

the sake and the other observe the course that he must take. The friendly barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls. He knew they were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds and he would be in their midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and he once more halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to enfold the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by circumstances over which he had no control, poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned by the corner of the barn, the snake came round with a *whiz*, somewhat after the fashion of a coach whip.

Having reached the barn-yard, to his dismay, he found the bar up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering all his strength, he bounded into the air, snake ditto, and as he alighted upon the other side, his snakeship's tail cracked across the upper bar, snapping like an Indian cracker.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the presence of the girls, for the extra tickle from the snake's tail, as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the center of attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, as he turned the corner, his snakeship came round with a *whiz* that was quite refreshing.

While describing this third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out,

"Call a man!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight, and as quick as thought re-appeared upon the other side of the house—

"Call a man!"

And away he whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the *whiz* of the snake sounded half way between a low whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double-o.

Before any of the girls had stirred from their tracks, he had performed another revolution—

"Call a man!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hop pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John reappeared, she brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and his hold upon John's garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and to his room, and at tea time appeared in his best Sunday suit, looking but little worse for his race, and to all appearances entirely cured of his bashfulness. That night he walked home with Nancy Clark. The next New Year's they were married, and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops, she has only to say, "Call a man," when he instantly sobers down.

Neatness and Order in Farming.

Neat be your farms; 'tis long confessed
The neatest farmers are the best
Each bog and marsh industrious drain,
Nor let vile bulks deform the plain:
No bushes on your headlands grow,
Nor briars a sloven's outwre show
Neat be your barns, their contents sweet,
Your doors be clean, your houses neat,
No moss the sheltering roof enshroud,
No wooden panes the window cloud,
No filthy kennels foully flow,
No weeds with rankling poison grow;
But shades expand, and fruit trees bloom,
And flowering shrubs exhale perfume.
With pales, your garden circle round;
Defend, enrich, and clean the ground!
Prize high this pleasing, useful road,
And fill with vegetables good.

Let order o'er your time preside,
And method all your business guide.
Early begin and end your toil,
Nor let your tasks your hands embroil;
One thing at once be still begun,
Contrived, resolved, pursued and done.
Hire not for what yourselves can do;
And send not when yourselves can go;
Nor till to-morrow's light delay
What might as well be done to-day.
By steady efforts all men thrive,
And long by moderate labor live;
While eager toil and anxious care,
Health, strength, and peace, and life impair.

Nor think a life of toil severe;
No life has blessings so sincere:
Its meals so luscious, sleep so sweet,
Such vigorous limbs, such health complete;
No mind so active, brisk and gay
As his who toils the livelong day.
A life of sloth drags hardly on;
Suns set too late and rise too soon.
Youth, manhood, age, all linger slow
To him who nothing has to do.
The drone, a nuisance to the hive,
Stays, but can scarce be said to live;
And well the bees, those judges wise,
Plague, chase, and sting him till he dies.



The Dignity of Labor.

An English writer has said, "The pride of Americans, is the pride of successful toil. Not the toil of conquest; not the struggles for empire; not the efforts of grasping ambition; but the persevering toil of the intelligent mass of her people."

We believe that it is the dignity of persevering labor, guided by intelligence, that constitutes the basis of our freedom, and the great feature of our present systems. It is the dear-bought hereditary honor, which our people are now so anxious to guard and preserve.

To hard and successful labor we owe our greatness as a people; and if we would retain our position or advance in wealth and greatness, it must be done by the same means. And why has the labor of our people been successful? Because it has been directed by intelligence; because the mind has aided the hands, and both have worked together. The rapidity with which the American forest has fallen before the woodman's axe, and given place to fields of grain, villages and cities, is chiefly owing to the union of intelligence and labor.

For eighty-five years providence has smiled upon this union, and millions are now rejoicing in prosperity, where but a few years since the dark forest covered the face of the earth, and instead of human voices, naught but the howlings of wild beasts were heard. Our nation has increased in wealth and greatness with unprecedented rapidity, because her people have in a degree appreciated the dignity of labor. Let us then, the sons and daughters of America, forever remember that our country owes its honorable and lofty position to the intelligent labors of our ancestors—and may we also remember that this position can only be retained by the enlightened and persevering industry of succeeding generations. Idleness is disgraceful—a bane to society, and a curse to mankind—but there is a noble dignity in labor, whenever such labor is to add to our own prosperity and increase the prosperity of our nation. There is no peculiar honor or disgrace attached to any calling, and any intelligent youth will scorn to leave the farm or workshop with the view of obtaining a living in any other way than by hard labor.

Far too many, we fear, have abandoned the occupations of their fathers, hoping to find a livelihood, or perhaps a fortune, by teaching; but they have been disappointed, and learned, often to their sorrow, that no honorable vocation yields a competency except to hard, persevering labor. What higher occupation can there be than the cultivation of the soil? It is an occupation to which all others must bow, for by it all others live. It is one which affords employment not only to the hands, but to the head—one upon which genius may labor and science expend its treasures for ages—one which strengthens the physical powers and enlarges the mental faculties of man. So also it is with our vocation. We have a soil to till—seeds to sow and a harvest to reap.

But unlike the farmer, the soil which we have to do with is of a finer kind—of far more value, for it is the immortal mind—that which is above the power of decay or corruption. After all the beautiful things of creation have passed away forever, the mind, the thing on which we are to work, will still have entered on the infancy of a being which knows no age, and "blushes with the rosy dawn of a morning to which gray evening never comes." How important that all who engage in this field of labor should feel the dignity of their profession and have right views of its magnitude and obligations. An unskillful sculptor may spoil a block of marble—an unskillful physician may injure the mortal body—but an unskillful teacher may ruin forever an immortal mind.

Let us then seek guidance from a higher power, and—

Pause not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep o'er wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark! how creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up to heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

Let us then be encouraged to labor, and wait patiently for the coming harvest, knowing we are working for some good, be it ever so slowly.

MRS. JONATHAN PAGE.
Hannibalville, July, 1861.

THE COMET.—Mr. J. R. Hind, the English astronomer, in a letter to the London Times, of July 5, thinks that it is not only possible, but probable that, on the 30th of June the earth passed through the tail of the comet, at a distance of perhaps two-thirds of its length from the nucleus. He adds that upon that date he observed, in the evening, a peculiar phosphorescence or illumination of the sky, which he

attributed then to an auroral glare, but which he suggests might possibly be owing to nearness of the comet's tail. "It is a similar illumination of the heavens," he concludes, "has been remarked generally on the earth's surface it will be a significant fact."

In a few more nights the comet will be imperceptible to the naked eye. It is now far away and dull, and scarcely noticed in the sky.

Cromwell's Discharged Soldiers.

Immorality and irreligion are among the great evils of war. Knowing this, every Christian should be most diligent, not only in praying for the soldiers, and with furnishing them with religious privileges in the camp, but in cherishing a strong and enlightened public religious sentiment. Public sentiment is a powerful stimulant to moral principle, as well as to patriotic feeling. It hence becomes the whole Christian community to frown upon Sabbath day parades and displays.

A country sometimes suffers immensely after war is over, from murders, robberies, and other depredations and immoralities of its own discharged soldiers. The principles and habits of the camp follow, or rather accompany, the men through life. In this aspect of the case, it becomes not only Christians who feel for man's immortal welfare, but it becomes all who have personal interest at stake, all who have property or families to preserve, to see to the character of the camp.

Cromwell kept up religion in his army. He had chaplains, prayers, Sabbaths, preaching, Bibles, psalm-books, and withal the bravest men that ever went into battle. And after their return to private life, history, in recording their heroic deeds, bears this testimony to their moral worth:

"Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown upon the world. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had been absorbed into the community. The royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest industry, the discarded warrior prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms, and that, if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers."

Bathing.

The best time for bathing is immediately after rising in the morning, as then there is great power of reaction, without which there is no invigoration, no benefit. The sponge-bath is the general application of water to the surface of the body by means of a sponge. When persons are feeble, one portion of the body should undergo the process at a time, then quickly wiped and covered, before another is exposed. There are few persons, indeed, who would not be greatly benefited by the following procedure every morning, winter and summer:

Wash the hands first in a small amount of water with soap, for if but a little is used, a tea-cupful, it is warmed by the hands and thus becomes more cleansing, without the trouble of preparing warm water; then rinse them well; afterwards wash the face in a large basin of cold water just drawn or brought into the room, for cold water becomes filthy in an hour or two if kept standing in an unoccupied apartment.

After the face has been washed plentifully, throw the water up to the elbows, then a little higher at every dash with the hand, until the arms, neck, throat, behind the ears, arm pits, and upper portion of the chest, have been deluged with water; next (except women with long hair), wash the whole scalp abundantly, rubbing the water into and about the roots of the hair with the ends of the fingers; then wipe with a towel, absorbing as much of the dampness of the hair as possible with an extra dry cloth, and dress, leaving the arrangement of the hair to the last, so as to give it an opportunity of drying somewhat; for if it is wringing wet it will not dress well, and besides will keep the head cold by its evaporation. In dressing the hair after such a washing of the head, the comb should be passed through it in the gentlest manner, so as to make no strain upon the roots, nor break any hair in disengaging the tangles. The hair thus dressed in the morning, will remain so the whole day, or, if not, can be easily redressed, with the advantage of perfect cleanliness.

The Value of Cheerfulness.

Florence was once desolated with a plague. Hundreds died with disease, and thousands died with fear and melancholy. The dead cart went its dismal round in the streets, day and night, and men and women fled away from the kindred of their own blood, the moment that the fell suspicion of plague was discovered. All was gloom—darkness—desolation. All, did I say? Not so! There was one little villa, with hanging gardens, just outside the walls, but within the very reach of the infected air—a place where the flowers blew, and the trees

waved, and the birds sang, and the water plashed, and where Nature was just as beautiful as it had been in the days when plague had not yet desolated the fair land of Italy. Thither went some scores of fair women and gallant men; and there they ate and drank and slept, and read old ballads and old tales, and drummed old ballads on the guitar, and lay lazily on the grass looking up in each others' eyes, and thanked God with merry hearts for what they had enjoyed, and took no care for the evil of pestilence which might fall upon them, and lived and loved as they might have done at another time in history. So all the long, sad summer to Florence; and though they never fled away from the city, or escaped the tainted air that would creep out even into the Val d'Arno—not one died—not one sickened, while the work of desolation went on among the thousands and thousands they had left behind them. And to this day, in the Decamerone, are preserved the charming stories with which the bards and *racconturs* beguiled the time during that long period.

Why did they live when others died? Not alone because the flowers were fresher, or because the air was purer than within the gates of Florence; but they that had not lost the idea and hope of living, and looked up instead of down, and kept the heart high instead of allowing it to faint and grovel. Whoever will, of the social or business world, may take this lesson, and read it every morning while the war shadow looms over the land, and take his coffee and his enjoyment together, and thereby make the world the richer eventually.

Family Troubles.

Was there ever a family without its troubles? Certainly Adam and Eve had their troubles in Eden; and all families have had their troubles. Every family has a skeleton behind the door; every person a thorn in his side. It is said that misery loves company, so take courage hapless man—wearied woman. You are in the majority. "Man is born in trouble as the sparks fly upward." A useless family would yours be if it knew no trouble.—Trouble is our great teacher. It nerves us with strength; it gives us courage; it tempers our mettle; it develops our self-control; it quickens our inventive powers. Troubles are to us what the winds are to the oak, what labor is to muscle, what study is to mind. Life is a school, and trouble is one of the great lessons. Troubles are not to be courted, but when they do come, we must get over them the best way we can, or bear them with the best fortitude we can arouse. Take courage then, troubled one. Not in vain are your trials. They make you brave, strong, and it is hoped, better. Be not cast down; cheer up; cast aside your weeds and woes. Look the world in the face; do your duty; take every trouble by the horns; overcome it with the courage of a true soldier in life's great campaign, and stoutly contend for the victory of will and wisdom.

True.

We never thought of that. Adam never played marbles. He never played "hockey." He never drove a tandem of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond or played "ball," or rode down hill on a hand sleigh. And Eve, she never made a playhouse; she never took tea with another little girl from the little tea table set out with the toy tea things; she never rolled hoop, or jumped a rope, or played a baby quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played "blind man's buff," or "pussy wants a corner," or "hurly burly," or any of the games with which childhood disports itself. How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came swelling up in their hearts, no visions of early childhood floated back from the long past, no mother's voice chanting a lullaby to the ear of infancy in the still hour of the night, no father's word of kindness speaking from the church-yard where he sleeps. Adam and Eve, they alone, of all the countless millions of men and women that have lived, had no childhood.

Worth Remembering.

We should be most especially on our guard in the sunny days of our prosperity, lest our hearts get a chill in the groves of worldly pleasure and wanton enjoyment.

Idleness is the mother of mischief; the moment a horse has done eating his oats, he turns to and gnaws down his manger. Substitute labor for oats, and virtue for manger, and what is true of horses is equally true of men.

A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life.

It is less a misfortune to be born with a club-foot, a hare lip, and a hump-back, than with a cross and envious disposition.

When a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step toward wealth.