

dependent on fortune, and not at all on fashion? Who torments us by a potty, prying curiosity so much, as one whose rational curiosity has never been exercised upon objects of real interest? Who that knows how to value books, will be likely to run mad after dress and vulgar show."

HOME.

Thou, whose every hour,
Is spent in home's sweet bower,
Whose love, like golden fruit o'erhanging grows—
Where friends to thy soul sweet,
United, circling meet—
As lapping leaves that form the entire rose—
Thank thy God well! soon from this joy thy day
Passes away.

Thou at whose household fire
Still sits thy aged sire—
An angel guest; with lore as those of old—
Make thy young children's care,
That crown of hoary hair,
Which the calm heavens love as they behold!
Soon, soon the glory of that sunset ray
Passes away.

Thou from whose household nooks
Peep forth gay, gleaming looks.
Those 'fairy-heads' shot up from opening flowers,
With wondrous perfume filled—
The fresh, the undistilled,
This overflowing bliss that childhood showers—
Praise Him who gave, at whose word their stay
Passes away.

Thou, with another heart
United, though apart,
As two close stars, that, mingling, shine but one—
Whose pleasant pathway lies
'Neath tender watchful eyes,
Where love shines clearer than the morning sun—
Praise God for life that in such soft array
Passes away.

More—more—thou hast yet more!
These, thy heart's treasured store,
Transferred to heaven, may win immortal birth—
With radiant seraphs there,
May tune ambrosial air
To every glorying hymn of praise—while earth,
Like lingering music from some harper gray,
Passes away.

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR EVENINGS?

Young man, how do you spend your evenings?—Answer this question, and we can tell you, almost to a certainty, what will be your future character. In our view, more depends upon the manner in which young men pass this season, as it regards their course and conduct in years to come, than upon anything else. We have been an observer of men and things for the last twenty years, and can point to many a youth, who has caused weeping and sorrow in his family, disgraced his name, and is now an outcast in the world, or has sunk to a dishonored grave, who commenced his career of vice, when he broke away from wholesome restraint and spent his evenings in the company of the abandoned. On the contrary, we know many estimable young men—the pride and hope of their friends—who are working their way to favor and wealth, who spend their leisure evenings in some useful pursuit.

Young man, listen to us, and take heed to our words—not that we wish to deprive you of a single pleasure, or debar you from any innocent amusement. We entreat you to be particular *where* and *how* you pass your evening hours. If you lounge about the bar-room, partaking of the vulgar conversation that is introduced, and join the ribbald song, or stand at the corner of the streets, using profane and indecent language, you will soon habituate yourself to low blackguardism and vile conversation, that no young man who respects himself will be found in your company.

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great importance, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man put off eating and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—*Til-
lotson*.

WHAT IS DIRT?

Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students, "Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt? Why nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that 'dirty grease spot' on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water and it disappears: it is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt. 'That is not a very odious pile of dirt,' you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt, is worthy your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! Analyze it! It will separate into very clean elements.

"Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitens her skin with chalk or fuller's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt. Though I must say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. 'Pearl powder,' I think is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."

The memory ought to be a store-room. Many make theirs a lumber-room.

NEWLY CONSTRUCTED OVEN.—Mr. John Case, of Burlington, N. J., has in operation an oven, which is said to be of a new construction—the fire being in a separate chamber, while a valve in the chimney draws the smoke, gas, &c., entirely out of the oven before the bread is introduced, and the oven is kept constantly hot, by which mode, bread, dinners, pies, or cakes can be baked at any hour when they may be wanted.

RECIPES FOR HOUSEWIVES.

CREAM TARTER SPONGE CAKE.—1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of flour, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon of cream tartar; half-teaspoon of saleratus, dissolved in milk. Flavor with lemon; grate in the rind, or if extract, 1 teaspoon.

SNOW BALL CAKE.—Half cup of butter, 1 cup of loaf sugar, the whites of three eggs; stir thick as cup cake. Teaspoon of saleratus. Bake in small tins.

CREAM CAKE.—1 cup of cream, 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon saleratus, 1 of salt. Thick as pancakes.

FRIED CAKE.—1 cup of sugar, 2 of milk, 2 eggs, half cup of butter, saleratus and flour.