

HOW TO HAVE LEISURE.—How to have leisure, is the question of the busy half of the world. We have all the time there is, but our pre-occupations and the demands of business so exactly fill up the measure of the days, that for the accumulated projects which are very earnestly hoping for leisure that they may be accomplished, there seems no time. But, as in a country store the thrifty merchant works up all his remnants of cloths into ready-made clothing, and of calicoes into linings, so the real time-saver saves the clippings of all his business hours, and makes the pot boil over the chips of time.

He rises betimes in the morning, and saves a golden hour from shipping into the great gulf of the past, while others sleep. Finding spare moments as thickly studding the ante-breakfast sea-on as dew-drops do the blades of grass, he rises habitually at an early hour. He likes to be around at the break of day, that he may enrich himself with any splinters that fly off. The day sometimes breaks with a clear fracture, but if there are no crumbs, they take the form of crystals of leisure.

He learns to do one thing at a time; to push one matter to a conclusion before beginning another, which requires all his attention. He learned it from his mother, who taught him to wind the skein of silk one thread at a time upon the spool. Yet he is not like the poor housekeeper, who has a dinner to get for a dozen over a single furnace, and finds that the beef is cold or the gravy solid before the onions are soft the tomatoes set to stewing. He uses a rotary, and makes the same fire cook beef and onions, pudding and sauce; yet he so times each that neither is underdone or burnt. So, while he does but one thing at a time, puts in order many things, which will attend to themselves after being begun, and enjoys the gratification of the wise man, who sets out trees, and having faithfully watered them, knows that they will grow while he sleeps in peace.

He teaches the means of business to call upon him *à la queue*—serving one man at a time, one correspondent at a time, one job at a time. So he detains each matter till it is all right. He gives just the right change, and secures correct receipts. His neighbor who regards such extreme regularity as a whim, has his office besieged; bills stretched over the heads of the foremost men; entreaties from those in haste to hurry up; many minutes lost by the confusion of those served backing out through the crowd; mutters from the feeble who are thrust aside by the strong, and crumpled coats, bruised hats, and infinite perspiration; all which gives an impression of a great rush of business—particularly the rush. *À la queue*—by the tail, one at a time, in single file—should be the invariable rule with the crowding cares and engagements of every man who would have leisure.

He was something at hand wherewithal to load an hour that has discharged its appointed duty, that no time may be unemployed during business seasons. He keeps close watch for the golden glimpses of leisure that shine in between the appointments of the day, when, for reasons beyond its control, the joints do not exactly fit. As boys carry chestnuts in their pockets, on which they chew between their plays and their tasks, so men who are wise carry something about them on which they can profitably expend their strength and their thoughts in the intervals of their labors.

He appoints the season for his work, for his rest, and for his recreation. To his work he says, "Thus far, and no further;" unless a prodigious storm of business drive it occasionally beyond; and if these storms are too frequent, he builds bulk heads, and for the sake of health and strength, (without which, prosperity in business is worth little more than bogus bank bill,) he stands stoutly for their defense. He keeps on the right side of gentle Sleep. Out of deference to her, he avoids mince-pie and lobster salad at bed-time, and locks his chamber door against frightful dreams. Moreover he stands at the head of his own house, and lets no sleep appropriate any more time than nature commissioned her to take.

So shall a man have time for his labor, and leisure for the enjoyment of the fruits thereof.—*New York Times.*

Romanism is not maintaining its ground in Texas.—Some eighteen years ago it was the only religion tolerated by law. Now, it has thirty churches, twenty-five priests, six literary institutions, and an estimated population of 30,000; while Protestantism, which eighteen years ago was an illegal heresy, has 27,000 communicants; that is, 12,000 Methodists, 8,000 Baptists, 6,000 Presbyterians, 1,000 Episcopalians, and about 30,000 adherents among the population.

SIBERIAN COLD.—A traveller in Siberia, during the winter, is so enveloped in furs, that he can scarcely move, and, under the thick fur hood, which is fastened to the bearskin collar, and covers the whole face, one can only draw in, as it were, by stealth, a little of the external air which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful feeling in the throat and lungs. The distance from one halting place to another takes about ten hours, during which time the traveller must always continue on horseback, as the cumbersome dress makes it insupportable to wade through the snow. The poor horses suffer at least as much as their riders, for, besides the general effect of the cold, they are tormented by ice forming in their nostrils, and stopping their breathing. When they intimate this, by a distressed snort and a convulsive shaking of the head, the drivers relieve them by taking out the piece of ice, to save them from being suffocated. When the icy ground is not covered with snow, their hoofs often burst from the effects of the cold. The caravan is always surrounded by a thick cloud of vapor: it is not only living bodies which produce this effect, but even the snow smokes. The evaporations are instantly changed into millions of needles of ice, which fill the air, and cause a constant slight noise, resembling the sound of torn satin or thick silk. Even the reindeer seeks the forest to protect himself from the intensity of the cold. In the Tunkras, where there is no shelter to be found, the whole herd crowded together as close as possible to gain a little warmth from each other, and may be seen standing in this way quite motionless.—Only the dark bird of winter, the raven, still cleaves the icy air with slow and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of thin vapor, marking the track of his solitary flight.

THE RAT.—No other animal is placed in circumstances which tend so continually to sharpen its wits of the rat, nor does any other any other appear to be of any more improvable nature. He is of a most intelligent family, being related to the beaver. And in civilized countries he is not a wild creature, for he follows the progress of civilization and adopts his own habits of life to it, so as to avail himself of its benefits.

Wherever man goes, rat follows or accompanies him. Town or country are equally agreeable to him. He enters upon your house as a tenant at will, (his own, not yours,) works out for himself a covered way in your walls, ascends by it from one story to another, and leaving you the larger apartment, takes possession of the space between floor and ceiling, as an entresol for himself. There he has his parties, and his revels and his gallopades, (merry ones they are), when you would be asleep, if it were not for the spirit with which the youth and belles of rat land keep up the ball over your head. And you are more fortunate than most of your neighbors, if he does not prepare for himself a mausoleum behind your chimney piece or under your hearth stone; retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in the odor of sanctity. You have then the additional comfort of knowing that the spot so appropriated will henceforth be used either as a common cemetery of a family vault. In this respect, as in many others, nearer approaches are made to us by inferior creatures than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

The adventurous merchant, ships a cargo for some distant port; rat goes with it. Great Britain plants a colony at Botany Bay, Van Dieman's Land, or at the Swan River, rats takes the opportunity of colonizing also. Ships are sent upon a voyage of discovery, rat embarks as a volunteer. He doubled the stormy Cape with Diaz, arrived at Malabar in the first European vessel with Gema, discovered the New World with Columbus, and took possession of it at the same time, and circumnavigated the globe with Magellan, and with Drake, and with Cook.

BED CLOTHES.—Three fourths of the bed covering of our people consists of what is miscalled "comfortables," viz: two calico cloths, with glazed cotton and wadding laid between and quilted in.

The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth, while it allows escape to the rest. Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapors, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, what is called insensible perspiration is checked, and something analogous to fever supervenes. Foul tongue, ill taste, and lack of morning appetite betray the error. In all cases the temper suffers, and "my dear this execrable coffee," is probably the table greeting.

How much of the rosy health of poor children is due to the air-leaking rooms of their parents, and what a generator of pale faces is a close chamber!

To be healthy and happy, provide your bed with the lightest and most porous blankets. The finer the better. The cheapest in price are the dearest in health.—"Comfortables" are uncomfortable and unhealthy.—Cotton, if it could be made equally porous and kept so, we should prefer to wool. The same for daily under clothes. But more than all else, let your chamber be ventilated. Knock in a hole somewhere to give your escaping breath exit, and another to give fresh air to your lungs in the place of what they have expired. So shall you have pleasant dreams at night, and in the morning cheerful rising, sweet breath, and good appetite! These blessings combined, will secure to healthful parents a housefull of bright and rosy cheeked memorials of rich and fruitful affection.—*Philadelphia Register.*

TUSCARORA CHURCH.—On Tuesday, the 26th ult., the Rev. Mr. Ogilby, of Philadelphia, having paid the Tuscarora mission on the Grand River, a visit, addressed the Indians in the Church there, in a most affecting manner. After the address, one of the Chiefs present, Smoke Johnston, of the Mohawk Tribe, arose and addressed the worthy Pastor, said:—

"We, the Chiefs and Warriors, desire to address you as Father,—for with such a kindred feeling were we impressed during your kind and affectionate address to us.

It was with most sincere and grateful hearts we return our thanks for the good words you have spoken to us to-day. Your words have sunk deep in our hearts,—very long will we remember the pleasure we had in meeting, you and our sister, from the city of Penn., where the pale faced stranger, and the Red men became friends, and we pray that we may still be stronger united by the light of the Holy Ghost.

Here now in the house of God we have called you Father, for so have you spoken to us like a loving Father to his children whom he most affectionately loves. May your good advice bring forth in us the fruits of good works,—that the words of your text may be truly fulfilled to the glory of God.—You will take with you our warmest wishes for your welfare. May the Almighty protect you on your journey home. If we meet not again on this earth, may we come from the west, and meet you where the pale face and the Red man shall never again be separated—in Heaven."

The Address of Smoke Johnston, was taken down as spoken, by an Indian Girl, named Susannah Smith Loft.

No benefit can stop the mouth of impatience. If our present desire be not gratified, former favors are either forgotten or despised. But no marvel if we deal so with men, when God receives the same measure from us.—One year of famine, one summer of pestilence, one month of unseasonable weather, makes us overlook all the blessings of God, and murmur more at the sense of our evil than praise him for our varieties of good. He makes an ill use of God's mercies who hath not learned to be content with his corrections.—*Bishop Hall.*

At the age of seventy-three—after fifty-three years service as a teacher—though still in excellent health—Professor Silliman has recently resigned his office in Yale College. He has taught 4000 students—among them 8 Governors, 11 Presidents of Colleges, 17 Judges, 61 Senators, 60 Professors, and issued 65 volumes of the Journal of Science, a scientific periodical which he originated, and to him principally Yale is indebted for the finest cabinet of minerals in the United States.

SYRIA.—A LATTER RAIN.—The exciting news respecting this country, that it has had what is called the "latter rain," is an event which is said not to have happened since the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. The absence of this latter rain, has been regarded as a curse upon the land, and the chief cause of the loss of its former great fertility. It is therefore looked upon, not only as a great blessing, but as a providential omen or promise of coming good to that unhappy country. By many it will be considered as the commencement of the promise recorded in Joel, where the return of the latter rain is associated with the return of the scattered Jews to their country, and with their general prosperity and happiness.

The Czar of Russia has, through his private secretary, ordered eight blocks of the Vermont marble, weighing six tons each. They are designed for the erection of a monument to Kieffier, who is supposed to have been the originator of the movement for firing Moscow, on the advance of the French army.