

THE SPRING.

A fair young bride, who carries close,
A mystery in her breast—
The knowledge of a coming life—
Sweet mother unconfessed.

We read her secret in her eyes—
Her star-eyes, softly clear—
That yearn down through the depths of night—
Tender with faith and fear.

We know it by the vailing mist
She wears with modesty,
And by the sighs she sometimes breathes,
And by the tears we see.

And by the lilies in her hair,
Annunciation sweet,
And by the pensive moods she has
Where love and longing meet.

And by the songs that thrill the air,
As though through open gates
Kind Heaven sent a note of cheer
To motherhood that waits.

Oh, gentle matron soon to be,
Our hearts, with thine at one,
Throb through the days expectantly,
And bide the bliss to come.

—Christian Union.

REMEMBER.

Beyond all beauty is the grace unknown;
Above all bliss a higher; and above
The loveliest is a more loving love
That shows not the still anguish of its face.
Than death there is a deathlier. Brief space
Behind despair the blacker shadows rove.
Beneath all life a deeper life doth move.
So, friends of mine, when empty is my place,—
For me no more grass grows, dead leaves are stir-
red,—

And I have ceased my singing, sad or cheerily:
Sweet friends whom I do thank for every word
Of heart-help,—praise or blame,—remember clearly
I asked that "mid your tears this might be heard:
"For what he never did we love him dearly."

—"The Old Cabinet," Scribner's for June.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Princeton College, United States, is one of the oldest colleges in America, and is under the administration of President McCosh, who is well known as one of the most able theologians of the present century. When President Maclean retired from his presidency, after a half-century's connection with the institution, the authorities of the college surveyed the whole field of literary men with the hope of finding one who could preserve unbroken the succession of great names which have adorned the presidential chair; and fortunately for the country as well as for the college they selected James McCosh, LL.D., whose reputation as an author was world-wide, but whose administrative abilities were not then so well-known.

Dr. McCosh was installed in October, 1868, and as if by magic the college took a forward stride, and it now stands pre-eminent among all the most eminent colleges of America or other countries.

An astronomical observatory has just been completed. The building has been erected by a wealthy citizen of New Jersey, and is to contain the largest telescope of its kind in the world; a transit building and instrument are also about to be erected. The cost of the building alone has been £12,000, and the telescope will require £8,000 more. Two gentlemen have, at a cost of between £9,000 and £10,000, given to the students a gymnasium containing all the modern appliances for healthy exercise, with bowling-alley and baths under the same roof. About a year ago there was completed and occupied a dormitory, at a cost of about £10,000, the gift of a number of gentlemen, principally of New York. But the greatest benefactor of the college has arisen since Dr. McCosh's accession in Mr. John C. Green, of New York, whose large fortune was made as a China merchant.

Mr. Green began by purchasing land, adjoining the college grounds, and erecting upon it a beautiful structure, at a cost approaching £24,000 for land and building. This edifice is solely devoted to lecture, recitation, and experimental rooms, and is said to be unequalled for the purposes to which it is devoted. Mr. Green has also erected a building for a library, and one of the most exquisitely beautiful gems of architecture which the country contains. The cost has also been somewhere near £24,000, and it will contain without inconvenience over 100,000 volumes. Mr. Green presented at the same time £20,000, the interest to be perpetually used to keep the house erected by his munificence in repair, and the balance to be expended in rare and costly books. This building will be opened in June. But the most noted gift of Mr. Green is the founding of a scientific school—a magnificent building, beautiful and capacious, and has already been commenced. Two professorships and two adjunct professorships have been endowed, and when the plan is carried out it will offer to the students the most extensive course of scientific study. £5,000 have been placed at the disposal of the college for apparatus by Mr. Green, and the whole will require not less than £50,000 to complete. This generous man in his deeds to the college refuses to call it by his own name, but attributes whatever love of learning he may have to his mother, to whom he dedicates it, and calls the gift the "Elizabeth Foundation," in honor of her who reared and loved him.

Another great gift simultaneous with this has been made by another gentleman, who has given the sum of £20,000 to the college to be expended on some building to be selected by the donor, and which is shortly to be erected.—*London Weekly Review.*

A man passes for that he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything, that he can do it better than any one else, he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action that he attempts, he is gauged and stamped.—*Emerson.*

PROFANITY AMONG CHRISTIANS.

In the New Testament code there are no specific directions for practical daily life, save to those who have first received Christ crucified for the basis of the new life, and in the energy of the Holy Ghost are able to cast off the unfruitful works of darkness. Under the old economy it was "do and live." Man's ability to do was fully tried, and found unable to remedy the evil. God came in then, with grace, full, free, and said "live and do." Not work for life, but work from life. As Christians, therefore, "partake of the heavenly calling," let us consider our possible complicity with this sin of profanity.

Profane swearing we all acknowledge to be the universal crime of all the degraded classes; but let us get deeper than the external form, and find the essence, the root, the vitality.

In profane swearing the religious realm is invaded. God and heaven are appealed to, or holy things are lightly appropriated to common uses. And whether in anger or in mirth, rude hands are laid on God's secrets and God's rights are invaded, violence is done to His authority, and the divine government must so far meet with disrespect. So any light or contemptuous treatment, whether by word or deed, or sacred things, proves the existence of the seed within; for every act or thought is from within and thus defileth.

While the diabolic form of this evil may be blasphemy, what is the lighter form, where sacred word near loses itself in criminal license? Many a man whose face would glow with conscious shame were he betrayed into an oath, would, nevertheless, allow sacred things to lie so lightly upon his mind that he might easily pass into foolish jesting. He will pun upon the words of the Apostles, those words moved by the Holy Ghost; he will enjoy ludicrous interpretations of portions of the Holy Scriptures, and will make prophets play the harlequins. Did you ever hear a pun or ludicrous rendering of the Word of God, and not suffer afterward from its intrusion, sometimes when the heart would fain draw near to God?

Can you make a joke of holy things, of Scripture names, even, and feel no conscious guilt, no moral inconsistency? Entering by folly, nursed by custom, have you a seared conscience as to the contempt of God? Your profanity is then mere sport, performing a "comic dance among the glories of divine wisdom and kicking them about as antiquated lumber."

Is there not, then, in your nature the element of profane swearing? The invading of the divine realm with unholy designs, and dragging down to unclean purposes, what God has declared to be of himself—the Word—the expressed thought of Jehovah.

Beware lest you find yourself not cherishing the profound reverence for God which the prophet's vision sets before us. The cherubim, those pure intelligences, as they stood before the throne veiled their faces, and uttered their awful sense of the divine excellence by crying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of Sabaoth."

God's prerogative, his words, his works, cannot be lightly prostituted to the passions of man. Christian, beware lest you are building up wood, hay or stubble, for the day shall declare it, when the fire shall reveal of what sort it is.

SING MORE.

Cultivate singing in the family. Begin when the child is yet not three years old. The songs and hymns your mother sang, bring them all back to your memory, and teach them to your little ones; the hymn and the ballad; funny and devotional; mix them together, to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in Wall-street and Broadway, in the very whirl of business; in the sunshine and gayety of Fifth-avenue, and amid the splendor of the drives in the Central Park, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill, the cool spring, the shady tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheek, the smiling faces, and the merry eyes of schoolmates, some gray-headed now, most "lie mouldering in the grave." And anon "the song my mother sang" springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories.

At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time pops up its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; lights break in from behind the cloud in the sky, and a new courage is given to us. The honest man goes singing to his work; and when the day's labor is done, his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home, where wife and child, and tidy table and cherry fireside await him, he cannot help but whistle and sing.

The burglar never sings. Moody silence, not the merry song, weighs down the dishonest tradesman, the perfidious clerk, the unfaithful servant, the perjured partner.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ANAGRAMS.

A transposition of the letters of a name by which a new word is formed is called an anagram, and it is both an interesting and amusing exercise. When the house-mother cuts up old garments and makes them into new ones, there is still left enough of the original article to be recognized, but this transformation may be so complete that all identity is lost, and in other instances the new word may be very significant, bringing out an occult meaning of the old, as some of the following examples will show:

Florence Nightingale makes Elton, cheering Angel.	Old England	"	Golden Land.
French Revolution	"	"	Violence run forth.
Telegraph	"	"	Great help.
Poor House	"	"	O sour hope.
Soldiers	"	"	Lo! I dress.
Lawyers	"	"	Sly war.
Notes and Quorles	"	"	A question-sender.
Catalogues	"	"	Got us a clue.
Midshipman	"	"	Mind his map.
Determination	"	"	I mean to rend it.

THE MODERN ROMAN.

The Roman is frugal; he wastes nothing. When he kills a chicken he saves the blood and makes it into puddings. Gold-fishes, tomatoes, and little fishes about half an inch long are not neglected as useless, but are collected in sufficient quantities to furnish a meal. The taste for devouring these miserable fry is nothing new in that locality. "Augustus Caesar," says Suetonius, "secundarium panem et minutos pisces, coquendo maximo appetebat," was particularly fond of household or brown bread and very tiny little fishes. The discovery of whitebait in the Thames has inoculated the British with similar tastes. The Roman applies to a useful purpose that which the poorest Englishman would consider as offal, and would throw upon a dunghill with contempt and disgust.

It is seriously affirmed that cats occasionally form part of his diet. He certainly does allow dog-fish, otters, and the repulsive cuttle-fish to enter into his bill of fare. He eats with relish the lowest description of food; roasted chestnuts during their season are his daily bread. In summer large, coarse-looking gourds, baked till they are soft, and in winter the seeds which are washed from them, furnish a considerable article of consumption. Woodpeckers, magpies, jays, hawks, owls, and other birds of prey, tortoses, every fungus that can be gathered which is not poisonous, thistle-roots, dandelion, shoots of the hop plant, and wild asparagus do not want for purchasers in the Roman markets. Prejudice alone and not reason, prevents us from following the Roman example in this respect.

He is independent in his habits, particularly when belonging to the middle or lower classes of society, and wants but little assistance from others. He can cook his own dinner, fetch his own wine from the shop, arrange his own room, and mend his own clothes. He is always a better manager and housekeeper than his wife, who generally seems conscious of her inferiority, and entrusts all domestic arrangements to her lord and master. It is quite common in Rome on the morning of a holiday, to see a party of men assembled on some sunny bank in a retired situation, darning their stockings, patching their coats, and performing for themselves those sundry repairs which other men of their class would insist upon having done by their wives.

He is civil, good-natured, and obliging. He is accustomed to intercourse with strangers, and thinking himself to a certain degree their superior, is amused, not annoyed, by their oddities. He was trained to gentlemanly habits, while we were yet painted savages. He still bears marks of this historic fact, and still considers us in some degree barbarians. If you turn into a wine shop or eating-house in Rome among the lowest of the people, you will never be hustled or robbed, or kicked out, as under similar circumstances might be your fate in London. On the contrary, you will rather be assisted to get anything you may want, and will neither be received nor dismissed with anything but politeness. If in the market place you stop to stare at the costume of a peasant, he will not be offended at your curiosity, or attack you with abuse, but will give you a smile, and perhaps a bow, and will cast a glance of inquiry at your costume in return. If you halt at a stall to examine some unknown article, and ask its name, the owner may laugh perhaps at your ignorance, but will always do his best to explain the title and properties of the object of your admiration.

HEROISM BEGINS AT HOME.

We often hear people speak of a heroic action with a certain surprise at its performance not altogether complimentary to the performer. "He forgot himself," they say; "he surpassed himself," "he was carried away by a noble impulse." This is not true. A man does not forget himself in emergency; he asserts himself, rather; that which is deepest and strongest in him breaks suddenly through the exterior of calm conventionalities, and for a moment you know his real value, you get a measure of his capacity. But this capacity is not created, as some say, by the emergency. No man can be carried farther by the demands of the moment than his common aspirations and sober purposes have prepared him to go. A brave man does not rise to the occasion, the occasion rises to him. His bravery was in him before—dormant, but alive; unknown perhaps to himself, for we are not apt to appreciate the slow, sure gains of convictions of duty steadily followed; of patient continuance in well-doing; of daily victories over self, until a draft upon us shows what they have amounted to. We are like water-springs, whose pent-up streams rise with opportunity to the level of the fountain-head, and no higher. A man selfish at heart and in ordinary behaviour, cannot be unselfish when unselfishness would be rewarded openly. If he will not be unselfish when he ought, he cannot be so when he would. Is it not a question practical for every home? What sort of characters are we, parents and children, forming by every-day habits of thought and action? Emergencies are but experimental tests of our strength and weakness; and we shall bear them, not according to sudden resolve, but according to the quality of our daily living. The oak does not encounter more than two or three whirlwinds during its long life; but it lays up its solid strength through years of peace and sunshine, and when its hour of trial comes it is ready. The children of to-day, protected, cared for now, must soon begin to fight their own battles with the world; nay, more—must make the world in which they live. The future America lays in these little hands. "They are

Brought forth and reared in hours
Of chaos, alarm, surprise.

What shall we do to make them sufficient for the times upon which they have fallen?—"Home and Society," Scribner's for June.

They that deliver themselves up to luxury are still either tormented with too little, or oppressed with too much; and are equally miserable by being either deserted or overwhelmed.—*Seneca.*

"FIFTY DOLLARS, OR FIFTY CENTS?"

There is, on the borders of Connecticut, a small town which, though weak and feeble, still with the help of a "Home Missionary Society" supported a minister and maintained regular divine worship.

About the time when it became necessary to pay the minister's salary, there moved into the place a man who gained his living by carting coal and other similar labor. It was noticed that this man was very regular in his attendance at church, and was never absent from the prayer-meeting; but, in a pecuniary point of view, he was not considered a valuable acquisition.

It was a custom, when the salary was due, for one of the deacons to collect all he could from the people, and to obtain the balance from the Home Missionary Society. In accordance with this custom, one fine morning Deacon A—, a man of considerable means and considerable piousness, started forth, subscription paper in hand, to see how much he could squeeze out of the parish for the support of their minister. The first person he met was the above-mentioned coal-carrier moving along the road with a cart-load of that material. The deacon considered within himself that it might be worth while to ask him to contribute, (seeing that he was a good sort of person, and every little helps,) and so accosted him with, "Good morning, Mr. B—, are you willing to give anything toward the support of our pastor?" at the same time handing him the subscription paper.

The man stopped, stood thoughtfully for a moment or two, drew a pencil out of his pocket and with his dirt-begrimed hand headed the list with the sum of \$50.

The deacon was so taken by surprise that he could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes; and thinking the man had made a mistake, and not wishing to take advantage of him, asked him, "Did you not mean that for fifty cents?" The coal-carrier turned, and drew himself up to his full height, and with great earnestness replied: "I do not value the Gospel at fifty cents a year." This answer placed the case in a new light. The deacon went immediately to the pastor, related the incident, and said: "If that man can give \$50, I can give \$250."

The same spirit actuated the rest of the church on hearing the story, and in a few days the salary was raised by the people themselves, without the necessity of applying for outside aid.

Reader, it becomes you to consider the question suggested by this incident. How much do you "value the Gospel at?" for upon the answer may depend your fate for eternity. If by a whole-souled Christianity you prove that you have consecrated time, influence, money, all that you have and are to the service of the Master, at that dread hour all will be well. But if not, then this question may well startle you. For according to your valuation of Christ here will be his valuation of your services there.—*Religious Herald.*

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.

Jefferson's ten rules are good yet, especially for those who have the training of the pupils in our public schools. They are short and concise, and embody so much of value, that it would be well if they were printed in very bold type, and put where we could see them often. They read as follows:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost that never have happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten; very angry, count a hundred.

A PURE HEART.

A pure heart is a blessing above all price. It gives a tone, harmony, and beauty to life that nothing else can give. And then it brings a man into such communion with God and divine things, as to make them present with him. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God, says Jesus. A pure heart rather than a strong intellect, is the faculty through which we apprehend the spiritual truths. It apprehends by sympathy rather than by logical movement—it feels the truth as the seed feels the dew and sunlight, or the mercury feels the cold and heat, rather than reasons itself into it. It knows it, not in the light of solution, but in the feeling of oneness and affinity with it.

A pure heart is a good pilot. It keeps a man out of all mischief, and so out of all inward misery and remorse. It steers him clear of breakers and reefs, and gives steadiness and poetry to all his motions. It puts beautiful pictures in the eyes, and so makes the outward world a delight and glory. For to the pure all things are pure. It exhales its own fragrance through every function, and so makes the whole man redolent of grace as well as muscular with strength. It chases all fear out of a man, and makes him brave, bold, true. It is calm and poised in great trust, for it "sees," and therefore has knowledge. It is a law to itself and a light to itself. It is the joy of all blessing, for perfect purity is perfect life, and perfect life is perfect peace. First pure then peaceable. It keeps a man from collision with conscience, Christ, and God, and makes his life a part of that rhythm of the universe, a full note in the hymn of the angels.—*Living Christian.*

Scientific and Useful.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

Every family should have a preparation of flaxseed oil, chalk and vinegar, about the consistency of thick paint, constantly on hand for burns and scalds. A noted physician states that he has employed the mixture extensively in hospital and private practice for the past forty years, and believes that no application can compare with it as regards relief of pain and curative results.

DYSENTERY.

The following simple remedy has been known to cure the most obstinate cases of dysentery, when other remedies had failed. It has the merit of being harmless and almost always effectual. Take one-fourth of a pint of hot water; vinegar, half-pint. Mix. Now add common salt as long as it will dissolve in the mixture, stirring it freely. Give for an adult one tablespoonful every hour, until the bloody discharges cease, or until it operates freely upon the bowels.

FOOD MEDICINE.

Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of his biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, this patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed and cooled by the lemonade and the fast. His theory is that food will be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. As an example, he cures cases of spitting blood by the use of salt; epilepsy and yellow fever by water-melons; kidney affections by colery; poison, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, pounded cranberries applied to the parts affected; hydrophobia, onions, etc. So the way to keep in good health is really to know what to eat—not to know what medicines to take.

TO WASH STRAW MATTINGS.

Take a pailful of hot water, a perfectly clean long-handled mop, and a dish of dry, unsifted Indian meal. Sweep all the dust off the matting and then scatter the dry meal evenly over the room. Wring the mop so dry that it will not drip at all, and rub hard, one breadth at a time, always lengthwise of the straw, and use clean water for each breadth. When the matting is dry, the meal can be swept off easily; it should always be done on a dry day.

JUSTIFIABLE KILLING.

A tender heart is inclined to spare the first flies that are tempted by the warm sunshine even in these cold days to a buzzing promenade on the window-pane. But is it merciful to spare this one that thousands may be slaughtered? Later in the season? One now means multitudes in August. Considering what a pest we shall find them then, and how we shall try every murderous means to be rid of them, it is wise to commence hostilities early. Be gentle about it as you can, catch the poor creature in a cloth and speedily drown it. Do not prolong the torture, but let the death be sure. Later, when the plague is fairly come, other means of destruction will be needed.

LOWER THE HEELS.

Enough has been said and suffered of high and narrow heeled shoes to have frightened everybody out of wearing them. But reforms are of slow growth, and the heel though surely widening and lessening, are still too narrow and too high. For young children shoes should be without heels, and for ourselves and the older ones, we have one or two "lifts" taken off if the shoes are "ready made." Our shoes are all made too narrow. But we all know it and if the aching joints and corns do not persuade to reformation no words can.

HASTE, NOT WASTE.

If time ever does stop his flying, and go at the very slowest possible pace, it is when one stands outside a barred door waiting for an answer to the bell. Remember your discomfort when, weary with a long or difficult walk, or exposed to a pouring rain or a pitiless burning sun, or benumbed and sick with intense cold, you waited with what patience you could muster for the moderate maid to come to your relief. Order despatch in your household. Let the occasion be a rare one when there is not some one ready to go with speed to answer a summons at the door. Never mind if it is sometimes an imposing beggar. Your friends will be grateful enough to atone for such irritation.

AMBI-DEXTERITY.

It is almost universal to cultivate a skillful use of the right hand at the expense of its mate. The equality of the two sides of the body has been a matter of disagreement among physicians and philosophers, but we believe the larger number incline toward the belief that the right side is superior. If it is so, it does not follow that the left side should be forbidden to do as well as it can. There are times when ambi-dexterity, or the equal and indifferent use of the two hands, could be of the greatest convenience. How utterly helpless a writer becomes when the right hand is injured, though the hurt may be slight. A few weeks during which our right hand was imprisoned in splints taught us how dependent we were upon it, and made us resolve to encourage the free use of both hands, not merely one with a very timid and uncertain assistant. Let children learn to use pencil, scissors, knife, and needle in either hand. Do not permit the right or the left to assume a monopoly.

OIL THE JOINTS.

Thanks to the sewing-machine, there is in almost every household a convenient little can for distributing oil. Many housekeepers never consider that it can be used upon anything but the sewing-machine, while hinges creak and keys turn with difficulty in their rusty locks. If one has not this little can, a trifle of oil in a cup and a feather will answer the purpose. Heavy articles of furniture provided with castors, are sometimes more difficult to move than if they were without them. A drop or two of oil will often do more than a large application of strength.