

WHERE IS HOME?

Home is where affection leads, Gentle hearts in union, Where the voices all are kind, Holding sweet communion.

A LESSON OR TWO FROM BALAAM.

BY THRO. L. CUYLER, D.D.

It was one of the most contemptible characters mentioned in the Bible who first uttered that beautiful and world-known wish, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

We are ready to see him abandon his enchantments and join the hosts of the Lord. But we read on a little further, and find that "Balaam rose up, and returned to his own place."

There are two or three sharp practical lessons to be gathered off the "barren fig tree of a man who made a goodly show of leaves and bore no good fruit."

An eminent American statesman, whose mighty voice defied the fugitive slave law, used to be so susceptible to these religious emotions that he could hardly resist the baptism of a child or hear certain hymns sung without melting into tears.

For it is a great deal easier to admire the religion of Christ than it is to adopt it. It is easier to praise the Word of God than it is to practice it.

The question as to whether the condition of the workman will be altered, or whether he will be in any condition released from the sway of capital through his working but eight hours per day, is an open question at least doubtful.

It might be suggested that he would devote his spare time to some labor whereby he could make up his deficiency. Even if he could and he would, it would not complete his deficiency, and himself at the same point from which he started.

May I not just here raise the question whether it is wise or right to dwell so often in the pulpit or in prayer meetings on Bible text, on an inquiry a preparation for death? Is not this beautiful and blessed and beneficent religion of Jesus too often presented as a sort of "policy of insurance" for the soul to come? Is not the church, in its present condition, prepared to die, and to be buried, but not being prepared to live?

The Bible says very little about dying hours, and gives but few "death-bed" experiences. The man who lives for Christ will die in Christ and go to dwell with Christ. His God's Word lays its most solemn emphasis on living to God.

I find but one solitary case of repentance and faith in the dying hour. And that was in the case of a poor creature who may never have known of his Saviour before.

EIGHT HOURS WORK AND TEN HOURS PAY.

For the past few weeks the city of New York has been passing through a revolution, which, though stamped with none of the acts of lawlessness which have so often characterized similar uprisings, is affecting important and material changes in the relations of capital and labor throughout the land.

The unanimous movement of nearly our entire industrial population, numbering almost forty thousand souls, towards one fixed object must undoubtedly overcome all present opposition, but it remains a question as to what benefits will eventually be attained.

It is claimed that the working man when working ten hours per day has no time for recreation or self-improvement, and that owing to "immense distances" which he generally has to travel in this city to reach his place of work, his hours of rest are even further curtailed.

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This we consider an assumption of power which is both illegal on the part of the Unions and unjust towards their several members. Not only does it inhibit the found between employers and employed, but it tends to destroy what seems to us the fairest and most equitable method of settling the present difficulty and preventing its recurrence in the future.

We uphold the right of working men to associate and form Trades' Unions or Co-operative Societies as they think proper, but when they essay to restrict the right of every one to sell his labor to whoever will pay him most for it, to place the poorest work on a level with the best, or to dictate to the amount of work which shall be performed in any space of time, we maintain that their action is both arbitrary and unjust, and that its tendency is only to defeat that cause which it should be their sole aim and endeavor to promote.

WAS IT CHANCE?

I was in the habit of visiting a decent widow, as parlous made it impossible for her to attend church. She was tenked by a very dutiful daughter, who, working at a flax mill in the neighborhood, tiled hard, and contented herself with plain dress and simple fare that she might help to maintain her mother.

It happened one day that I left my carriage, and skirting the walls of the old churchyard, and passing the corn mill, with its busy sound and flashing wheel, I took my way down the winding dell to the cottage of the old woman, which stood in its garden embowered among trees.

The erection of mill refuse which had been built from the hearth some feet up the open, wide chimneys, having its foundations eaten away, had fallen, and precipitating itself forward, surrounded the hapless paralytic within a circle of fire.

By what law of nature when I lingered on the road, was I moved, without the remotest idea of my danger, to cut short, against all my inclinations, an interesting conversation, and hurry on to the house, which I reached just in the nick of time.

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STOP MY PAPER!

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"Mr. Swain, I've stopped the Ledger," "What is that, sir?" "I've stopped the Ledger," was the stern reply. "It is the Ledger," said Mr. Swain, "my dear sir, what do you mean?" "Oho, with me to the office," said the man with him, he entered the office at Third Chestnut street.

LADY JANE GREY.

A little more than three hundred years ago there lived in England a young girl whom the world yet remembers for her beauty, her goodness, and her sad death.

Though the Lady Jane was scarcely more than a child in years, she was an expert needlewoman, an accomplished musician, could speak and write French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and knew something of Hebrew and Arabic also.

We see her as she is earnestly reading a Greek book written by Plato, a wise philosopher who lived more than two thousand years ago, of whom many of my young readers have probably never heard.

When she is sixteen, she is married to Guilford Dudley, a boy of seventeen, the fourth son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. This marriage was not of her own choice, but she consented to it because it was the desire of her friends.

When my young readers get older they will read about the wicked king, Henry VIII., of England, who had six wives, and divorced or killed five of them. This king, when he died, left one son and two daughters. His son, a mere boy and in delicate health, was now king.

She was so shocked at this sudden news of the death of the king, her distant cousin and her dear loved companion, that she fainted away. When she recovered from her fainting fit she refused to accept the crown, saying she had no right to it while the princesses Mary and Elizabeth were alive.

And now we see the reason why her marriage was forced upon her. Her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, expected by this marriage to make his son a king.

Though she was scarcely more than a child, she remained firm in her decision, against the remonstrances of the duke, her father-in-law, and the upbraidings of the duchess, his wife.

When she was proclaimed queen all the people received her with joy. Only one person, a boy, dared to object, and he lost his ears in consequence. Nevertheless, in but nine days after, the English people proclaimed the princess Mary, the eldest daughter of Henry VIII., the rightful heir to the throne, as she undoubtedly was.

After Mary became queen she reluctantly signed the warrant for the death of the Lady Jane and her boy husband. So, seven months after she ascended the throne, this queen of nine days found herself accused of high treason, a prisoner in the Tower, and condemned to die.

On the morning of their execution, the 12th of February, her husband sent for her to take a last farewell. She sent word back that there was no need of such parting.

She calmly watched the cart which bore the body of her husband away from the place of execution. Then, dressed in black, with a prayer book in her hand, a heavenly smile on her face, a tender light in her gray eyes, she passed modestly through the files of troops and ascended the scaffold.

After begging the prayers of those present and making a prayer herself, she fast her head upon the block; the executioner raised her pardon for what he was about to do, which she freely gave him; the blow fell, and her earthly troubles were over.

HANGING WALL PAPER.

Many persons living in remote places do for re-papering their apartments on account of the difficulty of procuring skilled laborers. This branch of industry is not only very profitable, but it is also a very useful one.

One is to remove the old paper, if there is but one thickness on the wall, it is not necessary, as this will not do any harm. It is only where layer after layer is put on that the apartment becomes offensive from the condensation of vapors, accumulating with years until it has become a dangerous source of disease.

To remove the old paper, take a common wash brush and a pail of water. Wash the wall all over and you can easily tear the paper off in long sheets, and so render the surface clean again.

Having cleaned or removed the old paper, take a roll of the new that you desire to apply and hold it up to the wall; arrange it so that the pattern will show evenly at the top and bottom, if possible, and then cut off one length. Have ready a table or a board long enough to take the whole piece; then use the first strip cut as a guide, and match all the rest to it.

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Having cleaned or removed the old paper, take a roll of the new that you desire to apply, roll it up and lay each piece on one side, or lay them "all in a pile." Have ready a smooth board, a paste of wheat flour (sourd flour, not yeast), white wash brush, and a board, on table, long enough to take the whole sheet in one length.

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Some care and discretion must be taken in selecting papers for the purposes of papering. They are intended to be put in a bedroom or a sitting room, or a study, or a parlor, or a chamber, or a room, or a study, or a parlor, or a chamber, or a room, or a study, or a parlor, or a chamber, or a room.

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