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vated to high honor, but in this elementary hierarchy, phosphorus seems to have attained a still loftier distinction. It seems to be the last and most intimate link which connects the worlds of matter and of mind. It aids to carry forward our feeling, willing, and thinking operations. In the passive condition it waits to perform its grand functions at a proper signal, and in the twinkling of an eye, it drops its impressive mask and rushes forth impulsive, that words may breathe and thoughts burn.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

Thus we find the light-bearer of the old alchemist is transmuted and transformed in the very laboratory of the soul. How fitting that it should shine in the dark.—It is the symbol of its physiological destiny, and its peaceful state, and it is proper that phosphorus, upon which the human mind impresses itself, should owe its birth to the sun, and be rocked to sleep by the flowers. How mind and matter are joined we don't know; or, indeed, the ultimate how, or the essential laws—we are confounded in the presence of a falling stone, or a burning candle. We may learn the conditions of the fall of the stone; we may elucidate the facts of the burning candle in its reference to the laws of combustion; but the underlying essences and occult causes, transcends the grasp of our faculties. So with mind and its instruments, how they are associated we do not know; we judge of their condition, and we may understand that they are proper matters of inquiry; but this has been found that no intellectual operation can take place except it be attended with the oxydisation of phosphorus. I do not say that mental operations arise and originate in the changes of the brain; but that in the action of the mind on the external world, these essential chemical changes do intervene. Yet it is the consideration of these singular properties of matter that the mind unfolds to us the most august powers of contemplation that can engage the human thought. For what is so awful as those thoughts which concern the alliances of the spiritual with the material? What part of the creation of God is to be approached with such awe and such solemn interest as the human brain? It is the crown of the universe; an institution of the almighty for the management of the affairs of the world.—In this narrow chamber, what grand events transpire? Thoughts that have revolu-

tionized the world originated here. Every achievement which shoots the world forward upon the line of progress originated here. Nay, did not all inventions and discoveries of arts and sciences, of literature and civilization, come into existence first in the human brain?

It is customary to point to the heavens as the sublimest object that can engage human attention, and certainly the contemplation of its magnificent scenery must ever awaken the profoundest wonder.—Those orbs sweeping out into the unknown and yet return regularly through long celestial circuits; those gorgeous galaxies of stars swinging so deep in the abysses of space as not to be descried except by a telescope—what are they but types of the Infinite, fit and fearful emblems of eternity? Yet I point you to an object grander far than all these, and which may kindle within your soul a more exalted order of emotions. It is the little organ in which that magnificent scheme is registered and in miniature reproduced. The cerebral matter receives the minute representation of that majestic universe. Those everlasting heavens, with all their magnificent distances, harmonies, and splendors, are duplicated in the brain of the astronomer—a faithful transcript is daguerrotyped on the tablets of his brain. We are told of the glory of the primitive creation, but what shall we know of it, if it were not for this evidence of reality, and were it not recorded in this living alembic of thought? This human brain—it is, indeed, a laboratory of wonders—the masterpiece of the Most High!

It is this fact in science which sheds a glory over the neglected atom, and connects the commonest subject to a mosaic of wonders. Objects the most remote and diverse are brought into beautiful relation; the planetary movements, the growth of plants, and the thinking of a man, are indissolubly connected; as we go on by faith progressively, we are connected with the new heavens and the new earth.

NECESSITY OF HOME INSTRUCTION.

It is the nature of a child to imitate what is around it. The influence of example is as certain as the action of the air upon the body. Influences educate the child long before it is large enough to be sent from home to school. It is in the unwritten, unspoken teachings of home in our tenderest years that our destiny has its beginnings. Every word, tone, look,

frown, smile and tear, witnessed in childhood, performs its part in training the infant for eternity. Instruction should begin early, but let it be oral, and consist chiefly of a few moral precepts, Bible stories, and chaste fables. A great error in our times is the pressing of the infantile mind, cramming the memory with what the child does not understand, and at the same time, so compressing and cramping it as to prevent the proper development, and impair the reasoning faculties.

Another of the alarming evils in our day is the circulation of demoralizing publications. Earnest warning entreaties on this subject have often fallen from the pulpits. But the warning cannot be too often repeated. The influence of immoral prints and books is calculated more than anything else to corrupt the morals, and enfeeble the intellects of the juvenile portion of our country. To circulate such publications is a serious offence against God and man; and yet I fear greatly it is a growing evil; nor do I see any corrective so available, so potential and so practical, as family government and instruction. Let the home be for amusement, pleasure, knowledge and religion, as attractive as possible.—*Dr. Scott.*

FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a hearty laugh should shake down some musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and wretched degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be found at other less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the house-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and fire-light at home, bolts out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright domestic sanctum.—*The Gen.*