

THE COMING HOME.

A QUARTER ALL HUSBANDS OUGHT TO READ.

(From *Itarh and Home*.)

Latently, dear householders, we considered the home-welcome in its various aspects; now let us give a thought to the home-coming. I hold that while it is the duty of every woman to render some attractive and useful service to every man who comes to conduct his home-coming, that it will be the bright spot in the history of the wife's household. Too few men bring with them their proportion of light and sunshine. Some do, we know; but what is to be said of the cloudy man—the man who is fretful or angry, or fault-finding, or grumpy, or cross? Does he brighten his home at the threshold?

The cross man is never pleasant. His wife either speaks too loudly or too loudly enough; his slippers, not asserting themselves with due regard to right and left, no scolded as if they were animate beings; and the chair in which he is treated as if, with its own four legs, it had voluntarily and with a will, although placed itself in his path, and could not but feel the spiteful kick which he sends it out of the way. The stung man's quick eye immediately detects an extra light, which he extinguishes; and close the store-dampers, to prevent the too rapid consumption of fuel. The bright ribbon bow which his wife has put on to relieve her poor, faded dress, she perhaps noticed only to ask its cost; and if, when all have eaten as well as they could with the consciousness that almost every mouthful was counted, there happens to be any food left upon the table, the extravagance of the cooking is coolly commented upon. How can such a man expect to find light, warmth, beauty and comfort at his fireside?

The fault-finder rarely has anything as he wants it, and the words "never" and "always" are so pat to his tongue as to be the pain-killer of householders. If once in six months his umbrella is misplaced, it is "never where it should be." If once during the same time the henk is not done, it is "never cooked to death." If, in consequence of numerous duties, the careful wife for the first time in a year makes her appearance untidily dressed, the "always" and "never" man says he wishes she would "never" go looking like a fright.

A lady, accounted by the world as being the happiest of mortals, once confessed to her friends that she had dinner promptly on time three hundred and sixty-four days out of the year, and on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day should be ten minutes late, this model husband would undoubtedly affirm that "dinner was never ready on time."

Few husbands are so anxious as never to lose their temper. A consequence of this too often repeated "always" and "never."

The "glum" man enters his home, hangs up coat and hat, walks into the room, and, sitting down, stares straight into the fire. You would not guess from his bearing that he imagined there was another being in the house besides himself. Should a child slip happen near, it is only because he is so ignorant of "troubling;" and the question of wife and mother are answered with so few words that a real good brisk quarrel would be somewhat a relief.

This householdier here feels that were all his energies spent in rendering his home attractive, the individual for whose benefit the brightness was intended would not reward him by sitting, either favorably or otherwise, anything in the pleasant arrangement of his home.

Then there is the careless man, who walks into the room with unclean boots, throws overcoat and hat on the floor or a chair, leaves at the door open (which fact is immediately announced by a sneeze from the baby), runs against and upsets various things in the room, litter the floor with papers, and in about two minutes from the time of his entrance turns the tidy room into a domain of disorder.

This peculiarity is certainly annoying but when accompanied with good nature, as it often is, can not be so direful in its effects as either of the before-mentioned faults.

There are many in a man never come home at all. Their homes become regularly to be found, but the man himself is still down-town, attending and planning to circumvent and outwit some of his fellow-beings.

His handsome home is purchased and elegantly furnished with entire reference to the effect it will have upon his business, and his wife is conversant and anxious to add to his list of friends, and entertaining those who, when the proper time comes, can be utilized by the sharp man.

I have not yet mentioned the cruelest blight of all, when the home-coming man is for the first time not a man at all, but a hideous caricature of himself. It may safely be inferred that no man who shall read this is a confirmed drunkard. Yet it is sadly true that

accidents strike at times temporary degradation from the so-called "social glass." Wife at home may bewail like a bright star, everything may twinkle as in a moment "social" but if the wife lives in dread lest the coming spot be the uncertain one of a roiling form, and the eye that should meet hers in fond truthfulness be blotted and ally, or crawl with the loop and dierance of a self-clouded cloud, there will be weary and anxious line in her face that she can not help, and that will darken the clearest noon.

On the other hand, the so-called sober man is not always temperate or kind, nor does he invariably try to keep himself at his best estate for his family, as well as his own. Such a man shall be known at a glance, if only by the manner of his home-coming.

There is much in the way the house is entered. Let the man come in with a bright smile, his wife's face is brightened; bring little without for trifles at the waiting ones; put hat and coat in their proper place, and just as much kissing as the law allows. Then let him be ready to romp with the children, pay pleasant little attentions to the grown women, and be willing to loan an ear and to become a butt on to relieve overtaxed hands. Let him notice and speak of the little things that are done for his pleasure, and, above everything else, let him be sympathetic. Many a weary head would ache less if its pain were noticed and regretted by a loving husband, father or son, and many a joy would be multiplied by being shared.

Not always is the effort of speech or action necessary. Some men can brighten with mere glance the room they enter. There is a joy-shedding grace in the way in which some husbands and fathers give themselves to the service of an arm chair by the fire-side after a day of weariness. As my late father used to say, "man enters his home with a will to make his family happy, he will find the brightest halo of joy about himself."

In truth, the home is like the world—millennium will be reached when each one works for the happiness of others.

SENSATIONAL PREACHING.

BY W. H. VAN DORNE, D.D.

The age we live in, has its inferiority above that of any preceding. Some men in every period of the world, have been as happy as mortals. The monk who dwelt twenty years in a nunnery some thirty feet high, never did for devotion. That Mr. Simou, the Stylite, has had many followers. He cared not for the scorn or the gibes of the profane multitude. He regarded not the calls of mother, or sister, or father, delivered to him in his own language. Had they come down to our times, he would have found a treasure house which they have proved to their chiss. Take him, all in all, he certainly deserves the name of Prince of Preachers among that brave race—because he was confessedly the tallest among those prophets. What intrigues he delivered to the wondering crowd, who came far and near to see and hear this sensational preacher of the Theban of Egypt, we have no record.

In the middle ages another of the same class attempted the same thing by other means. In the city of Navarro, in 1612, a Jesuit priest was the inventor of a new method of impressing the public. He desired to represent the solemnity of the Judgment. He stationed a number of trumpeters in the nave. "Perhaps, said he, to-morrow this vast throng will hear the last trumpet sound. To-morrow, did I say? perhaps this very day—this very hour—yeen, this very moment! Sure enough, that instant the vanils of the chieftain resonated the pealing blasts of a dozen trumpets." The entire crowd rushed to the doors, and fled for life to a neighboring villa. Thence they gazed, horror-stricken, to see if the bursting graves were giving up their dead—or the opening heavens revealing the Judge!

This same disease seems to afflict not a few of the higher-minded ministers of our age. I can say no longer since the following announcement:

"Preaching is a sweet church—sublimity. Subject, Guix's Baby." And the man who called himself a minister of Christ actually preached to fulfill his commission and preach the gospel—*alax Guix's Baby!*

Another sensationalist, who boasts that he also preaches the gospel, took for his text the important bit of blasphemy, "except the Bible." And some of his hearers, far from ploughing and sowing of his fields, and then turning to the sun, gilding with its morning ray the spring landscape, exclaimed—"I accept the baptism!" might he not justly have looked for winter, to elude around his empty barn, and his wife would have pronounced "I accept the baptism!" in his face. Or should the preacher in answer to the question "what is the sign of the life?" amid the drowning billows, exclaim, "I accept this way of escape!" Indeed, if the angry waves engulf the

signs, all the world would say, he perished justly. But this humble way of gratifying one's vanity is not confined to Romanists or Catholics. There seems to be a world-wide tendency in every class of intellect to attach to these glittering bubbles of public praise. But with the mind filled with the ideal preacher such as Paul or Payson, we deliberately hold sensational preaching a sin. It precludes to put a stain on the method of his chosen to have the gospel preached more prominently by the sermons of the inspired apostle.

The Spirit of God has pronounced the *Acts* of most unbecomingly, and curiously, under the Oriental term, "dancing cats," morally wrong. Yet, in the very teeth of such a divine denunciation—some, calling themselves ministers of Christ, foster this sin. They tax their powers to encourage the crowd to come and hear that "preaching," and to do so, they have resorted to the very thing that will tickle the fancy. Should we dignify these *pulpit pyrotechnics* with the name of the gospel, we would say what all the world knows to be false.

We go one step further and affirm sensational preaching a sin. They profess that their ordination vows, that they profess to preach Christ, and thus focus their attention on that which is a weekly violation of their personal vows, by preaching self—a mere word, instead of the Redeemer! Angels pity the sight!

There is a deeper depth in which this class of Protestant ministers sink. These pious displays in our pulpits catch those whom they think the attractions of the cross will not draw, in a confusion, and the chosen method of God in His gospel is destroyed. It is tantamount to publishing to the Church and the world: The Bible says that "by the foolishness of preaching God will save—yet we have found out a more excellent way, viz.: "The foolishness of preaching men."

The preaching of Paul implied unflinching the terror of the law, the utter depravity of man—the futility of man; the hiding of the truth; "holding forth the life of God," and "holding forth in front of the sacred subject of our hope. They utter much truth, but the creature that peers out from under every fold of their sacred robe is *unity, personal unity, overarching unity.*

If such would learn the secret of making the people forget the speaker—the awful solemnity of their work—and the overpowering grandeur of their theme—let them go where it was taught, and let themselves be forgotten. When Jonathan Edwards had completed his discourse, he *betared to rest in prayer*. As he neared on Sabbath morning the sacred desk, he often passed his elders, but saw them not. His heart was wreathing with the angel of the covenant. No wonder that while engaging the masses of truth, his elders, ever entering the pulpit, begged him to descend. Such was the whirlwind of emotion, they trembled for the results. Before such power in truth, what a lookery is not sensational preaching!

A REMARKABLE REVIVAL.

The New York *Freeman* has an account of a powerful work of grace on the Island of Free Devon, east of Nova Scotia, containing a list of twenty people, and originally settled by Scotch, Irish and French immigrants. It has been in progress for more than a year. It is stated that "there is diminution of the interest in divine things which prevailed during the whole year of 1871." The daily meetings are largely attended, and a number of converts have been made. In the large districts of Sidley, Mt. Mira, the great coal region of the island, the communion roll has been increased *five in one*. The work has extended to every congregation within the bounds of the Presbytery except one. On the second Sabbath of January the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was observed in Sidley and Mira at the same time, the two congregations being under the pastoral care of the Rev. Hugh McLeod, D.D. They were wont to commune together, although their locations are twelve miles apart. But this season no church in the island could contain the multitude that gathered to the feast, so that it was necessary to have the ordinance administered at both places simultaneously.

All the ministers in the Presbytery were present, and took part in the services on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday preceding the great day of the feast. These days are named respectively the day of humiliation; the day of self-examination, and the day of preparation. The following Monday is also observed as a day of thanksgiving. On each day the congregations were very large, and as the venerable pastor writes, "I was a very solemn and refreshing season. God was in the midst of us as evidently. We all felt as Peter on the mount, that 'it is good for us to be here.' The following Monday is also observed as a day of thanksgiving. On each day the congregations were very large, and as the venerable pastor writes, "I was a very solemn and refreshing season. God was in the midst of us as evidently. We all felt as Peter on the mount, that 'it is good for us to be here.' From the fresh row more than a dozen ago, we have seen no turning back and no falling away. Praise the Lord, with us."

LONGEVITY.

A German observer has recently calculated the average longevity attained in different professions. His information, if trustworthy, would be very interesting, not merely to insurance offices, but to every man who has the difficult question of their employment for life. If a youth will be content with 60 years, he may become a doctor, if he regulates a year more, he may be an artist; if he wants 60 years of life, he may go to the Bar; but in order to have a fair prospect of attaining to 60, he must enter into his physical or to the spiritual wants of man when nine additional years of life toward the higher line of duty? Does the superior longevity of abeyant spring from the possession of a good conscience, or from the fact that the responsibility of attending to the soul's needs more lightly than that of attending to the body, or from differences in the physical conditions of the two professions, or from the varying demands which they make upon the intellect? De Ministro draws an inference in favor of Calvinism from the supposed fact that the average lives of kings and queens which had adhered to the Reformation were longer than those in countries not so reformed. We should be sorry to adopt his logic in this case, though we do not quite see our way to the opposite conclusion, apparently adopted by the *British Medical Journal* (from which we derive our information), and embodied in the saying, saying about those whom the gods love.

Parents have for a good many centuries been disgusted when their sons have plunged into noise instead of taking to the counting-house; but they have never, we suspect, made full use of the argument from the deleterious influence of the pursuit upon human life. From a curious position of the most accessible facts, is almost as destructive as those trades which are proposed to be the subject of Parliamentary interference. It is as bad as razor-grinding. Looking through any list of English names, the number of early deaths in Shelley, Byron, and Byron, and Shelley, and Byron, and Shelley, will occur at once. To the list of those who died before fifty we may add Spencer, Thomson, Colfax, and Goldsmith. Shakespeare managed just to get beyond his fiftieth year, and Pope and Gray got half way from fifty to sixty; but an exception of the proverbial "Milton" would be a responsible fact, but then he long refrained from indulgence in the dissipated practices in favor of the superior (we speak from a sanitary point of view) pursuit of political life. He did not long survive the recurrence to his earlier pursuits. Cowper lived to see seventy, but it drove him mad. Milton would have done so without the actual penalty, and Wordsworth, by one of a regular country life, survived all his contemporaries, and attained the respectable age of eighty. The only wonder, in the last case, is that a man of so sound a constitution and placed under such favorable circumstances, did not live to contribute to the world. Dryden also is really a case of premature death, and we suspect that the "Ode on the Immortality of Greatness" took ten years out of his life, while his other inspired moments may account for the remaining period. Besides which, two years in the Lakes cannot be counted for more than one in London. Dryden also remains to confront us; and it may be confessed that Dryden's poetry comes very close to the borders of prose. By way of contrast, let us suggest the names of a few speculative philosophers amongst English writers of reputation. We find that Bacon and Locke lived to be 70, and Locke to be 80; Hutcheson, 72; Reid, 60; and Hobbes, 71. Amongst the German metaphysicians Kant died at 80, and Schelling at 79, whilst Hegel was prematurely cut off at 63. In France, Alambert lived, in spite of a delicate constitution, to be 87, and then had to be killed by an opponent with his brother metaphysician, Berkeley. Descartes is said to die about the age of Shakespear; but Descartes was naturally delicate, whereas we can hardly doubt that Shakespear had a fine constitution. If they had exchanged pursuits, no one can say that Shakespear might not have rivalled Hobbes, and Descartes perished as early as Kant. Shakespear again, we are told by De Quincey very properly, argued from this and other circumstances that it must have been a wonderful. Let us hope for the credit of philosophy that such was the case. At any rate, though the "short" life of metaphysicians, he would have had a very fair tenure of life for a poet. We have not indulged in any profound researches, but we had the curiosity to determine the average age of the English poets contained in a short list at the end of the *Golden Treasury*. The result comes out precisely 60, which, according to our German authority, is just that of the most unwholesome of all professions. The average, however, as we see by the admission of such unreasonably long-lived people as Rogers and Mrs. Barbauld, and other minor poets. A still

shorter list of metaphysicians gives an average of 68 years, or a fourth of life superior even to that of a poet. But we admit that it would be desirable to have any divided theory on a wider collection of facts.

There is, of course, nothing surprising in these results. The true philosophical temperament is precisely that which is favorable to long life. A man will never irritate himself about anything, who never subjects his machinery to an unnecessary shock, will go on living in a fair stronger man, animated by more troublesome passions, will beat himself to pieces against the world. The same disposition which fits a man for long processes of patient meditation will generally enable him to take life easily, and it is curious to observe how such a philosopher, for example, as Hume, whilst his philosophy tends to upset all established creeds, may be personally a Conservative of the strongest kind, and desire the stability of the institutions whose vitality he is doing his best to destroy. Just as Gibbon attacked Christianity as a theory, but was utterly disgusted when revolutionists began to reduce his theory to practice. Fostory of a certain class may be comparatively innocuous for similar reasons. Chaucer, Wordsworth, and Goethe were all long-lived poets, because they seldom indulged in violent emotion. Dealing with poetry generally may be regarded as a fairly temperate art, but as a serious writer, like Heron in the old days and Tom Moore in ours, may be a long time in wearing themselves out. But a young man who takes to writing revolutionary odes, or who shares the passionate impulses of a Byron or a Shelley, might almost as well have been writing his odes, for as his prospects of longevity are so small, he may as well be dead.

Perhaps there is an apparent contradiction in this theory, the fact that dryness are said to be long-lived. Mr. Galton asserts, in his work on hereditary genius, that the spiritual heroes of the world have generally been men of steady constitution; and one might fancy that a tendency to indolence in strong religious emotion would be as favorable to long life as the tendency to energy. But in the first place, it is probable that the masses of dryness are as little inclined to undue excitement of any kind as their neighbors. Most of the heretics who have given very little attention to a steady mind, and were in the most violent passions, and were regarded as the feeble impostors of religion. We need not, however, that in all most prominent there is always an obvious alternative. It may be that poetry creates a delicate constitution, and that men of such an nature, naturally take to exceeding themselves in poetry. The disease may, in short, be the cause, instead of the effect. It would be impossible to pronounce satisfactorily on these matters without a very careful examination of the subject in statistics. If they apply themselves to the investigation, we might discover some useful facts, and even find out in some particular schools of metaphysics and metaphysics, whether, for example, a Calvinist generally lives as long as an Aristotelian, or a Christian, and so forth. We had intended to write more of the subject, but we have not time and opportunity to write more than this.

FOR KNIGHTS OF THE QUILL.

Let it be understood, remarks the *New York Advertiser*, that *concentration* is the highest possible excellence in a writer for the press. Let the first draft be written, even be made as brief and concise as possible. Then, in revising it, first strike out all introductory matter, which would commonly creep over it, striding out all explosive parts of sentences, parentheses and ornamental of what had before been said. On a third reading remove all the adjectives and adverbs, except those which are necessary to destroy the sense of the piece. Last of all, copy the piece with an earnest purpose to make it as short as it will bear. Probably then it will have every thing worth having, as first written, with very decided advantages in vigor and clearness of expression.

Never did any soul do good but it came readily to do the same again with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude, or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the professor still more in love with the fair, soft, Shakespear.