

Don't Crowd.

Don't crowd, the world is large enough For you as well as me; The doors of all are open wide— The realm of thought is free. In all earth's places you are right To chase the best you can— Provided that you do not try To crowd some other man. Don't crowd the good from out your heart By fostering all that's bad; But give to every virtue room— The best that may be had; To each day's record such a one That you may well be proud; Give each his right—give each his room, And never try to crowd.

Scripture Giants.

Various estimates have been made of the probable height of Goliath and Og. The uncertain element is the cubit used. Goliath's height, six cubits and a span (1 Sam. xvii. 4), has generally been concluded to be from nine feet six inches to twelve feet. Og is commonly supposed to have been rather taller, but the estimate is based on the length of the bedstead, nine cubits (Deut. iii. 11). On this it is quite hazardous to depend. A giant king might pride himself on his stature, and wish to keep up the idea of it by a specially large bedstead of iron. It seems probably that Goliath was more gigantic than the warriors mentioned as "the sons of the giants," of "great stature," and the like. Supposing the shkel of brass to be the same as a shokol of iron, Goliath's spear was twice the weight of that of Ishibonob. In modern days soldiers of ten feet in height would not be especially valued. Frederick William's army of giants was a matter of ridicule rather than of awe. Let us see how far the giants of the old differed from them. We now lay in great stress on a few inches in height. Frederick William had some enormous men found for him by the Czar, but we may safely fix his limit at ten feet, a height of which we have few men recorded during the last two thousand years. His guards, however, were individual specimens, in most cases men who from some exceptional cause grew wonderfully; in short, they were overgrown men. The giants in Scripture were a race, and the difference is very great. It is uncommon to find a man with a stock of vital energy differing from his fellows; that is, those of his race. Consequently, a very tall man is generally rather feeble. In some cases a very well-made tall man may have his arteries and hums so formed that the work of the heart in pumping the blood to the extremities is less felt than might be supposed. Still men that have shown extraordinary energy (we are not now speaking of single efforts of strength), very active leaders in wars, for example, have, on the whole, been remarkable rather as being short than tall. Napoleon was very short, perhaps five feet four inches; Nelson was very small. Wellington, we believe, hardly five feet eight inches. Peter the Great was short rather than tall. As far as we can learn, Gustavus Adolphus is almost the only great leader that was decidedly tall. Marlborough was a handsome man, but there seems no record of his being actually tall. It may well have been with him as with Louis XIV, of whom we hear, that when a ripped of his high heels and wig, and laid in his coffin, his attendants could hardly believe that they saw in the little human form before them the body of "Le Grand Monarque." And William III was a dursized, and his extraordinary opponent, Luxembourg, was a dwarf. Claverhouse was small; so, we believe, was Cromwell. As, however, there is considerable difficulty in obtaining reliable evidence on such points, we pass at once to what we believe to be fair conclusion. To judge if a man is overgrown or not—and on this depends his real fitness for severe work—we must know not only his own height, but that that of his race generally. An Englishman of the upper classes of five feet ten inches in height need by no means be an overgrown man, but we suspect a Frenchman of the same stature. To English ears the incident sounds strange of General Buonaparte walking up to a knot of discontented French officers in Egypt, and informing one that his "five feet ten inches" would not prevent his being hanged for mutiny. A race of giants, then, men who naturally grew to a height of ten feet with vital powers in proportion, would be terrible in the species of war waged between Israel and the Philistines. No wonder if the spies crept past them, feeling they were grasshoppers in their own sight, and in that of the giants also. Hence we cannot wonder that God chose individual men to show that under the greatest disadvantages the battle was still the Lord's.—Sunday Magazine.

A Legend of St. Arnulph.

Arnulph was the son of a physician. He was preparing himself for the calling of his father. One day he came to his father, and said: "Father, let me go into the cloister, and serve God. His father said, "Thou dost well to wish to serve God. As a physician, thou mayest serve Him, and serve thy fellow men also. To serve God is better than men," answered Arnulph. "Pray this night for God's guidance, O son! To-morrow I will do as thou wilt." So Arnulph went and prayed God to receive him as His servant. And his eyes were opened, and lo! an angel whose hands were full of roses. "Behold," said the angel, "the offering of those who serve God." "And can I offer Him anything?" asked Arnulph. "Lo! here in my left hand is thy offering also," said the angel. Arnulph again, "Why are the roses in thy left hand scentless? Those in thy right hand are full of fragrance." But the angel answered, "In my left hand are their offerings who serve the Heavenly Father, but care not to serve his children. In my right hand are their offerings who serve God, and serve man also."

Sailors' Language.

I am always in my pulpit, but not always preaching. I spend the most of my time in listening to all sorts of strange and wonderful things, in order to tell them to my children. But sometimes I hear things that puzzle me very much. The other day two sailors were talking together, and it took more than my wit to find out what they meant. One said he had just come from the "roaring forties," where he had many times "sailed in the teeth of the wind," and had been "caught in the eye of the storm." You would have believed by his observation, that his companion was as "deaf as a coal-bunker," if you had heard the tone in which he shouted out his remarks. Then the other sailor began to talk. He said that he too had just returned from a voyage. The sea had been as "smooth as blubber" most of the time, but one night when there was "just a capital of wind," and "all a's" were "set" to catch it, and "everything was as quiet as a night dog-waiter," down came a brig and struck her right "amidships." "An', sir, the cap'n only had time to sing out man the gig, the jollyboat and dingy, when in the water we were! Indeed," the sailor went on to say, "I s'pose we'd ha' gone to Davy Jones' locker if the brig hadn't sent along her dory and yawl to pick us up." Now what do you suppose any sober-minded Jack could make of all that? I can't describe to you how it bothered me to carry all these queer expressions in my head till my traveled bird-friends should come along. Some of them had taken long voyages in ships, and so could understand the terms my sailors had used. Well, the end of it all is: I know now that the "roaring forties" means the distance on the Atlantic Ocean between the fortieth and fiftieth parallels of latitude; that the sailors gave the name to that place because the ocean is so stormy there. To sail in the "teeth of the wind" means to proceed in the direction from which the wind comes, and to be "caught in the eye of the storm" is to be right in the centre of it, which is a very dangerous thing. "A capital of wind" turns out to be a nice brisk wind, not a gale, nor even a spanking breeze—which last, by the way, is a wind that blows quite strongly, but steadily, and is just what a sailor likes best. As for "a's," that is only the sailor-sound for sails. When I heard that a "dog-watch" means a watch that is two hours long, I couldn't imagine what sort of a watch it could be; but it appears that when a ship is at sea there must always be some one to keep watch night and day, in order to avoid accidents. So one officer will watch from six o'clock till ten, another from ten o'clock till twelve, a third from twelve o'clock till two, and a fourth from two o'clock till six. The two short periods between ten o'clock and two in the daytime, and the same in the night, are called dog watches. Upon hearing this, I was going to remark that this was a very queer name, but remembering that all the other names and terms were queer too, I said nothing about it. As for hitting "amidships," that only means that the vessel struck the other in the centre. "Yawl" and "dory," and many of the other words are plain enough, now that I understand them; but we have had sailor-talk long enough for this time.—From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for February.

What Courtesy Did.

There was a very plainly dressed, elderly lady, who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry-goods store in Boston. No one in the store knew her, even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her, and gave their attentions to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was one young man, who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited upon her with as much attention as though she had been a princess. This continued for a year or two until the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place: Lady—"Young man, do you want to go into business for yourself?" "Yes, ma'am," he responded; "but I have neither money, credit, nor friends, nor will any one trust me." "Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good location, ask what the rent is, and report to me"—handing the young man her address. The young man went, found a capital location, and a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he forthwith went to her and reported. "Well," she replied; "you go and tell M.—that I will be responsible." He went, and the landlord, or agent, was surprised, but the bargain was closed. The next day the lady called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me." "You may go to see Mr.—, and Mr.—, and Mr.—, and tell them to call on me." He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in the market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstances and the man, says a Boston paper. He died many years since, and left a fortune of \$300,000. So much for politeness, and so much for civility, and so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to their age, in whatever garb they are clothed.—Anon.

Argue not with a man whom you know to be of an obstinate temper; for when he is once contradicted, his mind is barred up against all light and information; arguments, though never so well grounded, do but provoke him, and make him afraid to be convinced of his truth. One item of counsel from the Pastors' and Superintendents' Association of Plainfield, N.J., to Sunday school teachers is: "Let us be punctual, remembering that in the Sunday school vocabulary, punctuality means 'five minutes before 5 o'clock' for Sunday school to begin."

Reading a Chapter.

In a large proportion of Christian households the custom prevails of daily "reading a chapter" of the Bible. Yet this excellent practice is apt to become somewhat formal, against the wishes of those who cherish it, for want of a more practical application of the portions read to the daily life of the hearers. The Bible is, like a chart, given as a guide on the voyage of life. And if merely read as a record of events of long past ages, may exercise little more influence upon our lives than any other history, as of ancient Greece, or Rome. This reflection struck me in the mind of the writer after recently perusing the fifth chapter of Mark, which treats of the Gadarene demoniac, the cure of the diseased woman, and the raising of Jarius's daughter. The thought occurred—"What have these wondrous miracles of a bygone age to do with our actual life and aims to-day? Wherein are these things, for example, a guide or a warning to us?" Then, on looking over the chapter with a reference to nineteenth century life, the following suggestions and others were presented, as a few out of many such, which each part of the Bible can render up to the meditative mind:— Although Christ is no longer bodily amongst us, yet He is still present by His Spirit to work visibly wondrous changes in the condition of violent and passion-tossed men, afflicted women, and poor weak youth, whether daughters or sons. But in all cases there must generally be a personal application to Him for aid, either by the prayers of those afflicted, or by others on their behalf. The doctrine "ran and worshipped" Jesus; Jarius "besought Him greatly" for his child; the afflicted woman followed after Him, "pressing through the crowd." God will still, as ever of old "be inquired" of to do for us that which we desire. And mighty indeed is the power of prayer, even beyond the limits of human thought or outward laws and probabilities. Not even death bars God's power. The messengers said to Jarius when his daughter was dead, "Why troublest thou the Master any further?" as if He had not "the keys of death and hell." The parent still prayed on, even for his dead child, and the Lord of Life restored her. Further, even the legion of devils prayed, and their prayer, such as it was, was granted to the wretched beings. So also was the awful prayer of those who asked Jesus to depart out of their coasts complied with. What a lesson is all this of the force of prayer in our daily constant needs! But lest we should deem that prayer, essential as it is, may dispense with means, this wonderful prayer illustrating chapter closes with the significant statement, that when Jesus had done what man could not do in restoring the child, He did nothing that those around Him could do themselves, but "commanded that something should be given her to eat." How much more helpful are the Scriptures to us when we thus search and meditate upon them, and seek to apply them to our actual circumstances, than when we merely "read a chapter" straight off as a bare historic narrative!

The Baptism.

(NOT ALTOGETHER A FANCY SKETCH.)

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."—Byron. SCENE.—Interior of a minister's house. All the inmates asleep. TIM.—Say two or three in the morning. LADY.—Bang bang, batter batter. Minister hears the noise in his sleep. Dreams that a fearful thunderstorm is raging, or a fierce cannonading is going on, or that he is delivering a speech which, from time to time, calls forth tremendous applause. Knock, knock, rattle, rattle. Minister (awakening) "Hallo!" is some one wanting to knock the house down? Thump, thump, thump. Minister springs out of bed, and gropes his way towards the front door (at which the knocking is) in bedroom costume. On his way he first strikes a shin against a chair, and then his forehead against the bedroom door. At length he reaches the front door. Without opening it, he says "what's wanted?" Voice from without. "Mr. Bank's child is dying, and you're wanted to christen it. Be quick." Minister. "I'll be with you in a minute or two." Gropes his way back to the bedroom, saying to himself, "Blank and his wife never go to Church, besides, they are worthless characters, but the poor child must not suffer for their sins." Reaches the bedroom, fumbles for the matches, gets them, and leaps into the conveyance. Driver to horse, "Get up, get up, get up," (whack, whack, whack.) To minister, "What an awful thing it will be if you cannot christen the child before it dies." At last they reach Blank's house. Blank and his wife are delighted to see the minister. The latter very hurriedly baptizes the child, which dies fifteen minutes after. Mrs. Blank to minister after the death of the child, "We're so glad you christened the child. We wouldn't for anything it had died without being christened." Mr. Blank. "That's so."

A Queer Sermon.

While shaking hands with an old man the other day, we noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said: "In those crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effects of holding the reins for so many years." This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft repeated acts become a habit, and once acquired it remains generally through life. The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words and actions of men and women.

The Positivists and Mr. Gladstone.

Follow in the example of Mr. Frederick Harrison, Professor Beesly has addressed a letter to the New York World on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees. Mr. Beesly writes:—"I suppose you will be surprised when I tell you that I have not read Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. He is a good speaker, but he never yet wrote anything which was not dull and worthless. Like the vast majority of Englishmen, I take no interest whatever in the Vatican decrees, and feel a certain humiliation in the spectacle of a late Prime Minister, the acknowledged leader of the Liberals, arguing about this and other ecclesiastical questions with genuine earnestness and anxiety. I am ashamed that Frenchmen should see the Times filled with letters that in France would not be seen outside of the Univers. Although we Positivists regret that the consciences of any Englishman should be influenced by the Pope, we do not join in any outcry against what is called 'a divided allegiance.' The existence of an independent spiritual power side by side with the temporal is, in our view, essential to human progress. We look forward to a time when there will be a new universal Church, the teachings of which in particular points may vary possibly, from time to time run counter to the Governmental actions or the national feeling of this or that country. We hold it to be most desirable that national narrowness and selfishness should be corrected by the spiritual influence of the whole west concentrated in a hierarchical organization. No doubt such a power will be regarded with jealousy by some statesmen, and will have its battles to fight. Still one objection generally—and in my opinion unreasonably—urged against the authority exercised by the Catholic Church would not apply to that of the Positivist priesthood, because in so far as it ruled consciences it would rule not by supernatural terrors, but simply by reason, persuasion, or the pressure of public opinion within the body. I dare say you have noticed that the Pall Mall Gazette, which in its hatred of a spiritual power used to applaud Bismarck's ecclesiastical legislation, has found out at last that such a policy aims a fatal blow at free speech everywhere. All that a church is entitled to demand from the state is freedom of speech, freedom to blame, comment, and advise. Of course priests who accept government pay or any privileges or exemption have forfeited their right to complain. The more they are trampled on the better pleased I am. But Bismarck does not base his harsh measures on that ground; and a German priest who should resign his stipend, &c., would find himself none the freer in the exercise of his sacerdotal functions. What a set of slaves those Germans are! They would deserve the pity of all the rest of Europe if they had not deliberately chosen servitude in order to enjoy the coarse satisfaction of bullying their neighbors. To return to Gladstone. The Liberals cannot do without him, because he is incomparably the first debater and financier in the country; but they feel him to be an incubus all the same with his contemptible superstitions, for which at bottom he cares more than for politics. An old heathen like Palmerston is much more to the taste of Englishmen. Disraeli's occasional pious flourishes are so transparently humorous that they do him no harm."

Curiosities of Woology.

In olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many other lovers, he was caught holding a skein of thread or wool which the lady had been unravelling. "Grace," said he "we have been unravelling knots. Let us see if we can tie one which will not untie in a life time." With a piece of tape he fashioned half a true lover's knot, Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain. Most men when they "pop" by writing are more straightforward and matter of fact, Richard Steele wrote to the lady of his heart: "Dear Mrs. Scurlock, (there were no misses in those days), I am tired of calling you by that name, therefore say a day when you will take that of madam. Your most devoted humble servant, Richard Steele." She fixed the day, accordingly, and Steele her name instead of her heart to the suitor. The celebrated preacher, Whitefield, proposed marriage to a young lady in a very cool manner—as though Whitefield meant a field of ice. He addressed a letter to her parents without consulting the maiden, in which he said that they need not be at all afraid of offending him by a refusal, as he thanked God he was free from that passion called love. Of course the lady did not conclude that this field, however white, was the field for her. The well-known brothers, Jacob and William Grimm, were exceedingly attached to each other, and had no desire to be married. But it was thought proper by their friends that one of them should become a husband, and Jacob being the elder, it was agreed that he should be the one to enter the bonds of matrimony. A suitable lady was found, but Jacob declined to do the courting, requesting William to act as his agent. William consented, but soon found that he was in love, and wanted the lady for himself. He could not think, however, of depriving his brother of such a treasure, and knew not how to act. An aunt kindly relieved him in his difficulty by telling Jacob, who willingly resigned the cause to his brother, and went out of the way till she had been made Mrs. William Grimm. A Scotch beadle was the one who popped the question in the grimace manner. He took his sweetheart into the graveyard, and showing her a dark corner, said, "Mary, my folks lie there. Would you like to lie there, Mary?" Mary was a sensible lassie, and expressed her willingness to obtain the right to be buried near the beadle's relations, by uniting herself to him in wedlock. A similar unromantic view of the subject was taken by another Scotch maiden. Upon her lover remarking, "I think I'll marry thee, Jean," she replied, "Mr. Jack, I would be much obliged to you if you would."

HOW TO FIGHT DIPHTHERIA.

The sanitary committee presented a report on diphtheria, the substance of which was as follows: Diphtheria is a contagious disease, caused by the inoculation of the mucus passages with the diphtheric poison. It may be diffused by the exhalation of the sick and the air surrounding them, or directly by the exhalation, as in the act of coughing, sneezing, or by the use of infected articles, such as towels, handkerchiefs, &c. It attacks by preference children from one to ten years of age, and may be recognized by the following symptoms: The patient complains of dry throat, cricking pain in swallowing, and general weakness; the throat becomes red, patches of white exudation appear, accompanied by swelling of the glands of the neck; a false membrane forms in the throat, and unless the disease subsides, the patient dies. The sick should be rigidly isolated in well aired (the air being entirely changed at least hourly), unlighted rooms, the outflow of air being as far as possible through the external windows by depressing the upper and elevating the lower sash, or chimney heated by a fire in an open fire-place; all discharges from the mouth and nose should be received into vessels containing disinfectants, as solutions of carbolic acid or sulphate of zinc, or open cloths which are immediately burned, or placed under a disinfecting fluid. When diphtheria is in the house or in the family, the well children should be scrupulously kept apart from the sick, in dry, well-aired rooms, and every possible source of infection through the air, by personal contact with the sick, and by articles used by them, or in their rooms should be rigidly guarded against. Every attack of sore throat, croup, and catarrh should be at once attended to. The food should have invigorating food and treatment.

OCEAN WAVES.

At the annual conversation of the Royal Society of Victoria, held at Melbourne on the 27th of August, the president, Mr. Ellery, in delivering the annual address, noticed the papers which had been read during the year. He referred at some length to Mr. R. S. Dorell's papers on ocean-wave power machinery, and said that some months ago Mr. Dorell devised apparatus by which the movements of a ship at sea could be registered; and observations were made with it by his brother who went to England in the "Norfolk." The duration of the voyage was 2,026 hours, and in that time the ship made 1,764,688 beam oscillations or rolls, and 1,041,187 fore and aft oscillations or pitches. The average number of oscillations in both directions per minute was 14. The average number of pendulum registering beam movements was over 15 million degrees, while that of the fore-and-aft movements was nearly five million degrees. Mr. Dorell considered that he had established—1. That between ocean limits the swell of the ocean is unceasing. 2. That the oscillation of a vessel in an ocean-fetch is unceasing. 3. That the motion of an independent body within a ship on the ocean is unceasing. Here, then, is an immense amount of conservable energy. Can it be conserved for use on board ship? Mr. Dorell said he thought it could be made useful in auxiliary propulsion, and that he hoped to be able soon to bring before the Royal Society of Victoria a method of putting his proposition into practice. Mr. Ellery stated that Mr. Bessomer had purchased from Mr. Dorell the instrument used in the "Norfolk" voyage observations.

FREZZING CELLARS.

A farm prevents frost in his cellar by pasting the walls and the ceiling over with four or five thicknesses of old newspapers, a curtain of the same material being also pasted over the small, low windows at the cellar. The papers were pasted to the bare joists overhead, leaving an air space between them and the floor. He reports that the papers carried roots through last winter though the cellar was left unbanked, and he is confident they have made the cellar frost-proof. Whatever paper is employed, it will be necessary to sweep down the walls thoroughly, and use a very strong size to hold the paper to the stones. It is not necessary to thrust the paper down into all the depressions of the wall; every air space beneath is an additional defence against the cold. No doubt the cellar may be kept warm in the manner proposed, but it is at the risk of burning the house down. Cellars are often visited after night with lamps or lighted candles. No inflammable material should ever be allowed in a cellar, for owners, as well as servants, are sometimes careless.

RYE AND INDIAN LOAF.

Scald three quarts of very coarse corn meal (as coarse as that ground for horse feed) with three pints of boiling water. Add one gill of molasses, and three pints of rye meal, (rye Graham); mix all together very thoroughly, and make into loaves three or four inches thick. Set on the stove where it will simmer up and not burn, and let it stand until it rises enough to crack all over the surface. Then put into a moderate oven, and bake three hours, or bake two hours or steam two hours, or put into a pretty good oven, with a declining fire, at night, and have it ready for breakfast next morning. Serve warm or cold—better warm.—Science of Health.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Raw cabbage composes a part of our dinner every day; and I have various methods of preparing it, but I think the following the best: Shave a hard, white cabbage into small strips, take the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, a cup and a half of good cider vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of thick cream, one teaspoonful of mustard mixed in a little boiling water; salt and pepper to suit taste. Mix all but the eggs together, and let it boil; then stir in the eggs, rapidly; turn the cabbage into the mixture, and stir well. I always make enough for two days at once, and it keeps perfectly, and is an excellent relish to all kinds of meat.—Am. Rural Home.

Duty cannot be plain in two diverging paths.