Trust not Appearances.

If one ~~of~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~a~~ Class public Examination, promptly answers all the questions, works all the examples &c that fall to her, while some modest class-mate whose mind is more engrossed in thoughts of the many staring faces before her, that the multiplication table, or some other part of the unsatisfying, deceitful science of Mathematics, if her ideas fly round like the phantoms of a dream, till black board, figures, tables, teachers, spectators, books, girls, benches, "pointers", houses, and examinations, all whirl round in one confused mass, and she can't tell "whether 7×4 or 7-4 is the biggest," or understand one word of the (apparent) Dutch with which her teacher tries to bring her back to reason. If she in perfect disgrace should return to her seat, expecting every step to fall "head fore-most", and her teacher should be so unfeeling (tho fortunately there are few of this class, and none of any humanity, who could be so unkind) as to put the same question to her more favoured companion, who would point out all her mistakes, correct her errors and answer her questions in a manner, saying, "she's a dunce, I'm glad I'm not like her." Thus rejoicing in, and deepening, and making conspicuous her friend's mortification and building her own glory on her shame. Of such a pair, "Trust not Appearances".

There are exceptions to every rule, but this will, in most cases explain it. One may be accustomed to such scenes, the other a mere novice. Nature may have endowed one with strong self control and confidence, both excellent in their places, while the other may be more emphatically of a retiring, timid and mistrustful disposition, preferring the quietude of seclusion to the admiration of a crowd. Even if their minds be cast in the same mould, we know that we are all mutable and the bravest have moments of weakness when they are fearful as a little child, and tho the second may have spent the previous session as profitably as the first and learned as much of useful knowledge, it is possible that at that very moment she may not have been able to apply it.... And we all have seen to belong to one of these two classes. To the unfortunate one, probably many will belong, undoubtedly, some. And where shall the all? If we were philosophers it might make no real difference, for some ought to trust appearances

and a good examination is the work of circumstance, and chance. but Oh!
what a great difference in the feelings of us miserable actors in that dreaded drama!
We know that our parents who love us and send us to school, & friends and acquain-
tances whom we love, and everybody else will trust to appearances, and we shall be
classed where we seem to belong, and be satisfied or miserable, as the scales for the
plot long five months are turned. How terrible a thing is the Examination?!!

Mary Jane Foster.
Sept. 1851.
No. 4.

Change.

Man is fallible and changes every hour. The prerogative of immutability belongs only to God. He alone is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. While empires rise and kingdoms fall, he, the spectator of all, remains unshaken on his throne, in the full enjoyment of unchanging perfection. But man's mind, like the mirror, presents not always the same scene. Changing with the outward circumstance it reflects one moment the calm sunlight, and the next, the raging tempest. His affections are now lofty and strong, the next, desultory and wavering. He is "stiff, unmoved, tossed, and mocked by every ripple", and with all his boasted independence, mobility, and dignity, is but a creature of change. He vainly sighs for the fashion of the world passed away, and the vanities which compass many are set with out them upon them. They teach us "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue". And the earth now disappoints, our hopes would soar no higher. If you would trace the peculiarities of change, seek with me the things that were, but are not. Where now is Rome? The queen of the world, the city of hills, the treasury of beauty in every form, where is Rome? She still exists but oh! how changed! The seat of power is shaken, she is mistress of the world no longer, and can now scarcely give protection to her pontiff. The mighty are fallen, her brave sons are the slaves of superstition, treated as children or idiots, incapable of self-government, ruled by fanatical, intriguing priests, whose ambitious enterprise encourages impatient speculations, and represses all generous intellect and liberty. They are now but a crushed and fallen people. But Greece, once even higher in point of intellectual grandeur than Rome, she was the home of the muses, the delightful theme of the poet, the sculptor and painter, the delight of the gods, the wonder of nations, the home of learned philosophers, gifted poets, brave warriors and great kings. Homer, Solon, Ulysses and Agamemnon, with scores of other bright names adorn the annals of her fame. But the nurse of the sciences, the mighty Greece, is now fallen. And her poets would now hardly recognize in her degraded inhabitants the descendants of the once happy and enlightened race that throughout her marble festivals in peace or gained her laurels in fought fields in battle. Now the great, the grand, and the beautiful exist only in song and conception. It is enough. Change, change, change, thou art everywhere and we bow to thy power.

Cash Time Letter.
March. 1881.
No. 8.

The Changing of the Seasons.

Let us suppose it is Spring. If we have our eyes open, and will look around, we cannot but feel that all is beautiful. And it seems that the life of Nature is reviving.

When we have Spring, with its lovely flowers and singing birds, we almost wish it might always last. But soon we grow tired of it, and wish it were Summer. Then we wish to get from the scorching sun to be refreshed by the cool breezes of Autumn. Now, though the trees bend with fruit, and the fields wave with corn, we do not appreciate their beauties, for it is no new thing; we have Summer every year. 'Tis Autumn. Before us arrayed in all its beautiful colours is the American Autumnal forest. At every gust of wind, a shower of leaves fall to the ground, and soon those very trees and so brightly green will appear dead. Though Winter is the most dreariest, perhaps it is the most social season. But even cold, dreary, cheerless winter is not without its beauties. The earth covered with snow, icicles hang from the branches of every bush and tree, and the sun shining above, and giving lustre to these, must be called a lovely sight.

These works of Nature should lead us from Nature up to Nature's God. We cannot but see in the beauties of Nature spread around us, and in the changing of the seasons, the hand of an all wise and powerful Creator and Upholder.

Sarah Jane Foster

"The City of our Home."

I shall try and tell you how my acquaintance began with this city and then humbly endeavor to describe the city itself. This I shall touch upon this with the greatest modesty, being well aware how incompetent to my pen for such a task.

We made this city the terminus of a very long journey of thousand miles. We set out from the midst of a very [illegible] full country of sunshine and flowers and fruit, and [illegible] such a climate as soft and pure and healthful, that [illegible] place can ever seem like home. We travelled thro' the beautiful scenes in our country and mingled with the [illegible] of luxury, and saw the grandest and finest works [illegible] Art, and the [illegible] temples reared to Religion and [illegible]. The gist, which cities with all their rest seasons, [illegible] interest and knowledge, were opened to us; and we [illegible] day from some [illegible] of pleasure, held to our eager [illegible] the ever varying scene around us. A month filled with [illegible] and [illegible] heat by and we arrived in St. [illegible]

"The City of our Home."

Geo. Ellis Home Journal.

Sept. 24. 1853

No. 10

3

greeted in this cold chestnut country by a drizzling
rain and sleet, and a keen east wind, which pierced
and there he had seen beautiful summer weather every
day, with blooming flowers and singing birds, but on this
day alone we found our gloomiest, yet well realized,
the uncomfortableness of the climate and the great contrast
from sunny home. It was some six miles from the depot
to residence of my friends, and we had a very cold and
disagreeable ride. It was a very anxious time with me, for
that very room I should see what was to be my
home perhaps for years, and as I had many fears
of happiness in such a country, I felt much anxiety
at the end of my journey, when my kind travelling companion
would return south, and leave me, all alone, a stranger
in a strange land. I made the hackman promise about every
minutes, that he would show me the first glimpse of
house, and I sat gazing from the window to be ready to
alight when we got. I expected to hear him sing out, "this is the
place", for I was afraid all the time that he would stop
suddenly and that I should be so startled and perhaps disap-
pointed, as to be unfitted to receive my friends.
A pretty orchard was pointed out as my Uncle's, and
soon after we turned down a pleasant grassy road lined
each side with apple trees, and before us, on one side,
a neighboring hill like some great little
village nestling among the trees. And the
idea of this resemblance, exterminated a little
has bestowed for it the high sounding title
of "the city of our home."

heads.

The front entrance is through a little porch covered over with the sweet scented honeysuckle. The front yard is smooth and grassy — has roses in it, and two sugar trees, an elm, and two of the greatest walnuts I ever saw — One of them is an English walnut that has sprung from a nut planted by my Uncle in his boyhood. This tree is noticed as a curiosity by all who see it, and my Uncle of course is very proud of it.

There are also three long white frames in the front yard covered with luxuriant grape vines, that were hanging full of fruit when we arrived.

There are four sheds in different parts of the yard all finished outside so that they look like nice little houses. One is painted white, one call it "the birch wood house", the red one, we call by the simple name of "the red shed", but of the other two, which are both buff, one is called "the Acropolis" the other "the Arcade."

All these houses so near together, and yet so distinctly separate, appear from

more than half hid by the trees, appeared the house.

The back side is painted a good old fashioned red, but the other sides are white. There is a magnificent willow tree by the house, at the side of the coal, and near it a spot where we always tie the horses. Again, between this willow and the house, there is a stone house wall, and on the wall, a large lilac, some dahlias and three or four dozen bees of every name and color - the white predominant. The house does not front the road, as I believe it ought to do, and cause - for I never could learn the direction of the point of compass in windows except the direction to Connecticut. The house is built in the most old fashioned style, and remains with little external change - except painting - just as my grandfather left it.

It is two stories high and where the upper story joins, there is a slight projection of perhaps half a foot or more. We have all tested our ingenuity many a time to conjecture the cause of this freak of fancy in the architect. The most plausible hypothesis is, that it was made in reference to times of war, when if the castle should be besieged, those within might assemble in the upper story, and prevent the enemy from finding access at the doors and windows, by pouring hot water down upon them

A ~~modern~~ Present Education of ~~two days~~ females compared to past

The real design in getting a good education which is to fit the young lady in the fullest sense to discharge the duties of an American woman is too often misunderstood. In former days the education of a female was completed when she could read and write a little this was thought sufficient for her and indeed all which her poor weak mind could grasp woman intellect was taught to be far inferior to mans. But in these days it is different even some of the stronger sex will now acknowledge woman to be their equal in intellectual endowments but this number is as yet few compared to the number of those who still hold to the old opinion of her inferiority. For my part I cannot understand why we are thought to be inferior They have never fairly tried it up yet I will not consider it as a fair trial till they throw around us the advantages they have till they make our education to include all theirs does till it is as complete and as thorough. If a woman does acquire a really good education it is only by great perseverance and by surmounting innumerable difficulties and discouragements no one whispers in her ear you will conquer no one. As she looks up this rugged hill of science no one shouts to her Excelsior No she must rise alone unguided. Old Thought by some that girls should learn to read and write a tolerable plain hand to have it said they have studied French play a few fashionable

pieces on the piano make a graceful entrance into and exit from a room full of company dance well or in other words so she is educated enough to be marriageable all is well I say this will do well enough in its place but let it be ~~less~~ more thorough let her have a disciplined & cultivated mind

An extraordinary Dream

Jonesboro' Oct 11, 1857.

I am no dreamer. I am not superstitious enough to attribute the production of dreams to any superhuman or miraculous agency [illegible] their production. I believe that in these latter days of Bible light and gospel privileges that God is not pleased by dreams to make any additional revelations of prophecy for the future or advice for the present. I regard dreams as our metaphysicians define them as merely sleeping thoughts. But yet I recognize the providence of God in the minutest events of life. He watches the fall of the sparrow and without his permission at least, nothing occurs. Then since there came to me last night a dream, awful, sublime, terrific, above everything that ever my heart conceived or my imagination depicted, let me at least improve it as a solemn memento of the judgment day which the Bible says I shall as surely see as I had a dream, and which may be [illegible] probably no [illegible] unexpected like my dream, for there will be signs & great wonders in the heavens [illegible]

It seemed I was in a strange house with seven or eight young lady friends. I do not know whether it was in N. England or Tennessee, for the company was mixed, but I rather think [illegible] it was [illegible]. There had been a storm at night and the sky was threatening and dark & full of clouds. Suddenly the clouds disappeared and the great vault from the horizon just before us to the zenith became a scene of most intense & fearful interest. A peal of heaven's most terrific artillery thundered from pole to pole filling every heart with sudden consternation

and a sword of purple flame appeared gleaming & twinkling & flickering in the sky. Every cheek grew blanched & knees smite against knee. Every mental energy was paralyzed and we all fell prostrate on our faces to the earth. A loud wailing of lamentation & despair went up from all around. It flashed thro my mind in an instant that the great & terrible day of God's vengeance had come & I took for the heavens to be rolled away like a scroll, but I remembered that the prophecies of the millenium were unfulfilled & I knew the end could not be at hand. Then I thought the nations of the earth must have committed some great & heaven daring crime that God's justice could forbear no longer for the honor of his holy name & I wondered what it could be. I thot of the war in the Crimea & of many things, and it occured to me that every heart always since the creation of the world had rebelled against God & every hour of precious time since Adam's fall had been spent in transgressing a pure and holy law. & I shuddered to think of the righteousness of the wrath of the Lamb as I heard it in the trembling earth & heavens & saw it quivering in that fearful sword. Suddenly the sword was removed and a more awful plague befell us. In the midst of the most terrific thunder, crash on crash & peal on peal, from a center in the horizon before us lightning fire & forked sheets of flame shot up far like into the sky, the very sight was tormenting beyond description and every quiver of the forked flame or thun[illegible] seemed to pierce like ten thousand arrows to our very souls. It was with the most excruciating agony & unspeakable terror that we beheld the effects of these sublime displays & yet we could not close our

eyes but felt obliged from some irresistible necessity, despite & spell bound, to watch throughout the dread manifestations of omnipotence & wrath. Often with the suddenness of thought, the scene would change and with louder & deeper & more fearful thunderings & more vivid & tormenting light, the sheets of flame would start up in some new & more hideous form. Thus the scenes changed from time to time, each change seeming to expand & intensify our capacities for wonder & agony. At the commencement of the fearful display of heavens artillery & fire works, I spoke to A. a friend of mine now in heaven, who I dreamed was near us and exclaimed "how powerful mighty is our God!" And then I prayed most earnestly in words that seemed suggested to me for the presence & support of my Savior, reminding Him of his many precious & faithful promises. At each change of scene there was a tremendous crash in which it seemed as if the whole heavens were falling to the earth. But at length the fearfulness of the display was over and the sweet blue sky appeared once more with one beautiful cloud in it of dazzling purity & whiteness. It gradually broke up into little clouds that floated off in every direction and on intent inspection as they came nearer, one presented to our surprise & admiration that they were white doves of uncommon gentleness & beauty. Two of them approached our group & we waited breathlessly to see what next happened. On they came & settled themselves quietly & steadily & sweetly as if at home, one upon A's head & one upon mine. My feelings at this time are better imagined than

described – suffice to say, that a peace past all understanding filled my whole being, and I awoke.

Essay on Friendship.

Friendship is an attachment between two persons whose sentiments are congenial. It is easily to be accounted for, that every one must have a particular friend to share this pleasures of his gratification, to sympathise in his joys, and to whom, he can unbosom his griefs. Its foundation is in human nature; we are so created; that happiness is heightened by participation, and even sorrow is alleviated by sympathy.

History gives us many examples of the friendship of the ancients. Look at David and Jonathan. Although Jonathan's father was David's greatest enemy and tried by every means in his power to take his life, yet they in the true meaning of the word, were friends. Jonathan often saved the life of his friend at the imminent risk of his own. And when at last, Jonathan was slain on Gilboa, how touchingly beautiful was the lamentation of the disconsolate 'left friend'.

Achilles and Patroclus were proverbial for their friendship. There are also other instances too numerous to name, of the constancy of friends. This I think must be a plant of heavenly birth, one of the few things left us at the Fall of man. It is to say the least, an inestimable blessing, that we are capable of friendship. Two beings of similar habits, feelings, and dispositions are bound together by it, and neither joy, nor sorrow, distance nor time can separate them, for

"Their hearts beat in unison".

Sarah Jane Foster
P.O.
January 1897

Libraries.

Read June 7 1854.

after 120

Libraries.

A library is a building or an apartment, filled with books.

The plan of having libraries, is supposed to have originated with the Hebrews, and it probably arose from their extreme veneration for the ancient records of their ancient history, which they were very anxious to preserve. The honor of their origin is also fabulously ascribed to a certain Osyman as, of Memphis. The most celebrated libraries, that we read of in ancient times, were those in Egypt. The Ptolemies made themselves immortal, partly by the fame attaching to their magnificent collections of books. It is said, that the Alexandrian Library contained seven hundred thousand volumes, all in rolls of manuscript. This was finished by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and burnt by the soldiers of Cesar, in their assault upon the city. It was much lamented by students throughout the world, for many of the manuscripts were very ancient, and their value was incalculable. The bible, in Ezra, mentions "a house of rolls", erected by the Persian kings, where the state records, and the writings of the historians, were preserved. There are also several other places in the Bible, where libraries are obviously referred to. We read of an ancient Library, in Athens, founded by Pisistratus, also of

in Constantinople, collected by Constantine, in which were the Iliad and Odyssey, written in letters of gold - the whole number of volumes was three hundred thousand, all of which were afterwards burned. It is related, that in ancient times, every large church possessed an extensive library, of its own. The one, at the Vatican, was founded by Nicholas, in 1450, and altho' it has past thro a great variety of fortune since then, in being sometimes plundered, and again augmented, by the conquerors of the state - it is still extant, and is very celebrated.

We find much mention made of the library of the French king, which was commenced by Francis I, carried on by Richelieu, and finished by M. Colbert. It was at one time, the most extensive in the world, and was very complete. There is said, to be a very fine Library in Edinburgh, belonging to the University, "well furnished with books, which are kept in good order, and cloistered up with wire doors, that none but the keepers can open. There is also a valid library there, of books and manuscripts belonging to the gentlemen of the law."

The plan of having libraries, continues to be very popular in modern times. Every College and Seminary of learning, is now furnished with one, more or less extensive, and every Sabbath School, at its very birth, must have a library.

Many private individuals have delighted to expend their wealth, in collecting around themselves, these works of literature, — and every student makes it his pride and pleasure, to collect as many books, as his scanty means will allow.

Many of our cities are furnished with fine libraries, open to the use of the people, thus bringing literature, within the reach of many, who would otherwise be excluded from its pleasures by their poverty.

~~And~~ The spirit of libraries, is still upon the increase. Books grow cheaper every day, and the demand for them increases. Great minds of the good men in our country, are leagued together, to aid in carrying out this good work, of increasing the number and cheapness of books, that they may be brought within the reach of all.

~~As~~ The result is, that the young will be attracted from the pursuit of sensual pleasures to a higher aim, their minds will be elevated and improved, and the whole mass of society will become more refined and intellectual. Their tastes will be purified - their desires for knowledge will be increased - the spirit of intelligent inquiry, will be increased - and the attention of the people, will be directed from the petty events of every day life, to the ennobling pursuit of science. The arts will flourish, the national benefits will be promoted, and the general happiness and peace of the nations will be increased.

A Trip to Knoxville - showing how we travel in Tennessee.

We live about a hundred miles northeast of Knoxville, and visit our friends there, about once, in every one or two years. There is a regular line of stages between us and it, but we seldom avail ourselves of that means of travelling. We usually go in a carriage with two horses, and take four days for the journey - thus going so slowly, as to enjoy all the pleasures of travelling, to their fullest extent. We aim at accomplishing only about twenty five or thirty miles a day - and often, while the sun is yet high in the heavens, we are safely housed for the night, in some snug Inn, or with some friend on the road, whose hospitable door stands ever open to us. I look back with emotions of the liveliest pleasure to many such trips to Knoxville, but there is one, particularly fixed on my memory by the novelty of getting lost.

We left Jonesboro' one Tuesday morning - with Ella, myself and baby brother - his nurse and the driver in the carriage, and a young gentleman along on horseback, who was our escort. Greenville, a village about twenty five miles below Jonesboro', was the usual termination of our first day's drive, and I proposed that we should take the river route to get there, this time, for I

had heard this was a very beautiful road, lined with romantic scenery, and it was a route we had never gone before. This road brought us to Washington College, eight miles below Jonesboro, and we stopped here to make some calls in the families of the President and Professors. Proceeding from here, we found the road was very bad, and much in need of repairs, but we felt repaid for all the obstacles and troubles, jolts and bumps, that we had to undergo, in enjoying the picturesque scenery around. And when the river itself came in view, I was perfectly delighted — and surprised that so murderous and dangerous a stream could be so deceptious and beautiful. And as we followed its windings along — my mind would constantly revert to the brave sons of the forest, now far away, who had given it the beautiful name of Nolichucky. When it was dinner-time, we all stopped under the shade of some trees, and Ma brought out a great basket, and revealed to us, a whole boiled ham, a broiled chicken, a loaf of buttered bread, biscuits, chipped beef, pickle-ocke. After a sumptuous repast, we went jogging along right merrily — laughing, talking, playing with the baby, talking to the horses, and admiring the beautiful scenery, — till the sun sunk quite below the distant mountains. About this time we arrived in the quiet little village of Greenville — but we intended to spend this night at Dr. Coffin's — three miles from Greenville. The driver having received explicit directions about the road we turned our horses heads and started for the Dr's. We had had bad roads all day, but this one capped the climax. It was up hill and down, puddles, mud holes and "corduroy" all the time, and by-roads, continually crossing,

with romantic
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to the bears sons of
ful name of Nola-
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iron having receiv-
ned our horses
roads all day, but
down, puddles, mud
tinually crossing;

to lead us astray. After awhile, we came to a long steep hill, and when we had got out and walked up, our escort rode up to tell us that the carriage had got stuck at the bottom and they were unable to extricate it, and as as one lived very near there, he would have to ride some distance to obtain help, and in the meantime we might wait there or walk on, as we chose. We walked on, and on, and on in that lonely forest and ever and anon, stopped to listen for the sound of wheels, but no one came, and as we supposed ourselves near the Gap, we still proceeded as fast as we could in the darkness. Whenever we came to two roads - which we did a good many times - our choice of either depended wholly upon chance; - and when after all we found that there seemed no end to the forest - we concluded that we were lost - that the carriage had probably passed on another road - and that we should never come to Dr Coffins. And the forest seemed lonlier and blacker there than ever, and I could see in imagination, the two great eyes of some wild beast, glaring on us from every opening. At this crisis, we committed ourselves to Him, who never slumbers nor sleeps, and whose eyes can pierce the darkness, and He came to our deliverence and filled our minds with peace; - and we had not gone very far, before we heard sounds in the distance, and so the carriage came up. We heard a great story of the time they had in getting help and in prizing out the wheels - and then we got in the carriage and soon after arrived at Dr Coffins. Their kind hospitality here made us forget our late perils, - and we left their house next morning, to continue our journey to Knoxville, where we arrived in due time, none the worse for our adventure.

A Trip to Amoskeag.

Sarah Jane Foster.

No. 6

Nov. 19. 1853.

E.

I think this is one of the letters written by the stepdaughter of Dr. Cunningham, who brought the first mail road to Jonesboro —

Little Nattie.

I was eleven years old when I first saw Nattie. The room was darkened where my mother was but I could see a blanket curiously folded and laid on the foot of the bed, and I had not been there long before Nurse came and carefully unfolded the blanket - took out a bundle of soft, white flannel and seated herself on a low seat at the fire. She unrolled the flannel and displayed to my eager eyes the baby! She was not very intelligent then, but oh! how I loved him! The minute I saw how soft and helpless and dependent he was, my heart was gone, and from that hour, he became my pride, my treasure!

Nurse let me take him, and I held him in my arms, almost afraid to breathe or move, lest I should crush his precious life. I gazed with fondness into the little vacant red face, and thought the black eyes beautiful. I dared not stroke his little velvet hair, for fear I should hurt his head, for Nurse said, he could easily be killed, if we struck the soft place on the top, where it throbbed and beat like the pulse. So I was very careful. It seemed so pretty and so confiding for him to come to us when he needed so much care, that none of us could shut our hearts against the mute appeal for kindness.

It affected me more than any of the rest, for I had never known a baby before.

My play house and dolls and books were all deserted. I spent hours and hours in that room holding baby. The fact is, he would have done much better on the bed under his blanket. but I did not know but that I was doing him great service, when I rocked him in my arms and sung him "fast asleep". I flattered myself that I possessed great skill in putting babies to sleep, but I think now, that he would have slept just as much, and perhaps all the time, if I had let him alone. Neither the kind nurse or our judicious mother, ever expressed any fear, or told me, that I should not take him. So it became a conceded point, that he was my baby, and I had right to him.

One night they tied him up in a handkerchief, and suspended him to the butter steel yards, to see how he would weigh. I did not like this operation very well, and stood under with my apron to catch him when he fell. But he did not fall. He weighed eight pounds and three quarters! and therefore received many compliments.

Ma named him Nathaniel Davis, for her brother, but we did not call him anything but "baby" and "it" for a good while.

Every day he grew older and gained more and more knowledge. He soon began to investigate the science of Optics. The great world contained in that room, was full of interest and beauty to him. He would fall into a brown study sometimes, keeping his eyes fixed on the light, and being unable to decide upon the nature of its essence by one sense alone; he would soon reach out his hand to grasp it and taste it, and finding that, however much he ate of it, it grew no less, he would not exactly get discouraged, but look reproachfully at us for not helping him to understand, and then shut the little bright eyes and breathe

When Arthur was two years and a half old, he had the whooping cough — in February, our coldest weather, he grew very sick. But how can I tear open my wounded heart again, to narrate the history of that last fortnight of his angel life! How can I paint our feelings when we saw that he must die! How can I tell our anguish, as our bright flower languished and pined and withered! I hope that no one else may ever worship an idol as we did him, and then they will not have to suffer as we did when God tore him from the tendrils of our hearts.

We saw him daily grow worse, we watched him day and night, and held, and rocked, and carried him. We would willingly have laid down life for his dear relief — but it was all in vain.

We rebelled against God and demanded that he should live, for we would not could not give him up. But we could not contend with God. We once more subdued, and prayed most humbly that as it was his will, we might submit and rejoice in his gain, when the kind angels came and carried him in their gentle arms to heaven, where there are no more tears, no more pain, no night — where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest — where the angels, of little children, daily behold the face of God, and are carried in the bosom of "the Good Shepherd", who hath said, "Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We suffered doubly in all our babys sufferings, for we knew that we had caused them, by our idolatry, and when the sweet eyes closed in the eternal clasp of death, and the silken lashes rested on the marble cheek, now cold and pale, tho' our hearts were bursting with the intensest anguish, we could only remember the saying of God, "Be still, and know that I am the Lord."

softly, and go to sleep, and the angels would come and whisper pretty, pleasant stories, and coo and please him, till a thousand sunny smiles had dimpled the little face all over.

By and by, he began to notice us, and laugh and crow when we shook our heads at him and called him "little rogue." and when six months old, he could sit alone, and clap his chubby hands when we told him patty-cake, patty-cake

the bright little baby

morning his parents carried him to church, and before the great congregation, dedicated him to God. and the little child was very still and quiet, as if he understood the solemnity of the holy ordinance.

At this age he was very beautiful. his complexion was clear and fair, his features regular and noble. and his eyes bright and changing in their expression from thoughtfulness to mirth. He was always good natured and remarkably well. there were so many interesting things about him, that I resolved to keep a journal and write in it a narrative of his life, as it was unfolding before me. He had made great additions to his stock of learning and had a very correct knowledge (so far as it went,) of Anatomy. He was able with unerring accuracy to point out, as we named them the various parts of the human body. as the eyes, mouth, teeth, hands &c He was also aware of personal identity, and could distinguish between his own eyes, and mouth, and those of other people.

One day when I was watching him asleep in his crib, he suddenly opened his eyes and sitting bolt upright, pronounced the single word, "Papoo!" It was addressed to his papa and was the first thing he ever said. after this he learned to talk

like any little chatterbox.

By creeping, climbing up to chairs, and standing alone he soon learned to walk, tho not until he had had his share of falls and bumps. When he had found his feet once, he kept them in constant exercise, and the music of that little active step was sweet to all our ears. I remember his first pair of shoes, he was as proud of them, as any peacock of his tail. But the prettiest thing he wore in all his childhood, was a black velvet cap, with a long silk tassel, that shaded his fair face and shook gracefully with every motion.

Before he could talk quite plain, he used to repeat after us every evening, the little verse commencing, "Now I lay me down to sleep!" He could tell some of the letters too, & the "moony letter" and & the crooked one, that began "Sister" name. He could answer most of the questions beginning, "Who made you," "and who was the first man"? &c, and delighted above all things, in Bible stories of Joseph and Samuel, and "Samson and Melucelah". He had a green sense of the beautiful: he loved the moon and the stars, the flowers and rain, and dogs and horses.

One sad morning, the dear home where he was born, was burnt to ashes. As I stood holding him in my arms, regarding the scene of destruction, with feelings of intense distress, and bitter tears, he looked on with admiration at the grand display, unconscious that he lacked a home, and exclaimed from time to time, "see sister, see the beautiful flames and smoke, and hear the bells, and see them running"! Alas! Nattie, we thought the hand of God had fallen heavily when we lost our home, but ah! it was nothing to the stroke that came afterwards; and took away our idol!

Little Nattie.

Sallie Foster.

No. 2.

A. P. Hadley.
Oct 21. 1854.

Dear Brother:

You have asked me, perhaps half in jest and half in earnest to give you what I think to be the measure of a model man. I regret that my thoughts upon the subject are not sufficiently mature to be arranged with regularity and system, as otherwise the character I am to paint may appear incomplete to you, from some unfortunate omission or misstatement on my part. If I say anything trivial or ridiculous, remember it is not lower the high standard of perfect manhood, and thereby injure the cause of virtue. For I only am responsible for these opinions, as they embody only my own ideal.

I shall first consider man physically, or as regards appearance and muscular strength. I do not love to see a man below the medium size, nor, on the other hand, do I admire a giant. Ulysses motto can be well applied as a criterion. In medias res. A good development of muscle is agreeable, suggesting the idea of strength, activity and power of endurance. The difference between the sexes in physical force, is a source of pleasure to each. Man, proudly conscious of the ability to protect and shield his frail sister, loves to confer such favors as simply his own superiority, and she, with delicate and clinging fondness reverences and loves the protector upon whose strong arm she leans so confidingly. The metaphor of the Oak & the Vine, illustrates the reciprocal benefit with truthfulness and beauty. Any approach of man to effeminacy under this head is contemptable. A soft and delicate hand is not a mark of manly beauty. A fair & lily-complexion is no particular recommendation, neither is a slender waist. Shawls are not graceful or becoming and flowing ringlets and ear rings are perfectly detestable! ... I care not for the color of his hair, so that it be not white or red; but I like to see it even and soft, as it is then ornamental

and will keep its place without a too frequent peering before the glass. Above all, keep it away from your face as every body likes to see the length and breadth of a man's forehead. It is rather graceful to see the hair thrown carelessly back by threading the fingers thro it. It looks very well so, if the effect is easy and unstudied... Only silly ladies admire moustaches, or hair about the mouth. Persons of taste always pronounce such mouths entirely unkissable! Whiskers are sometimes endurable but by no means always. Good teeth are indispensable. A man's mouth should express decision, and be adapted to pronounce fully and emphatically all the sounds of his native tongue. His voice must be clear, strong, deep, full and flexible. His eye should be quick and expressive and conspicuous to all with whom he converses, for it is abominable to notice a fearful falling of the eye in gentlemen. Honest folks should look each other in the face... Beautiful and symmetrical features are not requisite to my model. It is enough that his face is the index of a pure heart and an exalted character.

In mind and heart a true man must first be a Christian. I cannot respect his intellect or wish any place in his heart if his first and highest obligations viz. those to God are disregarded. However kind and moral he might be, I think I should not dare to risk my happiness with an unbeliever, certainly not with a scoffer at our holy religion.—Merciful God spare me any such a trial!— A self reliant, proud, and impenitent man, tho moral, is unfitted for the battles of life. His virtue is unfortified and in the stormy time of temptation, will be swept away... To be a christian, he must be in earnest. In fact, energy and decision must be leading elements in a manly character. Here half asleep folks I cant respect! What ever the hands find to do must be done with the might. In religion, in business and everything be sure you're right, and go ahead! I respect all who have to work. Every man ought to have some stated, honest employment and devote his time and energies to it. I never could love a man that had no

business, and was too lazy to make his own cupboards. To the virtues, energy, decision and industry, let us add constancy. A person who is tossed about by every wind of doctrine is like a wave of the sea, and cannot be respected. A doctrine long gathers no moss. I am old fashioned and perhaps behind the times, but I like to see a young man deliberately choose one piece for home, and live true to it ever. A model man must be open and perfectly honest in all the transactions of business and possess the entire confidence and good opinion of his associates. If he cannot accumulate money in the path of rectitude, let him stay poor and die in the Alms House! ... Truth is the very essence of honor, and he must be unable to tell a lie and ashamed to equivocate and deceive. A liar is the character above all others to be shunned. A candid disposition and rigid adherence to truth should be cultivated from the very cradle for nothing can ever compensate for a lack of truthfulness...

I like to see a man respect his mother and yield her the preference before all others. It is a noble sight to behold a mother leaning fondly on the arm of an attentive son, and every one admires it. For example remember the Wadsticks. A true gentleman is always gallant and polite to ladies and likes their society and wins their patronage. But while he is perfectly at ease, it speaks well for his heart and is a safeguard to his virtue to love one.

It is every way advantageous to the maturing of a perfect character if this attachment is maintained with fervidity and constancy till a consummation by marriage. It tends to prevent the fluctuations so hateful in men and consists a low estimation of female character. There is nothing more lamentable than to see young persons rashly and thoughtlessly entering into engagements of marriage. A man should make so important a matter the subject of serious thought and prayer before he permits himself to enlist the lady's heart. He should study well her qualifications and character in every light, and know whether she is domestic enough to make his home bright and pleasant, and whether she possesses such qualities as will ensure the permanence of his own regard. When a man is once married he should stay at home with his wife and aid her in every possible way in her household and other cares. He should determine in spite of everything to regard her from day to day with an increasing and forbearing affection, and never cease to pray to this effect. He should

be considerate of her feelings and wishes, and study cheerfulness for her sake, it must be always with encouraging and buoyant words. Such husbands, and I do know a few of them are lights in a dark world and verily they have their reward. But I will not further touch upon the standard for married men - this part of the subject is much mistaken.

I love to see all men fond of little children, and learn to interest and take care of them. I love to see a man self possessed - always under the control of his own strong will and able to rule his passions, - dignified, and rather reserved before men, as if he felt guilty, able to keep his own counsel, and acknowledge no dependence. But at home, he can unbend completely - and practice baby talk, sing lullaby, and ride the children on his knee, or be guilty of almost any such nonsense that he pleases, and nobody will think the less of him for it.

But I must stop. My standard is not full. But you have the outlines. These heads could be enlarged upon almost ad infinitum, and others less important added. I might speak of the importance of the cultivation of a musical talent both vocal and instrumental: of ease and grace in riding horseback: love of flowers - appreciation of natural beauty: taste for reading and keeping up school education: writing a good hand; using language correctly, to express and grammatically correct, keeping good company, avoiding all kinds of dissipation and bad habits, avoiding gaming and boasting, observance of little points of etiquette, neatness in dress, freedom from superstition, fortitude and bravery &c &c - But these things will suggest themselves.

Now you have my standard. It is high. But not unattainable. When you meet its embodiment please let me know. Tell them I am simply & truly Your Sister

Jonesboro Feb. 16. 1856.

Medicine.

Medicine is the science which treats of diseases and the modes of curing them.

It originated with the first man - there was probably more or less of a physician. Some attribute to Tubal Cain the honor of inventing and constructing the first surgical instruments. It is certainly evident that this science must have originated in the very early age of the world. For mankind would be led by their own experience and observation to avert pain and alleviate the most common and external diseases. But their knowledge would be so very crude and uncertain that as they could only judge from external circumstances, their then would be liable to countless and fatal errors from their ignorance of the internal machinery of the human frame and the laws of life and health. The Egyptians were the first to study medicine as a science, and the healing arts were appropriated by the priesthood as being the most able and learned class. In the time of Herodotus each disease had its own physician; and no man extended to no other medical knowledge, than that pertaining to the complaint he had chosen for study. Among the Jews also, the priests were the physicians of the people, and in later times the prophets, who seemed to hold a kind of miraculous power to heal the sick,

Medicine.
Essay from Bridget
Feb 11 1888
Grade from Bridget
No. 15

cure the blind and lame, and raise the dead.

In Greece the origin of medicine was buried in mythology, and the art is reported to have been taught to men by the deities Apollo and Minerva. The first who attained any great celebrity was Esculapius, the reported son of Apollo, whose success in the treatment of diseases was such that it gave rise to the fable, that men ceased to fear death, and Pluto complained because his kingdom was not increased as formerly, and to Jupiter remonstrated him to prevent these evils. But he is regarded by many as the founder of the profession and it has become a common thing for all physicians to be called the disciples of Esculapius.

The next person who did much to advance the progress of the art was Hippocrates. He effected a great improvement by raising the standard of the science, and throwing light on many dark theories and practices.

We have no accounts of physicians among the Romans until the time of Asclepiades, a kind of quack doctor, who, by his powers of rhetoric, more than anything else, imposed upon the credulity of the people and obtained a wide celebrity. Galen next arose and reviving the system of Hippocrates did much to advance the interests of the profession.

From these great men the fathers of the science it has been handed down thro successive generations and new additions have been made to the stores of knowledge by each age, until in the present time it stands with enriched attractions of learning and research, one of the very first of the learned professions.

angel from here we move to the realms of light, and land us to all the pleasant haunts of heaven! By the side of the river of the water of life, where are the trees bearing twelve manners of fruit! and thro the streets of the city, paved with gold, which needs no sun, nor moon, nor any sort of light, for God is there! How pleasantly will this angel teach us the music of heaven to sing the new song, and to play upon the golden lyre!

Thank God, that he has "made his angels ministering spirits."

Ministering Angels.
Lillie Fitts.
Alto. Sept. 1858.
4

Ministering Angels.

It is a sweet and beautiful thought that the lives of each one, are attended by the watchful care of a minister angel! As soon as a babe is born, some pure spirit from the ranks above, receives it, as a special charge, and comes down from heaven, on errands of mercy to the little one. Perhaps suggesting pleasant thoughts in baby's loneliness, or whispering gentle words in sleep. And with some, this is the way of accounting for the lovely smiles, that so often play in dreams, around the rosy mouth, before the child is old enough to be capable of receiving the emotions, thus indicated, from without. Every one must have noticed the smiles of a sleeping infant, and thought what a holy thing it was, to be thus honored with the whisperings of angels. It would afford a very interesting revelation, if we could look into the unfolding mind and trace the trains of thought that gave rise to the smiles: and see the development of each power. But we need not fear the work will not go on in the right order, since it is directed by an angel wisdom.

Some have represented the good and bad principles that govern men, as attendant angels. Beside the guardian angel of light there is, supposed by some, another of evil, whose constant

endeavor is to promote the misfortune or unhappiness of the child, by constant counteracting the efforts of the good angel. One persuades to virtue and peace, the other to pleasure, excitement, and vice. One is leading onward and upward, the other is dragging downward and backward. They are eager competitors for the undivided control of mind, body and soul, and each one is to judge to whose guidance he shall yield, as the contest cannot be decided, except by individual free agency. Every good resolution, pleases and encourages the guardian angel, and strengthens its influence over us, and power to make us happy; and every indulgence of evil passions drives the good genius, keeping away, and encourages the spirit of evil to renewed endeavors. Thus there is a continual contest. Each one is conscious that the principle embodied in the allegory is founded on the truthful recollections of his own experience.

Some persons of imaginative minds, have loved to think and speak of the whole air around us, as peopled with invisible, pure and holy beings, who are guarding us against harm, and keeping us lest at any time we "dash our foot against a stone." Perhaps the ministering angel is some dear friend, whose love to us is not extinguished, but purified and strengthened by the redemption of the spiritual nature.

It may be a mother, a father, a loved sister or brother, who is watching over you now, and will love to bear the news to heaven, that you are born again, to make all the angels glad and spread new joy throughout their ranks. And when angry passions are storming in your heart, and you, by a great effort, keep back the bitter word and angry look of hate, you need not think that, because none have seen that struggle, or known the hard fought victory, that you shall fail of reward, for ministering angels have recorded the good deed, and rejoiced in your success; and they are weaving now a crown of hope and love, to put upon your brow, as an earnest of the future crown of gold.

When you awake, they hear your morning prayer to heaven; and all thro' the day are guarding from dangers seen and unseen; and when night comes, they are ready to close your weary eyes in gentle sleep, and keep you thro' the silent watches. Tho' you are helpless then, and unprotected, and could not know if harm should come, their watchful eyes are open, and their soft wings are fanning you peacefully, and while the restless mind, unwearied, is busy with the events of the day, the good angels are ready to fix the right impressions, and "seal instruction." And when the stern messenger of death comes, how pleasantly the faithful angel leads us thro' the cold waters of the dark river, ever pointing to other side, where wait the christ of God, with the redeemer christ. How kindly and delightfully will the

The North American Indians.

This aboriginal race of people are represented as, and generally believed to be, savage, cruel, treacherous, and revengeful. This may be true, but is it strange that they should, by every means in their power, seek to be avenged on this conquerors, the whites, who have come to their country and claimed it as their own. By the right of discovery", they say, "this Continent belongs to us." They do not seem to recollect that the Indians had long before discovered and taken possession of the country, that they were sole proprietors of the soil, and that the English had no more right to it then, than the crew of a strange vessel accidentally landing on our shores, would have to it now. But they thought differently; they came and drove the aborigines of this country from the lands and hunting grounds, that had, from time immemorial, belonged to their forefathers. History informs us that the Indians were, at first, disposed to treat the invaders kindly and amicably, and it was those who called themselves Civilized Christians that first taught the untutored Indian to practise deception and cruelty. One cannot but pity the "Red men of the forest" in their present condition. Mere wrecks of what they once were, a dispirited, feeble, scattered people they wander from place to place "seeking rest but finding none".

They are in a miserable state of heathenism. But whom can they be brought to a knowledge of the "glorious gospel" How can they love "the God of the pale faces"? The Missionaries among them teach them that the only true God is a God of Love, one that has said "Do unto others as you would have them do to you".

May your heart [illegible] to do them good.

Sarah J. Foster
No. 5th
Feb. 1850

Pecuniary Crisis of 1857.

There is now in the financial world a great scarcity of money. Many of the best mercantile firms are failing, and great embarrassment and distress are the result. The Factories are closing, from inability to continue operations, and the work hands are being discharged. There [illegible] and claims pending all [illegible] The foundation of the Banks is being suspected and the poor are withdrawing their funds from the Savings Banks. Merchants and their pampered families who have lived in regal magnificence are leaving their palace homes to satisfy the claims of creditors, and reducing their style of living. Every one is on the look out from day to day to see who will fail next, and those who have money in the hands of the rich are expecting at any time to lose it all. The worst feature of the failures is that so many are involved. Not one man alone is crushed, but many come down with him in the common ruin, and thro' this insolvency the poor are deprived of their wages and lose their means of support. Consequently much and great suffering will ensue.

The causes of the Crisis are probably to be found in the recklessness and extravagance of the age. Habits of display and costly living among the rich and imitation of the same by the middle classes. Display has been the criterion of all, and no spirit of emulation has arrived at its excess. It has been a fast age, but now pay day has come to many, and the easier of fortune [illegible] to be shared.

[illegible] the Crisis will [illegible] produce good results by [illegible] introducing a more simple standard of living. And the [illegible] that have taken to speculation [illegible] may [illegible] the [illegible] of heaping [illegible] of this [illegible] possessions to something more substantial.

Oct 10 1857

Sir

Is the Fear of Punishment, or the Promise of Reward the greater Incentive to action?

I had long weighed this question in mental balances without being able to come to any just conclusion, believing that the weight of evidence on each side was equal. But now I wonder how I could long doubt; the conclusion I have come to, seems so obvious after carefully observing human nature.

We see it exemplified in childhood, where the natural bent of the mind is always clearly displayed. Give a task to a child to perform with the promise of reward, a new book, a toy, or anything expressive of approbation, and will not the eyes sparkle with delight, and the whole face lighten up with determination, as he sets about his duty, manfully resolving to succeede. But paint before him the rod suspended over his devoted head, or name any punishment, and at once the recollection, the smile of satisfaction that lit up his features, is transformed to a look of dogged sullenness and his changed feelings are exhibited in either total indifference to his duty, or in a kind of disliked, heartless, unamiable performance of it. What was before pleasure, becomes mere compulsion.

The Savior understood the philosophy of the human mind, & all his teachings show a gentleness, a winning persuasiveness that is irresistible. He speaks more infrequently of the horrors of hell than of the glories of heaven. He calls the good "blessed", not damned the wicked. Before he let going, before leading them onwards to the "green pastures and still waters" He blesses more than once and oftener tells of "his father's house of many mansions" than of that land where is weeping, wailing & gnashing of teeth.

Sarah Fuse Foster,
June 20th 1857.

No. 2.

The Sabbath.

The origin of the christian Sabbath is found in the second chapter of Genesis. We can give no other reason for its first observance than because it was commanded by God.

As this ordinance was given to the progenitor of the race, we might perhaps expect that it would be handed down thro successive generations. And so indeed we find the custom very extensively prevails of setting apart a seventh of the time for rest.

The Jews were very strict in their observance of the day and in Ex. 35th. Moses commands that whosoever did work upon that day should be put to death. Also, ye shall kindle no fire throut your habitations upon the Sabbath day. This prohibition would not involve their comfort, as perhaps from the warmth of the climate, fires were only used for cooking, and for this could not be necessary, as they were taught by the providence of God, in supplying manna, to make provision for the Sabbath by laying up food the day before.

At the time of the Savior the Sabbath was changed from the seventh to the first day of the week to commemorate Christ's resurrection from the dead. Since then all christians have

united in observing in observing the first day of the week called Sunday, by the ancient heathens, or *dies solis* by the Romans from the sun.

All efforts by which the Sabbath have been unsuccessful and attended by the greatest national disorder and misfortune.

A plan
Sunday
Q. of Phila.
Feb. 3. 1855.
No. 9.

Different Forms of Religion

J. L. Good evening, Sarah Jane, let our conversation this evening turn upon the different forms of religion in the world.

S. J. F. Very willingly my friend for in my opinion this is a very interesting subject. All have a religion; and to most nations it is the greatest of all blessings as it promotes the happiness and prosperity of the subjects, as well as the safety of the rulers; while others have so perverted it that it proves a great curse to them, and instead of elevating, and ameliorating, their condition, it only tends to sink them lower in the depths of degradation and superstition.

J. L. It is certainly so. Go where you will to the wilds of South America or to the more thickly settled pagan lands you will find that all men have a religion of some sort or other. It seems to be a principle inherent in the human nature to have something to adore, something to reverence as holy even though it be a disgusting reptile.

S. J. F. Every rendering soul has, I suppose, to some degree felt a longing for immortality. We all seek for happiness. And as we look around on this earth the footstool of God, and see all beautiful, but imperfect, transient and fleeting, the mind of man longs to find something that satisfying, something on which to fix his thoughts and centre his affections which will be both perfect and immortal. And how seldom he finds it. Perfect happiness is not a plant of our earth. And in religions there is but one that can really comfort. But to turn more directly to our subject. Of all faiths, professed, Idolatry is certainly the lowest and most humbling to man. And of those who serve not the true God it seems to me that those who worship the sun have the most reasonable, They see that the bright luminary gives them light & heat, and what else have they need?

J. L. Yes, I think it is so. But this brings to my mind that unfortunate race of people, those Indians, the aborigines of Peru now almost exterminated, but who seemed so truly happy in the worship of their deity, the Sun, in honor of whom they built the most gorgeous temples and cast under the mild reigns of their Incas whom they loved and reverenced,

ence. The Indians were peaceable, and harmonious, living quietly under successive rulers. The Spaniards, blood thirsty and revengeful, their profound object the propagation of their religion their manifest one — plunder and conquest. They did succeed in overturning the Inca dynasty. But have they bettered the condition of that unfortunate race?

W. J. H. No for the Spaniards have only changed the religion of the country from bad to worse, they have made the Indians cling to their own religion with a melancholy ardor which they retain even unto "Hale Jacco" in his faith. How could they love the God of those who had treated them with such unheard of cruelty & barbarity? How could they joyfully embrace a religion the votaries of which set them such a dreadful example.

J. L. Oh it must have been nearly impossible for them to have received such a faith. But that such a religion could be called Christian is truly strange. Their theories declare that they worship the true God of Heaven but their practice is far different. Indeed such a faith is but a step from Idolatry.

W. J. H. I do not know how any reasonable person can look upon Roman Catholics in any other light than as a set of bigoted unfeeling Idolaters. Their chief objects of worship are the Virgin, St Peter and the saints. They do not recommend religion for its power to make men happy, but the fear of purgatory, the censure of the Pope and the untold horrors of the inquisition are the goads they use.

J. L. It is but too true, and yet it seems strange how any one in this age of light, can be blinded so as to believe doctrines which place but a step between the Pope and God. But speaking of Fire and Blood, that brings up thoughts of that religion which depended entirely on the sword for its success and which does not assume in the least of true pulse. Mohammedism.

W. J. H. But this religion which was so sudden in its growth, will I hope be as sudden in its decay and when light and civilization shall have advanced to that dark country of the Turks its followers will have their eyes opened to see, and their hearts opened to feel the absurdities of the stories told in the Koran and the wickedness displayed in the life of their Prophet.

J. L. Yes like Romanism, its day of power is over and soon its now blinded votaries will see that they have been led on by romantic tales and be led to acknowledge the only living and true God.

S. J. B. It is true Babylon is almost fallen, the throne of the Pope shakes and the sceptre falls from his weak hand. Some at least among those of his subjects who have felt his yoke to be a tyrannical one have tried to throw it off, and altho' they have not altogether succeeded in their attempt yet the power of Pius X is rapidly declining. And let us hope the day is not far distant when there will not be one to say mass or confess to the priest, as well as that among the present zealots of the Romish church as well as that there will be no more wearisome foot journeys to Mecca made by the followers of Mohamed.

J. J. L. But turn from those to the favoured people of God, the Jews, those to whom he were unto he over earth peculiar care and to whom the moral law was delivered is it not still more strange that they should wander after the ceremonial law & useless purifications when the Paschal Lamb has been slain and all that which was typified by those ceremonies has come to pass.

S. J. It is stranger than all that the descendants of Abraham to whom so many precious promises were made by God himself, should be shut out from the light of the true religion and left to grope their way in almost heathenish darkness still confiding in the old law which only can condemn them & trusting to the faithful observance of useless ceremonies for acceptance with him who regardeth not outward appearances but whose All seeing eye looks at the heart.

J. L. And when in mercy the Saviour did come how shamefully they treated him.

S. J. J. But they expected him to come as a king and after having delivered the Jews from slavery & achieved great victories over other nations to assume the royalty of his father David and exalt the Jews and reign in undisputed triumph.

J. L. But when the beautiful prophecies of their ancient books the sublime imagery of Isaiah the mournful lamentations of Jeremiah so expressly speak of Christ as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" it is strange they could still shut their eyes yet wait the coming of Messiah.

S. J. J. Now all other religions suffer in comparison with the Christian Religion! There is none other so fitted for the wants of man, none other will render him so happy and none other is so suitable for a free and happy nations like ours. May it be built up on the ruins of every other form in the world.

The extent of Superstition.

That so gross an error as Superstition should exist at all in the hearts of any of the inhabitants of our civilized and enlightened country, during this reign of schools and books is a wonder. But it is no less strange than true, that it still lowers like a dark cloud over many minds; whil in others, the light of Christianity has been successful in dissol and scattering this thick darkness. Such is the strength of first impressions, that where such notions have been imbib infancy and strengthened in after life, it is almost impossible to eradicate them, even when the persons are convinced of the folly. The man who has often heard his mother say, that the howling of a dog at night, presages the death of a friend, cannot even in manhood, hear this sound which is so melancholy by the associations connected with it, without a shudder. There are many other kinds of Superstition too numerous to name; for example of belief in ghosts, witches and fortune tellers, and in the moon's power over vegetables. A Dutchman will tell you that "if potatoes dat are not plan in the right time of the moon" they will not grow. Strange it is, that they do not recollect that the business of the moon to us is to give light by night, not to kill potatoes. Superstition is the characteristic of an uncivilized heathen nation; then let us the free and civilized United States entirely drive the monster from our shores, and free ourselves from his chains so that it cannot with the least degree of truth, be said of us "Behold a Superstitious nation".

Sarah Jane Foster
No 6th
Feb. 1850
Jonesboro

kind and cordial, and bestows pleasant words and smiles, and in every emergency holds out a helping hand. Think of her as a true woman and pray Heaven, there may be many more just like her!

May 26. 1883.

Nellie Walker.

Talk.

Altho every one will acknowledge that speech is one of the greatest blessings conferred upon mankind, very few are very few, but will deny that the blessing is much abused shamefully! Because the noble faculty has been prostituted to suit the aims of tattlers. Prostituted shamefully! Because what was ordained as a means, is exalted to the rank of an ultimate and sole end.... In the view of the world, no accomplishment is more highly valued and admired, than the ability to talk. The faster the better, and no matter how nonsensical, there is nothing thought so brilliant, as keeps up a rapid, steady stream of words. Have the Queen's English at command, and roll it off with a glib tongue, and you will amuse all, dem. No matter whether you communicate any ideas, no matter whether any is hid under the broad covering of heaven, no matter whether the speech is only stream, has any depth. All you have to do, is talk, talk continually, and not for anything let one dull moment of rude silence come into company. No wonder that, with such teachings, the world has learned gabble nonsense, and with such latitude the tongue has become a unruly member... When we are with any person who does not please we are apt to feel constrained and ill at ease, and are thinking continually that the companion does not like us very well, and feeling quite sure we do not like him. This shows that we are imbued with the world's opinions and allow ourselves to be influenced by its false standard

The law governs all with a rod of necessity. you must talk to be thought agreeable and there is no escape. The Bible says that there is folly in a multitude of words, and that for every one such, man shall be called into judgment, and means that any intercourse more than yea and nay, cometh of evil. How delightful it would be to live in a society, regulated entirely by rules of gospel etiquette and not be obliged to talk and say idle things to make you feel ashamed in order and more quiet hours! The establishment of such principles would throw out of employment a large number of tattling gossips, tale bearers, who now do prosperous business, in carrying from house to house their nefarious wares, and ministering to a depraved taste for curiosity. It is astonishing how such people are welcomed to the social circle, and how their company is enjoyed. almost everybody thinks them "mighty agreeable" but would at the same time dread meet of all things, to fall into their clutches, and suffer the lash of their cruel tongues. There is no character so dreaded in a neighborhood as the tattler - all endeavor to conciliate the fear, or escape the notice of such an one, but none among the society will shrink in true respect for him. I think to acknowledge with how much justice this weakness is attributed to females. Because it is much more prevalent found in our sex, than in the other, many have erroneously supposed it to be a part of female character, and hence the common proverb, that "woman cannot keep a secret." That such a hateful propensity is a fault of our nature, more than of mans, I will never believe, for as woman is taught to be educated and thus enlarged, with truer and deeper resources, it will remain at rest to the world. From her sphere of action, is confined at times, if she lacks a cultivated mind, a woman turns to her neighbors in safety from without, the interest unfurnished from within. Visiting becomes at length like dissipation, and excitement is necessary to keep away the "blues" Her simplicity of character and purity of manners fall a prey to these pernicious circumstances, and when she has become a real gossiping there is little hope in the case. I am afraid that women of the present day make too many of a certain kind of visits. It has become a fashion, and the duty of paying and returning calls, is recognized as an authoritative moral obligation. How frequently one lady says to another, exclaiming almost litterly, "Why don't you come to see me, how long since you have been! You are one of those white checks! I almost feel as if you were trying to cut my acquaintance." And the poor culprit thus accused can only blush and feel bad, pleading guilty, sue for mercy. Perhaps she in her narrow minded views of duty, has been trying to concentrate her power of pleasing, to make a loved home happy and taking, forgetting that her tongue and time belong by highest claim, to that great despot, called society. I consider not that she is the best neighbor who visits and talks the most, but she, who attends diligently to her own affairs at home, visiting only when she feels like it and needs relaxation, talking only when she has something to say, and all the time cultivating cheerful, loving thoughts, and incorporating the pure sweetness and beauty of the Bible. Holding herself ready for every good work, willing in exercise to administer to the needy and the lightening of poverty, the widow home in their sorrow, and seeking to do the greatest amount of good, rather than to perform a vain and injurious movement. If you have a friend, who comes like you to call, and says you may call next time, entertain not of it as a slight

First Thoughts.

To me it has always been a subject replete with interest to watch the gradual unfolding and development of the infant mind. I love to stand at the side of the little innocent and gaze down on those deep thoughtful, dark eyes and read their intelligent expression. I love to get those bright orbs fixed on the candle, and then gently move it, to see the child, at first, unsuccessfully but after persevering, triumphantly follow the light. And there is something deeper than amusement in the feeling with which I present, for the first time, a rattle or some gaudy toy to the young novice, and see the attention caught, the eyes glistening and the little hand raised, but not advanced to grasp the treasure, the disappointment, and perseverence which attends its efforts, till at last the object is attained; sight and touch are exercised, and then how natural it must be tasted.

There is nothing very sublime or extraordinary in all this, but I imagine if the child could talk, it would disclose a mind awakened from oblivion, never again to sleep, a soul born to immortality, an insatiable desire to know and understand, a disposition to trace causes and effects and fathom the depths of design. In watching the candle the child receives his first notions of light, and questions are then raised, to which he afterwards finds an answer in the abstruse science of optics. When satisfied with materiality he retires to the intangible within himself, and wonders not only what made the light but how he could see and follow it. This leads him to study and admire the wonderful mechanism of the eye, its deep design, beautiful adaptation and exquisite workmanship. When he essays to grasp the toy, the first emotions of space and extension, afterwards developed by the study of natural philosophy, enter his mind.

But there is a double lesson in his first failure; experience teaches the useful maxim that diligence ensures success, and if this lesson be well learned he is then possessed of an unfailing talisman for life. A bright thought now of the Author of all this newfound happiness may, like the lightning, for a moment, flash cross the horizon of the soul, and then dying leave all in darkness. But even in maturer years, the first ecstasy of joy which fills the new born soul, will be but a continuation, a divine quickening of those first heaven inspired thoughts which, in infancy, caused the rosy lips to part in cherub smiles, as the guardian angel bends over the couch of his charge, and in low whispers tells a sweet tale of love and joy, or chants kindly to beguile the earthly babes chamber some soft lullaby of heaven.

Sarah Lane Foster.
April. 1851.
No. 9.

S. S. P. Are you a whig or democrat, Juliette?

S. P. M. Well, I suppose I might be called a democrat, but I take little interest in politics. How is it with you, Sarah Jane?

S. J. P. I often go with the unsuccessful party, and sympathize with them in their long journeys up "Salt River".

S. P. M. So you don't descend as low as "to cross" with the victors over their vanquished foes, but towards which side are your preposessions?

S. J. P. My relations are whigs, and I read whig papers entirely. But I have as much, if not more, confidence in the Democrats than in the Whigs — for the ~~democratic~~ editors with whom I am conversant, are so basely censorious, and lower themselves so much by their ungentlemanly treatment of their opponents, whom they never meet on fair ground, that I almost respect the democrats from the whigs' own accounts, but perhaps they are equally slanderous?

S. P. M. I don't believe I can boast much of the democrats, for it is pretty much the same with them. I believe both sides would compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and sacrifice any consideration for the success of their party.

S. J. P. Well, don't you think it very debasing for different parties in their zeal to descend to low personalities? They begin with the equity of the principles which govern their opponents, and so long as they give these an impartial and open investigation I will hear them. But when they slander the families of the principle leaders on the other side, I must leave them in disgust.

S. P. M. Yes, I think it very debasing, and they never seem to reflect that, instead of such conduct aiding in the success of their cause, it only lowers them in the estimation of every one, who has any delicacy of feeling. Opprobrious epithets never do any good, I think. But how few of either party ever consider the real good of their country!

S. J. P. No, they are blinded by ridiculous party spirit. They vote for Taylor, Harrison or Clay, Polk, Cass or Tyler, just because they are whigs or democrats, and not from the conviction that these men are qualified by intelligence, benevolence of heart, and true religion, for the important

duties devolving on a president of the United States.
P.S. Mr. Chase is true, and the distinguishing which ennobled our agitate is. Will our presidents promote our security, freedom and happiness.

The Wishes — A Dialogue —

Mary. Flora!

Flora. Mary.

Mary. Are you asleep?

Flora. No, only thinking.

Mary. Of what?

Flora. Well, I was wishing.

Mary. Indeed, have you yet ungratified a wish? If the presence of a lady chief

Flora. Yes, and ~~[illegible]~~ you to help me invoke her, ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ Transformation.

Mary. Most willingly, for I have a wish myself. Wait one's yours.

Flora. Look yonder, on that yard is one lone green tree, towering aloft in conscious pride, he stands high as the stately edifice of which he is the pride. Without that mass of foliage, the limpid spring beneath would be warm and unpleasant to the taste, whereas it is now unsurpassed in coolness and sweetness. The living festoons float out on the breeze, and returning from their pleasure ride, gracefully dip into the waters the ends of their bright branches to refresh themselves, or under the meridian sun, hang lazily down, thus naming their tribe the drooping willow.

As I looked on that tree, these thoughts involuntarily arose and I wished myself a tall green tree planted where I might be useful to man by the shade of my branches. Here is my wish, tell yours.

Mary. It will be such a sudden change in the subject, I am afraid you will laugh. But you shall have it, in fine, I wish I was a sweet strain of music, flying from heaven to earth, floating near the hearts of the good and kind, creeping round the universe and then resting on the branches of the willow. Now it is, Flora.

Flora. Oh, yes, capital! Look, I

"See the willow now is swinging,
"Slow its music draweth near.
"Now, grows faint and softly singing,
"Dies upon the listening ear."

[illegible] to the [illegible]
[illegible] dialogues [illegible] letter for their [illegible]
[illegible] done [illegible] among the dialogues or [illegible] of
the [illegible] [illegible] Coffin [illegible]

"In the calm night that breedeth thoughts" come visions of the past; fond familiar faces, & bright eyes long closed, & kind smiles, faded, gone forever. The sunny sunny hours of child-hood, and all their beauty & happiness their air-castles & fond anticipations are recalled & we sadly find how distance lent enchantment to the view, & how their loveliness disappeared when the hand of Time presented them to our maturer years. And as one after another of those dear ones who clustered around us then, have disappeared, & link after link from the fond chain have been severed, how mournfully do the words awaken the slumbering chords of feeling in each heart, Passing Away. Let us look farther back, & still the same sad genius prevails. Thro' the long vista of the Past, its murmurings are heard. And as we inquire for the mighty ages that are swept from the earth, and look around us & see their names & works forgotten, when we think of the antedeluvian ages & the myriads who were destroyed in the first great catastrophe, of the Jews & Egyptians, the Greeks & Romans, & see that they so once figured so conspicuously, have passed off the stage of action, & their glory & achievements are becoming the prey of oblivion; when in a word we stand on the banks of the Stream of Time, & its dark deep waters sweep silently on to the Ocean of Eternity, wave after wave passes by us never to be recalled, & the breathings of its motion are borne to us in words of solemn import, thus let us learn the oft taught lesson, Passing Away. And the same ominous words are written by the pen of Seasons o'er the green fields of earth, warbled by each migrating bird, whispered from every falling leaf & drooping flower, reechoed by buried cities & tottering mountains

& thundered from the heavens by each orb that rushes from its sphere, & in a moment plunges into space & is blotted from existance. Man is fallible and changes every hour. The perogative of immutability belongs only to God. He alone is the same yesterday, to-day, & forever. While empires rise, and kingdoms fall, he, the spectator of all, remains unshaken on his throne, in the full enjoyment of unchanging perfection. But man's mind, like the mirror, presents not always the same scene. Changing with the outward circumstance, it reflects one moment the calm sunlight, & the next the raging tempest. His affections are one hour fixed & strong, the next, desultory & wavering. He's a skiff unmoored, tost, & mocked by a ripple, & with all his boasted independence, nobility & dignity, is but a creature of change. Did earth never disappoint, our hopes would soar no higher.

If you cannot trace the pencilings of change, seek with me the things that were but are not. Where now is Rome? ~~The queen of the world,~~ the city of hills, the realization of beauty in every form, Where is Rome? She still exists, but, Ah! how changed! The seat of power is shaken, she is mistress of the world no longer, (& can now scarcely give protection to her Pontiff) The mighty are fallen, her brave sons are the slaves of superstition, treated as idiots, incapable of self-government, ruled by (fanatical) intriguing priests, whose aim is; to crush enterprise, encourage injustice, spread the reign of error, and extinguish intellect, and liberty. They are now but a crushed & fallen people. But Greece was once even higher in point of intellectual grandeur than Rome, she was the home of the muses, the delightful scheme of the poet, the sculptor or painter the delight of the Gods, the rewarder of virtue. But the muse of the sciences the mighty Greece too has fallen. And her poets would now hardly recognize in her degraded inhabitants, the decendants of the once happy and enlightened race that thronged her warlike festivals.

in peace, or gained her hard fought fields in battle. Now, the great, the grand and the beautiful exist only in song, and conception. It is enough, O Change, O Change, thou art every where, and we bow to thy power.

It is not a good plan to rise at the first bell and retire at the last.

The first bell rings at a quarter before five - the last rings at ten at night, thus allowing only seven hours of rest - and my opinion is, that this is not enough. My reasons for this opinion are drawn both from observation and experience.

1st. We perform a great deal of labor here of various kinds - we get very tired and need ~~a great deal of~~ much rest. We often have to pay the penalty of not taking this rest in throbbing temples and in wearied limbs.

2d. We notice in those who follow this bad plan that when recreation or vacation time comes, they are very desirous for more sleep, thus acknowledging by their actions that they would be happier and feel better to indulge more in this luxury of nature.

3d. My third reason is drawn from my own experience. I tried this plan for six weeks during last term and I used to have the blues frequently and the headache, and at Sunday evening meetings I used to be as sleepy

sometimes that I was quite ashamed of myself. Since I have obtained my own consent to retire when the bell, I have in a very great degree avoided all these evils.

But I know there are many persons who would object to spending more than seven hours in sleep. They would say perhaps, that in thus indulging one of the natural appetites we might bring on a habit of sensuality that would in some degree impair the power of the intellect. They would think too that all the time not necessarily consumed in sleep might be redeemed for study.

But these vain objections are easily confuted. For as much as people may talk and talk about the folly of sleeping more than seven hours, the majority of the world do sleep more, and every body that is candid, can testify from their own experience that they feel better to sleep eight hours than seven: and as to redeeming any time from sleep, that is altogether out of the question for if you do succeed in retaining the time allotted to rest you will find that they are but languid hours that are so obtained, and you cannot study as much or as well in two hours when you are sleepy and tired as you can in one when you have been refreshed and invigorated by a sufficiency of sleep.

A good night's rest is such a blessing, that I always think of it as a direct mercy from the Giver of every good and perfect gift. And I know it comes from his bountiful hand alone, for the bible declares in beautiful and touching language, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

I would conclude by advising those who are early to rise and late to retire, that they should live more easily, take more rest, and my word for it, they will be healthier and happier, and will accomplish as much, if not more, in the length of the day. — — — — — — — — — —

It is a bad plan to write compositions. A composition is the written expression of a persons thoughts upon a given subject. They are required periodically by teachers from their pupils — which I think is a bad plan and ought to be abolished. 1st because it is such forced work — the pupils