

And water pure, shall still endure,
When wine's no more decanted;
When beer and ale, shall get no sale,
And porter's dirge is chanted.

Then who would think of drunkard's drink?
And its degrading joys O!
When water pure is cheap and sure,
And best for girls and boys O!

the children joining with great spirit; even the little ones prattling the chorus.

John was silent—as if afraid of committing himself rashly to its doctrines. Yet there was a hopeful smile on his face and a drumming tendency discoverable in his fingers, which a sanguine observer might construe into good indications. Especially favorable did the symptoms seem, when he hinted:—“They might go on with the other verse.

‘Tis older too, than “Mountain-dew,”
Or any such potation:
For Eve, and father Adam, too,
Drank of it at Creation.
Then who would think of porter drink?
And its delusive joys O!
When water pure, is cheap and sure,
And best for girls and boys O!

And suggested some sprite—
“Mightn't it be best for older ones too?”

John wish'd the subject of conversation diversified for the present. He says “changes are alright-some.” But he thinks he has (from recent experiments and examinations) arrived at one conclusion at least to this effect:—“That although there may be certain articles, which, separately, each in its own place may answer a purpose, they nevertheless may, in combination, be entirely unsuitable.”

From his knowledge of the properties of bodies, conductors and non-conductors, he is of opinion—he is convinced—he knows—in fact he is positive—that in certain circumstances porter should never be allowed to take to the head and at the same time gutta percha to the soles. He is confident that in these special combinations they do not always favorably combine. He would not attempt to unite gutta percha with porter.

THE TIN SAVING'S BANK.

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

CHARLES LYNFORD was a young mechanic in good business. At the age of twenty-six he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Eustis, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him but her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift, learned in an economical household under the stern teachings of necessity.

It was well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this character, since he himself found it hard to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She could not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income, foreseeing that a time would come when their family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, now flourishing might become less so.

Accordingly one day she purchased of a tin pedler, who came to the door, a little tin safe such as children frequently use for a savings bank. This she placed conspicuously on the mantel piece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

“Hallo, Carrie, what's that?” he asked curiously.
“Only a little purchase I made to-day,” said his wife.

“But what is it meant for?” he asked again.
“Let me illustrate,” said the wife playfully.
“Have you a ten-cent piece with you?”

Charles drew a dime from his waistcoat pocket. His wife taking it from his hand dropped it into the box through a slit in the top.

Charles laughed.
“So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie? My little wife become a miser?”

“No, only a little prudent. But seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every night.”

“What—drop a dime into this new fangled arrangement of yours?”

“Exactly.”
“Very well; that will be easy enough. A dime a day is not a great sum. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly commenced hoard?”

“Lay it up for a rainy day,” Caroline answered.

Charles laughed merrily.
“And what will a dime a day amount to?” he inquired.

“In a year it will amount—” commenced his wife, seriously—
“O, never mind—spare me the calculation! It sounds too much like business, and I get enough of that during the day.”

“But you do not object to my plan?”

“Not in the least. I have no doubt it is very commendable, but you know, Carrie I never was gifted with much prudence.”

“I am aware of that,” said his wife, smiling.
This ended the conversation for the time.

The plan inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those (of whom there are so many) who enter upon a new plan zealously, but soon tire of it. In the present case she was thoroughly satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through.

Every morning she called upon her husband for a dime, which was forthwith added to the accumulation.

Frequently he had not the exact change, but would toss her twenty-five cents instead. She would assure him laughingly that this would answer her purpose equally as well.

More than once Charles would banter her on the subject of her little saving's bank, but these she bore gaily. But these were not the only accessions the fund received. Her husband had early arranged to make ample allowance for dress—I say ample, though I dare not say some of my city readers might not have considered it so; but Caroline—who was in the habit of making her own dresses—provided herself with a good wardrobe at a much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of managing could have done.

After considerable calculation she came to the conclusion, that out of her daily allowance she should be able to make a daily deposit equal to that which she exacted from her husband. Of this however, she thought it best, on the whole, not to inform Charles, enjoying in anticipation the prospect of being able, at some future time, to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings.

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied, and the contents were transferred to a bank of more pretensions, where interest was allowed. When the sums deposited there became large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew them and invested in bank and other stocks which would yield a large per cent. Of her mode of management her husband remained in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present and not feeling any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which he had been unusually favored by health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income, but that, on the other hand, he had saved nothing. Twenty-five cents alone stood to his credit.

“Running pretty close, Carrie?” he said, laughingly; “I take credit to myself of keeping on the right side of the line. But then, I suppose that you have saved up an immense sum.”

“How much do you think?” asked his wife.

“Oh, perhaps a hundred dollars,” said Charles carelessly, “though it would take a good deal of time to do that.”

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture.

So things went on till at length came the panic of 1857—a panic so recent that it will be remembered by many readers of this sketch. It will be remembered how universal business and trade of every kind were depressed at this period—among others the trade which occupied Charles Lynford suffered.

One evening he came home, looking quite serious—an expression which seldom came over his cheerful face.

Caroline, who had watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this. She had expected that her husband's business would be affected.

“What is the matter, Charles?” she asked cheerfully.

“The matter is that we shall have to economize greatly.”

“Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters?”

“I should think they had. I shall have but half a day's work for sometime to come, and I am afraid that even this will fail before long. You haven't any idea, Carrie, how dull business of every kind has become.”

“I think I have,” said his wife quietly, “I have read the papers carefully and have been looking out for something of this kind.”

“I think we shall be able to do so. Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and shall not need any more for a year at least. That will cut off considerable expense; then there are a great many little superfluities you are accustomed to buy—little things you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently which I can do very well without. Then we can live more plainly—have less pies and cakes, and I have no doubt it will be an improvement so far as health is concerned.”

“What a calculator you are, Carrie?” said her husband, feeling considerable easier in his mind. I really think, after all you have said, that it won't be so hard to live on half our usual income—for the present at least. But” and his countenance again changed, “suppose my work should entirely fail—I suppose you couldn't reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?”

“That certainly surpasses my powers,” said his wife smiling, “but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you?”

“Why, no, I didn't think of that,” said her husband. I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks.”

His wife smiled.
“And in those few weeks,” she added, “business might revive.”

“To be sure,” added her husband. “Well I guess it'll be all right—I'll not trouble myself about it any longer.”

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford had given expression proved to be only too well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded, the limited supply of work which he had been able to secure entirely failed, and he found himself without work of any kind—thrown back upon his own resources.

Although he had anticipated this, it seemed unexpected when it actually came upon him, and he

again returned home in a fit of disappointment. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had come upon him.

“And the worst of it is, there is no hope of better times until spring.”

“Do you think business will revive then?” asked his wife.

“It must by that time, but there are five or six months between. I don't know how we are to live during that time.”

“I do,” said his wife quietly.
“You!” exclaimed her husband, in surprise.
“Yes; your income has never been more than six or seven hundred dollars, and I have no doubt we can live six months on two hundred and fifty dollars.”

“Yes, certainly; but where is that money to come from? I don't want to go in debt, and if I did I shouldn't know where to borrow.”

“Fortunately, there is no need of it,” said Mrs. Lynford. “You seem to forget our little savings bank.”

“But is it possible it can amount to two hundred and fifty dollars?” exclaimed Charles, in surprise.
“Yes, and six hundred more,” said his wife.
“Impossible!”

“Wait a minute, and I will prove it.”
Caroline withdrew a moment, and then re-appeared with several certificates of bank and railroad shares, amounting to eight hundred dollars, and a bank book in which the balance was deposited to her credit.

“Are you quite sure you haven't had a legacy?” demanded Charles in amazement.—“Surely a dime a day has not produced this?”

“No, but two dimes a day has, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, we shall be able to ward off starvation for a time.”

Charles Lynford remained out of employment for some months, but in the spring, as he had anticipated, business revived and he was once more in receipt of his old income.

More than two thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assiduous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantel piece, and never fails to receive a daily deposit.

Family Circle.

MODERN POETS AS RELIGIOUS TEACHERS.

BY MRS. A. E. JARR.

UNDOUBTEDLY poets were the first teachers of theology. The elevated imagination of some great soul conceived in one age what in the next became settled belief. And now, when revelation has fixed our faith on a sure foundation, the poet is still a priest in the temple, still a leader in the pathless regions of philosophy and meditation; the interpreter of thoughts and feelings the mother tongue of which we have lost. And just because we recognize this as his true vocation, we are indignant when he degrades his priestly office, or lays strange fire upon the altar.

The immoralities of such poets as Byron and Swinburne meet with swift condemnation; but when to immorality is added impiety, all our conceptions of what is natural and right are shocked—inasmuch as religion is itself the grandest of all epics, the very poetry of humanity, giving us the ideal of a perfect life, a reconstructed world, and a fruition of desire beyond decay or disappointment.

It is not enough that the poet's heart touch the great heart of Nature—it must rest upon the bosom of God. The very rapture of Shelley's muse, though it intoxicates us with its beauty while we are under its spell, obtains no lasting influence. We feel sadly when we come to our senses, that “his world and his heaven are not God's world and God's heaven.” Kents dreaming his dream of the old Greek beauty, is no more satisfactory. These two high priests of all that is lovely in nature, and much that is grand in humanity, could come no nearer to the solution of its vast problem than does Victor Hugo, when, in his *Legend of History*, he finds repose for the storm-tossed world in its release from the law of gravitation.

Byron, full of wayward passion, alternately doubting and believing, as caprice or contradiction led him, has had no permanent general influence over the thoughtful world. His power was sudden, violent, and brief, and is already a memory of the past. Such influence as he possesses is chiefly over minds inexperienced, or in a state of transition or dissatisfaction. The first class are very apt to rise from his works affecting sneers and misanthropy; the other find in him a ready response to their own doubts and despair of anything good. He is the teacher of all who would drown sorrow in excess, or meet it with pretended disdain. But to those who know a better way—that of commanding inevitable calamity by meeting it, or of conquering it by enduring it—he is one of those teachers whom St. Peter so forcibly describes as “wells without water clouds carried with a tempest,” and their teachings as “great swelling words of vanity.”

Wordsworth, though much inferior to both Shelley and Kents in poetical beauty, is infinitely in advance of them as a religious teacher. Excellent as he is in things lying around our feet, what strength and savor in simple speech. He took poetry back from the artificial path it had been treading, and let it breathe its native air and speak its childhood's speech. All the sentiments

he inspires are of a religious nature, though they sometimes seem but an elevated Pantheism. Yet, as far as he goes, Wordsworth is a teacher in the highest sense possible; he gives us his own higher sensibilities as a medium to make palpable to us what would otherwise be unperceived. He stands with Christian on the Delectable Mountains seeing through a glass dimly the Golden City and “the Land very far off.”

Coleridge, in some respects superior to Wordsworth, is in religious experience far behind him. No man possessed in so great a degree the power of “darkening knowledge;” neither in philosophy nor religion does he ever arrive at a definite point. Dwelling alternately in light and shadow, it has been said with discriminating justice, that “if a line were drawn with admirable sense written at one end, and *hopeless obscurity* at the other Coleridge would be the ‘punctum indifferens’ between the two.” Dissatisfied with philosophy he turned to the Holy Scriptures; but these failed to give him repose, because instead of coming to them, as a little child, he brought to their investigation the system of Descartes, and the mathematical dogmas of Spinoza. He tried to resolve the Trinity as he would a problem in Euclid, and sought for God through an atmosphere darkened by human philosophies. Therefore there is nothing restful in his writings, though they are full of brilliant fragments and “purple patches” of incomparable beauty. The predominant trait is an intense longing for immortality, without a corresponding belief in it.

Scott and Moore contented themselves with throwing the glamour of a poetical halo around their native lands. Their religious influence was almost nothing.

But the poets of our own day are remarkable for the theological element pervading their writings. It is absent, truly, from those of Morris, because he totally ignores his own times, and sings only of those in which religious belief was settled and undisputed.

Browning, Arnold, and Swinburne, are all skeptical; Arnold, calmly and resignedly so; Swinburne, full of stormy anger; Browning, of contemptuous criticism. Tennyson is, in some respects, a great light. He is eminently the poet of the age; for both he and it are seeking for the same thing—a concordance between reason and faith.

There are those who do not regard doubt as the doorway to faith; who in the ark of the church, have floated safely from the trust of childhood to the trust of manhood; and to such a poet who sits

“... holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all,
And who moreover assures us that
“There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds,”

is, to say the least, very unsatisfactory. Again, there are many thousands who arrive at faith *only through doubt*; and to such, Tennyson has many a message that to others would be dark sayings. Indeed he is either the most suggestive or the most meaningless of writers. Those who have never sorrowed and never doubted; those who suspect whatever is self-evident, and sneer at all spiritual and mental conflicts beyond the range of their own experience, should never read Tennyson; for,

“The song was made to be sung in the night;
And he who reads it in broad daylight,
Will never read its mystery right,
And yet it is childlike easy.”

But to the broken heart or the weak in faith, much of the experience of Tennyson is a revelation of their own case. To such, *In Memoriam* is a psalm of life, full of sad, perplexed minors, but chiming in with their self-communings, giving them a profounder depth and a more intense expression.

Inferior to Tennyson as a poet, but ethically higher than all we have mentioned, is John Keble, author of the *Christian Year*. Keble was a child of faith, with more than half his nature in the unseen. Things visible were to him only the shadows of things invisible. Unparalleled as the popularity of this book is, it is not difficult to account for it. First, its broad catholicity of feeling commends it to all sects; secondly, all the poems are framed in exquisite natural scenes, which thus acquire, through their religious aspect, a tender, mystical, sacramental aspect; thirdly, their intense humanity and Christian devotion has never been equalled. Some of the lyrics have a reputation wide as Christendom, for instance, the well-known one containing the beloved stanza:

“Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.”

Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats will always have an intelligent class of admirers; every generation furnishes its quota of readers for Byron, Moore, and Scott; Browning, Arnold, and Swinburne will sing to their thousands and Tennyson to his tens of thousands; but Keble's *Christian Year* is the classic of the church, and “it will not lose its hold on the affections of English-speaking men as long as Christianity retains it.”

Poems of this stamp are not all earthly. They are echoes from our home—wandering strains of heavenly melody, caught up by earthly mediums; the *Magnificent* of the saints on earth responding to the voices of angels in heaven.

The other day a Montreal tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterward by its being returned, with a note appended, saying, “Your manuscript is respectfully declined.”

WHAT is the doll wife but a toy to her husband? an expensive one too at times, and surely never satisfactory! He buys her as a thing to play with, to amuse himself by dressing in dainty attire, to take pleasure in hanging about with chains and necklaces, in showing off to his friends as his latest acquisition—his live doll, his pretty puppet that laughs and talks and dances and coquettes just as well as if she had a reasonable amount of brains beneath her chignon; a thing he calls by his own name and labels wife, but who is only his plaything and his toy when all is done. He gives her no confidence, makes her no companion; he would as soon think of telling his griefs to his favorite setter as of telling them to her, and Jacko in the stable yonder has as much share in his deeper thoughts as she. But she is his wife; and names are respectable. And what she is to her husband, so is her baby to her. Many a woman knows no more of the value of maternity than is to be found in the simple amusement which a baby affords. It is her doll—a thing for which to devise pretty frocks and hoods and cloaks, and horribly inconvenience the poor little soul in the wearing thereof; a thing to dandle and kiss and delight to make crow and kick, to look with admiration at its dimpled little feet, to wonder at the aimless foolishness of its eternally clutching hands to talk nonsense to make laugh. But when it cries; when it is ill; when naughty; when a nuisance, then the toy, though not broken, will not be cherished; though baby will not be ill-treated—sometimes however, if the doll mother is of a petulant nature, the doll baby will get a slap or a shake by way of a philosophical reminder of virtuous behavior—yet it will be sent up-stairs to “nurse,” to be produced again only when it is in better condition, and not troublesome or annoying. All this is very nice, no doubt; and one likes to look, as on a picture, at the pretty little mother with her pretty little baby—the Dora woman of sweet nature and no kind of sense; two babies together of different stages of development, but both babies; but when it comes to the grave realities of life, then our doll is of no avail, and the wisdom of making mothers of such like—giving children to be trained and educated by children—is one that is open to serious question. Still, while men like live dolls in the place of women, the supply will be kept up; and, while girls are not able to unite the sweetness and playfulness of the child to the sense and wisdom of the woman, there will still be this wide division between dolls and dowdies, babies and grim females, “sillies” and strong-minded women, as it exists now.

MEN OF SOUL AND OF NO SOUL.

BY CELIA BURLEIGH.

THE most thrilling legends of my childhood were of men who had sold themselves to the devil, who for a consideration in money, distinction, long life, or whatever else seemed most desirable, had bartered their souls, pledged themselves to all eternity to the devil. These stories had a horrible fascination for me. I pondered over them by the hour together, trying to form some idea of that interminable duration called eternity, and questioning in my own mind what would be the fair price for a soul. When I read of persons who in sore distress have yielded to the tempter, and for the sake of present deliverance had bartered their eternity, my heart waxed hot against the devil as a cheat and a swindler, and I said within myself: “But I would never pay the forfeit, I would resist him to the last. The devil is not rich enough to pay for a soul.”

A ripper experience has taught me that there are a good many kinds of souls; that there are people with large souls and people with small souls, and not a few who, if the popular verdict be correct, have no souls at all. Certain it is that in view of the lives that many people live, in view of their indifference to the highest interests, their pettiness and sensualism and selfishness, the old adage about giving the devil his due recurs to us, and we are tempted to think that for the souls of some people a very small sum would be ample compensation. About the first business that a man has in this world is to get a soul worth having; for—though in opposition to some of our modern philosophers—I do believe every human being has some sort of soul. I think it depends upon individual effort whether it shall ever amount to much, and that each man is to a great extent his own creator. Webster defines the soul as the rational immortal principle in man; that which distinguishes him from the brute, and constitutes him a person. But what if this principle is allowed to lie dormant, is never called into activity? What if the man only eats and sleeps, and lives for himself, how much of a soul will he be likely to get?

All the possibilities of the oak are folded in the acorn, but what if the acorn is never planted, never subject to the quickening influences of sun and shower and the nourishing earth? What if it is laid away in some crevice of the rock, or labeled and put on the shelf of a cabinet? Will it under these conditions become an oak? Will it strike its hundred roots deep down in the soil, will it rear aloft its massive trunk and fling abroad its banner of leaves in the June sunshine? Will birds sing in its boughs, and the wayfarer rest in its grateful shade? I think not; and yet, all these possibilities lie folded in the acorn waiting only for favoring conditions.

As the acorn is to the oak so is the undeveloped to the developed soul. One is latent force, the other is active force. One is possibility, the other is power. We are told in the account of the creation, that when the Lord formed man out of the