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THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The Head is stately, calm, and wise,
And bears a princely part;
And down below, in secret lies
The warm, impulsive Heart.

The lordly Head that sits above,
The Heart that beats below,
Their several offices plainly prove,
Their true relation show,

The Head, erect, serene, and cool,
Endowed with Reason's art,
Was set aloft to guide and rule
The throbbing, wayward Heart.

And from the Head, as from the higher,
Comes all-directing Thought;
And in the Heart's transforming fire
All noble deeds are wrought.

And each is best when both unite
To make the man complete;—
What were the heat without the light?
The light without the heat?

Hasty Expressions; or the Perils of Indiscretion.

All of us are more or less indiscreet.—There are few who can keep constant watch and guard upon the temper and the tongue. Human nature is erring and fallible at the best, and while it is comparatively easy to preach, it is very difficult to practice. Most of mankind concede that they have frailties and infirmities, but few possess the self-control and self possession necessary to check, restrain, subdue and command. There are many who are so thoughtless, eager and impulsive, that they speak without thinking, and thus often, not only indiscretely, but with folly and impropriety. A moment's reflection and they would have hesitated; but in this very duty in which they are sadly deficient. An unkind word, moreover a harsh expression, a bitter remark, may be recalled, but its effect cannot be wholly cured or done away with. We may be disposed to forget and forgive, but the memory in such cases will not yield obedience to the will. The harshness will recur again and again, rankle, deepen, and thus become an incurable wound.

Many persons, moreover, mistake flippancy for wit, and in an effort to say a smart thing, they not only betray a want of heart, but a want of brains. "He jests with scars who never felt a wound." There is a practical philosophy in this remark. It is pithy and pointed, and describes the condition of the thoughtless would-be wit, who, while giving utterance to his rashness and his folly, irritates some partially healed wound, or touches upon some tender but concealed grief. Only a few days since, an acquaintance of ours met with a severe rebuke.—Several gentlemen were conversing freely and cheerfully together, when one ventured to make a remark which called the blood to the cheek of another, and our friend then discovered for the first time that he had ventured on forbidden ground, and had in fact alluded to a case, in which the gentleman with whom he was conversing was a deeply interested, if not a deeply injured party! The error was seen in a moment, but an explanation and apology would only have made the matter worse, would in fact have made all the listeners acquainted with facts of a strictly private and confidential nature.—Hence there was no remedy. The error had been committed, and while the gentleman had so unwittingly and unintentionally wounded the feelings of another, felt cut to the quick, at his indiscretion, he also felt convinced that the true course under the circumstances, was to drop the subject entirely. The lesson, however, will not soon be forgotten.

Scarcely a day goes by in which errors of this character are not committed. The little indiscretions of conversation and society are the sources of much anxiety and misery. Some persons are particularly sensitive, and thus are readily annoyed. Trifles light as air will give them pain. Others have particular weaknesses or tender points, and these, when once touched or enlarged upon, make them truly wretched. A singular indiscretion occurred some years since in a neighboring city. A gentleman who had just married his second wife, and was unexpectedly waited upon by an old friend, who resided in another State, and to whom the fact of the second marriage had never been communicated. On visiting the newly wedded couple he mistook the *second* wife for the *first* and made some awkward and unpleasant remark at the extraordinary change in her appearance, since he had seen her on a former occasion! The parties looked confused, and endeavored to stammer an explanation; but some seconds elapsed before the truth was ascertained, and then the embarrassment was mutual, ludicrous, and painful in the extreme. The visit was consequently a short one, and the effect generally was unpleasant.

But there are other indiscretions of expression which are of almost constant occurrence. Some individuals seem to be particularly unfortunate in this way The reason is, they are heedless, thoughtless and inconsiderate. They talk too much and think too little. They ramble on hap-hazard, and are consequently certain to say some silly or some inappropriate thing. They do not sufficiently respect themselves or the feelings of others. All are bound as it strikes us, to afford as much pleasure as possible, and to give as little pain. If we cannot gratify by a kindly remark, let us hold our peace. If we cannot compliment with some justice and propriety, let us say nothing at all. The sweet amenities of life are every way worthy of cultivation. They serve to soften our intercourse with society, they call forth the better feelings of our nature, they inspire generous impulses, and they may be said to constitute the sources of exquisite pleasure. Benevolence of spirit, kindliness of thought, and considerateness of expression, and characteristics not only of refinement and education, but of true gentility.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

Children.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please; if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and precipices that destroy them, to slake their thirst in brooks that poison them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs, can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle—that they do not find fault without reason—that they do not punish because personal offence is taken but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes—if no allowance is made for youthful spirits—if they are dealt with in a hard and unsympathizing manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit be broken. Our stooping to amuse them, our condescending to make ourselves one in their plays and pleasures at suitable times, will lead them to know that it is not because we will not, but because we cannot attend to them, that at other times we refuse to do so. A pert or improper way of speaking ought never to be allowed. Clever children are very apt to be pert, and if too much admired for it, and laughed at, become eccentric and disagreeable. It is often very difficult to check our own amusements, but their future welfare should be regarded more than our present entertainment. It should never be forgotten that they are tender plants committed to our fostering care—that every thoughtless word or careless neglect may destroy a germ of immortality—"that foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child"—and that we must ever like watchful husbandmen, be on our guard against it. It is indeed little that we can do in our own strength, but if we are conscientious performers of our part—if we earnestly commend them in faith and prayer to the fostering care of their Father in Heaven—to the tender love of him, the Angel of whose presence goes before them, and who carries these lambs in his bosom—we may then go on our way rejoicing—for "He will never leave nor forsake those who trust in Him.

The Marriage Relation.

The following sound, clear and Christian views of the marriage relation are taken from a popular work, entitled "Martyria, a Legend," published a few years ago, from the pen of a gifted clergymen:

Of earthly relations, those of husband and wife, parent and child, friend and neighbor, master and servant, constitute much the larger portion of man's happiness, and are more important than any of them, than all others together. It is the observance, the refining, the strengthening of these commonest, these greatest, these primal relations, that happiness is increased, and not in the inordinate accumulation of money, the acquisition of empty fame, or in luxurious indulgences.

Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the fireside, more than in this honorary occupation of civic office; in a wife's love, infinitely more than in the favor of all human beings else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle, more than in the hearing of flattering; in the reciprocation of little and frequent kindnesses between friend and friend, more than in the most anxiously achievments of wealth, distinction and grandeur; in change of heart, more than in change of circumstance; in full, firm trust in Providence more than in hoping for fortune's favor; in a growing taste for the beauties of Nature, more than in the free-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentatious, and therefore rare, display; in a handmaiden's cheerfulness, more than the improved tone of politics, and in the friendship of our next door next door neighbor, than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.

Happiness, then, must be so ught for in simplicity, and not in costliness; in the perpetually recurring more than in the rare, in abiding peace, rather than in temporary rap, tures; and next, after the well of living water which springeth up into everlasting life, in no source else so seduously as in those fountain which are fed by the never-failing love of relatives and friends.

Wait a Minute,

Such was the exclamation of one man to another in the street yesterday.

"Wait a minute." For what was he desired to wait—whether to listen to a dainty bit of scandal, or to transact some item of business, we know not, we only heard the words. "Wait a minute," and we passed on our way, thinking the while, however that we had picked a real pearl of a text for future use.

"Wait a minute." The world is much given to waiting. All of us are apt to loiter in the path of Effort. The least obstruction dampens our ardor, and we will sit down to "wait a moment," hoping that shortly some angel will beat down the impediment. and lead us safely forward. It matters not how important may be the work we have to do, the moment an idling brother calls upon us to "wait a moment," we pause from our labor, and leaving our weapons, let the precious moments slip away unimproved, unsanctified.

"Wait a moment." Not a man of us does not some time or other put up his cry. Duty calls, but we bid it wait. Pleasure beckon, but we are not quite ready to embrace her.—Virtue sommons us, but we stand upon the order of going, asking her to bear yet a little while with our delay. And so we go through life, squandering our time and opportunities, making all things that can, wait upon our indolence.

"Wait a minute." Brother heed not the cry. It is that syren, sweet it may be, but luring to death and ruin. Pause not in your march towards the Last Rest. Do what you have to do, instantly and earnestly; lift your banner boldly upon the air, and push straight on towards the goal. Do otherwise—pause whenever your neighbor bids you "wait a moment" and you will prove but a cumberer of our master's ground, passing away at last unhonored and unsung. Let no one who has a good work to perform, waste a single minute of the time allotted him.—*Newark Mercury.*

A COLUMN FOR BUSINESS MEN.

A member of the Suffolk bar in Massachusetts, named Matthew Hale Smith, has delivered a lecture before a Commercial Institute in Boston, that is very full of merit. We find it in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

THE SELECTION OF BUSINESS.

Men have physical, moral and mental gifts that peculiarly fit them for some pursuits, and peculiarly unfit them for others; and the taste for, and the attraction of certain pursuits should incline each young man to look well at his chosen occupation, and when once chosen, to follow it to the end: and his earlier training should have special reference to his position and occupation.

Before this choice is made, he should consider the obstacles in his path, and his fitness to remove or overcome them. Law, medicine, divinity, mechanics, present an inviting field. One may shine in the law who would be a driveller in the pulpit; and many a man has attempted to mend a broken limb with not talent enough to repair the leg of a stool.

Young men have marked characteristics and talents; these all are well known as their faces, better known often to others than to themselves. One is quick in figures; another would make a capital salesman. One has a legal mind and would revel in the intricates of the law; another can only generalize, and is happy only in active employment. Some have great dispatch; others are cautious, careful and trustworthy in minute matters.—The bent of each mind, the taste and the talent must be consulted in the selection of business.

All business has a settled price or marked value. Success is to be won by obeying the laws of the calling selected: and who would be eminent in any pursuit, must pay the market price for success. Two kinds of business may be found, to one of which the aspirant for employment must address himself. The one is bad and the other good; the one can be found in a day, the other may be sought for diligently, and often with "patience." The one pays at once; for the other money must often be paid.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

Principle and integrity are good capital to begin and continue for life with. In many large houses men enter as partners who are destitute of wealth and can only put into the firm their business reputation. Each man has a business repute, and his character is judged by little things. As Dr. Johnson said when he condemned a book of which he had only read a few pages: "One need not eat a whole joint of meat to know that it is tainted," so you need not be very familiar with a man of business to know what his principles of trade are.

It was said that Cuvier, the naturalist, could take the bones of any animal, no matter how insignificant these bones might be, and by its aid construct the entire animal, and tell you its character and the climate it called its home. So out of small matters, words spoken principles avowed, acts done, or deeds omitted, you build up the character of a man and make up your opinion about him. You say of some one: "I like his appearance; I will employ him; he suits me." You do not analyze your feelings; but your mind is made up. Of another you may say: "I do not like that young man." Perhaps you satisfy yourself why, if a reason was called for. You have taken certain acts of the young man, trivial though they be, and made up your opinion.

A friend of mine said to me one day:—"I shall dismiss my clerk." I knew the young man; he was smart and intelligent, well disposed and genteel. I asked the reason. "I am not quite satisfied," was the reply; "he dresses too well; he has too much jewelry; his room is too well furnished; he rides too much; I know his means; the salary I pay him will not admit of such expenses." The young man thought he was producing a sensation. He was; but not of the character he supposed.

Permanent success is found only in connection with principle, and integrity in business. The man who purchases cutlery from the renowned manufactory of Rogers, is anxious only to know that the stamp of the plate is genuine. Years ago that house resolved not to send a poor article into the market.—Its work is good; it cannot afford to sell poor articles.

In the small town of Douglass, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, there is a manufactory of axes. Immense numbers are shipped to all parts of the earth. No man but the maker sees them till taken from the boxes, put on the shelves, and swung in the forests of the West, on our Pacific possessions, or in Africa, or in the islands of the sea; and if each axe was tried in the manufactory of Douglass before the purchase, no more confidence would be put in the excellence of the article than the name of the maker inspires. The invariable perfection of the article is the business capital of the maker.

We have men among us—now ranking among the merchant princes of Boston—who began life poor. Some of them were grooms, some waited and tended in families, some dug gravel, others wheeled coals; but all that they did was well done. When the late William Gale was taunted by an envious man, who said that he could remember when the same W. Gale was drummer, his reply gave the key note to his success. "And did I not drum WELL?"

Honesty is the best policy, and high moral principle can alone lead to permanent success. We admit a man must have other qualities with these, but without the principle all will not avail.

Domestic Happiness.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveler—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—"Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle, shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." Oh the joyful re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful search—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business?—what enables him to endure the astidiousness and impertinence of customers?—what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercouse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease, and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the heat and burden of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness. His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

Maxims for a Young Man.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever lives, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mispent.

WOMAN.—How beautiful are the smiles of innocence, how endearing the sympathies of love, how sweet the solace of friendship, how lovely the tears of affection. These all combined are characteristic in woman. These are the true poetry of humanity, rich presents clustering around the altar of domestic happiness.

Credit and Character.

There is no lesson more important for the young, than that which inculcates *promptness* and *punctuality*, not only in all momentary dealings, but in every transaction of life. Nevertheless, it is a common error with many to disregard both qualities. and thus to impair confidence, destroy credit, and weaken character. Only let it once be understood that an individual is reliable and may be depended upon, and the character of that man will be established upon a rock of adamant. This is one great secret, not only of success in trade, but of confidence, esteem, and respect among friends and neighbors. It forms the soul and source of an enlarged credit. Reliability is indeed not only a great virtue, but it is absolutely essential in our dealings with one another, and in every phase and condition of life. Never make a promise that you do not intend to perform, and be especially careful in entering into an engagement that you know will be almost impossible to fulfil. The consequence of such an error must be to impair confidence, induce caution, and excite distrust.

A Good Time Coming.

The love for others and for the race is as much a part of human nature as the love of self; it is a common instinct that man is responsible for man. The heart has its oracles not less than the reason, and this is one of them. No practicable system of social equality has been brought forward, or it should, and it would have been adopted. It does not follow that none can be devised. There is no necessary opposition between labor and intelligence. To elevate the masses, they themselves must have culture to know their rights, courage to assert them, and self-respect to take nothing else. The good time is coming when the spirits of humanity will recognise all members of its family, as more equally entitled to its care; when the heartless jargon of over-production in the midst of want will end in a better science of distribution; when man will dwell with man as with his brother when political institutions will rest on the basis of equality and freedom. But this result must come from the developement of internal life by universal culture; it can not be created by the force of exterior philanthropy, and still less by the reckless violence of men.—[*Bancroft's Oration.*

Origin of the American Flag.

The American Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777, resolved, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Some suppose that the idea of this combination was derived from the coat of arms of General Washington, which contained three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. But this Union flag was first hoisted on the heights near Boston, Jan. 2, 1776. At this time different flags were used in different portions of the colonies, and were continued until Congress adopted the stars and stripes. For a time a new stripe was added for each new state, but it was found that in this way the flag would soon become too large. By an act of Congress the number of stripes was reduced to the original thirteen, and now a star is added to the Union at the accession of each new state.

Co-operation of the Wife.

No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm fly over lands, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is near.

BEAUTIFUL.—We find the following beautiful anecdote in the editor's table of January number of Graham:

"We know a beautiful little blue-eyed girl, of some three years old, who was nestled in her mother's arms, at twilight, looking out at the stars.

Mother, said she, it is getting dark.

And what makes it dark, Caroline? said her mother.

Because God shuts his eyes, replied the little poet."

☞ Whenever you see a man spending his time in lounging about the streets, talking politics, you need not expect that he has any money to lend.—*Gundison.*

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them until they have been for some time in hot water.

☞ Charity, like the sun, brightens every object around it.