt to get him to "run home;" no he was deaf to all entreaties, until a rousing summons would take him by surprise and a pair of stout Irish arms transport him, despite his manful resistance, safe within the doors of home again. All in vain were the front gates tied in every intricacy of knot that human ingenuity could invent; no fingers were ever more patient in picking out these particular knots than Bobbie's.

In vain did a board barricade attempt to cut all connection with the alley-gate; like a little earth-worm, or one of his favorite "patter-killers," he groveled on the ground and crawled under, and then was off upon his "winding way."

Well, one day he came to grief, as you might know he would, and this is how it was:

He had been securely fastened in the back-yard, as usual, and had dug a beautiful well, full six inches deep, and filled it with water from the pump; then he threw little stones in, and then filled it up, and likewise sprinkled his clean little blouse and round rosy face.

It was a very warm day, and the little muddy hands often pushed back the troublesome curls, or rubbed away the perspiration from his face. He was tired, and thought how much he'd like a walk; but the gates were fast—oh, so tight! But there was a back gate, seldom open except only realized a kind of coal, and coal is a clear loss of time this morning. There was a great black shining heap, and the top of it was the gate open just a little mite of a way.

Up the coal heap, with many a slip, persevering little Bobbie toiled; and though the coal tumbled and rattled noisily, no one seemed to be within hearing. So he reached the top, slid easily down the other side, squeezed himself through the narrow opening of the gate, and then he stood in the broad back alley, a little bruised and shaken, but otherwise all right as far as his feelings were concerned; but such a sorry sight!

He rubbed his leg a little where the coal scratched it rather roughly above the pretty striped sock, then he wiped his sleeve across his face, and started.

The key-way was seldom used, and was quite rough and stony; so, before long, down he went and scraped his other leg, which brought him to quite a serious halt, and sitting down to rub his bruises, some sober thoughts stole through his little brain. "Mamma t'ay, 'Bobbie, stay in 'ard'! mamma t'ay, 'Bobbie, be mamma's dood boy to-day,'" he kept saying to himself; but then thought naughty "Robin-Runaway," "mamma dot sore finner—mamma, tant vip velly bad;" and consoling himself with his mother's misfortune, he limped on as briskly as possible, and tried to "make believe" he was enjoying himself first rate.

Pausing a moment at the well-known store-stoop, "Run home, Robbie! run home right away! Chimney-sweep will get you, run! run!" cried his friend the grocery man, and clapped his hands and "shooed" until Robbie actually scampered off, but not home; no indeed, he wasn't ready for that yet.

Some men were working on the horse-car track, and he walked up and sat down on the curbstone to oversee. Presently a man let a stone fall on his foot, and swore a dreadful oath. "Oh, bad man! bad man!" said Robbie, shaking his head, and, getting up, he walked slowly off, backward, for he was very anxious to watch the men, but very sure in his little heart that mamma would be much grieved to have him hear such "talk."

All at once he heard a great noise behind him, and turning quickly, behold, a great drove of cattle were ca-

reering down the street, making a great din and clatter, and snorting and bellowing.

Now if there was anything Robbie dreaded, and of which he stood in mental terror, it was a cow. Of a horse he had no fear—would play with its very feet if allowed; but a cow, with the great heavy body, and above all its fearful horns, was an object that would always make him scamper through the gate if he but saw the tips of its horns coming up the street. So now he stood transfixed with terror while those horrid monsters came on—tramp, tramp, tramp; hundreds of sharp, fierce-looking horns bristling in the air, and dust rising all about them like thick smoke.

Poor child! he could no more move than if he had been turned to stone! His sturdy little legs were spread wide apart, and the tumbled curls all blown back from his white, scared face. All at once—or to tell it as Jamie, his "bigger" brother told it afterwards, "When he did see all them cattles a-comin' right betwixt him"—he just threw up his arms and fell back from sheer fright and terror, and he knew nothing more, till, hours afterward, he opened his eyes to find himself in mamma's arms, a cool linen cloth on his head, and mamma's tears dropping on his face.

Afterward he was made to understand that one of the boys who were driving the cattle saw him fall, and sprang and caught him up just as one of the foremost oxen of the drove had lifted his feet to trample him in the dust; and the boy had carried him down to the store, where, of course, he was known, and speedily brought home, all grimy and dusky, and pale and senseless, just as mamma was saying, "How nicely Robby is amusing himself to-day! I do hope he is cured of running away."

All this mamma told Robbie while she tenderly rubbed his little bruised legs, and cooled the cloth on his head in ice-water.

He shut his eyes softly, and his lip quivered sorrowfully.

"Me never do so din, mamma," he said; and, true enough, he was no more "Robin-Runaway."

S. M. W.

SHUT THE EYES TIGHT.

Little Harry had been quite sick, and mother was obliged to be very careful of him, and put us on the "eye-gate" as the conviction of one included the South as he loves the eye-gate. I am forced to believe me in eating a piece of cake, and how big it looked to the little hungry boy, who felt, as you do when you are getting better, that he wished to eat all the time. He knew if he had just asked his dear, obliging little sister she would gladly give him "the biggest half." But he didn't. He only said, "O Jennie! you must run right out with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut tight so I shan't want any."

Now that was a great triumph for a boy only seven years old. Some great boys of seventeen could not have done as well. They are far from shutting their eyes tight when temptation to taste wrong things is before them. They rather suffer their eyes to look two straight into temptation.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, is an excellent prayer for us all. "Look not upon the wine when it is red," and you will never be likely to fill a drunkard's grave.

So many boys think, "What's the harm in looking?" but it is just here they are made prisoners by Satan. The "eye-gate" is one of the most important points he attacks. If he can pin your eye very intently on some charming but forbidden object, he gets a serpent's power over you. You have heard how those dreadful snakes charm dear little birds and rabbits with their glittering eyes, until at last they drop down powerless into their terrible coils.

Do not stop even to look at temptation, but turn your face like a flint the other way. Shut the mind's eye tight as well, and God will help those who so bravely try to flee from temptation.—*Temperance Banner.*

Two men, disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, the other i-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, who confounded both by declaring "It's nayther, for it's ayther."

THERE is a man in Brown county, Indiana, who is most portentously paternal. Thrice has he led a blushing bride to the altar. No. 1 brought him ten pledges; No. 2 brought him also ten; and the present incumbent eight. The grand total up to August 7, 1873, is twenty-eight.

For the Farmers' Vindicator.]
LINES TO A FRIEND.

Though absent, sweet friend, yet you're in my dreams,
 Your image on my vision beams,
 Clothing the present in robes of the past,
 Heedless of change since we met last.

Fancy's roaming in the cool shady dell,
 Again I'm talking with you Nell,
 Again we are wandering, arm linked in arm,
 Enjoying scenes where youth adds charm.

Waking at last, memory grieves at the change,
 Of feature and form, I deemed strange,
 Recalling the thought, that over the soul,
 The tide of grief must always roll.

Memory, sweet memory! carry me fast,
 Back to those days, that would not last,
 Friends of my youth, yet oh! linger awhile,
 And weary hours for me beguile.

Four and nine years, asleep on the tide,
 That bears us o'er time's ocean wide
 May God in his mercy, bring us at last
 To that best port of hope's bright past.

NOLA.

DONT TELL IT.

"It will so vex Harry when I tell him how spitefully John Gray spoke about him," said Mrs. Robbins.

"But why need you tell him? Mr. Gray was angry at the moment, and I dare say, regretted what he said afterwards."

"Why, Lizzie," said the other, "do you keep any secrets from your husband?"

"Indeed, I do. A hundred worrying things, that it would do him no good to know, I lock up in my own bosom. I often think I should like this or that, but it would make him unhappy for nothing, and I will not do it. When I feel it necessary to tell an unpleasant truth, I try to do it as comfortably as I can, to look on the bright-side possible."

"Well, I must say," said the other, a little puzzled to know how to excuse her own course, which was quite the reverse, "that I think there should be no secrets between husband and wife."

"Yet I am sure, my dear, you have a great many every day. You don't begin to tell all you think?"

"That is quite another matter. No one tells all his thoughts."

"Then you draw the line somewhere. You admit you have secrets from your husband? Now, I draw the line at whatever would cause unhappiness." "Oh, Lizzie, of course, when it is necessary to tell an unpleasant fact, I do so; but the hundred little annoyances we women have every day what good can come of repeating them?"

"Now, I think this is a very absurd plan of yours, Lizzie. There is no reason why he should not share your troubles. It is quite as proper for him to bear the burden as for you to take the whole. It just spoils a man to indulge him so much."

"One fact is worth a dozen arguments," said Lizzie. "We do have a happy home."

There was not the slightest reflection on her friends' home life, but the other could not but remember that her home was often very far from being a happy one. Her boasted "trunkness" did not work so well in practice.

"I have always found," continued Lizzie, "that it paid to make home pleasant. When William returns worried with business, I do not harass him with tales of the children's faults, or the girls' shortcomings. I have the room snug and tidy, and something nice on the table, and if there is any good news to tell, or any pleasant circumstance that has happened while he was away, I make a point of bringing it up at tea-time. The result is we take our meal in peace and comfort. I am certainly happier for seeing him cheerful, and for knowing he appreciates the comfort and rest of home. Depend upon it, my friend, happiness turns on very little things. If I were only selfishly seeking my own pleasure, I should try all the same to make home bright for the rest. For there is nothing that brings so much joy to our own bosoms as the feeling that we have made others happy. The opposite of this proposition is equally true.—*J. E. Me., in Arthur's Magazine.*

LUCK is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chances. Labor on character.

Luck slips downward to indolence. Labor strides upward to independence.

Language the Image of the Soul.

Language was long ago declared to be the image of the soul. For truth and beauty, nothing can surpass this definition. There are arts that can catch and detain the image of the face, and upon the physical features we may look with the eye and perceive the existing beauty; but the soul is invisible, intangible, inaudible. Through the gate of music only a small fragment of the spirit may be seen. Something of its pensiveness or delicacy might be inferred, but reading the human soul by its music alone would be the study of colors in a dim cavern, or of mankind by limiting your research to the smallest habitable island in the South Sea.

Wonderfully beautiful and powerful as music is, it is astonishing how little of the soul can be learned by its meditation. When Beethoven calls a symphony a "Pastoral," it is almost impossible for us to distinguish the trip out of the city from the dance in the field, and the dance from the storm coming up in the valley. It is not otherwise with all the other fine arts. They afford only glimpses of a broad world such as is enjoyed by the English miners, who, from the bottom of a shaft, look up and see only a piece of blue sky, no larger than a carriage wheel. Oh, what a poor spectacle compared with that great sweep of light and shadow, peace and storm, granted the heart which, from some old mountain overlooks a vast horizon!

Compared with all the arts, language alone is worthy of being called the "image of the soul." Out of this ivory gate march, in beautiful procession, the attributes of the spirit. Ambition, patriotism, friendship, love, religion, all memory, all hope, all sorrow, all disappointment, all genius, all judgment, all sense of honor and justice—emerge through this portal of speech; and, with a magnificence surpassing the triumphal pageants of Caesars, the soul's vast army lies before us, no longer invisible, but in the fields of light. What should we know of the morals or love of the Nazarine, what of the wisdom of Newton or Bacon, what of the soul of Dante, of the moral beauty of Beatrice, what of the poetic nature of Shakespeare, what, indeed, of man or God, if only music rolled its melody around us, or painting unveiled its pictures? All arts are as nothing compared with the divine gift of language. It is true, creation and development and intrinsic unfolding of the soul. Our histories, our poems, our philosophies, our laws, our morals, are photographs of soul's truthful to an extreme degree, and outlasting the soul's casket of dust.

A PRINTER was boasting the other day about his wonderful ability to set type. "I know what you can't set," said a comrade. "What is it?" "Two hens on one nest."

TWENTY-EIGHT different kinds of bitters sold in Rhode Island for strictly medicinal use are undergoing analysis by the State chemist from an excise point of view.

IN Wisconsin a man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary, because the blasted thing hasn't got an index.

DOMESTIC.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs, 1½ cups flour; beat the eggs separately.

CLOVE CAKE.—One cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup buttermilk, 3 eggs, 3 cups flour, 1 tablespoon cloves, 1 of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of salaratus in milk, raisins.

ENGLISH COOKIES.—One cup of raisins, chopped; 1 cup of brown sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons of sour cream, ¼ teaspoon soda, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.

CHILE SAUCE.—Take 5 large onions, 8 green peppers, chop fine; 30 ripe tomatoes, cut up; 5 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 3 of salt, 8 cups vinegar, and boil all together two and a half hours, and bottle for use.

ICE-CREAM CAKE.—The white of 8 eggs, 2 cups of sugar, two cups of sifted flour, 1 cup of corn starch, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of milk, 2 teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in thin layers and add the following preparation between the cakes: The whites of 4 eggs, 4 cups of sugar; pour half a pint of boiling water over the sugar; boil hard until clear and candied; pour the boiling hot sugar over the eggs, stirring until a stiff cream; then add a teaspoonful of citric acid, and flavor with vanilla; when cold, spread the icing between and over the cakes.