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Religious Miscellany.

Reconciled.

O, years gone down into the past;
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace
And hours almost of ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie;
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth itself went with them too;
To-day, aye! even this very hour,
Is the best time I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by—
Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I wildly cry:

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim;
And where I cannot understand
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say—
The prayers I thought unanswered once
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some dearly cherished hopes
Perished untimely ere their birth,
Yet have I been beloved and blessed
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief,
For moments I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
I felt a loving Father's hand.

And I have learned the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms;
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the Shepherd's arms.

And sitting by the wayside blind,
He is the nearest to the light
Who crieth out most earnestly,
"Lord, that I might receive my sight!"

O, feet, grown weary as ye walk,
Where down life's hill my pathway lies,
What care I, while my soul can mount,
As the young eagle mounts the skies!

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
What matters it how dim ye be?
My inner being sweeps untired
The reaches of eternity!

O death, most dreaded power of all,
When the last moment comes and thou
Darkenest the windows of my soul,
Through which I look on nature now;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?
My house eternal in the heavens
Is lighted by the smile of God!

PHOEBE CARY.

Calmness.

Blessed is he who can now be calm without being indifferent. Indifference is the worst possible state of mind when our country is in peril and the Church of God is suffering. Any one who can possess it is condemning himself as the possessor of a cold heart and narrow mind.

But calmness is quite another thing, and quite a desirable thing. Great and long continued excitement is not good for soul or body. That a Christian should be driven daily by a fierce craving for news, or should be filled with constant alarm concerning possible evils, is not according to his calling, part of which is "to study to be quiet;" and is quite inconsistent with the possession of that "peace which passeth understanding." If we live in tumultuous times, and must feel the rocking of that sea upon which we have been cast, does it not become us also, for the honor of religion, and as a proof of its power, to show that we feel what it is to have an anchor cast within the vail, and that we have verified the word which affirms that God will keep in perfect peace those who put their trust in him?

We enter a plea, then, before Christian men, for calmness in this time of agitation. But how shall it be attained? may be the anxious question of many who would fain be at rest. We answer:

1. By giving strict and unusual attention to all private and public devotional duties. This is a time to be much alone with God. An hour of communion with heaven is better for the spirit than discussions concerning governmental policy, or the failures or successes of generals. A chapter of the holy word, meditated upon until its precious truths have entered into our hearts, will diffuse a serenity within which bulletins of victory or defeat will not break. And singing of praises, even when no voice joins with our own, may greatly assist in calming the mind and heart which have been disturbed by wars and rumors of wars.

2. An avoidance of heated discussions concerning passing events or prominent persons, will tend to quietness of spirit. If there ever was a time when opinions should be modestly expressed, or when our judgments may be held in reserve, it is the present. Few men see through the clouds and darkness which are around us. Still fewer are able to forecast the future. We must walk by faith in this day of shadows, hoping for the best, and striving to prepare ourselves for the worst. The passionate declaimer about errors in the past, or the man who pictures awful things in the future, are now manifestly disquieting themselves about what they know not or cannot alter. Let those who live by faith shut their ears to all who would invite the angry talk concerning things doubtful or obscure.

3. Strive to live consciously under the power of the truth that "the heavens do rule;" that is, that our country, in its present perils and sorrows, is in the hands of God. Its destiny is decreed by God; let us await the unfolding of the decree. We profess to believe in the unfailing goodness of God's providence; let us show our faith by our works, by that steadiness which such a faith should give to human action, and that equanimity which becomes those whose "hearts are fixed, trusting in God."

4. Give increased time and interest to the affairs of the Church of God. The Church is unchangeable, and her claims are perpetual. Her work is not disquieting. It may be performed with intense earnestness by one who is of a meek and quiet spirit. It is a work which satisfies the highest aspirations, and thus tends to calmness and peace. The utmost fervor of the working Christian is not a consuming fire; it is a genial glow in the heart. Be diligent at the prayer-meeting and Sabbath-school. Go out among the sick and dying. Join heartily in the devout praises of the sanctuary. See that the great cause of missions suffers no detriment in the midst of the convulsions. So shall you have the blessing of God's house, and the peace which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus.—*Presbyterian.*

Praying in the Name of Christ.

When our Saviour was about to leave his disciples, to comfort them in his absence, he said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he shall give it you."

What is it, then, to pray in the name of Christ? In business transactions among men, if one person wishes to obtain something which he is unable to purchase, and which he cannot obtain on a credit, because he cannot be safely trusted, he must be able to use the name of some other man whose credit is good. When he is duly authorized to use such a name, he can obtain, by means of it, as much as his surety is supposed to be worth. So he who is authorized to use the name of Christ in prayer, can obtain, by means of it, whatever his wants require. He is the well-beloved of the Father, in whom he is ever well pleased. There is no reason to fear that his credit will ever be exhausted, or that any of his drafts will ever be protested. Through him we may come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

But to pray in the name of Christ implies much more than to say, in prayer, "I ask all this for Jesus' sake."

That this point may be plain to all, take an illustration. A man has a number of debtors who are unable to pay. That they may not be distressed by the enforcement of the law against them, a friend to both parties interposes for the adjustment of the difficulty. He proposes himself, and is accepted by the creditor, as the surety for the debtor. But they must accept of him as their surety before the creditor will cancel the amount against them for his sake. Neither the creditor nor any one has a right to force this mode of settling the matter upon the debtors. Hence they must consent to the arrangement by accepting and trusting in the offered substitute.

Similar is the arrangement by which rebels against the Divine government may be pardoned; by which their debts, or the claims of the Divine government upon them, may be cancelled. But it is necessary that, penitent for their sins, they should confide in Jesus Christ as the accepted Mediator between God and man. In this way they can be restored to the favor and friendship of God. By abiding in Christ, they abide in the favor of God, and have freedom of access to him, to obtain his blessing in time of need. Christ is not only the way, but *their way* to the Father. They are accepted to the Beloved.

To pray in the name of Christ, then, is to sustain such a relation to him as authorizes us to use his name, and then to ask in his name what he has authorized us to ask in his name. The Divine promises comprehend all the good which we can ask in the name of Christ. He has not given us blank drafts to be filled up with every thing that our partially sanctified hearts can desire. We can pray in his name only so far as we use it as he has authorized us to use it.—*Central Pres. Herald.*

A Child's Household Prayer.

This morning a child of the family led us in the household prayer. Her petition-address was—it recurred through all the prayer—"Dear Saviour." She laid all her thanks for the keeping by night, the bounty of the morning, for the sweet hymn and Bible, just there, "Dear Saviour." I noticed it shaped all the simple, fresh, confiding sentences. They flowed out after absent ones, "the dear old lady," a pensioner of the table living up the bluff; "the man who got hurt;" "the sailors out on the sea—may they get home to their mothers, sisters, wives and children;" then to the "poor heathen all over the world." We all joined in the Lord's Prayer at the end.

A child's prayer at the family altar!

Why do I have a child pray there? Why do I not pray myself, as the head of the house, the one commissioned to do the praying for the family? The best answer would be the prayer of this morning itself. Such a simple, direct, implicit speaking with the "Dear Saviour" few persons manifest. Perhaps, you gentle reader, have it. Truly it is a sweet instruction to a man to hear a praying child so ask the Saviour for what the day needs. Is not that teaching a reason?

Next. The child has a right to pray there?

As one of a praying family her privilege to the throne is common with the rest, for all in the household use it. Why silence that little tongue? It obeys a little heart, which carries at least a tent-pin of the family tabernacle in the journey to Canaan.

Another reason. Trained up, a praying child must mean *a child praying with and as other people pray.* Where shall the training be done, if not with others who pray? Is not that just the idea of trying to pray? Is the bedroom private "saying prayers" any true training in prayer? Soldiers are not trained for battle in that way.

But you would not have a child pray at the family altar! Dear parent, friend, be honest now, have you really trained your child to pray anywhere? Have you taken time, gone with the little soul sprung from your own, and by patient example and fitting words helped it to get hold of the divine, mysterious things of God, of Christ, of heaven, of hell? Heathen mothers kneel with their little ones before vile images, training them into the habits and impulses of their corrupt devotion. Have you, Christian parent, done as faithful work on that little soul which so easily can be led to Christ?

And, reader, if you would not have children trained to pray in the family, when and where shall they begin to pray? Are there better places than in the sweet shelters of home for the training and culture into habit and love to it? Where are those places?

Pardon me for putting again the question, Have you really, in the fear and love of God, trained your child to pray anywhere?—*Advance.*

A Word in Season.

A theological student had been supplying the pulpit of a destitute church one Sabbath, and felt depressed, as if he had failed in reaching the consciences and riveting the truth into their hearts. After the close of the afternoon service a young man kindly offered to drive him back to the seminary, and he gladly accepted the offer.

He was inclined to be quiet and silent, indulging in morbid thoughts over a lost day, and looking forward with forebodings to many such Sabbaths in his future ministry. But a thought suddenly flashed on him, and was a good one to his conscience: "I have done poorly to-day, and by my public ministry have won no one to the love of Jesus. May not the day be retrieved, at least in spirit and intention, by kind words to this young man, pressing the duty of immediate repentance and conversion."

The thought roused him from morbid repinings. He began to converse on topics in which the man felt an interest. He gradually gained his confidence and sympathy, and then with a warmth and earnestness, quickened by regrets for the inefficient preaching, he urged him, almost with tears, to give his heart to Christ.

The young man was taken unawares. He had not anticipated such a personal appeal, made with tenderness and affection, and could not resist it. The arrow went home. His conscience was quickened, his heart was melted. As he returned home alone he formed the purpose, God helping him, that he would no longer delay repentance and submission to God. For a few days a heavy burden was on him; his soul was in unrest and anguish; the pains of hell got hold of him. But then faith led him to a pardoning Savior, and he found the peace and blessedness of a new life. He has since been a consistent and useful Christian, and has always cherished a grateful love to the student whose "word in season" was the means of his conversion.—*National Baptist.*

Wandering Thoughts in Prayer.

I wish to say one thing in regard to the effect of going into minute details in prayer. It is the only way to make prayer interesting. When you attempt to pray at night, with a mind wearied and exhausted with the labors of the day, you find your thoughts wandering. No complaint is more common than this. There is scarcely any question which is asked of a pastor more frequently than this: "How shall I avoid wandering thoughts in prayer?" It would be asked, too, much oftener than it is, were it not that Christians shrink from acknowledging to their religious teachers a fault which seems to imply their want of interest in spiritual things. Now the remedy, in nine cases out of ten, is coming to particulars in your prayers. Have no long, formal exordiums. Abandon the common phrases of general confession and request, and come at once to the particular circumstances and minute wants and trials of the day. Describe not only particular faults, but all the minute attending circumstances. Feel that you are alone; that the restraints of publicity are removed from you; that you may safely abandon the phraseology and the form which a proper respect for the customs of men retains in the pulpit and at the family altar, and come to converse with your great Protector as a man converses with his friend, and remember, that if you fasten upon one word which you have spoken with an improper spirit, and confess your guilt in that one sin, mentioning all the circumstances which attended it, and exposing the wicked emotions which dictated it, you make more truly a confession than by repeating solemnly the best expressions of the doctrine of human depravity that creed or catechism, or system of theology, ever gave.—*Abbott's Young Christian.*

Love of Christ.

If but one or two of the shallowest waves should roll in upon the shore of our heart from the ocean of God's love in Christ, you would shake off your unbelieving fears and run after God, longing to be bathed in the unfathomable ocean of that love.

Did you know in any measure "what is the breadth, and length and depth, and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," you would flee into the embrace of his everlasting arms with bold awe and confident reverence.

What baubles, gewgaws, empty shadows the pleasures, the profits, the honors of this world are! O that we may tread them under foot that we may win Christ!

One glimpe of Christ's excellency and glory would make us sick of longings and thirstings after the enjoyment of his love.

Did we but see a millionth part of the loveliness of Him who "is altogether lovely," we would cry aloud: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

Reply to an Infidel.

An American traveller being unexpectedly detained at the mole or quarantine in Odessa, was civily offered "half of his apartments, and a sofa to lie on," by a young Englishman who acted as translator to the mole. After they had formed intimate acquaintance, and one evening had retired to rest, the traveller asked his friend how he could endure the blasphemy which was so constantly heard there. The young Englishman replied, that "as a gentleman these things were disagreeable to him, but as to their being intrinsically wrong, it was no matter of concern to him, as he denied the truth of all revelation, and believed Jesus Christ to be an impostor."

The traveller, without supposing that the remark would be heeded except by courtesy, replied, "Either Christ was an impostor or he was not. If he was an impostor, we have the inconceivable phenomenon of a base man practising virtue, self-denial, charity, forgiveness of injuries through his whole life, in spite of scourging, contumely, and even crucifixion. Is it philosophical to suppose that a bad man would take so much pains to make men good? But if he was an impostor, then he has told the truth, and we must believe him."

"Is it possible that I never saw that before?" was the only reply of the young Englishman; but the argument sunk deep into his heart; and when the traveller had arrived at Alexandria, he received a letter from the former sceptic acknowledging him as "the best friend he ever had," encouraging him to be equally faithful to others, and praying him not to forget "his Odessa convert."

Cant.

See that person who seems so zealously pious, so earnestly devout. Behold his countenance. It wears a look of intense seriousness. His eyes are now closed as if he were absorbed in saintly meditation, and now open and directed upward as if he were communing with God, silently, yet with mighty faith. He kneels and begins to utter words of supplication. Hear him now. His prayer consists of phrases and interjections, all of which you have a hundred times heard in previous instances. But you could, nevertheless, easily endure his use of hackneyed expressions could you see any evidence of spiritual freshness and fervor in the man as he utters them. But, though he prays vociferously and with grave intonations, yet he prays with an obvious amount of pious emotion. His petition is loud, but emptily so. His solemn manner of speaking is evidently an affectation. In short, his phraseology seems to you utterly barren of true devotional feeling, and you cannot help thinking that his prayer is one of the kind which Jesus condemned in the service of the Mount. Forcibly enough comes to your mind that passage of the Master in which he cautioned his hearers against the use of "vain repetitions" in their prayers, telling them it was the way of the heathen, who thought they would be heard for their much speaking. "Vain repetitions!" How vividly descriptive is this phrase of every prayer like the one we are considering! It expresses all but the whining tones with which such prayers are made. These two words, vain repetitions, were adopted by the translator as best showing the meaning of the single Greek term used in the text. And that Greek term is very peculiar. It is a verb in the second person. Put in English letters it is *Battologesete.* It is said to have been formed from the name of Battus, a certain babler, of whom Suidas says that he made long hymns consisting of many lines, all of which were full of repetitions. How fiting the word thus formed to express the character of a prayer consisting of cant phrases and cant tones—a prayer which is a sort of babble abounding with tautologies!

Now, permit me to affirm that every instance of grave mouthing, like the one that has been sketched, is an instance of sanctimonious cant. This is a grievous evil in the church. It is the style in which conceited mediocrity and obtuse stubborn ignorance make their professions of devotedness. It is a strain after effect exhibited in the expressions of purposes that the mind has never formed, and of a zeal that the heart has never felt. It embraces a loudness which has no accompanying earnestness to make it justifiable. He who uses this kind of cant assumes "rueful looks of affected concern." He is unspiritually serious; he is dolefully shallow.—*J. D. Bell.*

Religious Intelligence.

Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Action.

We mentioned in brief last week the action of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, suspending from the eldership and membership of that Church Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, the well-known and esteemed President of the United States Christian Commission. The offense alleged against him was that of *joining in public worship where Christian hymns were sung.* After a lengthy discussion the vote in favor of his suspension was *twenty-eight yeas to fifteen nays.* The action of the Synod was summary, the action of the lower courts of the Session and Presbytery being entirely ignored. Another resolution, equally high-handed and revolting to the good sense of an enlightened Christendom, was rushed through by the Synod, declaring the Pastor and Session of the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia, (Dr. Wylie's,) of which Mr. Stuart is a member, suspended from all authority in questions relating to his case, thus stopping Mr. Stuart's Church from taking any such action as shall be likely longer to afford him a Church home.

The Reformed Presbyterian Church limits its psalmody to Rouse's version of the Psalms. That version has no poetic or other literary merit, and in numerous instances consists of the merest doggerel, and is of course offensive to all good taste. Here are a few specimen selected at random:—

Let not my wrongful enemies
proudly rejoice o'er me:
Nor who me hate without a cause,
let them wink with the eye.

Like as the hart for water brooks
in thirst doth pant and bray,
So pants my longing soul, O God,
that come to thee I may.

At evening let thou them return
making a great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.

O call to thy remembrance
thy congregation,
Which thou hast purchased of old:
still think the same upon.

Take I the morning wings and dwell
in utmost parts of sea;
Ev'n there, Lord, shall thy hand me lead,
thy right hand hold shall me.

Is it surprising that when the Reformed Presbyterian Church furnishes no better psalmody than the above, Mr. Stuart and others, whose souls appreciate the pure, chaste, and lovely in style, should join in singing the beautiful hymns found in the collections of other Churches? It was asserted during the debate in the Synod that many of the ministers of the Church, and even Rouse himself, had broken over the restrictions of the Church.

The decision in the case of Mr. Stuart was certainly most extraordinary. We need not say it is an outrage upon the good sense of Protestant Christians, without respect of denomination. We are not surprised to learn that the fraternal delegates from the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches withdrew from the Synod immediately after the decision was announced.

Liberal Christianity.

The "Free Religious Association" met in Boston last week. At the public meeting held in Tremont Temple, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of this city, presided. The peculiarity of the meeting seemed to be the irreconcilable disagreement of the speakers and addresses with each other. Thus, the President declared that "Christianity is a sect," and that vast communities in the world are not included in Christianity and never can be. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who followed, expressed it as his belief that "Christianity is *not* a sect," that it is 'a system which is to include all mankind one day." Rev. H. W. Malcom, a Baptist, avowed himself a sectarian, but would "tear down all ecclesiastical banners, and demolish all intolerance in the Church." Rev. J. B. Hubbard, Episcopalian, said, "We all believe in the central fact of the Incarnation;" which was an astonishing assertion to make of the company there present. The Rev. Olympia Brown, Universalist, said that she was "opposed to destroying denominational organization, because it was needed now more than ever to combat evil." In the evening, Col. Higginson, of Newport, delivered an address, in which he asserted that the "radical is pledged to the religion which is not superficial, and which does not dwell upon a gospel of sorrow and disease, but one of health and peace." Wendell Phillips followed, and declared that if "Jesus should appear again in our streets, and preach on the corners the same doctrines he preached on earth, the hierarchists of the Church would have him in jail within a week."

And this is the combination of malcontents and free thinkers which is to overset orthodox Christianity—that is, if it can. Its members begin characteristically by railing at the churches. Accusing evangelical Christians of narrowness, they show themselves narrower than the strait-est sectarian. While boasting of their liberality of opinion, they grudgingly admit, and some of them quite deny, the inestimable benefit to mankind of the labors of orthodox Christians. The humblest city missionary, who carries the charities and promises of the Gospel to the poor and the helpless, is worth more to society than this entire literal conclave.—*Methodist.*

General Miscellany.

The Right Use of Words.

BY REV. SAMUEL D. SPEAR, D.D.

Words being the social instrument of ideas, the vesture and vehicle of thoughts, it is evident at sight that their value must consist in what they contain. They are no richer than their contents. Nothing is more insufferable in a writer or public speaker than an everlasting stream of words rushing at the reader or hearer, that really mean nothing, or have no meaning at all proportionate to their number. This is a glaring fault with some writers and speakers. In words they abound: there is no end to their sentences, and hardly any end to the length of them; their vocabulary seems exceedingly full of what should be the symbols of thought; yet in actual weight for the purpose of description, conviction or persuasion, their language amounts to almost nothing. They fatigue the hearer, and tire out the reader. Substituting words for ideas, and expecting to accomplish with the former what really belongs to the latter, they are an intolerable *bore* to human patience. Such writers or speakers evidently do not make the right use of words. If one has nothing to say, then he had better say nothing; or, if he has said all that he has to say, then he had better stop. A mere parade of language without ideas is a simple cheat—a waste of air or ink on the one hand, and, if one attempts, to wade through it, an equal waste of time on the other. Ideas, after all, do the execution. Thunder makes a noise, but it is the lightning that kills.

The *power* of words consists in the degree of the precision, accuracy, and effectiveness with which they state an idea. A sentence so framed that nothing can be added and nothing deducted, and no change made in the collocation of words, without impairing its force, is the perfection of language, viewed simply as the instrument of thought. You want nothing better, and in the very nature of things can have nothing better. Words then present what John Foster terms '*verity* to the ideas;' and to alter them 'would be to flay the sentiments alive.' The words fit closely to the ideas; and the ideas fit as closely to the words. Every quality of lingual expression exists in its fullest force; every shade of thought that the language can paint is completely painted; there is no excess, and no deficiency, and no confusion or misplacement of colors; and hence the whole assemblage appears as an army set in perfect order for battle. The writer or speaker uses the fittest words to express his meaning—saying exactly what he means to say, and so saying it that no one can misunderstand him. Such an attainment characterizes the gifted master of words, who has labored much upon their right use, trimmed and scored his own diction, and finally infused into his style the intensest magic of expression. It is an art to be acquired, and not a native gift to any man. The art, too, is worth all the toil which it costs. Those who are professional users of words, who make books for the reading public, or address popular congregations, or venture to write articles for newpapers, with whom the wielding of ideas is a trade, need to study the art of precise and accurate expression. Sometimes, at least, they should give to the simple question of language the strongest power of thought. Are these the best words which can be used to express the idea? Do they express it with the greatest possible force? Can these be changed in their arrangement to any advantage? Ought they to be increased or lessened in number? These and the like are very pertinent questions. Seldom does any one write the first time so perfectly that he cannot by a second writing greatly improve his composition; and even then a third or forth writing may equally add to its excellence. Every preacher, yes, every scholar, should quite frequently put himself to the severe task, and continue the task till he attains what will for him be the absolute perfection of language. In this way the best writers gain the art which is sure to impress the world.

A perfectly clear *adaptation* of words to the capacities of those to whom they are addressed is not less important in the right use of language. That the author understands himself, and is entirely faithful to his own ideas, is not sufficient, unless he make himself as intelligible to others. Those who are writing for scholars, and expect to be read by scholars only, may employ the technical terms and phrases of learning; but those who wish to reach the masses must always choose their words from the vocabulary of common life. Men can neither hear nor read with a dictionary in their hands; and hence they must be addressed in words which they readily understand. What are called big words are not at all necessary to an elegant or vigorous style. Common words in the hands of an artist are quite sufficient for all the purposes of style, without any of those high-sounding terms to which not one person in a hundred will attach any meaning. It is especially important that the preacher of the Gospel should speak to the people in plain and simple language. To be constantly spouting Greek and Latin to an English audience, criticising the English translation of the Bible, or loading one's discourse with classic allusions entirely unfamiliar to the common mind, may be a very good way to show the preacher's self-conceit and pride of learning; but, if he wishes to impress the people and actually do them good, he must speak to them in plain Saxon English. Simple words do not offend the taste of the most classic refinement, and are much the surest as the instruments of execution; and hence they should always be used for the purpose of popular instruction and persuasion. Daniel Webster deservedly ranks among the most distinguished masters of the English language; and yet even in his richest passages, most massive in thought and glowing with the intensest fervors of the imagination, his style is remarkable for its simplicity, being eloquent and strong without any parade of diction. He is in this respect a very good model for the preacher to imitate.

There are, moreover, several very important *moral* senses in which words may be right or wrong. They may be truthful, expressing the honest convictions of the writer or speaker—being the exact representatives of his inner state, and hence honoring the law of veracity. Such words are free from the vice of intentional deception. They become all lips, forming the diction of honest men. Words may also be *pure*, containing purity of thought and sentiment. The delicate coloring of the fine feelings and good affections finds its natural expression in pure words. Their influence is pure. No one is harmed by them, and no bad passion stimulated by them. God's words, like himself, are very pure. Holiness seeks a chaste and lovely dialect. It breathes upon society the atmosphere of its own purity. *Kind* words as the expression of good feeling—the faithful symbols of an affectionate heart, the softest, the sweetest, the cheapest, the most appropriate sort of words—what a charm they always possess! How they adorn the speaker, and with what a magic potency do they touch the sympathies of our nature, often soothing the spasms of grief and inspiring the sufferer with hope! Who cannot well afford to speak to all men in the language of kindness? Even the severest condemnation may be expressed in kind words. *Timely* words, uttered in season; *prudent* or discreet words, falling from the lips of one who thinks before he speaks, and always speaks with wisdom; *respectful* words, such as mark the man of good manners, whether speaking to superiors or inferiors; *reverent* words, such as are suitable on human lips when we are speaking either to or of God—these are all examples of the right use of words. They are always right in their place, and their opposite is always wrong. Observe the words which are most common on a man's lips, and you can tell with very great certainty, both the grade of his intelligence and the type of his character. Nothing is more self-revealing than language, and nothing a truer index to the internal reality of the soul.

The culture of language, in both the intellectual and the moral sense, is hence a very important branch of human education. An article so common, in such constant use, and having so much power, should be fashioned into its most perfect form. 'Let the *words of my mouth*, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer,' is certainly a very appropriate prayer for every being gifted with the power and responsibility of speech. Charge these words with ideas, so arrange them as to give them the greatest precision and force of expression; make them so simple that they will be readily understood; add to them the moral graces of truthfulness, purity, kindness, timeliness, prudence, respectfulness, and reverence; and then language is invested with her loftiest charm, and performs her task of instruction or persuasion with the greatest care and success. She is then a wonderful instrument in the hands of a rational being. Society dealing in such an article is always the gainer. There is more importance attaching to this question of words than we are apt to imagine. It concerns the whole man; it has much to do with his power among men; and it certainly holds a vital relation to his character. There is a right use of words; and, since we must all use words, it is clearly best to acquire this use.—*The Independent.*

Speak Low.

The following excellent hints to mothers we find in the New York *Chronicle.* They are equally appropriate for fathers and all others who have the care of or are brought in contact with children:

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bidden, while in many a home where the low firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is a worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you, even to try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any, they only make them ten times heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low.—They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

Attention to the Feet.

It is utterly impossible to get wel lor keep well, unless the feet are kept dry and warm all the time. If they are for the most part cold, there is cough or sore throat, or hoarseness, or sick headache, or some other annoyance.

If cold and dry, the feet should be soaked in hot water for ten minutes every night, and then wiped and dried. Rub into them well ten or fifteen drops of sweet oil; do this patiently with the hands, rubbing the oil into the soles of the feet particularly.

On getting up in the morning, dip both feet at once into water, as cold as the air of the room, half ankle deep, for a minute in Summer; half a minute or less in winter, rubbing one foot with the other, then wipe dry, and if convenient, hold them to the fire, rubbing them with the hand until perfectly dry and warm in every part of them.

If the feet are damp and cold, attend only to the morning washings, but always at night remove the stockings, and hold the feet to the fire, rubbing them with the hands for fifteen minutes, and get immediately into bed.

Under any circumstances, as often as the feet are cold enough to attract attention, draw off the stockings and hold them to the fire; if the feet are much inclined to dampness put on a pair of dry stockings, leaving the damp ones before the fire to be ready for another change.

Some person's feet are more comfortable, even in winter, in cotton, others in woollen stockings. Each must be guided by his own feelings. Sometimes two pairs of thin stockings keep the feet warmer than one pair which is thicker than both. The thin pair may be of the same or different materials, and that which is best next the foot should be determined by the feelings of the person.

Sometimes the feet are rendered more comfortable by basting half an inch thickness of curled hair on a piece of thick cloth, slipping this into the stocking with the hair next the skin, to be removed at night, and placed before the fire to be perfectly dried by morning.

Persons who walk a great deal during the day should, on coming home for the night, remove their shoes and stockings, hold the feet to the fire until perfectly dry; put on a dry pair, and wear slippers for the remainder of the evening.

Boots and gaiters keep the feet damp, unclean and noisome, by preventing the escape of the insensible perspiration and odor which are constantly emanating from a healthy foot; hence the old fashioned shoe is the best for health and for the strengthening of the ankle, by habituating it to support itself. A piece of brown or other paper wrapped around the foot over the stocking sometimes keeps the feet remarkably warm. 'Cold feet' arise from the want of a vigorous circulation in them; this is often remedied by putting them in hot water in a wooden vessel, so as to cover the toes; in about ten minutes put both in cold water, the colder the better, of the same depth, for half a minute, the object being to procure a shock, calculated to draw the warm blood to the soles; this may be done on retiring and rising. Nothing should be considered a trouble, which can have even a slight tendency to keep the feet warm, because there never can be recovery from disease, or substantial good health without it.—*Hall.*

The Deacon's Rule.

Thirty-five years ago or more, a young man, then pastor of a rural church in the State of New York was driving through the parish village in his buggy, having at his side these nior deacon—a very heavy portly, good old gentleman known *par excellence* as 'the Squire.' He was a very prudent man, rather timid and careful of his life and limbs—all of which were of signal benefit to the church and the society. Having ascended a slight elevation in the road, the deacon observed about a hundred yards ahead, stretched on his broadside right across the narrow waggon track, basking in a mud-puddle, a huge, fat, lazy hog, weighing probably more than three hundred pounds.

"Look there elder," said the deacon, nervously; "see that old hog across the road. Turn out."

"I see, sir," said the elder. "I cant turn out."

"But, you must, or we shall be turned over."

"Can't do it, sir. I have the right to the road. The hog must give way."

Pony trotted on. They drew near the hog.

"I tell you, sir," said the deacon, now nervously excited, "turn out or we are gone."

"Never fear, sir," "the hog must clear out." By this time they were nearly to a stand still,