

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



AGRICULTURE    HORTICULTURE    RURAL LIFE    EXCELSIOR    LITERATURE    SCIENCES    ARTS    NEWS

TERMS, \$2.50 PER YEAR.]

“PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT.”

[SINGLE NO. SIX CENTS.

VOL. XV NO. 33.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

[WHOLE NO. 761.]

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,  
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY  
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.  
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.  
CHARLES D. BRADGON, Associate Editor.

HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.,  
Editor Department of Sheep Husbandry.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

F. BARRY,                  C. DEWEY, LL. D.,  
H. T. BROOKS,              L. B. LANGWORTHY.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL AN EMINENTLY RELIABLE GUIDE on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those who are interested in its columns. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Homes of people of Intelligence, Taste and Discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate Engravings, than any other Journal, rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

## Agricultural.

### THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE American People have many important duties to perform at the present time, but that which we consider paramount and incumbent on every citizen of the North, especially, is to aid in crushing a rebellion that is cursing the country, and which, if not subdued, is destined to divide the Union and destroy the best Government on earth. This duty can not be neglected with impunity by any intelligent man or woman in the Loyal States, but should be discharged, in some way, with alacrity and cheerfulness. How this sacred duty to country, family and posterity can best be performed, each individual must judge for him or herself. The Producers of the country—and of that class, mainly, are those addressed by this journal—can do much by industry, calculation and economy to increase their products, thereby materially aiding the Government, Nation and People in bringing the war to a successful issue. But they should not be content with that alone. After producing more than usual, they should invest the extra amount obtained therefor, and other surplus means, in such manner as will aid in sustaining the Government while it is restoring or maintaining the Union. Every investment in Government securities tells toward defraying its expenses, and maintaining its credit at home and abroad,—and if the People at large simply do their DUTY in this matter, the financial affairs of the Nation will soon be and continue in a healthy condition, and the Union and Liberty for which our forefathers fought, bled and died, be restored and perpetuated. The accomplishment of this object—the leaving as an inheritance to posterity a Republican or Democratic form of Government, with neither aristocracy nor slavery as ingredients—is worth untold treasure and blood. Let, therefore, those who are unable to fight for the cause, make other investments or sacrifices in its behalf. This is no time to talk of peace or compromise—for so long as the rebellious Confederates demand independence—a separation, or an aristocratic, slaveholding class in the Union—no peace or compromise would be lasting or honorable. We believe every means which GOD and Nature have or may provide us should be speedily used to crush, and if need be, exterminate, the originators and willing abettors of the accursed rebellion, and therefore urge every reader hereof to discharge to the country his or her DUTY OF THE HOUR.

—Need we add that the RURAL is not and never has been in any sense a political or party journal. If any so think from the expression of such sentiments as the above, let us part company—for, verily, we ask no favor or support from any who are not, in sentiment and action, loyal to the Government and Union. We care not what party is in power or who may be the legally constituted President, we hold it to be the sacred duty of every loyal Union citizen, in a crisis like the present, to uphold those in authority. Indeed, our people should be united as one man, discarding party and politics until the war is terminated, and such a peace conquered as will benefit and bless posterity, mankind and

the world for ages. When that result is achieved we can resume party organizations and settle matters of such minor importance as political differences at leisure. But until then let us all work for a re-united Union and Nation.

### CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

#### Sand and Gravel Soils, and Drouth.

DAMOS, of Huron Co., Ohio, writes:—"I have a piece of ground composed of sand and gravel which will not stand a drouth. What can I do to remedy it? Will leached ashes, tan bark, or currier's waste, leather scraps, hair and lime, &c., accomplish the object?" It has been our experience that sand and gravel soils, deeply plowed and properly enriched, endure drouth the best of any upland soils. But organic elements must be added to it in such supply as to meet the demands of plants. A sandy soil is, perhaps, mechanically, the best adapted of any soil to the rapid and perfect development of plants and their fruits. But, as we have before written, the organic elements wanting must be supplied. If the soil contains these in abundance, there will be little danger from drouth.

The substances our correspondent names are all excellent if properly prepared before being applied. The spent tan and currier's waste, leather scraps, &c., should first be decomposed by mixing with lime and salt. The tan, unless so decomposed, is of but little value, and may be a positive injury because of the tannic acid it may contain. If you have access to muck its application will afford you profit. Even a top dressing of clay or stiff loam will help the matter. In using muck on such soils, it should be either exposed to the air before application to the soil, or applied to the soil direct the fall before a crop is to be put on it, and exposed to the action of frosts, or it should be sweetened by mixing with alkalis—unleached ashes, potash, and lime.

We may say in this connection that during a visit to Oneida Co. in this State, the past week, we found an illustration of the manner in which sandy soil will endure drouth when properly prepared, and containing the proper elements. The soil we refer to was elevated, sandy, contained but little loam, and was of a character that nine-tenths of the farmers of the country would call light and poor. This soil had been manured (we believe) and thoroughly cultivated; and we ate Garnet Chili potatoes from seed planted late (we think sometime in May) that were as large as any potatoe ought to be for eating, and as excellent in quality as any we ever ate. And the vines were as green and thrifty as we ever saw vines. Some of them were in blossom. They did not feel the drouth, while on the stiffer soils in the neighborhood no such potatoes could be found, and we were repeatedly told that not a half crop would be grown.

The great advantages which sandy soils possess over the stiffer soils, is that they are right mechanically and lack only organic elements; while our stiff soils require more and better mechanical preparation and less manuring. And the farmers of this country have not yet learned the imperative importance of this thorough mechanical manipulation of soils—have not learned the importance, and best modes, of comminution, disintegration. Without this stiff soils carry their crops through the drouth no better than sandy or light soils. In the one case the organic elements are wanting; in the other they are not wanting, but need to be liberated so that they can be used by the plant.

#### Water Should Not Evaporate on Soils.

Another correspondent asks a question which is pertinent to consider in this connection. He writes:—"You urge drainage and deep culture. Why? To allow the water to leach through the soil? Will it not do more harm than good if allowed to escape in that way?" We cannot suppose that our correspondent can be really serious in asking such questions, though he may be, for we know that they are natural ones for the thoughtless, or for those ignorant of natural laws, to entertain.

In reply, we would provide that the water which falls from the clouds should pass down through the soil, because, 1. It adds elements to its fertility. Rain contains ammonia. Indeed, it is perhaps the most important means of conveying the ammonia of the atmosphere to the roots of plants. But if there is no provision by which it may pass down through the soil it (the water) evaporates, the ammonia is libera-

ted in the atmosphere again, and the process of evaporation cools the surface of the soil and retards vegetable growth or development. Water should not be allowed to stand on the surface of soils, whether grain or grass lands, to evaporate.

2. The air follows water and operates to disintegrate the particles of soil and liberate food for the plant to take up, as well as furnishes food direct. And air being admitted, the moisture of the atmosphere supplies the plant in time of drouth—in other words, the soil is in condition to absorb and retain moisture sufficient for the purposes of vegetable growth, without obstructing that growth by a surplus which must be got rid of by the chilling (to the plant) process of evaporation.

3. Not the least important is the increased action of light and heat, from the sun, in the development of the plant. All know that the hot, dry seasons develop the most good, nutritious qualities in forage and fruit. The grape gives more sugar, the sugar cane yields a greater per cent. of saccharine matter, the seeds of the grains are more perfectly developed, the juices of the grasses are more nutritious, even though the growth is far less, in a dry season than in a wet one. And on deep tilled, well drained soils, it has been again and again demonstrated that drouths do not diminish the quantity, and are sure to improve the quality of the product.

No, good friend, rain-water is manure if properly used. But it must not evaporate. It is GOD's way of irrigating your soils—a wonderful provision of which you should take advantage. It falls upon the earth, does its work, bubbles out at the hill-side in springs—the mouths of GOD's under-drains—follows the path of rivulet and river to the ocean, ascends in vapor, becomes clouds and descends as rain. So on your little domain you must make the minor under-drains and water-courses which GOD in His wisdom has taught you are necessary. And you will reap the reward of your labor in more abundant harvests, fewer failures, a more healthful climate, and less suffering during both the wet and the dry seasons.

#### Figures from "Broadlands."

We have hitherto spoken in these pages of the experiments being made on the magnificent prairie farm of Hon. M. L. SULLIVANT, in Illinois, with the spader. On page 181, current Vol., we gave a letter from Mr. S., stating the progress of the work, and his impression concerning this new implement. He now furnishes a contemporary the figures for the season, which will be found interesting. His letter is dated July 6th, and he says:—"I have prepared and planted to corn this season, 1,335 acres of land; 844 acres were plowed in our usual manner, say about four inches deep, at a cost of 445 days manual labor, at \$1.50..... \$667.50  
890 days horse labor, at 50c..... 445.00  
Total..... \$1,112.50

"Or \$1.31 per acre.  
"There were spaded (8 inches deep) with Comstock's Rotary Spader, 491 acres, at a cost of 891 1/2 days manual labor, at \$1.50..... \$1338 75  
208 days horse labor, at 50c..... 104.00  
231 days ox labor, at 25c..... 57.75  
Total..... \$1510.50

"Or 63 cents per acre.  
"I have had in operation two horse and three ox machines. One machine was worked 33 days, with the same team of four horses. At the end of the season their condition showed that the work had not been harder for them than ordinary plowing. The ox machines require a team of two or three pairs of oxen each. A portion of the season I worked two of the ox machines ganged with six pairs of oxen, one man managing the team and spaders readily. Four of the spaders are three feet in width each. For a few days in the latter part of the season I had at work one 3 feet 8 inches wide, which is the usual width of our corn rows. It is proposed to construct the most of them hereafter this width, and attach a selfacting corn-planter. This will be capable of spading and planting one acre per hour, with a speed of 2 1/2 miles, at a cost not exceeding 44 cents per acre, allowing eight hours as a day's work. As a labor-saving implement, and a deep and thorough tiller of the soil, I am greatly pleased with it, and shall watch with a great deal of interest the product of the crop at maturity. At present there is no perceptible difference in the appearance of the corn on the plowed and spaded land, but I shall expect a yield of from 10 to 25 per cent. in favor of the latter."



## SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

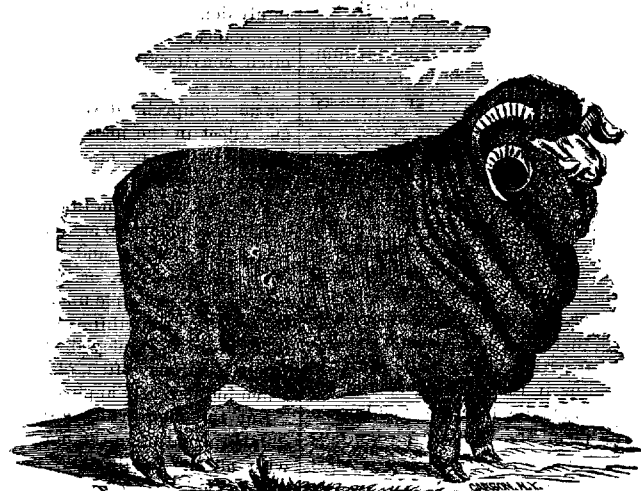
EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

### MR. GORBY'S MERINO SHEEP.

THOMAS GORBY of Randolph, Portage Co., Ohio, has a flock of forty-five ewes of the HAMMOND (Infantado) stock, and four ewes of the RICH (Paular) stock. His original purchases of the former consisted of thirteen ewes from the flock of VICTOR WRIGHT, now of Middlebury, Vt., and eight ewes from the flock of MERRIL BINGHAM of Cornwall, Vt.

ing to any one family, but has diligently sought the best and most profitable sheep out of different families of the improved American Merino. No exhibitor, therefore, has anything to fear from their prejudices, or from their being specially attached to or interested in any particular name, family, or flock. MR. ELLIS is also an experienced sheep breeder, and until within a few years owned one of the choicest fine-wooled flocks, of about half Spanish and half Saxon Merinos, in the State. He is now a merchant in Syracuse, and usually deals largely in wool. He is a very superior judge both of sheep and wool. This committee fairly represents all interests; and it is made up of sound, solid men, of high standing and unsuspected integrity and independence of character. A stronger or more appropriate committee could not have been chosen.

The choice Merino flocks of New York have



MR. GORBY'S "HANNIBAL."

"Hannibal," whose portrait is herewith given, was in the ewe when purchased of Mr. WRIGHT, and was dropped Mr. GORBY'S. He was got by "California," bred by Mr. WRIGHT, he by "Long Wool," bred by Mr. HAMMOND. For pedigree and description of Long Wool, see *Practical Shepherd*, pages 121, 414. California's dam was by "Wooster," bred by Mr. HAMMOND, (see *Practical Shepherd*, pages 121, 412,) grand dam a ewe purchased by Messrs. HAMMOND & HALL of STEPHEN ATWOOD, of Connecticut. Hannibal's fleece, this year, weighed 24 1/2 pounds and was of very superior quality. Mr. GORBY writes us that the largest fleeces in his flock are from the get of Hannibal—the heaviest ones weighing 13 1/2, 13 1/4 and 14 pounds apiece, and quite a number 12 pounds apiece. Fifty-five fleeces, including Hannibals, (all the rest from ewes and teds) averaged 10 pounds 12 1/2 ounces apiece.

Measurements alone afford but little idea of a sheep—but they are not without a degree of value to those who are accustomed to employ them as bases of comparison between different animals. On the 9th day of January, 1864, we saw Hannibal carefully measured, at the barn of his owner, and the following were the results:

Inches.  
From mouth to horns..... 10 1/4  
From horn to shoulder..... 11  
From front of shoulder to roots of tail..... 28  
Length of fore-leg..... 12  
Distance of hip bones apart..... 19  
Girth back of fore-leg..... 45  
Girth of belly..... 48  
Girth over loin..... 47  
Breadth of tail, including wool..... 5  
Breadth of thigh, including wool..... 9

The measures of girth were taken by keeping the measuring tape on the ends of the wool—not by parting the wool and drawing the tape to the skin.

### MERINO SHEEP COMMITTEE AT THE N. Y. STATE FAIR.

WE learn that the viewing committee on Merino Sheep at the next N. Y. State Fair consists of FRANKLIN J. MARSHALL of Wheeler, Steuben Co., JAMES M. ELLIS of Syracuse, and D. W. PERCEY of North Hoosick, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. Messrs. MARSHALL and PERCEY are practical sheep farmers who have been brought up to the business, and who have been familiar with the best varieties and families of Merino sheep from their childhood; and both are concededly admirable judges of all those varieties and families, and are as disinterested as respects their rival claims as any gentlemen who can be found in the State. Neither has ever confined himself in his own line of breed-

never been anything like generally represented on the show ground at our State Fairs. Our farmers complain that they get the best Merinos of Vermont, and then can not sell their equally good descendants for half or a quarter of the Vermont prices. There are perhaps several reasons for this. One of the strongest reasons is that most of the New York flocks are not known in other States, or even beyond their own counties at home. Probably eight-tenths of the choice breeding flocks of Vermont are owned in one county—Addison. There is scarcely a man or boy in Middlebury—the principal railroad depot of that county—who can not, from the constant habit of answering such questions, glibly give a list of the neighboring breeders. Every buyer who comes in from a distance, goes the rounds of their flocks. Their names have thus become familiar to inquirers on such subjects even in Iowa and Kansas.

And we observed an excellent Vermont practice at the last State Fair in that State—the very extensive exhibition of sheep by comparatively undistinguished breeders. A few of the old, frequently victorious exhibitors had no sheep on the ground. But according to our recollection there might have been twenty or thirty or even more pens of very superior Merino sheep—a considerable portion of which belonged to new breeders, or those whom we had never heard ranked in the first class. These men had property to sell, and, accordingly, they put it where distant buyers could ascertain it was for sale any judge of its quality. What though these men did not get premiums? A majority of buyers do not expect to buy premium animals. But we heard of offers and sales that showed that animals which could not command premiums, could at least command high prices—far higher prices than are obtained by most of our New York breeders whose flocks spring from Vermont premium sheep. Now let us tell young breeders a secret. A good second class sheep will often, if not generally, sell better when shown side by side with a very superior and celebrated sheep. The man with a moderate purse there learns that the actual difference in quality bears no comparison with the difference in price; and the enormously high price asked for the superior animal, actually prepares the buyer to give more than he otherwise would for one which his own eyes tell him is not greatly inferior. The actual difference is much less than the preconceived or imaginary one.

In New York, the best Merino flocks of the State are scattered throughout its entire extent—





Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. BESIDE HER GRAVE.

Ye angry winds blow on, blow on,
And midnight drear grow drearier yet;
Poor heart of mine make moan, make moan;
My bleeding heart can't forget.

My feet grow tired of their toll
The while I tread life's maze ways;—
It was not thus when thy fond love
Its warmth diffused o'er all my days.

But hope speaks of a coming spring
With skies serene, and living hills,
Where my lost flower shall bloom again
In beauty, on the heavenly hills.

Avoca, N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE new medical movement of educating young women for physicians is a subject of interest. Some of its advocates claim that female M. D.'s—doctresses—should take the position, and assume the duties and responsibilities, of general practitioners; others, that they should confine themselves to the diseases of women, especially midwifery.

Premising, then, that men and women are designed for each other—that their (the pair's) interests, as their happiness, should be mutual—we see that the idea of home is inconsistent with the assumption by woman of such avocations as interfere with her domestic duties. For Bible doctrine on this, see ST. PAUL's teachings, in I. Corinth. vii., Ephes. v., I. Tim. ii. and v.,—14.

It may be well to observe here, that there are a few women whose superiority of mind—mental greatness—seems to extinguish or conceal the instincts peculiar to their sex, and whether they occupy the place of SOLOON or HIPPOCRATES, or excel in science, literature or the fine arts, is no criterion.

If the above views are correct, it is not well for women to become general practitioners. Laying aside for the present the considerations of delicacy and propriety, it is plain that they could not take care of home if much occupied professionally. And could a modest and delicate young lady launch into practice in the present state of society, when, besides having to meet the positive vileness that exists, so much squeamishness is cultivated?

These remarks will apply to a great extent to the duties of an Obstetric, though belonging more naturally and appropriately to females. But this principle is universally recognized by custom among all nations, notwithstanding the opposite may seem to obtain in this country and England.

ANN PRESTON, M. D., in her Valedictory Address to the Graduating Class of the Pennsylvania Medical College for Women, says:—“The difficulty of communicating freely in regard to symptoms, has often prevented suffering women from availing themselves successfully of the skill of medical men.

Now, to be plain, the main object of this “movement” would seem to be, to dispense with the services of medical men in the treatment of diseases peculiar to women, especially those most trying and perilous. With what has before been stated, can this be considered reform? Will it accomplish the more desirable object of alleviating and lessening the evils and sufferings to which women are liable during the greater part of adult life?

If women generally, properly understood their own physiology and hygiene, and that pertaining to their offspring, there would be vastly less of suffering among them and in their families, and fewer cases of “Female Weakness, &c.,” for which remedies are advertised in almost every paper. This would strike at the root of the evils sought to be remedied, by removing the ignorance of women on these subjects, which fosters prudery and false ideas of life and the relations of the sexes.

Apropos, well-informed young ladies would seldom seek the position of an Obstetric, with its most trying and unpleasant responsibilities. Seeing that the general education of women would greatly diminish the evils to which their sex is liable, it is plain that from the class of old maids and widows the requisite number of efficient midwives may be supplied.

Of all the ingenious ways of raising money for the Sanitary Commission, that devised by the people of the town of Catawissa, Pennsylvania, is probably the oddest. The male citizens agreed to decide by vote who was the prettiest girl in town, and it was declared in favor of Miss HATTIE S. REIFSNYDER, by a majority of two hundred and eighty votes.

—JEAN PAUL, thus addresses young girls: “The young men fall on their knees before you, but remember it is an infantry before cavalry—that they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who easily on bended knees takes aim at his victims.”

—“GAIL HAMILTON” writes an indignant article to the Boston Congregationalist because Mrs. Prince of Wales was not allowed to nurse her own baby. She says that the Princess did not cry long enough to get her own way in the matter, and she rises into passionate eloquence about “God's own beautiful, beautiful, blissful ordinance” of nursing babies.

—OF all the ingenious ways of raising money for the Sanitary Commission, that devised by the people of the town of Catawissa, Pennsylvania, is probably the oddest. The male citizens agreed to decide by vote who was the prettiest girl in town, and it was declared in favor of Miss HATTIE S. REIFSNYDER, by a majority of two hundred and eighty votes.

—WHEN a young tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks him is—“Are you able to pay the charges?” That is to say, in English, “Are you able to keep a wife when you have got her?” That is a sensible question to ask, and if American women were practical enough to ask it, it might save them and others much unhappiness and inconvenience.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for the Rural New-Yorker. THE ORPHAN'S WAIL.

BY M. T. WHEELER.

SAD and dreary,
Lone and weary,
I go to my couch, to-night:
But no one will miss me,

DARK and lonely,
Cheerless only
The gloomy world seems to-night:
And my pulse is throbbing,

Star-lights are shining
With silver lining,
In the blue heavens, to-night;
But the deep sorrows roll,

Tears are falling,
Bitter and galling,
Bathing my pillow, to-night:
And I'll wail, all alone,

Groaning, sighing,
Fading, dying,
I am going home, to-night;
For there's something that steals

And I wonder,
If from yonder
Bright world, an angel, to-night
Will come down and meet me,

Lima, N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IS LIFE A FAILURE?

BY ENOLA.

“WE are disappointed daily. Our best efforts often result in the greatest harm. We are troubled, and the pleasant things of this world are so mingled with evil that they fail to make us happy. Is not life then a failure?” This question was asked me when all brightness seemed struck out of my life forever; but in my heart there rose a defiant “No.” If this life were all we might call it a failure; but now methinks to live one day like this and spend it well, would be joy enough to make even that short life a success.

But the night will come, storms lay waste the beautiful earth, and he who has been deemed worthy to be the interpreter, for a brief season, between God and man, is thrust from the temple, his treasures taken from him, and the light of reason gone; while along the Saviour's path we see darkness, persecutions and revilings. Sick, maimed, repulsive, loathsome forms cry out for aid, and the shadows grow deep and obscure the crystal wall beyond.

And yet life need not be a failure. The Helper yet waits amongst us, and we may use the broken fragments of our dreams and hopes to reach to loftier heights. The end of our endeavors may be the beginning of success. There may come to us a moment in our lives when we find that which we need, that which would lighten our work, make life complete, one grand, sweet song; yet at that same moment know that it can never be ours, that we must live and labor without it, that our hearts must ever be groping on through the darkness until the Tomorrow when we shall feel no want.

That so many have failed is because they have left their purposes illy defined, their plans half-formed, their dreams unexecuted. Too few there are who dare be true to themselves, who dare embody their own perceptions of the right and true. These high conceptions of life are of Him who ordained life, its processes and vicissitudes, and with these he gave the power of executing and realizing.

TO YOUNG MEN ABOUT LATE HOURS.

A Lady who signs herself “A Martyr to Late Hours,” talks thus sensibly to young men in one of our exchanges. But the fact is, all young ladies will not agree with her, nor will young men heed her suggestions:

Dear gentlemen between the ages of “18 and 45,” listen to a few words of gratuitous remark. When you make a social call for an evening, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought to, desire to use his charms.

Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must set on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentlemen to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure.

Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what the girls will do. For an hour and a half they will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware, monosyllabic responses will be all you need expect, and when the limits shall have been passed, if a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: “Isn't it time to close up?”

A HAPPY WORLD.

This is a happy world—who says to the contrary is a fool or something else. There is everything to make us happy. The land, sea and sky contribute to our enjoyment. The man who has a good heart sees pleasure where a bad person beholds nothing but gloom. The secret then of being happy and enjoying this glorious world is to possess a virtuous heart.

WHAT COMES FROM HEAVEN is pure; but the tendency is to soil it, and that which keeps nearest heaven most escapes the pollution of earth. At the foot of the Alps you find the roaring muddy stream, the clay stained snow. But on the summit of mount Blanca is a pure robe of celestial white, never stained, only sometimes covered with a roseate gauze to salute the setting sun.

Sabbath Musings.

CHRISTIAN MUSINGS.

In the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my heart,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For oh, in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my spirit lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Of whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE BOW ABOUT THE THRONE.

HUMAN speech is inadequate for the expression of truths connected with the future world. It must be so, for the truths are above the capabilities of the finite mind. We can have no knowledge of that world, except through figures of speech founded on that which is connected with the present state; but in this way we reach views which are sufficiently clear, definite and cheering, to satisfy the heart longing for some information concerning its future.

A short time since I saw “the bow in the cloud,” and my thoughts went from that beautiful scene to “the bow about the throne.” It is supposed that every one understands the significance of the first. “I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. \* \* \* And the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.” But this description from the sacred narrative can not apply to “the bow about the throne,” What, then, does it mean? Perhaps we may be able to give a satisfactory answer to this question from the consideration of “the bow in the cloud,” by seeking out the cause lying back of that which is signified, and its type.

There is something more than mere surface truth connected with this subject, which reflection can bring to light. “The bow in the cloud” has a deeper significance than that which is given to it simply as a “type of the covenant.” To me it means pity leading to mercy. I think there are indications of this in the Bible account. God's compassion moved him to the covenant of which the bow is the type,—it was not that mankind would never again deserve, by the guilt of their sinfulness and crimes, the dreadful visitation of judgment which the earth had just witnessed.

Now there is sunshine outside—golden sunshine. I cannot look out without seeing sights of beauty and hearing sounds of joy. The fields are clothed with a green so beautiful that it gladdens. The flowers are out. The balmy breeze that fans my brow comes to me laden with fragrance. The tiny warblers that through the changing seasons instinctively follow the sun, are giving, in their beautiful but artless melodies, unconscious expression to the universal joy. Universal? It is only when I think of human lives that I sadden. And yet God pity's. He is merciful. The wisdom of His purposes and the kindness of their design constitute the real power and majesty of every age.

GOD ALL-SUFFICIENT.—In the church's extremity, when her conspiring enemies are great in number and power, faith raises the drooping spirits. “If God be for us, who shall be against us?” When Antigonus was ready to engage in a sea-fight with Ptolemy's armada, and the pilot cried out, “How many are they more than we?” the courageous king replied, “'Tis true, if you count their numbers, they surpass us—but, for how many do you value me?” Our God is all-sufficient against the combined forces of earth and hell. We are, therefore, commanded to cast all our care upon Him; for He careth for us.







