

I AM THINKING.

BY KATE CAMERON.

I am thinking—I am thinking
Of the loved and true,
All the friends so kind and 'faithful,
That I ever knew.
Some are near me—others absent,—
Some, alas! are dead,
Ah! how much of Life's bright sunshine
With those dear one's fled!

I am thinking—I am thinking
Of my childhood's hours,
When, with joyous heart I wandered,
Culling early flowers:
Tho' their fair hues quickly faded,
Yet I loved them well,
And their memory still lingers
Like a holy spell.

I am thinking—I am thinking
Of the visions fair,
Which I once so fondly cherish'd,
Where are they—Oh, where?
Rainbow-hued were they, and fleeting
As the morning dew,
Yet they show'd my heart some glimpses
Of the Good and True.

I am thinking—I am thinking
Of my future way,
Leading on thro' light and darkness
Unto "perfect day!"
Little know I what of gladness,
Or of grief may be mine:
Be this, then my prayer—"Oh! Father,
Not my will, but Thine!"

HOME CONVERSATION.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and ear, not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered. An audience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address, which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents, what they deem at a drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent, if they enjoy in childhood and youth, the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let parents, then, talk much, and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be, in many respects, a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland

exports beef and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

ANIMAL HEAT—CARBON AND OXYGEN.

In an able lecture, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, in the Cooper Institute, recently, on the "Influence of Climate on Civilization," he seemed to attribute much of the vigor of races to the food required by their climate. The popular theory of animal heat, which is inculcated in all common books on physiology. These compare the lungs to a furnace, in which air and carbon are brought into chemical union in producing heat. This theory is simple and somewhat beautiful, but not correct. The combustion of our food-fuel does not take place in the lungs, in the same manner that the fire is produced in the furnace; the food of man is not fed into his lungs, neither does the oxygen of the air combine with the food or carbon in the lungs, but passes into the blood through their membrane tissue; carbonic acid and moisture being given out in exchange. All our food undergoes a chemical change before it reaches the lungs in the form of blood, and the warmth of the body comes from the organic processes which make and unmake the animal tissues. These facts, which would be familiar to all, lay the axe at the root of the common furnace theory of animal heat.

Man requires the same elements for his food in all climates. The northern races eat much fat which is almost pure hydrocarbon; the inhabitants of tropical climates eat gums and sugars, which are just as rich in carbon. Some castes of Hindoos, in India, live exclusively on vegetables; the Caffres of hot South Africa are the greatest beef gormandizers in the world.

The temperature of man is 98 degrees in all seasons in the hottest and coldest climates. A change in this uniform

temperature of the human body is the sign of disease. Man preserves his stand and temperature in the tropical and arctic regions in virtue of this peculiar organism which adjusts itself to varying circumstances, but the means by which it does this is still involved in much obscurity.—*Scientific American.*

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.

It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one which is most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book, written by me when I was a boy. The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward jointing of letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could at the moment have hurled the book into the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars. I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.

INFLUENCE.—It is not position that gives influence, it is character. What men are, determines their power over others, not where they are; themselves, not the places they stand in. When Diogenes had been captured by pirates, and was about to be sold as a slave in Crete, he pointed to a Corinthian, very carefully dressed, saying, "Sell me to that man, he wants a master." His wish was granted him; and the event demonstrated his sagacity. Character overcame position; that man bought a master in buying Diogenes!

THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS WORLD.

—Much of this world's goods usually cause great distraction, great vexation, and great condemnation at last to the possessors of them. If God gave them in his wrath, and does not sanctify them in his love, they will at last be witnessed against a man, and millstones forever to sink him in that day when God shall call men to account, not for the use, but for the abuse of mercy.