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Little Emma's Dream.

BY HANNAH F. GOEL.

My little contribution,
With ready heart and hand,
I gave, to send the word of God
To distant heathen land;
And ere we went to rest that night
I kneel'd to God in prayer,
That he would change my gift to light
For souls in darkness there,

When I was lost in slumber,
There seemed just o'er my bed
An angel child, with beaming brow
And shining wings outspread;
And stainless seemed the robe to flow
About that lovely one,
As lies a glowing sheet of snow
Beneath the morning sun.

A touch of golden glory
Was on her wavy hair;
Her face with rose-tint on the cheek,
Was like the lily fair!
And O, she sang a holy song,
Which angels only know
To sound in their adoring throng,
And never learnt below!

She told a hasty story
About her life on earth,
When here a little dark Hindoo
Of distant Indian birth:
That once her parents were of those
Who gods in Ganges deem,
Where her babe the mother throws
An offering on the stream.

But when the missions taught them
To read the Word, and pray
To God in heaven, through Jesus' name,
Their gods were cast away:
That ere she died she loved to sing
How Christ for her could die;
And then he gave her spirit wing
To soar to him on high.

I drew my breath to ask her
About the joys above;
When silently she disappeared
With parting smile of love!
Awaking then, I pray'd for more,
That I might send away
To shed upon the heathen shore
The beams of Gospel day.

Departed Spirits.

I have sat by the windows—says Washington Irving—and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing, one by one, from the distant villages; and the moon rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomps of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvered over, and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick coming fancies" concerning those spiritual beings which

"——walk the earth
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity downwards to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine, inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations; to take care of the welfare of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. "Nothing," says St. Jerome, "gives us a greater idea of the dignity of our soul, than that God has given each of us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to have care of it."

Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.—However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet the attention involuntarily yields to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion; its prevalence in all ages and countries, and even among newly discovered nations, that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world; proves it to be one of those mysterious, and almost instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be perfectly eradicated; as it is concerning matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Everything connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul, its connection with the body, or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is situated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations when released from its fleshly prison-house? It is more the manner, therefore, in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been surrounded, and there is none of the whole circle of visionary creeds that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of our mortal separation. What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare!—that affectionate and guarding spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours! that beauty and innocence, which had been languishing in the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearment! A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we onced loved and honored were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

Bethlehem.

Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, in his recollections of foreign travel, now publishing in the New York Observer, furnishes this account of the present condition of Bethlehem.

The village of Bethlehem contains from twelve to fifteen hundred souls—souls these people have—and the Christian traveler enters its street—it is mostly built on one long street—with painful reflections as he thinks of being in the city of David and the native place of the Son of God, while the people are wholly given to idolatry, or sunk in superstition so gross and sensual as to make their views of the way of life by Jesus Christ, as dark and dangerous, as if the light of the Gospel had never broken in for a single moment on their minds. A few years ago there were several families here who followed the false prophet Mohammed, but so frequent and fierce became the difficulties between them and the others who bore the name of Christian, that the Pasha took a very summary mode of settling the disputes—he drove all the Mohammedans out of the place, and tore down their houses. If this was hard, it was a very effectual mode of disposing of a troublesome subject, and it shows to what a depth of subjection the inhabitants of this sacred country are reduced. Now the Bethlehemites are all of them Roman Catholic, Greek and Armenian Christians, living in no better harmony of feeling with one another than they did with the Arabs, but they are restrained by the arm of power from outbreaks which would disturb the peace of the town.

They have their three convents within the same outer walls, known by the names of the several sects, and each claiming the sanctity that belongs to the possession of the holy places. In the same great enclosure, also, is a vast edifice, supposed to be the church built by Helena, the celebrated mother of the Emperor Constantine, but others say her church was destroyed by the Moslems, and the present temple was erected on the same site. And this edifice, it is held, is built on the spot where our Lord was born. Under the church I entered the chapel in which they showed the pretended manger, or rather one made to resemble it for the original, they say, was carried to Rome, in which the infant Jesus was laid. A few feet from the manger is an altar occupying the spot where the Magi stood when they offered their gifts of gold, frank-incense and myrrh. A brilliant star, to represent the one which stood over the place "where the young child was," now marks the spot where it is believed that the Saviour was born.

In my travels in Italy and the East I have often found that the stables for the cattle are fitted up with comfortable places for beds, after the manner of the berths on shipboard, and in them the men who have the care of the horses are accustomed to sleep. If the hotel is full of guests, any one would prefer to take a bed in the stable where he would be protected from the night air, rather than to lie out, and it was not therefore so unusual and trying a circumstance, as it appears at first view, that Joseph and Mary should be compelled to take refuge for the night in the stable.—The same cause, the registry of all persons who belonged originally in Bethlehem and must now resort here *to be taxed*, or enrolled for taxation, might have brought others here on the same errand, and made the inns inadequate to furnish them beds. And it is not an unusual practice, even now, in this same country, to use one-half of the house for a stable, and the other for the family, while there is no sign of a partition between them. I have slept in this way myself, and as one manger had no horse before it, Antonio occupied it for his bed, and made no complaint of his lodging. The neighing of one of the horses, awakened me in the night, but Antonio, whose ears were much nearer to the animal did not hear it.

But if Joseph and Mary had been persons of wealth and consideration, undoubtedly "room in the inn" would have been made for them, and the fact that they were compelled to resort to the stable, and especially under their peculiar circumstances of trial and peril, shows the humiliation to which the Son of God became subject, in taking upon himself the form of man!

The manger is in the hands of the Roman Catholics, and the Greeks and the Armenians have nothing to do with it. The altar of the wise men is common to all, but may be used in regular turns. The altar over the star belongs exclusively to the Greeks and Armenians, the former having the precedence. Around the star, sixteen golden pendant lamps are kept constantly burning, of which the Armenians have six, the Greeks six, and the Roman Catholics four. Into the great church, the possession of which is divided between the Greeks and Armenians, these monks enter by different doors, and maintain their separate worship within the same walls. The Roman Catholics have no other privilege in it, but to pass through on their way to the chapel below. But the division of holy ground is carried even further than this, and the cave where they pretend that Joseph and Mary were hid, previous to their going down into Egypt with the infant Jesus, belongs to the Romanists, while that of the shepherds to whom the angels appeared, is given to the Greeks. But if any of these three contending sects could get the power, they would quickly drive out the other two, and such will be the result when the French take possession of Turkey, and, in behalf of the Pope of Rome, assume the protectorate of Palestine, which will then be a Roman Catholic see.

But how changed the birthplace of Jesus from what it was on that night when Mary took refuge here! The "Grotto of the Nativity," as the place is now called, is a gorgeous chapel, and thirty-two elegant lamps, the gift of sovereigns and princes, shed luster over the polished marble manger, and guilded altar, and the paintings that represent the Magi offering their gifts to the holy child. Here the pilgrims from other lands were prostrating themselves before the altars, and when they had finished their devotions, I followed them up into the church where the priest gave them the sacrament of our Lord's supper from a basket of bread, talking and laughing with them as they received it, and now and then slapping them on the back, in the excitement of his glee! Blessed Master! do they thus degrade the mystery of thy death on the very place of thy birth!

And then with feeling more of disgust than of reverence, with a sort of sickness at heart, I was led to the cell of Jerome where he lived for years and translated the Old Testament into the Latin tongue—and then to the tomb of Eusebius, and still on till we were shown the spot where by Herod's order the children were slain. And here the folly of tradition became intolerable, as the monk showed us the skeleton hand of one of these little ones, set in a frame and covered with gauze. I turned away relieved to get out of the presence of such fellows, and anxious to be allowed alone to wander and meditate among these scenes that are more sacred to me than to those relic-mongering monks, and superstitious pilgrims.

Civility is a Fortune.

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Malborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one cotemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend: and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his Grace, than to receive one from other men.—The gracious manners of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility.—The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or possession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men civility is in fact, what beauty is to woman; it is a general passport to favor; a letter of recommendation written in language that every stranger understands.—The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Pleasure for a Child.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child! for there is no saying when it may again bloom forth.—Does not almost everybody remember some kindhearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood! The writer of this recolects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, with longing eyes he gazed upon the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning.—The possessor came forth from his little cottage: he was a wood cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He was come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking of the most beautiful of his carnations it was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at the vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE DRUNKARD'S BRAIN.—Hyrtl, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish, in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purposes of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his purpose by keeping that object in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard.

But the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul, while its delicate and gossamer tissues still throb with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the god-like! Terrible enchantment that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone!

Though we cannot, with Mary, bring our costly ointment to annoint Christ's body, yet we do more than this when we bring him our love, which is sweeter to him than all ointments and perfumes.

"Will you lend father your newspaper? he only wants to read it."

"Yes, my boy: and ask him to lend me his dinner: I only want to eat it."

Homely Women.

We like homely women. We have always liked them. We do not carry the peculiarity far enough to include the hideous or positive ugly, for since beauty and money are the only capital the world will recognize in women, they are more to be pitied than admired; but we have a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women. We never saw one who was not modest, unassuming and sweet tempered, and have seldom come across one who was not virtuous, and had not a good heart. Made aware early in life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affectation never take root in their hearts; and in the hope of supplying attractions which a capricious nature has denied, they cultivate the graces of the heart instead of the person, and give to the mind those accomplishments which the world so rarely appreciates in woman, but which are more lasting, and in the eyes of men of sense, more highly prized than personal beauty. See them in the streets, at the church, and they are always the same, and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced; there to fascinate, but is the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion, emotions of admiration instead of feelings of sensual regard. Plain women make good wives, good mothers, cheerful homes and happy husbands, and we never see one but we thank Heaven that it has kindly created women of sense as well as beauty, for it is indeed seldom a female is found possessing both. To homely women we therefore lift our "tile" in respect; the world will extend the same courtesy to beauty. San Francisco has but few plain women, but all such we intend to make life subscribers to the *Golden Era*, in view of their worth to society.—*San Francisco Golden Era.*

BOOKS AND PAPERS HAVE SOULS!—Thinking, speaking, acting, influential.—Parents, do you think of this, when you place a book or periodical on your centre table? do you consider its influence for good or evil?

Every book, every paper, has a soul, breathing a spirit good or bad. It is the soul of its author, and when spread over the pages of the book, that soul acts upon its reader as truly as when acting directly. The person who touches the book comes in contact with that soul, and is, *nolens volens*, affected by it. And no contact with it is more influential. In recommending an him under circumstances favorable to your becoming like him; for in the book everything is very deeply thought out, in shape to convince, or carefully dressed up in a manner to betwitch.—And all of this indicates the necessity of care and caution.

Would you, when purchasing books or papers for your children, have their minds contaminated with vicious principles, let them read everything that pours forth, like a torrent from the press of the day.—Remember, while extolling the value of the press, that it is powerful for evil as it is for good.

Remember that the enemy of souls employs it to disseminate his destructive doctrines, and that he has even more laborers probably, in his employ, than the Captain of our salvation.

Why should we be so careful in regard to the food with which our bodies are nourished, while we pay so little attention to the mental pabulum which our minds receive? Remember, we can as easily plant the seeds of disease in the mind as in the body, and that disease implanted in the mind is very likely eradicated with more difficulty than the body.

A book or paper exerts an influence, not only in time, but as eternity rolls on! O, how infinitely *momentously* important that a wise, judicious selection of reading be made for all, especially for the rising age.

Patriotic Sensations.

Ethan Spike, in a letter to the Portland Transcript dated from Washington city, gives the following description of the patriotic emotions which pervade the atmosphere of that interesting locality:

"I'm here in the grate metropolis uv the soverin states—or to use a petick figger, in the very Erie or nest of the American Eagle! Perlaydiums, constitutions, magny charters and sich like, i all araound me. The atmosfear I breath is thick with E pluribuses! I feel that I'm on hallered graound, an' seam to here harps of a thousand strings a bein played on by sperits of just men perfeck. When I see the stars an' stripes a floatin' over th councils of this tremendous nation, it ros great feelins in my busum, a latent corde of pojetry vibrates thare, an' I exclame, Flag of country! but somehaow I can's get any further. I kalkerlate its cause the idees is too big an' get stuck comin' aout. I'm sorry 'tis so, cos I'm sartin hars a patriotic fusion full of ginoowine patriotism such as would astonish the world of it could find vent. It seems to kinder stick in my throte. Ef I dont get rid of it some other way, they say I'll have to have my tonsils cut aout. It choak me properly, an' one doctors tells meits nothin but worms, an' that salt water ill cure me.—But I don't like water anway, speshally when its salt. Howsever I've compermised, and am usin whiskey ed salt—that is I eats smoked herrons till gits up a dry and then squinches it with the licker. I'm goin' to try this proscripion thurody, an ef it don't either kill or cure, I mean to put myself thru a course of molasses maker rum!"

FLUSH TIMES IN NEBASKA CITY.—The Nebraska City News says that a land fever is raging there. Claims of a hundred and sixty acres, wini two and a half miles of that city, are selling at from $500 to $800. For one farm adjoining the city on the west the owner has been offered $6,000 in gold, which was refused.

AN INCH OF RAIN ON THE ATLANTIC.—We have been struck with that passage of Lieut. Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," in which he computes the effect of a single inch of rain falling on the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic includes an area of 25 millions of square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall only upon one-fifth of this vast expanse. "It would weigh," says our author, "three hundred and sixty thousand millions of tons; and the salt which, as water, it held in solution in the sea, and which, when that water was taken up as vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium, weighed sixteen millions more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great, in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi river during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at one effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than would the fall of rain supposed. And yet, so gentle are the operations of nature, that movements so vast are unperceived."

Give him all.

An Indian who heard a sermon in a Christian settlement, was much moved by the claim that he should "give up all to God." The duty pressed upon his heart; he returned to his wigwam; he meditated much upon it, and at length solemnly resolved to do what God required.

First, he took his rifle, and set it apart for the Lord; then his fishing aparatus; then his scanty furniture; then his blanket—repeating as he set apart each article.—"Here, Lord, take that." Finding himself utterly destitute, having given up all, he yet felt that he was forsaken of God and was in great distress. The darkness of despair came over him. In this his last extremity, he laid himself upon the altar, saying, "*Here, Lord, take a poor Indian.*"

The offering was accepted; and there, alone, bereft of human help or hope, this poor despised savage was delivered from the power of sin, and made an heir of glory. He soon learned to read the Bible, which he made his daily companion, he was happy in solitude, or with Christian friends, to whom he often remarked, that when he gave himself up to the Lord, the Lord gave him "all things."—*Zion's Herald.*

A Child's Sympathy.

A child's eyes, those clear wells of undefiled thought; what on earth can be more beautiful? full of all hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer how earnest; in joy how sparkling; in sympathy how tender! The man who has never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love you in return—it will take, it is true, no measure or sounding of your thought; it will not judge how much it should believe, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on your feeling for the hour.—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

A GRAMMATICAL PUPIL.—A country schoolmaster, in the neighborhood of Cockney, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing for speaking *bad grammar*, sent him to the other end of the room, to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically; the youngster being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil:

"There is a *common substantive* of the *masculine gender, singular number, nominative case*, and in an *angry mood* that sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the *present tense.*"

WHY MEXICO IS AN ANARCHY.—The immense wealth of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico is often spoken of on account of its influence in political affairs. While the annual income of the republic does not exceed $9,000,000, the revenues of the church will amount to $28,000,000. The product of the tithes, on an average, is estimated at $1,835,000 per annum, and, in addition to this, the clergy possess an immense capital in specie, the accumulation of three centuries, arising partly from bequests, and partly from surplus income. The ecclesiastic establishment consists of one archbishopric, that of Mexico, chiefly from that portion of the tithes intended for the subsistence of the clergy, and amounts to $400,000—the archbishop receiving $130,000.

THE BEST IN THE HOUSE.—Simeon Draper, one of the Governors of the New York Alms House, was dining recently at Albany, New York, where the butter happened to be particularly rank:

"Here, John," said Draper to a favorite Irish waiter who was standing behind him—"John take this plate away; some like their butter stronger than others."

John took the plate and held it up to his nose a moment with the air of a connoisseur, then put it back again in its place, and observed in a firm voice:

"Misther Draper, that's the strongest butter we have in the house."

TRIANGLES.—If you wish a triangle to contain just an acre, make each side nineteen rods five and a half links long. A triangle whose sides are six rods and twenty links long each, will contain one-eigth of an acre.

Are you Striving?

What shall I say of those who are irregular about public worship on Sundays? There are thousands that answer this description. Sometimes, if they feel disposed, they go to some church or chapel, and attend a religious service. At other times they stay at home and read the papers, or idle about, or square their accounts, or seek some amusement. *Is this "striving?"* I speak to men of common sense. Let them judge what I say.

What shall I say of those who come regularly to a place of worship, but come entirely as a matter of form? There are many in this condition. Their fathers taught them to come. Their custom has always been to come. It would not be respectable to stay away. But they care nothing for the worship of God when they do come. Whether they hear law or gospel, truth or error, it is all the same to them. They remember nothing afterwards. They put off their form of religion with their Sunday clothes, and return to the world. And is this "striving?"—I speak to men of common sense. Let them judge what I say.

What shall I say of those who seldom or never read the Bible? There are thousands of persons, I fear, who answer this description. They know the book by name. The know it is commonly regarded as the only book which teaches us how to live and how to die. But they can never find time for reading it. Newspapers, reviews, novels, romances they can read; but not the Bible. And is this "striving" to enter in? I speak to men of common sense. Let them judge what I say.

What shall I say of those who never pray? There are multitudes, I firmly believe, in this condition. Without God they rise in morning, and without God they lie down at night. They ask nothing. They confess nothing. They return thanks for nothing. They seek nothing. They are all dying creatures, and yet they are not even on speaking terms with their Maker and their Judge. And is this "striving?" I speak to men of common sense. Let them judge what I say.

Varieties.

In the following lines the writer has put into verse some thought which he found in prose:

Harsh words are like the hail which beats
The herbage to the ground;
Kind words are like the gentle rains
Which scatters freshness round.

As polished steel receives a stain
Drop from a parent's tongue.
The rust eats in and oft we find
That naught which we can do,
To cleanse the metal or the mind,
The brightness will renew.

An Englishman boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute.

"My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is rather less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat near Philadelphia, and when I ride to town in a hurry of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the store to find me from a minute to a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as fast as I possibly could several times around a large factory—just to take old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of *riding over myself.*"

COURAGE, MOTHERS.—Newton sinned away his early advantages, and become an abandoned profligate; but the texts and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the Cross. Cecil tells us that in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavors, he never could resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Bellingham, the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing until he mentioned *his mother*—and then he broke into tears. "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—*Vermont Chronicle.*

HOW TO LAY OUT SURFACES.—*To lay out an acre in a circle.*—First fix a centre, and with a rope as a radius, seven rods, three links and three-eights long, one end attached to the centre, and kept uniformly stretched, the sweep of it at the other end will lay out the acre. For one-quarter of an acre, a rope *three* rods and *fourteen* links will be the right length. For one-eighth of an acre, a rope two rods and *thirteen* links will be enough.

TO LAY OUT AN ELIPSE OR OVAL.—Set three stakes in a triangular position. Around these stretch a rope. Take away the stake at the apex of the triangle, which will be where the oval is to come—move the stake along against the rope, keeping it tight, and it will trace out the oval. A square to contain an acre, or just one hundred and sixty rods, should have each of its sides just twelve rods, ten feet and seven-tenths long.

A gentleman and a Hibernian were riding together on the top of the Newark and Grantam coach, when the former missing his handkerchief very rashly charged his fellow traveler with having stolen it; but soon finding it again had the good manners to beg pardon for the affront, saying it was a mistake; to which honest Pat replied with the greatest readiness, "Arah, my jewel, then it was a mutual mistake—you took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman."

"Boys should be seen and not heard," as the youngster said when he couldn't say his lesson.

Luck.

I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others.

One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his own business. Another who followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lost their luck by endorsing—by sanguine speculation—and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatter-demalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the word of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tipler.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Love of Home.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life, affects nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generation before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the early affections, and with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted from the memory of mankind.

DISEASES OF SHEEP.—That pestiferous weed, called Johnswort, if growing abundantly where sheep are pastured, will cause an irritation of the skin, often over the whole body and legs of the sheep; but generally it is confined to the neighborhood of the mouth. If eaten in too large quantities, it produces violent inflammation of the bowels, and is frequently fatal to lambs, and sometimes to adults. Its effects, when inflammation is produced internally, are singular. The writer has witnessed the most fantastic capers of sheep in this situation; and once a lamb, whilst running, described a circle with all the precision of a circus-horse, this was continued till it fell from exhaustion.

Treatment.—Anoint the irritated parts with hog's lard and sulphur. If there are symptoms of inflammation of the stomach, administer tar—putting it into the mouth with a flattened stick. Simply hog's lard is frequently used with success. Remove the flock to pasture free from the weed, and salt freely. It is said that salt, if given often to sheep, is an effectual guard against the poisonous properties of the weed.

DUTCH AUCTION.—It is the invariable practice throughout Holland, to bid *down*, instead of *up*, at an auction. An article is set up at any price the auctioneer pleases—if nobody bids he lowers until some person cries 'Mine!' and that person, who claims it, is then entitled to it; a practice congenial to Dutch taciturnity.

A FIGURE TO PAINT.—'Represent me in my portrait,' said a gentleman to his painter, 'with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him.'

A Yankee and an Irishman, riding together, passed by a gallows; 'Pat,' said the Yankee, 'give that gallows its due, and where would you be?' 'Faith that's sirtain known,' replied Pat, 'I'd be riding to town by myself all alone sure.' The Yankee was beat this time.

John Randolph was one of the most sarcastic men that ever lived. One time a young man attempted to make his acquaintance. He obtained an introduction and among the first remarks said:

"I passed by your house, lately, Mr. Randolph."

"I hope you always will," was the reply.

Another one twitted him as to his "want of education."

"The gentleman reminds me," said Randolph in reply, "of the lands about the head waters of the Monongahela, which are poor by nature and cultivation has entirely refused them."