

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

"The choral, the harp's full chord, is hushed,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed
But yesterday."

It was swept by skillful fingers and gave forth some of earth's sweetest sounds,—now rising in wild grandeur and sublimity, now falling in low, soft cadences,—as though some stray zephyr had gently breathed over its musical surface, and, enchanted at the melody its footsteps called forth, still lingered at the play; or, as if telling earth's children some sweet, bewildering dream of the far-off land and its spirited inhabitants, who, clothed in pure white, sang continually the praises of their Golden City.

"Dark, evil wings took flight before the strain,
And showers of holy quiet, with its fall
Sank on the soul."

To-day, I list if, perchance, I may catch some low whisper, some faint breath; but alas! those chords are broken, mute and speechless. Aye! thou art the Music of Yesterday—thou art buried in the past.

Yesterday the spirit's harp may have caught some song of gladness, the chords of memory may have been swept by some joy, and at the touch flowed on free, free as air, but buoyed up, higher and still higher, found no rest, no foundation for their glad, some harmonies, and sank sadly, wearily, heavily to earth. Ah! it is a sight which might even make the dwellers of your Golden City weep—if for them to weep were possible—to see the chord of the spirit's harp severed, broken, forever hushed.

Oh! Music of Yesterday, bright, joyous and glad were the songs, the melodies thou didst weave for us; naught but happiness swept our spirit-strings; and when eager hands, prompted by eager hearts, were waiting, watching, ready to grasp thee, thou didst fade, fade away into mist. The strings of our spirit's harp were loosed, yea, snapped, and buried was all our joy in the Music of Yesterday. No, not all our joy, for in the Paradise above golden harps are swept, whose chords vibrate and re-vibrate as the ceaseless ages of eternity roll onward.

WHAT KIND OF WORDS TO USE.

Use simple, familiar Anglo-Saxon words in preference to those of Latin and French origin. The latter may seem finer and more high sounding, but the former are stronger and more expressive, and you will be able to set forth more clearly in

them what you have to say. If your thought is a great one, simple words will besit it: if it is trifling or common-place, your grand phrases will only make it seem ridiculous. Father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven; sun, moon, stars, light, heat; to sit, to stand, to go, to run, to stagger, are Anglo-Saxon words; as are most of those used to express habitual actions, and designate persons and objects familiar and dear to us. We may say in Latin-English, "Felicity attends virtue," but "Well-being arises from well-doing"—Saxon-English—is a far better wording of the same idea. Mark the strength, expressiveness and majestic movement of the following lines from Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts beat but once, and forever lay still!

The French and Latin elements of our language, of course, have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.—*How to Write.*

Parents cannot be too careful in everything that relates to their children, or in any of the duties and responsibilities devolving upon them. They should act consistently at all times, and then will their instructions be deeply implanted in the heart. But the slightest deviation from truth and justice will generally be detected, and shake, in a moment, the foundation upon which you wished to build their superstructure. Nothing can be more pernicious in its effects upon the minds of children, than to teach by precept what is not taught by example. Confidence, the basis of families, societies, and nations, is destroyed, and cannot be easily regained. Mistrust finds a secure retreat where it had never before been able to penetrate, and once there the eradication will be most difficult.

The wicked and sensual part of the world are only concerned to find scrape and room enough to wallow in: if they can but have it, whence they have it, troubles not their thoughts; saying grace is no part of their meal; they feed and grovel like swine under an oak, filling themselves with the mast, but never so much as looking up either to the boughs that bore, or the hands that took it down.

THE MINERALS IN OUR BODIES.

In the body of a man weighing 154 pounds, there are about 7½ pounds of mineral matter; consisting of phosphate of lime, 5 pounds 13 ounces; carbonate of lime, 1 pound; salt, 3 ounces 3.76 grains; peroxyde of iron, 150 grains; silica, 3 grains—making 7 pounds, 5 ozs. and 49 grs., with minute quantities of potash, chlorine, and several other substances. The rest of the system is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon; 111 pounds of the oxygen and hydrogen being combined in the form of water.

Though the quantity of some of these substances is very small, it is found absolutely essential to health that this small quantity be supplied; hence the importance of a variety of food. If we furnish nature with all the material required, she will select such as the system needs, and always just in the proper quantities.

THE TRAINING OF HOME CONVERSATION.—To subordinate home training to school training, or to intermit the former in favor of the latter, is a most palpable and ruinous mistake. It is bad even in an intellectual point of view. To say nothing of other disadvantages, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most feminine, most beautiful, most useful of all accomplishments—the noble art of conversation. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between young and old, in the leisure and unreserve of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by the pressure of school tasks, talking with their school mates till they "come out" into society, and then monopolized entirely by young persons of their own age, they easily learn to mistake chatter for conversation, and "small talk" becomes for life their only medium of exchange. Hence, with all the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intellectual conversation.

A traveler stopped at a farm house for the purpose of getting dinner. Dismounting at the front door he knocked, but received no answer. Going to the other side of the house, he found a white headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, while with the other she was giving her little lord a pounding. Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveler knocked on the side of the house, and cried out in a loud voice, "Hallo, here, who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered, "Stranger, that's what we are trying to decide!"