

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and
he that winneth souls is wise.

POETRY.

From the International Magazine.

Cradle and Coffin.

Two receptacles awaiting,
Meet the needs of human kind,
Each with its appropriate fitting,
Each with its garlands intertwined;
Cradle, where the child is born;
Coffin, which dead the enshrouns.

Cradle, placed in marriage chamber,
Swaying, swaying, to and fro;
Up its sides the children clamber,
Toiling in a rosy glow;
Whispering angels of descending,
Sweetest dreams the child are leading.

Coffin, midway placed, and doory,
Cold, funeral draped and still,
And its mournful resting place,
With the death-damp shroud chill,
Shrinking shivers, grief-struck and weeping,
Round the couch are vigils keeping.

Cradle—coffin—intervening,
O, the long and aching years!
Soft, slowly learning time's dark meaning,
Eyes on looking through their tears;
Kindly was the death and stillness,
Gentle seems the rest and ease.

All the mists of life are fled,
Memory reaches to the core,
Till death's specter comes and stands,
"Thou art the letter and the door;
Come, upbraiding our own sins—
Self-convicting our own sins."

Loving deeply, fondly, truly,
We indulged in dream,
Yielding up spontaneous duty,
Free will offerings, heart and hand,
Hence this anguish, but telling
Of the death whence love was willing.

Gentle Words.

A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious in the many days,
That gladden me to see.
That gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my arm,
Are better than the latest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew, the dropping of rain,
And eyes grow bright and look the light
Of autumn's opening day;
But words that breathe of love and peace,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer sun,
And brighter than the stars.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems and all the things
To satisfy the heart.
But, O! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

Miscellaneous.

Curiosities of Great Men.

THEIR MOMENTS OF COMPOSITION.

Among the curious facts which we find in perusing the biographies of great men, are the circumstances connected with the composition of the works which have made them immortal.

For instance: Bossuet composed his grand sermons on his knees; Bulwer wrote his first novels, in full dress; Milton, before commencing his great work invoked the influence of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his lips might be touched with a live coal from off the altar; Chrysostom meditated and studied while contemplating a painting of St. Paul. Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from heaven. Pope never could compose without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

Bentham composed after playing a prelude on the organ, or whilst taking his "antiseptical" and "antiprurient" walks in his garden—the same, by the way, that Milton occupied. Saint Bernard composed his Meditations amidst the woods; he delighted in nothing so much as the solitude of the dense forest, finding there, he said, something more potent and suggestive than any thing he could find in books. The storm would sometimes fall upon him there, without for a moment interrupting his meditations.

Cameo composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears; the Portuguese poet was a soldier, and brave one, though a poet. He composed others of his most beautiful verses at the altar, when his Indian slave was begging a subsistence for him in the streets. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the lucid interval of madness.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; La Sage at midday; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night. Aristotle was a tireless worker, he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Bellay, in company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau. Pascal wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his *Télémaque* in the palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and been written by a priest, may seem surprising. De Quincey first promulgated his notion of universal freedom, of person, and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps, of the French revolution—in the *boudoir* of Madame de Pompadour.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet—a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together, without going out;

but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him to the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy (or he was a skillful musician), when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great, gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had a book, manuscripts, and papers, carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writing to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks, and months together. But so soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Cujas, another learned man, used to study when laid up his length upon the carpet, his face toward the floor, and there he revelled amidst piles of books which accumulated about him.

The learned Anyot never studied without the harpsichord beside him; and he only quitted the pen to play it. Bentham, also, was extremely fond of the piano forte, and had one in nearly every room in his house.

Richeien amused himself in the intervals of his labor, with a squadron of cats, of whom he was very fond. He used to go to bed at eleven at night, and after sleeping three hours, rise and write, dictate or work, till from six to eight o'clock in the morning, when his daily levee was held. This worthy student displayed an extravagance equalling that of Wolsey. His annual expenditure was some four millions of francs, or about £170,000 sterling.

How different the fastidious temperance of Milton! He drank water and lived on the humblest fare. In his youth, he studied during the greatest part of the night; but in his more advanced years he went early to bed—by nine o'clock—rising to his studies at four in the morning, and five in winter. He studied till midday, then he took an hour's exercise, and after dinner he played the organ, or listened to others' music. He studied again till six, and from that hour till eight he engaged in conversation with friends who came to see him. Then he supped, smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of water, and went to bed. Glorious visions came to him in the night, for it was then, while lying on his couch, that he composed in thought the greater part of his sublime poem. Sometimes when the fit of composition came strong upon him, he would call his daughter to his side, to commit to paper that which he had composed.

Milton was of opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumn and spring equinoxes were always the best, and he was never satisfied with the verses he had written at any other season. Alford, on the contrary, said that the equinoctial winds produced a state of almost complete stupidity in him. Like the nightingales, he could only sing in summer. It was his favorite season.

Pierre Corneille, in his loftiest flights of imagination, was often brought to a stand still for want of words and rhyme. Thoughts were seething in his brain, which he vainly tried to reduce to order, and he would often run to his Thomas "for a word." Thomas rarely failed him. Sometimes, in his fits of inspiration, he would bandage his eyes, throw himself on the sofa, and dictate to his wife, who worshipped his genius. Thus, he would pass whole days, dictating to her his great tragedies; his wife scarcely ventured to speak, almost afraid to breathe. Afterward, when a tragedy was finished, he would call in his sister Martha, and submit it to her judgment; as Moliere used to consult his old housekeeper about the comedies he had newly written.

Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, when thus working at his play of *Mithridate*, in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a mad man about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he wrote down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out, he would exclaim: "My tragedy is done," considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabechi, the learned librarian to the duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books. They were his bed, board, and washing. He passed eight and forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go to Legation, and the other three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was then an extremely frugal man, living up on eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

The life of Liebnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. This was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night, and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which pre-

vented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

"I Did Not Obey My Parents."

The jail was a large, gloomy looking stone building. The windows were made strongly by great iron bars fastened across them. But the inside was the most gloomy. It was divided into very small rooms, only five feet wide, and eight long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door with strong bolts and locks, and when the jailer opened or shut the door, the hinges grated frightfully on the ear.

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man, about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the Judge said he must go to the State Prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed from prison.

Poor fellow! once he could play in the green fields, down by the cooling spring, or under the shady trees around his father's house; or when he was tired he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But now how different! shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noise. O, he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the State Prison, I am so sick. O! if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much."

"And are you not ready to die?"

"O, no," said he, "I am afraid to die."

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest sinners, through Jesus Christ."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation, but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die."

I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lips trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek.

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O yes, sir; and a good woman she was, too. Many and many a time she has warned me of this."

"Then you have had good religious instruction, and Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?"

"O yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

Said the young man, "I can answer you all in one word,—I did not obey my parents."

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him I came away, reflecting upon his awful condition, and the reason which he gave for being in the dark jail,—"I did not obey my parents."

Please Stop My Paper.

"I am going to stop my paper," said a miserly subscriber to a newspaper, to one of his neighbors, "I cannot afford to take it."

"How much does it cost you a year?"

"Two dollars and a half," was the reply.

"And can you afford two dollars and a half a year? Think of it, only two dollars and a half a year! A year is a long time. Perhaps you have only a few such to spend here on earth. A year a whole year, and only two dollars and a half a year! And what do you get for your money? A large, closely printed useful sheet, giving you the news of the week, and a large amount of miscellaneous reading—philosophical and grave, and humorous—And you can afford two dollars for such a paper a whole year?"

"Well, I declare, neighbor you talk like an experienced man. I never thought of it in just that light before, it is only two dollars and a half for a year, and yet the paper comes to me every week, and I love to read it; I always find something in it that is interesting to me. And, moreover, on second thought, I perceive that, after all, a good newspaper is about the cheapest thing a man can have. He gets more reading for his money than he can in any other way."

"True neighbor, and this shows, that what I have already said, is true; new papers seem to have been designed almost exclusively for the poor. No man is too poor to take a good newspaper because it is the cheapest thing he can have."

THE DAIRY.—Dairy men will find a great advantage in cheese making, by putting the milk, which is to stand over night, into small air tight vessels. They will also find it an advantage, when it thunders to suspend the vessel by a chord, or chain, as the jarring of the shocks, which set the milk, will, in a great measure be prevented. We may prevent the commencement of sourness, which takes place in milk standing in large quantities, by a wooden follower being fitted to the vat and pressed on the milk. If any one doubts the utility of this, let him try the experiment for himself. Cover the bottom of your cheese vat to the depth of half an inch with milk, and let it stand through the night, and then try to make a break fast of it in the morning. You could rely on it, as well as, or a piece of bread and butter that had lain in the sun an hour—No! for milk, butter nor cheese will do to stand in the light of the sun, though it be reflected, as it will produce rancidity. Dairy rooms should be perfectly dark, and in the day time when the sun shines, no air should be allowed to circulate through them. Air warmed in the sun will spoil butter and cream in 12 hours, if allowed to touch upon it. The vessels in which butter, milk and cream are to stand, should never be dried in the sun. It would be better to sprinkle a little salt in them and let them stand in a cool cellar.—*Northern Farmer.*

That which a man soweth shall he also reap.

NAPOLEON AND HIS MOTHER.—"My mother," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "loves me."—She is capable of selling everything for me, even to the last article of clothing. The dignified character of this exalted lady is illustrated by the following anecdote. Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, he happened to meet his mother in the garden of Saint Cloud. The Emperor was surrounded by his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand to her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return; "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life!"

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E. R. PARKER.

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The order of the Baptist churches, in the South and West, has been strictly copied in the arrangement of subjects, without any inversion. Baptism is not put out of the way in the latter pages, but in its proper position, immediately after the converts; and as the custom is to sing, while each member of the church gives the candidate the right hand, a full selection for this and other occasions, manifesting Christian fellowship, is placed in immediate connection; thus it will be found a great improvement on all similar books.

In selecting the hymns, special care was exercised to use only such as were adapted both to the occasion and the class of religious emotions naturally brought into action. All didacticism, as far as possible, has been avoided; we look to the pulpit for expositions of Christian doctrine, and to the hymn book as the vehicle for expressing religious feelings.

Many good hymns were handed about in manuscript. These, as far as they could be obtained, and were found of sufficient lyrical excellence, have been incorporated with those of long-standing popularity. A large number of choice pieces will be found in this collection, not found in any other; it is the result of many years' attention to the subject. To the whole, a few original hymns have been added, some of which, it is hoped, will not be found wholly unworthy of acceptance by the religious community.

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