

they had all liberally "sampled" it, as Benny said, Mrs. Brown pronounced it "done," and it was carried to the cellar, bucket, snow, and all, to wait the evening.

Then Jenny tried to repeat what her mother told her, and got very much mixed up. Only one thing was plain, she wanted to try the snow and salt again on Benny's hand.

"Barkis is willin'," said Benny, stretching out his hand, with the air of a martyr; "but you needn't think you're going to make me scream."

Jenny spread a layer of dry snow on the back of his hand—"that's the tenderest place" she said—then a layer of salt. Benny never winced. Another layer of snow and salt was added, while the girls looked eagerly in his face for signs of yielding.

"It pricks a little; that's all," said he.

"Well, that is strange," said Jenny. "I couldn't bear it a minute. Mother, do come and see."

The moment Mrs. Brown looked at Benny's hand she noticed a peculiar whiteness spreading over it.

"Why, Benny!" she cried, brushing away the snow and salt, "your hand is freezing."

Sure enough, a large spot on his hand was perfectly bloodless.

"It can't be frozen," said he. "I haven't been two feet from the stove. Besides, it didn't feel cold."

"It froze so quickly that you didn't feel it; but it is surely frozen. Here, dip it in this cold water."

Benny obeyed, and as the blood gradually returned it began to sting and smart. It became purple and swollen and Jenny wanted to poultice it. But he declared he "wouldn't be such a baby"; so he braved it through, though the pain was quite severe for two or three days. They never tried that experiment again; but Mrs. Brown taught them another. In a tall quart cup, filled half full of dry snow, they threw half a teaspoonful of salt, then, turning a little water on the kitchen floor, they set the cup down in it, stirred the mixture, and waited for developments. First the cup became covered with frost, like the glass of a window on a cold morning, and Lill wrote her name on it—a thing she wasn't allowed to do on the window-panes. The snow began to look damp and heavy.

"See," cried Jenny, "it is melting already, and drawing in heat from all around to help it turn to water."

She tapped the cup lightly with her fingers, she gave it a vigorous pull by the handle; but it did not move. It was frozen fast to the floor. And, though there was a hot fire within two feet, it did not thaw up for hours. Indeed, I believe it was still there when the first comers of the party made their appearance; but I'm not sure.

How long do you suppose you could make a cup stay frozen to the floor in your house?—*N. Y. Independent.*

#### SLAVES OF BUSINESS.

In our complicated modern life a man may get together an enormous mass of property, and yet never become a king of business. There are kings and there are slaves of business, and it is not till a man has made a fortune that we can certainly tell to which of these classes he belongs.

No man is such a slave as one in whom the gentler affections are dead, and who lives only to accumulate property. The late Edwin Forrest was a melancholy instance of this. He used to din in the ears of his patriotic and generous friend, Murdoch: "Work, work while you can; money is power." It was a strange mistake for such a man, who had peculiar experience of the powerlessness of money to bring into a human life one gleam of joy. Other men, generous and good, get drawn into a roaring whirlpool of business, from which they have not the strength to escape, not the less are slaves of business. I heard one of these some time ago relate how he became a slave, and how at last he escaped from slavery. At the age of twenty-eight he began making iron and steel in Pittsburgh—made \$1,000,000 worth per annum upon a capital of \$150,000. It was that absurd disproportion between capital and production which made him a slave, always anxious, often in terror, always overworked. For fourteen years he toiled eighteen hours a day, and hardly had a personal acquaintance with his own children. At length the victory was won. He had a capital of \$3,000,000, 2,500 men employed, the finest works in America—a little town of brick cottages—and his paper gilt edged. But he had now become the slave of this vast business, because he had not taken care to train and form men to do the difficult part of the work, finding it easier to do it himself, as it was for the moment. So he kept on, called every morning at six, away to the store before seven, in the counting-room till nine, then to the works, where he remained till two. After a hasty dinner he hurried away to the mine, getting home to tea at dark. After tea, more dead than alive, he would drag

around to his office and estimate till midnight. Then to bed and instantly to sleep. But one night after such a day of toil—three fair days' work in one—sleep came not to his eyelids for hours, and when it did come it was not the deep sleep to which he was accustomed. Many such nights followed. Then one morning while he was in the midst of an abstruse calculation, suddenly his brain lost its grasp of the problem. He could not fix his attention upon it. He forgot the early steps of the process. He was obliged to give it up. A short journey seemed to restore his mental power; but a few days after his return, at the same hour—eleven in the morning—again he lost it. He tried to think of some way of amusing himself for an hour or two, but he could think of nothing but to go to the dentist's and enjoy a little refreshing agony. He failed in this attempt to obey his physician, for while waiting in the dentist's ante-room he fainted, and had to be carried home. Now for the first time, he took his case into as serious consideration as he had been accustomed to bestow upon iron. He studied the brain as if it had been a new kind of steel. He saw his error, and what is much more difficult and unusual, he reformed his life. He became intimately acquainted with his children, spent every evening at home, took time for any innocent pleasure that fell in his way, had a joyous holiday in summer, bought a nice pair of horses, drove them every fine day, and so gradually recovered his health. I caught sight of him the last time I passed through smoky Pittsburgh, seated in a light wagon, looking very well—a happy, broad-chested king of iron.

But for one man who has the resolution to conquer a fixed habit of overwork, ten die of it in the midst of their days. It is not, I repeat, till a fortune is won that we can tell whether a man is master or slave; and this is particularly true of the present time, when a mere flash-in-the-pan like Fisk can get control sometimes of large masses of property. Of our rich men we can say, by their hobbies shall ye know them. A few of the stupidest and vilest destroy themselves by luxurious living. Many destroy their children by indulgence and neglect. We had a case in New York during the war of a father who gave his son—aged twenty—\$100 every Monday morning. Nothing, indeed, tests a rich man's manhood so much as the manner in which he deals with his children. To make a fortune is not easy, but to bring up a child fit to inherit it is very difficult. Here is the touchstone which indicates with almost unerring certainty whether a man is master or servant of his fortune. Is he master? Then he uses his wealth to make it a good to his children. Is he slave? Then he permits his wealth to effeminate and sensualize them, to make them vain, selfish and helpless. A man must be exceptionally wise and strong who in the compass of one short lifetime, can both acquire riches and learn the difficult art of being rich without doing his family any harm by it.

#### THE FOOLISHNESS OF THE RICH.

By their hobbies shall ye know them. The favorite hobby at present of the wealthiest slaves of business is to give away or bequeath stunning sums of money for unnecessary or impossible objects—imposing upon posterity tasks that will not be performed. The thoughtless praise lavished upon such people as Girard ought not to mislead us as to the real merits of the men and the true character of their acts.

The wisest and greatest man that ever lived could scarcely, even if he were perfectly unshackled, execute such a will as Girard's without doing more harm than good. But that huge legacy, now worth, I suppose, \$30,000,000, has been administered by the gang of pot-house politicians, who for the past thirty years have constituted the government of Philadelphia. If Girard during the last year of his life had loaded one of his ships with all that gold scraped together by fifty years of miserly solicitude, and poured it out into the unfathomable sea, he would have rendered a better service to Philadelphia than he did by leaving it to found an orphan asylum on a scale far beyond the wit of mortals to conduct successfully—a huge boarding-school of a thousand pupils. There was a printer in New York who took it into his head to raise chickens on Staten Island for the New York market. He bought a farm, fenced it in and began with a small family of 2,000 chickens. There never was known such a time among the farmers' wives of Staten Island for selling off their old hens.

He had beautiful contrivances for feeding, watering and sheltering his numerous flock: patent nests, convenient egg receptacles, and every device of the chicken farmer. But for some reason unknown scarcely any eggs appeared, few chickens were hatched, the birds pined and drooped, and soon so many dead ones strewed the ground of a morning that they had to be collected in a wheelbarrow—the dead-cart of this chicken city. In short he discovered that chickens cannot be raised

thousands in a family. They will not thrive in masses. Nor will children. You could only have a beneficial orphan asylum on that scale by making an artificial village, with its schools, and the boys divided into groups as closely as possible resembling families. How can the Girards of the world, men who live without love, upon whose knees children never sit, who repel and drive far from their hearts and homes their own kindred, who know nothing of any kind of power except that which is connected with the signing of checks; hard men, ignorant of every phase of human existence except banking and stocks, how can such people be rationally expected to create institutions the most complicated, difficult and delicate known to civilization? Unloved in their lives, unloved in death are such slaves of business as Stephen Girard. They are foolish to make so much money, they are foolish to leave it for objects of which they know less than nothing, and the public is not wise in accepting their gifts.

Once already within the historic period Christendom has been cursed with institutions founded by mistaken benevolence—convents and monasteries—which cost nations a convulsion to suppress. Let us beware of repeating the error.—*From a lecture by James Parton.*

#### TEACH CHILDREN SINGING.

Every teacher who has made a practice of singing with his pupils must have witnessed the softening and humanizing effect it has upon their minds, and the power it has in cultivating the finer feelings of their nature, and in soothing the fiercer and more rugged dispositions. It strengthens and improves their voices, and creates a taste for the beautiful and sublime. Music imbues them with a higher respect for themselves, and with a greater love for their teacher. But, perhaps, one of the most pleasant features of vocal music in school is, that it forms a sort of recreation or a relaxation to our pupils when their minds become wearied and burdened, and their powers almost exhausted by arduous study. They may have been endeavoring to solve some difficult problem, and being unsuccessful they throw down book and slate, tired and discouraged, and almost wish their schooldays were ended. It is then they should be asked to lay aside their studies and engage for a few minutes in social singing; and they will then resume their work with renewed energy, and even pleasure. The variety and entertainment mingled with instruction, and the delight which the music affords will be a sufficient reward for perseverance on their part. Music will impart animation and cheerfulness which are necessary for the well working of the school, and I think that we as teachers should endeavor to be as cheerful as possible, and not be always grumbling and finding fault with our pupils. Music will also form an agreeable break in the studies of the school; it will excite an interest and have a tendency to make school a great deal more pleasant and attractive. If one class of children should participate in singing more than another, we think it should be those of the junior division. The most of them love music, and if you say to them, "Now, children, put away your books—we are going to sing for a while," you will be amused to see their young countenance beam with a smile of approbation, and their eyes sparkle with delight. They love to spin their top, and play ball, and engage in all their various sports and amusements, but equally well they love to sing, and they will go at it soul and body, evidently trying to see who can sing the loudest and make the most noise. But never mind, it will brighten their ideas or have a tendency to shake off that drowsiness and stupor which sometimes comes over them, and it will check their restlessness; for children will get noisy and impatient under the restraint and monotony of position and occupation. In teaching children to sing we would first give a short explanation of the piece selected, and read it to them, or have it written on the blackboard, where all would have an opportunity of seeing it. We would then ask for their attention while we sing the first verse two or three times, until they get an idea of the tune. We would then require all to join in concert and sing the first verse until the tune is mastered. With very small children it would be advisable to divide the verse, and let them learn to sing the first couplet, and then the last couplet, and when both are thoroughly mastered, sing the whole verse through. We would then ask them to try and sing it without our assistance, or it might be advantageous for the boys to try it alone, then the girls alone, as there would probably be some striving to see who could sing it the best. The next verse might then be taken in a similar manner, and so all through. The songs which they learn at school will make lasting impressions on their minds, which time cannot efface; and when they grow up to be men and women, and have to contend with the trials and difficulties of life, with what pleasure and delight will they look back and recall to mind those very songs! and probably

sing them in their own homes.—*From a paper read by Miss Spicer at the Exeter Teacher's Institute.*

#### PETTING AND LOVING.

BY "PASTOR."

"I do so much wish father would let me kiss him good-night." "Why don't you?" "He would push me away. He says it is not manly, and he doesn't like to be kissing big boys at all." This is what Ernest has just had to say about his home wishes. He is eleven, and already in the borders of that land that reaches from about ten, when parents think it hardly the right thing to be tender with them. Previous to that age they are the pets of the house—the playthings. Now with the same need of love, and loving, they are ostracised from the family arms. Of course this is not universally true; but very generally true that just when the young nature most needs warm sympathy it fails to get it, and must and will get that which most resembles it. It gathers its love in the streets and school, and is biased in its future emotional character by whom or what it just now learns to love.

Ernest never comes to my house without at once throwing himself into my arms with a kiss, and then nestles there until he has told me all his troubles, faults and temptations. Then with his arms about my neck he hides his face and talks with Jesus. His father loses a wonderful delight and rich treasure. But I can only be with him, at the most, a short time. It is the father's duty to train these affections. He can do it day by day, and year by year. Ernest is rightly his own, and he is not in possession. I am glad of the dear lad's confidence and love; but no one ought to, or can, take the place of the parent. His father is careful about the culture of his intellectual faculties; sends him to the best teachers; carefully examines his growth; and is deeply interested in the lad's success. But does not more of the future joy, power and work depend on a judicious culture of the emotions than of the intellect? From ten to fifteen is the awful crisis of the child. It is the worst of all periods to compel it to begin random loves and outside fondness. A wilful perversion of a child is hardly worse than this parental habit of neglect.—*S. S. Times.*

#### THE FIRST RIPE STRAWBERRIES.

A little girl once had a bed of strawberries. She was very anxious that they should ripen and be fit to eat. At last the time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he picked some beautiful berries for her to eat.

"I can't eat these," she said, "for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are so much the greater treat."

"Yes, but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, you know the Bible says we must 'honor the Lord with all our first fruits.' And dear father says that he always gives God the first out of all the money he gets, and that then he always feels happier in spending the rest, and so I wish to give God the first of my strawberries too."

"Ah! but," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, He would not care for them."

"Oh, but I've found out a way. You remember how Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' So I mean to take them to Mrs. Perkin's dying child. She never gets strawberries, they're so poor."

Then away ran the children to give the strawberries to the sick child. And when they saw her put out her thin, white arms and take the ripe, round, juicy fruit in her little shrivelled fingers; and when they saw her eyes glisten, and her little faded lips smile, they felt as if they had a far richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves. And they were sure that God had accepted their offering.

#### BRINDLE'S LEAP.

BY P. D. F.

Years ago while still working at home, I went one day to tie up my father's cows. I opened the stable door, and the queen of the yard—old Brindle—started in, but stopped just inside the door and would go no further. Thinking it was because the stable was so dark I urged her, but to no purpose. I kicked and found two could play at that game. Her conduct was so unusual that I then began to investigate, and found that a sunbeam came through a crack and reached across the stable just before her, making the little dancing notes plainly visible, and looking—for all the world—like a bar newly put up, over which she could scarcely leap, and under which she felt it impossible to crawl. Enjoying her perplexity now that its cause was plain,