

on the fruits of the garden, without thought, without action. Then man would have been idiotic in his physical and mental development. The hill of science would remain uncultured. No trail on its intricate and tangled sides would have been discovered, where some Locke, or Newton, powerful in thought and action, had pressed with undaunted energy towards the summit. No artistic levathan would have ploughed the mighty deep, subject to a Fulton's directing will. The earth would not have trembled as though in fear, as with fire in their mouths and smoke issuing from their nostrils, terrific monsters, obedient to the power of man, have thundered along in all the pride of strength to do his bidding. Neither would Franklin have captured the lightning, as it roared the free, boundless vaults of heaven; or Morse have attempted to tame a thing as furious, that it should know where he would have it go, and make it do his bidding. But all would be less active, and more effeminate, than a horde of Asiatic voluptuaries.

Then let us nobly labor, either with the head or hand, resting assured that an apparent evil is merely a blessing in disguise. D. T. W. Mexico, N. Y.

**Work and Play.**

Let it be here remarked that recreation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure you must have gone through work. Playtime must come after schooltime, otherwise it loses its value. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white and you can hardly see it; put white upon black and how plain it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness round it to make its presence felt. And besides this, a great part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart, when he has done a task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he is sick of everything around him; and quite another thing, when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off, as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some worthy work to an end, on the self-same tour. And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreations; while the man who has nothing to do finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used up"; it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurate palate. You might as well prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle, as to excite the interest of that blasé being by any amusement which is not highly spiced with the cayenne of vice. And that certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old French woman was drinking when she said, "Oh, that this were a sin, to give it a relish!"

**Land of Nod.**

MENTIONED IN GENESIS 4:16.

Geographers and travelers have never been able to find any land or country by that name. This has led infidels to affirm that the Bible is not true, because they say it speaks of a country that never existed. The objection of infidels against the Bible are based upon ignorance; if they knew more they would object less.

I will endeavor to give the true meaning or idea of the passage. Gen. 4:14 reads thus: "Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth."

The 16th verse reads thus: "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the East of Eden."

In the 14th verse is the threatening against Cain. He was to be a "fugitive" and "vagabond," or wanderer in the land. The Hebrew word for vagabond, or wanderer, is Nod. In the 16th verse is the account of the fulfillment of the curse upon him. He went out from the presence of the Lord and dwelt in the land (Nod) a vagabond. This makes consistent sense, and is in accordance with the facts in the case. The difficulty arises from the word Nod not being translated in the 16th verse, as it ought to have been. If it had been, there would have been no necessity for inserting the word "of," so as to make it appear that there was a country of this name to which Cain had been driven. He went out and dwelt, not in the land of Nod, but a vagabond, in the land. Prattville, June, 1861.

Hope writes the poetry of a boy, but Memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim; the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

**Good Advice.**

Those who wish to do good, but hesitate to do it, would do well to read the following.—The reason may be suggested to them by the parable:

Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever knew anybody that was worth anything that had nobody to find fault with him? You would like to do evil in many cases to please the eye; flatter some to gratify their pride; indulge the selfish, submit to the tyrannical, be a tool for the ambitious, and be careful not to have anything as good as those who desire to have everything superior to their neighbors. If you are a public man, should you be diligent, you must expect to have many secretly dislike you and talk against you for your success; and if you accomplish little, though many show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear pleasant to you can do thus because they do not fear your rivalry—they may smile on you outwardly, and yet entertain contempt for your inefficiency. Always do that which is right, be diligent, do the best you can, pay no regard to fault-finders, and you will find as many friends as any sensible man need desire.

**A Queer People.**

A missionary who has lately penetrated into the territory of the Dakos, in Africa, has described that curious undeveloped race:

"They live among the most warm barba woods to the south of Kaffa and Sosa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and unkind, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits; they let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes.

"They do not marry, but live indiscriminate lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it.

"In slavery they are docile, attached, obedient, with few wants and excellent health. They have only one fault—a love of ants, mice and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yeh, their deity, with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air."

**The Maternal Habits of the Kangaroo.**

The female kangaroo is provided with a pouch outside the bottom of the stomach, in which are the teats, to one of which the young joey is attached during the period of gestation, I believe about sixty days; and when fully formed, it becomes detached from the teat, which now supplies it with milk. When the young one leaves the teat, it is in an equal state of development to the new-born offspring of any other animal; in fact, the pouch appears to be the womb of all these marsupial animals, and not, as many suppose, merely a place of refuge in which the old mother carries her young. Here the young one at first principally lives, till able to run at the foot of the mother; but even then, when danger is near, it tumbles head over heels into the pouch for protection; and it is wonderful how quick the old doe can pick up the joey when running at full speed, and shove it into the pouch, its pretty little face always outside. There she carries it till hard pressed, when the love of life overcomes the love of the mother, and she then casts it away to save herself. I once saw an eagle hawk chasing a doe kangaroo with a heavy joey in the pouch through the forest. The cunning bird kept stroke for stroke with the kangaroo, which it hardly dare attack; but it well knew, as soon as the old mother became exhausted, she would cast away the young one. Two ounces of kangaroo shot from my gun, however, stopped the eagle's gallop; I might have killed the old kangaroo, as well, but had not the heart, after seeing the struggle she was making to save the life of her offspring.—*Bush Wanderings.*

**Civility is a Fortune.**

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one cotemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from another man. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislikes, even at a time when he was, politically, the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of the world is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of individuals in all pursuits.

**LADIES OILIO**



**The Mechanic's Wife.**

A working man needs a working wife; but as to the qualities of mind, manners and morals she cannot run too high in the scale. Giles says, "I do not want a wife with too much sense. Why not? Perhaps Giles will not answer, but the shrug of his shoulders answers, "because I am afraid she will be an over-runder for me." Giles talks like a simpleton. The unfortunate men who have their tyrants at home, are never married to women of sense. Genuine elevation of mind cannot prompt any one, male or female, to go out of their sphere. No man ever suffered from an overplus of intelligence, whether in his own head or in his wife's.

A proper self-respect should teach every true-hearted American, of whatever class that he cannot set too high a value on the conjugal relation. We may judge of the welfare and honor of the community by its wives and mothers. Opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and even accomplishments, are happily open to every class above the lowest; and the wise mechanic will not fail to choose such a companion as may not shame his sons and daughters in that coming age, when an ignorant American shall be as obsolete as a fossil fish.

Away with frowning, giggling, dancing, squandering, peevish, fashion hunting wiles! The woman of this stamp is a poor comforter when the husband is sick, or a bankrupt. Give me a housewife, who can be a helpmate to her Adam;

For nothing better can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.

I have such a mechanic's wife in my mind's eye; gentle as the antelope, unflinching as the bee, jaysous as the linnet; neat, punctual, modest, confiding. She is patient but resolute; aiding in counsel; reviving in troubles, pointing out the brightest side, and concealing nothing but her own sorrow.

**Female Character.**

Daughters should thoroughly acquaint themselves with the business and cares of a family. These are among the first objects of a woman's creation; they ought to be among the first branches of her education. She was made for a mother. They should learn neatness, economy, industry and sobriety. These will constitute her ornaments. Nature will appear in all her loveliness of proportion, of beauty; and modesty, unaffected gentleness of manner, will render them amiable in the kitchen and dining room, and ornaments in the sitting room and parlor. Everything domestic or social depends on female character. As daughters and sisters they decide the character of the family. As wives they emphatically decide the character of their husbands and their condition also. It has not been unmeaningly said, that the husband may ask the wife whether he may be respected. He certainly must enquire at the altar whether he may be prosperous and happy. As mothers, they decide the character of their children. Nature has constituted them the early guardians and instructors of their children, and clothed them with sympathies suited to this end.

"This said that angels walk the earth—  
I'm sure it must be so.—  
When round our path, scarce seen by us,  
Such bright things come and go."

**Domestic Recipes.**

**MOCK TERRAPIN.**—Boil the chicken—and no chicken should ever be cooked in any way over one year old—until the meat is pretty tender; then cut up in small pieces, say about the same size as we would a terrapin, removing all the large bones and rough parts, but especially retaining the wings and "drumsticks." Then put in a stew pot, and dress precisely as for a terrapin, viz: butter, salt, cayenne pepper, cream, a little flour, the yolk of an egg well beaten, and some powdered sugar. Just before dishing add one or two glasses of Madeira wine to suit the taste.

**BOILED STEAK.**—Should be cut from a well kept rump; they are generally liked about three-quarters of an inch thick. Most cooks beat them with a rolling pin for ten minutes; but, if the meat is of good quality, and the rump has been well kept, there will be no necessity for this. Just before finishing, rub a lump of butter over, and lightly dredge with pepper and salt. Pickles and for sauce suit your taste.

**HARD CEMENT FOR SEAMS.**—Take equal quantities of white lead and white sand, and as much oil as will make it into the consistency of putty. Apply this to the seams in the roofs of houses, etc. It will, in a few weeks, become as hard as stone.

**Youth's Department.**

**Col. Anderson's Speech to Sabbath School Children.**

We hope our young readers will carefully peruse the following brief speech, made by the brave Col. Anderson, two or three Sundays ago, to the scholars of the German Mission Sabbath School in Cincinnati. It is full of interest, and the latter part contains counsel to which every boy and girl in our land will do well to give heed:

I did not expect, my dear children and friends when I came here, to be asked to address you, but it is well, perhaps, for me to say a few words. I have been placed, providentially in a position that has attracted the attention of our country to me and to my little band. But I would not have you misunderstand me or my position and the causes which have led me safely through the dangers by which I have been surrounded. No mortal assistance, no individual aid would have sufficed to that end. I am willing, and am not ashamed frankly to tell you, my young friends, that no event, no transaction took place there, in any day, of any interest or importance to our cause, without my first appealing to God in the morning, to give me a spirit of wisdom to understand, that I might comprehend His will, to give me strength of purpose and resolution to know my duty to Him and to my country. Therefore the credit of whatever was done does not belong to me. Before I left Fort Sumter I received letters from friends telling me that I should be in more danger from my friends than I was from my enemies—that I must be careful not to be spoiled by flattery.

The advice was well timed; but I trust God that He has saved me from the dangers in which I was placed. Feeling, believing, and hoping thus, I confess I have not believed in my own mind that I was entitled to the least credit for what I have done, because God put it into my heart to do that which I did. Therefore, my young friends, I would urge upon all of you, in the transactions of life, that you will be called upon to perform, and each individual has transactions to perform as momentous to him as what I have performed is to me; his eternal happiness depends upon it. I would have you all put your trust in God. Do that with a humble heart, and you will be blessed in this life, and prepared for everlasting happiness in that which is to come. I can say no more.

**A Musical Fable.**

The nightingale, once upon a time, gave a concert, to which she invited all her friends, and many it appeared who were not her friends. She sang as only nightingales can sing, although she was a little fluttered at first, knowing that there were a good many musical critics present, who might discover a flaw in her voice or some defect in her method. After the concert was over, she modestly retired to her nest, half dead with the fatigue of her great exertion, and trembling, lest she should be found fault with next day by the barn-door fowls, crows and other of her musical neighbors. The audience, however, remained to discuss her merits as a singer. There was a pretty general expression of delight among them; the cocks crowed, the turkey, who rather plumed himself on his science, gobbled his satisfaction, the crow cawed with pleasure, the hens ran about cackling with intense delight, and even the great goose, who hissed at concerts, now held up his head and applauded bravely by flapping his wings. There was a very grave and profound ass present, who said:—

"I agree with you all, my friends, that the nightingale has a very fine voice, and a high degree of cultivation, although it is rather sharp in the upper notes, and that her execution is really quite wonderful. She is also a good creature, but—"

"But!" growled the lion (not one of Barnum's stuffed ones), "you asses can never say anything good natured, without spoiling it with a but."

"Don't interrupt him," said the goose, "the ass is honest if he is an ass."

"But," resumed the ass, "there is no sympathy in her voice; it somehow don't touch my feelings."

There was a general titter at this, but the fox immediately suppressed it. "I admire the honesty of my grave friend with the long ears," winking slyly at the same time at the lion; "the ass is candid, and I really do not myself think that his feelings have been touched by the melting strains of our little friend, the nightingale, whose songs have delighted the rest of us. But, in justice to the warbler, we should know what kind of sounds do touch the feelings of our grave friend before we allow our feelings to be warped by his critical judgment. How is it my friend?" And he looked the ass full in the face.

"Why, sir," replied the great musical critic, pricking up his ears, evidently much gratified at the respectful manner of the fox; "why, sir, as to that, there is nothing that so touches my feelings as a fine mel-low bray."

"I thought so," replied the fox, "and the amount of your criticism is, that you don't like the nightingale because she is not an ass like yourself."