

is thing or the other—for there are spies about him, and a writ is ready for his back.

To such stand what kind of stuff the world of men is made of a person must be unfortunate and stop payment once in his lifetime. If he has friends, then they are made in misery. A failure is a moral sieve. It brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that not words and protest, I good will, constitute real friendship.—[D. C. Cole-worthly]

KINDNESS.

How much misery may be abated, how rough suffering may be removed, by the simple tone and expression of the human voice! To the heart that is lone and desolate, that feels itself, as it were, shut out from the world, wrapped up in gloomy magnetisms, how sweet falls the voice of sympathy and consolation. Why is it, then, since every faculty proves, and none are ignorant of the fact, that all must lie down in mother earth together—since all are travellers on this great highway of death—why is it, that each should be so sparing of that which costs him nothing—but which might raise the drooping spirits of his neighbour and cheer him on his journey—namely, a few kind words, and kindly looks? Thousands have been saved from the abyss of crime, from degradation and misery, by a kind word springing from a heart of sympathy. From roads, who have plunged into vice and dark, the very dregs of woe, have been rescued, reformed, and saved, by the seemingly trifling matter of a word of kindness. It is more powerful than the rack, the gallows, or the prison, in bringing the erring to reason. Lamenting the nobler faculties God has planted in the heart. There is in all, however wretched or base, still lingering a spark of divinity—a part of the highest order of being,—which may be so calloused over, by a rough contact with the world, that it can only be reached through the secret channel of sympathy; but once reached, once fully roused, once fanned by the breath of kindness, and the whole nature of the individual, may be changed from that of the animal to that of the noble, intelligent, immortal being.

The lack of sympathy of man with his fellows, we believe to be the primary cause of the enormities of the crime in the community. Man is a social being; and shut from the society of those with whom he would mingle, by circumstances over which he has no control, he feels wretched and desolate; perhaps too, he is oppressed by poverty and want, and, finding no sympathy with his fellows, he becomes reckless and desperate, and plunges into crime, with a hardihood that would once have astonished himself, merely from excitement, to appease the knowings of miserable thought, and wars upon his fellows in revenge for their cold indifference.

Were kindness universal, prisons might be turned into granaries and mankind be happy! Go where you will you will ever find self the prevailing feeling—you will even find the excess of mankind indifferent to your welfare, save when self is excited in your favour by the expectation of recompense; in which case you will find friends and words of kindness in no end meet.

But, notwithstanding the world in general is so cold and selfish, there are always some, thank God! whose hearts are in the right place; whose mission on earth seems that of ministering angels; who ever turn to the wretched and unfortunate with kindly looks and words of consolation and encouragement; who seek them out in the highway and by-ways of life, and find their own glorious reward in a happy conscience and the grateful looks and blessings called down upon their heads by those who have felt the full force of an act of kindness. These are the ones who redeem a world, and shine as bright immortal stars over the dark spots of life. These are the ones who may be called Christians, indeed, and followers of Him who died to save mankind! These are the ones who can look forward without fear look back without regret, look on the present with a smile. These are the ones who, when death shall call, will feel that they have not lived in vain, that their duties have been fulfilled, that they are passing to that bourne where all "will be judged according to the deeds done in the body"—and they have no fear.

God bless those whose kindness of heart prompts them to labour in the great field of humanity.—[Casket.]

SERVING A WRIT ON A PARSON.

In one of the eastern towns (no matter precisely where, nor precisely when) a gentleman of the bar was about commencing matrimony. The company had assembled, the parson was in attendance, and the bridegroom rose to hand his reverence the certificate of publication, according to the law, in such cases made and provided. As a lawyer, he could do wonders before a bench and jury; but this was a new case, he was sadly embarrassed, and, after fumbling awhile in his pocket, handed the parson the wrong paper. His reverence glanced his eye over it, and, with a good-natured smile, told him he believed he

had made a mistake, and handed it back. It happened to be a writ! The poor lawyer was now doubly embarrassed, and fumbling again in his pocket, handed out another paper. After looking at this, the parson smiled again, but seeing the perturbation of the matrimonial candidate, forbore to notice a second mistake, and proceeded to tie the knot. On the morrow, the happy bridegroom was much surprised to find this second certificate returned to him, with the request of the parson to forward the true one. He opened it, and found it was his patron's writ!

Scientific.

A WEATHER MAGNET.

On Wednesday evening Mr. St. John exhibited at a meeting of the Agricultural Society of this city, an improvement of the magnet, which, among other recommendations, possessed that of indicating any approaching change of the wind with even more certainty in the opinion of the inventor, than the barometer. The main needle of Mr. St. John's magnet points, like all others, to the magnetic pole, but there are two small lateral needles, with indexes pointing to a register in the centre. These lateral needles are extremely sensible to electrical changes in the atmosphere. These changes occur before a change of wind, the lateral needles are affected by them, and the indexes note them on the register of the magnet.

The readers may be curious to know what connection there is between this invention and agriculture. It was said at the meeting that it is often very convenient for the farmer to know which way the wind is about to blow, inasmuch as rain and sunshine often depend on the direction of the wind.—[N. Y. Evening Post.]

THE NET OF THE SPIDER

That any creature could be found to fabricate a net not less ingenious than that of the fisherman, for the capture of its prey; that it should fix it in the right place, and then patiently await the result, is a proceeding so strange, that it did not seem to be done daily by the common house spider and garden spider, it would seem wonderful; but how much is our wonder increased when we think of the complex fabric of each single thread, and then of the mathematical precision and rapidity with which, in certain cases, the net is itself constructed, and to add to all this, as an example of the wonders which the most common things exhibit when carefully examined, the net of the garden spider consists of two distinct kinds of silk. The threads forming the concentric circles are composed of a silk much more elastic than that of the rays, and are studded over with minute globules of a viscid gum, sufficiently adhesive to retain any unwary fly that comes in contact with it. A net of average dimensions is estimated by Mr. Blackwall to contain 87,360 of these globules, and a large net, of fourteen or sixteen inches diameter, 129,000; and yet such a net will be completed by one species (*Epeira apocrita*) in about forty minutes, if no interruption occur. In ordinary circumstances the threads lose their viscid coating by exposure to the air, and require to have it renewed every twenty-four hours. Any observer, by scattering a little fine dust over the webs, may satisfy himself that it is retained only on the circles where the minute globules are placed, and not upon the radii. If the globules are removed, both lines are unadhesive; but in other respects they are different, the circular lines being transparent and highly elastic, while the radial lines are opaque, and possess only a moderate degree of elasticity. The astronomer finds the opaque silk of the radial lines and of the egg-bag a convenient substitute for platinum wires in the telescope attached to his instrument; but the silk of the circular lines being transparent, is, from that circumstance, unsuitable for his purpose. (Mr. Patterson states, in a foot note, that this curious fact has been communicated to him by the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of the Armagh observatory.) The silk there employed is procured from the egg-bags of the common garden spider (*Epeira diadema*). The webs of some spiders are constructed under water, the secretion being insoluble, and are spread out for the capture of aquatic insects.—Patterson's Introduction to Zoology.

MARBLE CASTINGS.

The invention of a composition which perfectly imitates marble, and which may be poured in a fluid state into moulds, for the making of casts, is found to answer so well that a manufactory of these casts has been erected at Charlottenburg, in Prussia. The Nuremberg Correspondent states that the first samples have made their appearance, and they surpass all expectation, having all the soundness and transparency of the stone they imitate, and perfectly resembling the Carrara

marble. Statues may be cast of this material as easily as of plaster of Paris, and will be afforded at so cheap a rate that it will be in the power of persons of moderate means to possess them. It is expected that this invention of marble castings will be applied to the building and ornamenting of houses. Moser & Krieger, the inventors, keep their method a secret, but admit that they obtain the material from Bohemia.

For the Ladies.

RECIPE FOR MAKING BUCK-WHEAT CAKES.

Do, dear Jane, mix up the cakes;
Just one quart of meal it takes;
Pour the water in the pot,
Be careful that it's not too hot;
Soft the meal well through your hand,
'Thicken well—don't let it stand;
Stir it quick—dash—clatter—
Oh, what light, delicious batter!
Now listen to the next command;
On the dresser let it stand
Just three quarters of an hour,
To feed the gently rising power
Of powders melted into yeast,
To lighten well its precious feast.
See, how it rises to the brim—
Quick—take the ladle, dip it in,
So let it rest until the fire
The griddle heats, as you desire,
Be careful that the coals are glowing,
No smoke around its white curls throwing,
Apply the snot softly, lightly—
The griddle's face shines more brightly.
Now pour the batter on—delicious!
(Don't dear Jane think me officious.)
But lift the tender edges slightly—
Now turn it over, quickly, sprightly,
'Tis done—now on white plate lay it.
Smoking hot, with butter spread,
'Tis quite enough to turn our head.
Now I have eaten—thank the farmer
That grows this luscious mealy charmer;
Yes, thanks to all—the cook that makes
These light, delicious buckwheat cakes.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

How beautiful, how diffuse, how ennobling the influence of woman! in whose precepts and examples we recognize the barrier between man and his consuming, terrible passions. In her chaste and retiring modesty, in her compassionate sympathies, we see the potent agent that has been fast bringing up before the relenting and repenting mind of man the atrocity of deeds perpetrated under the sanction of feelings natural to himself, demoralizing in their every tendency, deteriorating in their continuance, and incessant in their complaint; and turning, he beheld pitying women in the tender loveliness of her nature, stooping to raise from earth his fellow-man, the victim of his ever pursuing and insatiate tyranny—or listened to her plaintive voice, as with flowing tresses and outstretched hand, her blue eye suffused with the persuasive tear, she mourned his rashness, and sought to woo him back to fidelity and peace. A more ennobling effort to the object and agent—a loftier aim, and a happier consummation, man boasts not of; and yet those there are who tell us she is weak! Ah! though thus they speak, they feel it not! No; if not acknowledged, her influence is felt as widely as the ennobling effects of civilization have been scattered—as far as holy religion has extended her refining, her beautifying sway. Infancy stretches its rosy arms, and lifts its feeble voice in supplication to her; youth recognizes her plastic hand in the moulding of his character; and man sees and acknowledges in her his best, his most devoted friend. What, though she is not able to compete with man in animal strength, does that lessen her power or influence in controlling his tendencies? Was it by physical strength that Washington placed upon the pinnacle of fame his blazing name? Was it physical power that enabled Franklin to rob the thunder-cloud, and entwined in one resplendent wreath around his name its scathing lightnings? No; it was by strength of head and heart; and by the man who is conversant with the maxims and translations of France's Joan, Russia's Catherine, England's Elizabeth, Sweden's Christina, and Spain's Isabella—by that man, to his honor, to the right and glory of woman these qualities are acknowledged to be as much hers, as his, to live, to burn as brightly, as vividly in her breast, in her head, as in his. But, fair one, thy sphere is the social circle—thy object the culture of youth. To implant truth, heroism, patriotism, the love of high and noble deeds, thy appropriate action.

Is a boy thy charge? Then press forward—let a mother's love brace and animate thee for the strife. Thou hast a high, a holy duty to perform. His country's glory, or his country's shame, be his destiny. No middle track, no conservative course be his—'tis thine to make or ruin—then bid him hang his name in the temple where passing generations shall gaze upon it with admiring eyes; be it the watchword when the patriot shall strike from his country her fetters; be it that around which

freemen shall rally to offer their heart's blood a sacrifice upon their country's altar, or by the light of which the astronomer shall wend his way through the starry skies—the geologist delve to the hidden recesses of the earth. Be thine thy task—be thine thy success—a mother's pride, a mother's reproved love, thy reward—when ministering angels shall attend to bear thee to that land from whence no traveller returneth.—[Philadelphia Courier.]

A HUSBAND'S CONFESSION.

BY ROW SPOORS.

I have never undertaken but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way, cool, quiet, but determined as ever grow. Just after we were married and all was going nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then she—why it was done just in this way. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and sat it just where I could not help seeing what it wanted. So I took hold regularly enough, and churned till the butter came. She did not thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well, by and bye, this began to be rather irksome. I wanted she should just ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it to save my life, and so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time, unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfast—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out doors. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but not a word said she, and so with a palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, up town, and all over town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong—I did not exactly feel how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have my ears off. So I went fretting and wailing around town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much like a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I could not make up my mind, exactly, how she would meet me, but some kind of storm I expected. Will you believe it? she never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn, just where I left it! Not a word was said; I felt contoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn, and went at it, just in the old way. Splash, drip, rattle, splash, drip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming. I supposed the cream, standing so long, had got warm, and so redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from mere exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time. "Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that butter-milk quite long enough, if it's only for fun you're doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the butter-milk in it, for me to exercise with. I never set up for myself in household matters after that.

LIGHT WORDS.

This is often said to be a world of cold neglect and scorn—and so it is. But reader, while you call it so, have you ever thought that you are one of such a world? that from you perhaps are often heard words so cold and unkind, that, like the torpedo, they benumb all within their reach? Perhaps you did not mean to wound a friend, or make this life to him more lonely. Then you should have withheld the last "light word."

"'Tis over soon the cause: not soon
The sad effects pass by."

Have you ever seen a gay, lively spirit and light heart, turned to sadness and deep melancholy? It might have been the effect of a single word. Have you seen the tear of the mourner staring aghast? It was a light word that vividly recalled the past. Have you seen the poor of this world made to feel more keenly than ever (and