

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Where floweth that full stream of life?  
Toll us, that so our weary feet,  
Turned from life's pleasures, pains and strife,  
May by its tide find rest complete.

Rest for the aching heart of grief,  
Rest for the throbbing brow of pain,  
From hopes that fade as fades the leaf  
Beneath the autumn's chilling rain.

And on that brink may sorrow die,  
And sin forget its dark dismay,  
Knowing those waters passing by,  
Through fields of heavenly verdure stray.

Thou Angel, who for man of old  
The spring of healing waters stirred,  
Lead us where ceaselessly hath rolled  
The flood whose voice no man hath heard.

O rivoir, making glad the land  
By angel feet in glory trod,  
Bear us, still guided by His hand,  
To the fair city of our God!

## THE LESSON OF REVERSES.

"Sit here, dear Florence, in the shade, and I will tell you what you have been dying to know all day. Yes, Floy, Charles Sumner loves me, and as soon as his father return we are to be married. You and Bella Forrest are to be bridesmaids, and John Hamilton and Charles Molineux groomsmen. We are to live in a beautiful house; our furniture and all that is to be supplied from Gillows and the like; and I am to have a lady's-maid, a cook, and a whole host of servants, besides a page in livery to wait at table. There, I cannot say another word."

"Nor need you, dear Louise," returned her friend. "You are out of breath, and it will take a week to recover me. So much good news at once always tires me. I wish you had a bit of sorrow with it."

"You mean, envious thing!" said Louise. "No, I will give you that part. You love to cry. It would be a luxury that you would appreciate to have everything go wrong, so that a few natural tears might come down your cheeks."

"No, Louise, I would not cast a single thorn in your pathway; but say, in that long race after happiness which ends in a mansion and a retinue of servants, is there not a shadow that sometimes beckons to you to pause and think?"

"Not a shadow, Floy," she replied. "I leave all such unsubstantial things to you dreamy, poetic, romantic folks. My visions are all real, and Charles Sumner the true knight who gives me a bright home and all pleasant surroundings in it."

O, love and youth! with what bright rose-tints do ye invest all objects! I could not bear to throw a cloud over her, and I left her singing a gay song and turning over her wedding dresses, as light of heart as if no shadows were in the world. I needed not to wish that I also should have sorrow. It came faster than I had anticipated.

Charles Sumner was a very unfit person to trust one of her thoughtless temper with. He was reckless and extravagant, on the strength of some two thousands which had been left him, and which he ought to have employed in business. No expensive toy was omitted that could make the house elegant; and although he did not absolutely overdraw his resources, he crippled them so much that, at the end of the month in which the two had been so recklessly spending for the approaching bridal, he had not enough remaining to warrant a style of living corresponding to the expensive outfit.

Unfortunately, the parents of Louise were too much dazzled by her marriage with Mr. Sumner to guard her from the danger in which she stood. One word from them would have made her think, but thinking involuntarily without suggestion from others, was not natural to her. I blamed myself afterwards that I had not opened her eyes.

The wedding was magnificent. People of so-called fashion were there, and no expense was spared to render their reception the most elegant and recherché. A series of splendid parties were given to the bride, and called forth a corresponding one on her part; and now Louise was fairly launched in the waves of that deceitful and uncertain ocean of popular favor called fashionable society.

Six weeks after the wedding, I went, as I had repeatedly promised to do, to spend a day quietly and alone with Louise. It was near noon when a well-dressed page admitted me. I sat some time with my bonnet on, in the chilly drawing-room, and feeling cold, I found my way to a smaller room, in which were preparations, apparently, for a breakfast. There was a richly chased silver service on a little table, and a luxurious chair was drawn up to it, as if the late riser was coming immediately. But it was half an hour before Louise appeared, and then, although she seemed heartily glad to see me, there was an air of languor and almost of sadness about her. She scarcely touched the breakfast.

"You will think me a lazy girl, Floy, but last night's party fairly overcame me."

I said that I had just called on another friend, a last year's bride, Sophy Howard.

"Ah, poor Sophy! she did not marry very well I am told," said Louise, languidly.

"Yet I found her very prettily situated," I

replied. "She has a good house in a pleasant street, with everything comfortable and even handsome about her. She had been driving out alone this morning for a ride; for her husband keeps a horse and a pretty chaise."

"How in the world can Albery afford such an extravagance?" asked Louise, somewhat pettishly. "I am sure I have teased Charles for one often, and even he can't afford it."

I looked round the room, and through the open door, and smiled.

"What did those curtains cost you, Louise?" I asked.

"Forty pounds for each window," she replied. "I won't trouble you for an inventory of the rest of your furniture," said I. "But I will tell you how Sophy lives. She has white muslin curtains only. Her carpets are good substantial Brussels; her chairs well-made with serviceable seats. There are but few tables, but they correspond with the rest of the furniture. In her pleasant drawing-room her books, her pretty work-basket and her piano—that piano which was her dependence for a living, and which she would not let Mr. Albery exchange for a handsome one—all make her home full of comfort. In her orderly housekeeping she requires but two servants, and one of these is an orphan girl whom she took, not because she needed her, but because the poor thing had no home; and as their horse stands at livery, they do not need a man. Sophy looks happy, and compares her present easy life with that which she experienced as a music governess two years ago."

Louise made no reply, except that "after all, Sophy had not attained to any style."

I had abundant occasion to think, in the course of the day, that style had brought little happiness to poor Louise, and that Sophy was the richer woman of the two. Mr. Sumner came home at seven to an elegant dinner, at which there were wines and fruit of the highest cost. How long could this last!

Sad to tell, ere they had been married twelve months, he was arrested at the suit of a wine merchant, and the unpaid bills of his housekeeping gloomed up darkly before him. They were ruined. Sumner's few thousands were all gone in superfluities that he had been obliged to pay for at the time. He had had no settled income, and there was no one to whom he could reasonably apply for assistance. The house was stripped, and the next time I saw Louise it was in lodging-house.

If this had taught them wisdom it would still have been well; but wisdom does not come to those who do not seek her. The little that remained from the wreck soon went after the rest, and Sumner, mortified and angry with the world, went off to Australia, leaving Louise dependent on her father for a maintenance which he was ill able to afford her.

In every heart there is a spark of energy, which only remains to be awakened into life. Sometimes it is never reached at all, and the individual goes on through existence with the reputation of idleness and inefficiency clinging to his or her character until death.

Poor Sophy Albery, who did not live in style, was the angel who breathed the breath of life into Louise Sumner's being. After Charles Sumner was really gone, Sophy begged Louise to come to her on a visit, which visit was lengthened into many months. It had been begged as a favor to Sophy, because she wished to have company in her husband's occasional absences. She had that true and perfect kindness which will not let any one feel an obligation too heavily. Then, after some time, she gave up the two morning pupils whom she had always retained, to Louise, and the latter, glad to be able to do something for herself, increased the number to a dozen among her own acquaintances. Contrary to the established rule of storytellers, who invariably describe a person's friends as leaving them in the time of adversity, it was observable that many of Mrs. Sumner's old visitors had never seemed to think so much of her before. How far it might be owing to Sophy Albery, it is hard to say. Certain it is that her manner towards her unfortunate friend was such as to inspire others with respect and consideration.

It was pleasant to see how quickly Louise, from her habits of indolence, was won into better ways by the example of Sophy Albery. Not all at once did she become perfect, nor yet without much tribulation; but little by little, yet with such hearty good will to do right, that her progress seemed both rapid and real.

Not now did she breakfast at noon. Long before nine she and Sophy were up, planning for the day. At ten Louise went to her first lesson, and returned at four, to have a cheerful afternoon with her friend.

"And oh, Florence!" she would exclaim, "with what feelings of distaste do I recall my first year of married life. Could any one be more blind, more foolish than I have been?"

"But you have so nobly redeemed that time, Louise," I would reply, "that I think of you far more highly than if you had never erred; and after all it was not you who were to blame."

"Oh, don't throw it upon poor Charles, Florence," she would say. "He too is changed, you may believe. Let me read you his letter, received to-day."

And Charles Sumner—the butterfly, the exquisite—wrote of toils and dangers and struggles, that might have appalled a practical economist.

"But I do not complain of them, Louise," he continued. "They have shown me the false state of that society which we once worshipped, but which henceforth I abjure. If Heaven spare my life to return to you, I will make myself worthy of higher and better associations than we once coveted. Meantime, I do not ask you

to remit your noble toil. We will both toil until pride and vanity are rooted from our hearts. Since I have been here, I have seen what I never saw before—proud men working for daily bread, and good, noble, generous men working with their own hands at hard, wearing toil for others—ministers, and lawyers, and physicians turned nurses, and the great and good serving the lowly and poverty-stricken. I have seen women, nobly born, washing for a living, and beggars seated in high places. With all these in my mind, I will come to you with clean hands and an upright heart."

Nobly indeed has Charles Sumner redeemed his pledge. Now, indeed, is Louise Sumner a happy wife; for only last week Charles returned, renewed in heart and soul, and worthy to be her husband, the junior hard-working partner of a rising house of business, in a land where honest toil is more valued than the tinsel of stuck-up and would-be fashionable people.

## A NATIONAL PLAY-HOUSE.

Mr. Tom Taylor, who seems to share in a measure the eccentricity of his former co-laborer, Mr. Charles Reade, has undertaken to bring out at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, a series of Shakespearean plays on what are termed "esthetic" principles. The distinction intended to be conveyed as between these performances and ordinary ones is clearly set forth. Its main feature is to produce the plays for the interest of Shakespeare and of art rather than for that of any particular manager or actor. To do this Mr. Taylor proposes a kind of popular subscription. In other words, he would effect by the combination of private individuals what in France, Prussia and elsewhere is done by the Government; and he would bring back by this device, so far as the resuscitation is possible, the advantages lost through the abolition of the old patent theatres.

That there were great advantages in the patent system cannot be denied; and if these could be got back again without paying for them more than they are worth, there would be a tangible gain. In some form or another it is probable that the establishment of a national or subsidized theatre in all capital cities would be an excellent thing for art, and generally for the taste and culture of the community. We have lately referred to the fact that nearly every theatre in New York is running "show pieces" or melodramas. Were there a house here in which the plays were regulated as they are at the Théâtre Français, the benefit would be plain. There is perhaps, no argument in favor of national galleries of painting and sculpture, or of national museums, that may not fairly be advanced in behalf of national theatres. All such institutions are "academies" of and for the whole people. The whole public pay for them on the principle of correcting the general taste, which has a tendency, when uncorrected, to decline; since the private caterers of art are always strongly tempted, for obvious reasons of interest, to assist the decadence they are always the first to perceive. The history of our own theatres furnishes cases in point, and, presumably, always will continue to do so; they who live to please must please to live. But a really good national theatre, a theatre that is, established on sound and permanent principles, would always have a purifying and elevating influence. It is true that, in spite of the Théâtre Français, they have the Opéra Bouffes in Paris and the Galaté; but this does not endow with less significance the consideration of what, without the Théâtre Français, the Parisian stage would be. We have no idea that Mr. Taylor will succeed in his project at the Crystal Palace any more than he or any one else would succeed in such a project here. People never pay their taxes voluntarily, and this is in the nature of a tax. Enthusiasm for the higher drama is often felt by many, and at some time or other by most people, but the flame is rarely long and steady enough to bring about, through a voluntary system, anything like permanent results. But that a plan like Mr. Taylor's should be conceived at all, that it should be so much discussed, and that the debate should lead to the very general admission that the disease Mr. Taylor aims to cure exists, and somehow ought to be cured, whether he is the proper physician or not, is worthy of serious reflection. What is true of England in this regard is true of America, since the dramatic situation is much the same in London and New York. Our theatres are somewhat handsomer and more comfortable, and the plays in some instances are rather more completely put upon the stage; but otherwise the parallel is complete. Now, we do not believe in such a scheme as Mr. Taylor's, or in any scheme of any individual for this purpose; but it is worth thinking what might be the result of having a national theatre in New York enjoying some kind of steady public support.

If the evil effects of our star system, the rage for spectacle or for what is worse, are ever to be effectively combated or neutralized on our stage, it must be by processes involving in some way the authority and lasting support of the whole community. The experiments of the late Mr. Macready and Charles Kean showed conclusively by their pecuniary results the limitations that must constrain individual effort in this direction, and we fear the books of playhouses nearer home than Drury-lane or Oxford-street, where the higher drama has been most expensively brought out, would tell very much the same story. If it could be shown that it is not worth

while for the public to go to any expense for a national theatre—that it is not expedient to support such a thing, on grounds like those that recommend the establishment of national art galleries and museums, of course the matter falls to the ground. It may, however, turn out that the more thoroughly the subject is studied the stronger will appear the reasons in favor of founding what would be virtually a national histrionic academy, and that every forcible plea in behalf of like academies for teaching or illustrating the plastic arts may as justly be urged for what would thus become an American Théâtre Français.—*New York Times*.

## HINTS TO FARMERS.

ST. VIRUS dance is a nervous disease which generally follows distemper in young dogs. It consists in a twitching, more or less violently, of the muscles of a limb, or sometimes of the whole body, and not infrequently the animal dies miserably. The dog when affected slightly generally recovers in time if his general health is kept up.

PLASTER ON SPRING CROPS.—Plaster is a valuable application to almost all spring crops. Grass, clover, corn, spring wheat, and oats are all benefited by it. It is often the cheapest fertilizer that can be purchased, as 100 pounds per acre at a cost of 50 cents has often doubled the yield of grass or clover. It should be spread evenly on the crop, after it has started to grow, on a quiet morning before the dew has dried off.

DO NOT WALK WHEN YOU CAN RIDE.—We have seen a man weight down a roller with stones and then walk behind. Let the horses go right along for a few hours. Then let them rest, and you can go to work.

How to plow and plant admits of greater diversity and a far greater chance for improvement than when to plant. The seasons are, to a great extent, beyond our control, but the chemical and mechanical principles of agriculture are everywhere the same, and we should study to adapt them to the character of the soil and climate. Much of our success will depend on our ability to economize our own strength and energy and the strength of our men and teams. The more thoroughly we study scientific and mechanical principles the greater will be our ability to save labor.

WHEN TO SELL GRAIN.—A correspondent of the *Evening Wisconsin* writes: I would say to you, the one great mistake of the farming community is this, the practice of contracting debts to be paid in the Fall of the year instead of having them come due in June or July, in order to have the benefit of the Fall and Spring markets. I find a great many of the farmers say, "Oh, just bushel of grain at one-half or two-thirds its value in order to pay their liabilities, and so lose the profits, thereby damaging themselves and the surrounding community by draining the country of every dollar, leaving nothing to make improvements with. I have noticed that the middle-men are fully aware of your obligations, or, if not, the first thing you do is to inform them by saying, 'I must raise some money to pay debts; what can you give me a bushel for my grain?' That gives them to understand that you are obliged to sell, no matter what you get, and they take the advantage of you."

CARE OF HORSES IN THE SPRING.—Many a young horse will take his place in harness at hard work at the plough this spring for the first time, and upon the care and skill with which he is handled for the next three months will largely depend his usefulness for the remainder of his life. If possible let him be worked at first by the side of a gentle, well-broken mate. Let his harness fit exactly and be strong and secure in all its parts. Wherever it touches, and especially of the collar, pads, belly band and breast straps, the leather should be soft, pliant and clear. A decoction of white oak bark may be used with advantage on the parts which are likely to become chafed, and an exact adaptation of the collar to the shoulder and neck is the best safeguard against injury. Remove all dirt from the collar bearings and wash the shoulders at least every day. Feed moderately and give a bran mash once in three or four days. Offer your team water whenever there is an opportunity. Founders come from over-draughts after long abstinence from either food or water. No horse ever becomes so warm but that he may drink a little water with safety, and it is cruelty to refuse it to horses together in hot weather.

Do not over task; clean with a brush thoroughly every night, and bed down with plenty of bright straw, as you value the horse's health or a sound sleep with a clear conscience for yourself.

ASPARAGUS.—Asparagus, one of the best of the greens, is in full season now. Wash, pin up in a cloth, and boil gently in a little pure water about twenty minutes. It goes well with samp and potatoes, without condiments, but some people will not be content without dressing. The least objectionable dressing is the white sauce—milk thickened with wheat-meal and slightly salted. "Asparagus toast" is made by cutting wheat-meal biscuit into thin slices, dipping in hot milk, spreading on a platter, laying the boiled asparagus on it, and pouring over it the white sauce. "Asparagus peas" are prepared by just cutting into bits the tender part of the raw asparagus, boiling in just water enough to cover it until done, skimming out, dishing and pouring over it the white sauce.