

A GOLDEN SENTENCE.

WE have spoken several times against too stern a government in the family. But there is another sort even more objectionable. It is what one might call a contentious government. There are parents that contend with their children in a sort of parental willfulness over every point which concerns their right. It is not that they are not affectionate, it is not that they lack a tender sympathy with their children, it is not that they are arbitrary; but that they are simply a little over-exacting, a little too contentious, and that certain evils are almost sure to follow this unhappy sort of management.

In that admirable work on the education of children, published half a century ago, and crowned by the suffrages of the most discriminating judges from that day to this—in Madame Guizot's "Lettres de Famille sur l'Education" is a sentence that should be impressed on the mind of every one who has to do with children, a sentence worthy to be written in letters of gold. The fact stated is no discovery of Madame Guizot's; perhaps; at least it corresponds with the discovery of every wise parent. But though the observation has been made in many shapes, we know not where it can be found so well stated as in these forcible words of the first Madame Guizot:

"Les longues brouilleries établissent moins l'empire qu'elles ne détruisent l'intimité."

No English can say it so well, but let us try: "Long disagreements (between parent and child) serve less to establish authority than to destroy intimacy." Now, let us mark the last word. Intimacy between parent and child will seem strange to many a father and mother. You know that a child should respect you, you know that a child is in duty bound to love you, as you are to love the child. But you have never thought of the propriety, of the necessity for intimacy between parent and child. Since the days of Solomon, and since the ages before Solomon, writers on morals have fully appreciated the necessity for obedience to parents; but how few have ever understood that the parent is bound in duty to be the intimate friend of the child! And yet a grain of intimacy is worth a hundred-weight of authority. Let us not underestimate authority either. We are no advocates for the weak indulgence that lets the child go without restraint. But intimate and confidential friendship is worth infinitely more than all authority. When manhood comes the authority must cease. But the parent who has the confidence of his child has an influence over the child that lasts forever. The strong man never outgrows the restraint of the parental influence, if only the intimacy has been kept up.

While, therefore, parents should never lose more indulgence over a fault than they grow to something worse, while they should never from a mere blindness of affection, child, he should seek to bring every disagreement to a close as soon as possible. If you must carry your point, do so as soon as possible; if you must inflict punishment, let it be soon over. Get back on to the footing of a good understanding as soon as may be. There are cases in which hours are necessary to bring a child to understand that you are right and he is wrong, but do not prolong the attitude of antagonism one minute longer than is absolutely needed to the child, remembering how precious a thing intimacy—the state of loving confidence—is to the best results in the development of a child.

There are many enemies to this intimacy—a lack of sympathy on the part of the parent, a lack of forbearance and charity for the child's natural faults, a stern and forbidding manner, and, in short, everything that repels. Some parents never make an end. When a child has committed a fault, they never have done with reproving it, but keep a rambling fire on the subject for days and days. Which is an admirable method of destroying intimacy, and rendering the child as hateful as the parent in such a case makes himself.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS AND TEMPERANCE.—At the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Lowell, last month, the following resolutions were adopted:—"Whereas, while we are painfully conscious of facts and statistics on the subject of intemperance, which are of the most startling and alarming character; and, Whereas, The specific work of Young Men's Christian Associations is of so absorbing a character as to demand all the energies in its direct prosecution, so that we cannot wisely and safely recommend that our associations, any more than our Christian churches, should become total abstinence organizations; yet, Resolved, That we do seriously advise that every member in our association should consider it his duty to be heartily engaged in rigid opposition to intemperance, the great enemy of the church of Christ, and that not only we, but every church-member of the continent, should be alive to the work; and further, That we, in the name of the association, would also most heartily recommend that all who love the Lord Jesus should put forth earnest and persistent efforts to establish and maintain total abstinence organizations in places where none exist; and especially that our entire force of workers, as individuals, should organize immediately and help to sustain juvenile temperance societies with a view to prevent effectually the evil practice of intemperance, and its attendant and damning vice, upon the rising generation."

We do not talk so much about epicures in these days, because we are all more or less epicures—that is, we all want our food more delicately prepared and more daintily served than did the people of the time to which we have referred. But still the idea seems to linger in many minds, and, again, particularly in the feminine mind, that to eat very little is a highly genteel thing. They associate light eating with a delicate, refined organization and an intellectual and spiritual nature, while hearty eating suggests to them grossness and vulgarity.

(Over-eating is certainly suggestive of these, but that is an entirely different thing.)

Many a girl comes to the table without thinking what she wants to eat, or caring anything about it. She is not hungry—she has no pleasant anticipations of a favorite dish—and she tells this with great complacency, as if it were some special grace vouchsafed to her. She sips her soup, nibbles her cracker, plays with her coffee, eats a slice of cake, and looks on with a sort of wondering pity while her companions take their soup, fish, roast beef, and vegetables with a hearty relish, and enjoy the dessert. She imagines that others are thinking, "What gross creatures are these!" and "What a delicate lovely being is that!" But, in fact, people are thinking, if they think about it at all, of the thin blood that runs through her veins, of the fair, but sickly-hued skin, of the weak muscles and flabby limbs and feeble strength, and contracted life, as compared with the rich blood, full pulses, springing steps, well-developed frames, and the wide prospects of work and usefulness of her more fortunate sisters of the healthy appetites. Does she suppose that tea, crackers, candies and cakes will build up for either an intellectual or physical nature that is worth a straw? It is a well-attested fact that great brain-workers are very hearty eaters.

That early mis-management, under-eating, bad food and various other causes, do make many women so dyspeptic that they cannot partake of anything stronger than oatmeal, crackers, bran-bread, etc., is too true, but it is a thing to grieve over and not to glory in, and let no one affect or cultivate such an appetite under the impression that it makes her appear particularly genteel, lady-like, and interesting.

ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR MORSE.

The story of the early life and struggles of the late Prof. Saml. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, are pretty well known. Colonel Strother, the "Port Crayon" of the magazines, tells the following story of his early life:

I engaged myself to become Morse's Pupil, and subsequently went to New York and found him in a room in University Place. He had three other pupils, and I soon found that our professor had very little patronage. I paid my fifty dollars; and that settled for one quarter's instruction. Morse was a faithful teacher, and took as much interest in our progress—more, indeed, than we did ourselves. But he was very poor. I remember that when my second quarter's pay was due my remittance from home did not come as expected, and one day the professor came in and said courteously:

"Well, Strother, my boy, how are we off for money?"

"Why, professor," I answered, "I am sorry to say I have been disappointed, but I expect a remittance next week."

"Next week!" he repeated sadly; "I shall be dead by that time."

"Dead, sir?"

"Yes, dead by starvation."

I was distressed and astonished. I said, hurriedly—"Would ten dollars be of any service?"

"Ten dollars would save my life; that is all that it would do."

I paid the money, all that I had, and we dined together. It was a modest meal, but good, and after he had finished he said—"This is my first meal for twenty-four hours. Strother, don't be an artist. It means beggary. Your life depends upon people who know nothing of your art, and care nothing for you. A house dog lives better, and the very sensitiveness that stimulates him to work, keeps him alive to suffering."

I remained with Professor Morse three years and then separated. Some years afterwards I met him on Broadway, one day. He was about the same as before, a trifle older and somewhat ruddier. I asked him how he was getting along with his painting and he told me had abandoned it; that he had something better he believed; and told me about his proposed telegraph. I accompanied him to his room, and there found several miles of wire twisted about, and the battery, which he explained to me. His pictures, finished and unfinished, were lying about covered with dust. Shortly afterwards Congress made an appropriation, and Morse was on the high road to wealth and immortality.

How many essential elements are there in baptism?

Boy.—Three.

Clergyman.—Don't you know that there are only two—the Word of God and water?

Boy.—Why there must be a baby, and isn't it an essential element?

A Milwaukeean drank a quart of ice water to get cool, and he got so cold that his friends, not being able to warm him up, have concluded to bury him.

I had no sooner safely arrived in the land of dreams, however, than a cautious hand was stealthily removing a portion of the covering; and, opening my eyes, I saw my companion sitting up in the bed, with the two red spots on her cheeks like the glow of the embers still burning on the hearth, and trying to draw the silken quilt quite over to her side of the bed.

"What are you doing?" I said, sharply, annoyed at being awakened. "Because you have chilled yourself, do you wish to give them to others? Let the cover alone."

"I will not!" answered the girl, passionately, still pulling at the quilt. "You never shall sleep under it—you never shall be his wife! He is mine; he belongs to me, no matter what falsehood you bewitched him into to-night, and I tell you you never shall have him! You shall not see him alone again; I will stay in this house as long as you dare to; I will dog your footsteps; I will dog your footsteps; I will fight you every inch to the very altar-steps, and I warn you I will win him back yet! Chills! I wouldn't care if you were cold with the chill that can never be warmed, rather than that you should steal my own lover from me!"

How plucky that little thing was! How she fairly glowed in the darkness, as she sat there, and defied both me and her own maidenly reserve with this burning confession and resolve! Her courage in battling so fiercely for her own heart's sake touched mine more than a whole thunder-shower of tears and sobs would have done, and I really pitied the poor, loving, deluded child.

"Do you really love him so much, then?" I asked, almost tenderly. "He is not worthy of it; he does not value it. Why, do not you know—"

"No!" she interrupted me, passionately. "I know nothing, and I do not wish to. He was well enough till you came tempting him out of pure devilry, I do believe. For you can't love him yourself, or you would not speak so of him. But I do, and I will have him."

A great, tearless sob followed this new outburst, and I felt at a sudden the tight, hard stricture loosening about my heart. I love him—the changing! The thought of him I did love, and whose very timidity proved the more his love for me, came over me with a quick, softening rush, and I put my arms suddenly round my poor little bed-fellow, and drew her close up in my bosom.

"And so you shall have him, little Rose-bud, so you shall," I said, comfortingly. "I don't know but that you are right; I think a sort of devil of doubt and impatience and malice has had possession of me for some time, but he is gone now. You have exercised him, sent him clean away, and he will not come back. Your courage and patience and love have stimulated mine afresh; I promise you to interfere no more with your claims. I will undo to-morrow all that I have done to-night. Of course, our lover will be furious, but I don't care for that; it is no more than he deserves and you will enjoy pacifying him. I give him up to you entirely, and the Job's troubles with him; Rose; I only hope the name may not prove an ill omen!"

"I don't care if it does," said the passionate little thing, withdrawing herself impatiently from my arms. "I had rather bear as many troubles as Job's with him, than live a halcyon life without him. And I can't thank you for giving him back to me, for you had no right to try to steal him away!"

Stanch little loyalist! No blame to be attached to him in the matter by her, that was evident; and I did not much mind.

"Well, well," I said, indifferently, "have your own way about it, my dear. Only I'd advise you to take this lesson to heart, and not trust our mutual friend too implicitly. Now, good-night—I'm going to sleep, and please be good enough not to wake me again."

There was a scene next morning, as I expected there would be, but I didn't care a whit for my cousins' discomfiture, and I knew Rose would soon coax one of them at least out of his tantrums. As for myself, I gathered my Marguerite robe up over my arm, and marched home rather drearly, the excitement over.

As I entered sullenly my poky little room, I was aware at once of an unwonted brightness in it. Looking eagerly around, I found that it emanated from a small white object lying on the bureau. I sprang to it, I kissed it, I sobbed over it. Without opening it, I knew it was just the letter for which my heart and soul were hungering!—Appleton's Journal.

Family Circle.

THE GENTILITY OF EATING.

THERE was a time—and that time was not countless ages ago—when to manifest a decided taste for the good things of the table was considered as a mark of human depravity, only less in degree to a decided taste for the bottle. To really like to eat your meals, and to say that you did, was bad enough; but to be particular about the dishes that you ate, to have an especial fancy for dainty ways of cooking food and a special liking for certain things, was dreadful indeed, for then you were an epicure; and what was an epicure but a sensuous, contemptible creature, degraded to the level of the beasts? [And yet beasts are not generally particular in regard to the way that their food is prepared.]

Especially did this idea prevail among women, and the would-be-genteel girl picked a little food here and there as daintily as a bird, although her young, healthy appetite was calling for food so clamorously, that she would be obliged to pay sly visits to the pantry between meals.

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