







Ladies' Department.

THE SONG OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE SONG OF THE SEWING MACHINE. BY GEORGE W. BUNGA.

RULING.

In the dissonance between "A. R." and "E. C. W.," the latter has, we believe, the important advantage of being correct.

On the other hand, some men are very orthodox on this question of ruling, and fail to discover anything in the Bible, that applies to this subject.

The nature of the relation between the husband and wife has a beautiful illustration in the inspired word, when therein compared to the relation existing between Christ and His Church.

But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world, produces so few beautiful women.

MATRIMONY.

As the RURAL is a medium for free interchange of thought, I would like to respond to the views of "X" upon matrimony.

Many things I know are detrimental to happiness in the marriage relation, and the one paramount to all others is uniting the hands when the heart is wanting.

Shall we condemn the whole picture of "married bliss" because its beauty is marred by this one dark spot? No. There is an abundance of brightness and beauty on the canvass to counterbalance this defect.

HOW "WE WRONG OUR DAUGHTERS."

TRUE, "We wrong them in that we compel them to marry." We must revolutionize the cause in order to improve the effect.

EARLY DECAY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, in her book of travels in Europe, makes the following sensible remarks about the comparative beauty of the women of England and America:

A lady asked me, the other evening, what I thought of the beauty of the ladies of the English aristocracy; she was a Scotch lady, by the by, so that the question was certainly a fair one.

But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world, produces so few beautiful women.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.

THE following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly Review:

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward.

LET jealousy once find a lodgment in the mind, and, like the sea polypus, it extends its thousand feelers on every side for anything they can lay hold of.

Choice Miscellany.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill, In a quiet, shady spot, Just peeping through, half hid from view,

SILENCE vs. UPROAR.

In this age of excitement and sensation, many persons there are who seem to think that nothing of importance can be done, unless noise and confusion attend the performance of it.

The favorite musician of these noise-loving individuals is he who pitches his voice as high among the octaves as possible, shrieks like a drowning man at every note, and pounds the piano till you feel as if all the artillery of a campaign had been discharged in your ears.

For these excitable people to remain quietly at home during the whole of a rainy day, is quite impossible; and to listen, every Sunday morning, to a preacher who has an even-toned voice, and does not affect the madman, is absolutely beyond their endurance.

Their taste would be to have the Fourth of July, fire-crackers and all, come every fortnight, and election day, or something similar, the rest of the time.

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THE STUDY OF NATURE.

NATURE has many pleasant and profitable lessons for him who will listen to her instructions; and he is half trained who never has been taught by her.

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne, In rays of majesty now stretches forth Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.

Nature is the fountain from which poets have drunk in much of their inspiration. It was among the hills of old Scotia, that the muse paid her first

visit to HOGG; and it was while he tended his flocks that he sung the first notes of those songs that have made his name immortal.

But here may the humble Christian find food for his mind. Although Nature alone cannot even teach the existence of God, yet when looked upon by the light that Revelation casts upon her, she may lift our thoughts to the contemplation of the character of our Heavenly Father.

All nature shows the power of God. It thunders in the cataract, whispers in the zephyr, blooms in the flower, and sparkles in the star.

Reader, the volume of Nature lies open before you. Read its pages. Some who profess to interpret her teachings, may misinterpret her; but when allowed to speak for herself she inculcates no other doctrine but those that tend to promote virtue and happiness.

O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store Of charms which Nature to her votary yields! The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE THINGS.

THE following extract contains the substance of many sermons on the importance of little things. Mr. Irving, in his "Life of Washington," says that great and good man was careful of small things, bestowing attention on the minutest affairs of his household as closely as upon the most important concerns of the Republic.

ORDER.—Never leave things lying about—a shawl here, a pair of slippers there, and a bonnet somewhere else—trusting to a servant to set things to rights.

THE END OF LITERARY DISCIPLINE.—To attain a power of exact expression is the one end of true literary discipline. To put his whole thought and express his actual emotion in his words, not to interpolate clever embellishments, is the object even of the careful writer, when he takes pains to revise what he has written.

YOUR character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Sabbath Musings.

IN HEAVEN THERE'S REST.

In Heaven there's rest. That thought hath a power To scatter the shades of life's dreariest hour, Like a sunbeam it dawns on the storm-driven sky,

In Heaven there's rest—earth's happiest hours Pass swiftly away like the dew on the flowers, There fadeless the bowers, unclouded the skies,

In Heaven there's rest. O, how deep that repose Life's bitterness passed with its follies and woes, Lie passions all hushed, like the waves of the deep,

Though here we are weary, in Heaven there's rest,— I long to escape to that land of the blest, Inspired by the prospect through life's busy day

THE LIFE OF CHRISTIANITY.

WITH what a mysterious yet invincible power does the green blade force its way through the heavy clouds which cover it, and hide it from view!

Wouldst thou prevent this, and listening to thy own timid heart and the suggestion of Satan, hast thou sought to hide the expressions of his beneath the cold, damp soil of worldly policy?

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF THE SOUL.—In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the season; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer which the world knew—

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.—In the life of a Christian lies the secret of all true Christian influence. It is the easiest thing in the world to talk about religion. But mere talk about religion is the poorest thing in the world.

FAMILIARITY WITH WRONG.—Rev. Dr. Wayland says:—"Familiarity with wrong diminishes our abhorrence of it. The contemplation of it in others fosters a spirit of envy and uncharitableness, and leads us, in the end, to exult in, rather than sorrow over, the faults of others.

CHRIST'S YOKE.—"My yoke is easy," said the Savior. Easy when grace makes it so; a light burden indeed, which carries him who bears it.

PRAY as if all your trust were in Providence, but work as if all your trust were in your hands.







