

L. A. Brandul

active, persistent opponent. Men will call him hard names, and some will heartily hate him. But then he is a force in the world, and all there is of science, art, education, government, is attributable to him. While he lives, he is the only useful element in society; and after his death, even his enemies will rejoice at his virtues, and vie with his friends in their efforts to perpetuate his memory among men.

THE CARE OF OUR THOUGHTS.
A care of our thoughts is the greatest preservative against actual sins. It is a most certain truth, that the greatest sin that ever was committed was at first but a thought: The foulest wickedness, the most monstrous impiety, arose from so small a speck as a first thought; that ever was done, as well as the most noble and virtuous action that ever was accomplished, had no greater a beginning. Of such a quick growth and spreading nature is sin, that it rivals even the kingdom of heaven, which our Lord telleth us, "is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown up (in those countries) it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches of it."—Matt. 13: 31.

But the apostle James (chap. 1: 13-15), represents it by a simile of another nature, comparing the origin and growth of it to the formation of an embryo in the womb. "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed. Then when his lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." It is conceived, bred, lives and grows in a man, till at last it dominates in him, and "reigns in his mortal body" (Rom. 6: 12). And, therefore, it is absolutely necessary that we govern and manage our thoughts, without which it will be impossible that we should avoid falling into actual sins, even the greatest; that we resist the beginnings, the very first emergencies of evil, if we hope to avoid the last degrees of it.—Chilcot.

CHARITY.—Charity is a Christian grace. It was exercised by Christ, who "left us an example that we should follow his steps," and whom the Christian acknowledges to be his model; and it was exercised by his Apostles. He went about doing good, befriending the unfortunate; and, says Paul, "Who so hath this world's good and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The very essence of true piety is benevolence—love to God and love to man. Piety without benevolence is hypocrisy. If a person is pious he will be humane, he will be affected by objects of distress and will endeavor to relieve them. He will not be insensible and careless when appeals are made to him for suffering slaves, wounded soldiers, and perishing heathen, but will feel for them, and contribute of his substance for their wants. A portion of the money which God has given him will be judiciously dispersed in charity and alms. A distinguished preacher justly remarked,—"I doubt the conversion of the man whose *purpose* is not converted."

BRIEF THOUGHTS.—Giving is a test of receiving. The unfilled cistern cannot overflow. A man seeking to impart grace to the souls of others, has at least some proof that he has received grace for his own.

Formal professors are far more difficult to arouse than even the desperately bad. Archdeacon Trench, in his late book on the Apocalypse, gives us the reason for this. The "hot" are those who are truly zealous; the "cold" are those who might become zealous; but the "lukewarm" are those who have heard, who know, but have rejected.

A Christian is always in the burning bush—always fired, yet never consumed. Our passions rage round us, and would destroy us, were we not miraculously preserved.

Public excitement is a critical period, and all the more so when sympathy with the excitement, under proper influences, is a Christian virtue. Nothing is more proper than for a man to use his whole energies to sustain his country in her hour of trial; and yet, if he let this excitement intrude on his religious duties, he will find the precursor of spiritual paralysis.—*Episcopal Review.*

MUSIC IN BATTLE.—The *Tribune's* correspondent, writing an account of the Williamsburg battle, gives the following incident: "Heintzelman flew everywhere among the New Jersey and other troops, who gave indications of backing out of the fight. He bayled himself hoarse, and stiffened the arm wounded at Bull Run, in ordering, coaxing, encouraging, beckoning, and waving the outnumbered men into their ranks again. To infuse enthusiasm into them, he wandered around to find a band of music: He saw three in a group, and ordered them to play Yankee Doodle in force! The men, professional in the face of defeat and death, said they had not the requisite number of instruments to do justice to all the notes of the tune! The General then hurried around for more—found a part of another band—united them to the professional three, and electrified the worn-out infantry with the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'Glen of the Ocean.' The effect was that of war magic. It is in the small things as well as the great that the true commander is known."

INTERPRETATION.—According to a carefully prepared article in the *Psychological Journal*, the amount of mortality among persons of intemperate habits, from twenty to thirty years of age, is five times greater than that of the community generally; and from thirty to forty years of age, the mortality is four times greater, and the writer adds, "if there be anything in the usages of society calculated to destroy life, the most powerful is certainly the inordinate use of strong drink." The diseases incurred by such habits are mostly of the head and stomach; and singular as it may seem, it is stated that the diseases of the respiratory organs are only about two-thirds as much, which affords an argument for drinking whiskey to prevent consumption.

AUTHOR OF THE MARSEILLAISE.—The body of Rouget de Lisle, author of the *Marseillaise*, was exhumed recently to be transferred from the old graveyard at Choisy le Roi, near Paris, to the new cemetery of the village. His remains now lie in a stone coffin, within which was deposited a leaden box containing a bronze medallion portrait; on whose reverse are engraven the words and music of this immortal, soul-stirring, patriotic song. The tombstone bears this epitaph: "Here lies Claude Rouget de Lisle, born at Lons-le-Saunier, 1780, died at Choisy-le-Roi, 1836. When the French Revolution, in 1792, led to combat Kings, he gave it, to conquer them, the song of the *Marseillaise*."

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WASHINGTON IS FREE.
BY MRS. SARAH S. SUGWELL.
Lift up thy proud, triumphant head,
O city of the free!
No more, the bondman's bitter cry
Goes up to heaven from thee.
No more the sable mother weeps,
Unheeded and alone,
For the darling from her bosom torn—
Her child is now her own.

REWARDING THE ARMY.
It is a brave thing that we can truly say, after more than a year of fierce hostilities, the war in which this country is engaged goes on with undiminished—nay, with increasing Northern spirit. The enemy has been obliged to resort to forced conscription, and to declare every man within its limits a soldier, while we have not as yet had recourse to drafting; nor, as the late sudden call showed, nearly exhausted our volunteers. A thousand, and even fifteen hundred dollars have been offered in Virginia newspapers for a substitute, and yet behind this there has followed an Executive order for enrolling every man in the army, whether he have purchased a substitute or not.

Our flag floats over Nashville and Natchez, over Memphis and New Orleans, over Norfolk and Pensacola, over Yorktown and Newbern! We have girded them on the Mississippi, on the Atlantic, and on the Gulf. We know that they are destitute of almost everything save mere food and arms, and that every month sinks them deeper and deeper in destitution and misery. The war is on their own soil, and their own armies are a scourge and a curse to their own estates. Everywhere the plantation, and the farm are made desolate—everywhere the dire distress is taking the place of comfort. And all this they brought on themselves by the most determined will. They believed that northern men were all cowards and half traitors—their allies and friends among us promised them easy victories and certain independence—they thought that the greed of money was stronger among us than the sense of dignity and honor—and now they are reaping their reward.

Yet despite the bitter need into which they have brought themselves, it does not seem that those of the South who are in earnest have lost any of their desperation, or gained a better opinion of their foes. Their journals still trumpet the loudest lies, and the mass still believe that sooner or later their shattered bark will outride the battle and the storm, and float safely into the broad sea of independence. Would that they could see the North as it is, in all its comparative prosperity, with millions still left to volunteer, and with thousands of foreigners eagerly seeking for places in the fray. We have found it necessary to instruct our ministers and consuls abroad that we can not accept for the present any more of the military officers of different nations who desire to fight for the stars and stripes. We have money in abundance, and there is no flinching at taxation—indeed, the great source of apprehension at present is an excess of "flush times" such as is too apt to bring on a reaction. When the war broke out we had, indeed, divided counsels. The old southern democrats whined and yelped, and attempted "peace-parties" and the like; but they have vanished, and traitors now confine themselves to less offensive measures, while their ranks have been woefully thinned. We may have disasters; nay, we can hardly hope to escape them. But in the present state of the war we may fairly boast of having the upper-hand. And the northern tenacity which did not yield when misfortune lowered around, will not be likely to lose its hold now that it has learned to measure its might, man for man, with the arrogant enemy.

Under the wise and judicious policy inaugurated by President Lincoln, we see slavery, the great cause of this trouble, in a fair way to disappear in a manner which can give offence to no one. His "remuneration message"—the shortest document which ever emanated from an American executive—shows itself, as events proceed, to be a master-stroke of genius. The longer the cotton States prolong their resistance, the more precarious does slave property be-

come, and the more inclined are the men of the tobacco States to sell their human chattels. Already in Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, and Delaware, people are longing to "realize" something on what bids fair to become altogether intangible amid the turns and tides of skirmishes and battles. Meanwhile with every day's delay emancipation, as a predetermined necessity, gains ground among the people, and very rapidly indeed in the army. It was the lowest and most tyrannical form of an aristocracy—that of slavholding plantations—which caused and is still causing all this trouble, and it is beginning to work its way into the minds of the multitude that it is hardly worth while to risk everything, and see the real criminals reinstated after all in their privileges and possessions, when the one can only serve to continue the old sore, while the other might be better employed in free labor. And better employed, we may add, in rewarding those noble men whose lives were risked in defense of our liberties.

This consideration brings us to the very important question: How shall we reward our army, and what should be its future mission in the reconstruction which every freeman will be called to aid?
There is no use in disguising facts, shirking inevitable issues, or trying to cheat either destiny or honest labor. We have got this question of rewarding our soldiers with the property of rebels, before us, and must meet it squarely. The pro-slavery democratic press may oppose it, as they have been doing, with all the malignity which their reasonable friendship for the South may inspire; but we have an inevitable road before us over which we must travel, and it would be well to consider it before we tread it, and not be dragged along shrieking by a pitiless destiny.

There are two good reasons why we should begin to consider the expediency of rewarding our army with southern lands. The one is the necessity of a future northern policy; the other the claim of the army to such reward.
If when this war is concluded, our Government is to have a policy or a principle, it should manifestly be that of reinstating itself in power, in consolidating that power, and in acting as a powerful unity, according to the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. The Constitution—bear that word well in mind—the Constitution which suffers no State to usurp a single power belonging to the general Government, and which was expressly framed for the purpose of making all its freemen the citizens of one great nation. Let the reader consult the Constitution, study its unmistakable plan of national integrity and of State subordination, and then reflect whether, according to its spirit, any and every mere State privilege which may be claimed should not yield to the paramount claim of the Union?

If this war has demonstrated anything, it has been, firstly, the fact that the South shall stay in the Union, and secondly, the folly of permitting the old southern system to control us in politics, in social life, and in everything. We have had enough of it. Manufactures, free labor, science, schools, the press, learning, new ideas, social reforms, the whole progress of the age, inspiring twenty millions, can no longer be cuffed and scouted in the Senate and snubbed in the salon or public meeting by the private interests of half a million of the most illiberal and ignorant conservatives in existence. Henceforth the North must rule. "Must" is a hard nut, but southern teeth must crack it, whether they will or no. We may shuffle and quibble, but to this it must come. Every day of the war renders it more certain. The farm must encroach on the plantation, the rural nobility give place to the higher nobility of intelligence; social culture based on mudsills must make way for the mudsills themselves—for lo! the sills which they buried are not dead timber, neither do they sleep or rot—they were fresh saplings, and with the reviving breath of spring and at the gleam of the sun of freedom, they will shoot up into brave, strong life.

Let them talk, dispute, hem and haw, that will—we can not set aside the great fact that in future our Government will be united in its policy, great in its strength, and no longer impeded by the selfish arrogance of a petty plantersdom. Labor and capital are bursting their bonds—the middle class of North America, which southerners and Englishmen equally revere, is becoming all-powerful and seeks to substitute business common-sense for the aristocratic policy which has hitherto guided us. It is no longer a question of radicalism, of poor against rich, of lazzaroni and royalists, but of a new element—that of labor and of intellect combined—the guiding-spirit of the North. And the question is, how to best aid this element in its progress?

The army of the United States at the present day contains within itself the best part of such free labor and intellect as is needed to reform the South. That dashing and daring energy which gladly enters on new fields, and loves bold enterprises, has streamed by scores of thousands from the farm and factory toward the camp and the battle-field. There it is doing brave service for God and for freedom. Every day sees martyrs for these good and noble volunteers. They die noble—ay, holy deaths, and as they die new aspirants for honor step forward to fill their places. When the war shall be over, it is to the army that we should look to revive the wasted South, to farm its exhausted plantations and employ its blacks. Is there no significance in the numerous anecdotes which reach us of northern intellect already displaying itself in a thousand forms of restless activity? The newspaper before us states that General Shepley, in New Orleans, has threatened that if the bakers of his conquered city do not supply bread more cheaply he will remodel their whole business and employ bakemakers from the army. "Bakers of the army!" Ay, smiths, engineers, editors, and everything else we need, amply capable of re-organizing the whole South—of filling its fields to greater advantage, of developing its neglected resources, of making the old, desolate, lazy, dissolute southland hum with enterprise. Let them do it.

We may as well do it betimes with a good grace, for it is very doubtful if those

who venture to oppose the settlement of our soldiers in the South, will not stir up such a storm of trouble as this country never saw. An army of half a million never saw. An army of half a million will not calmly return to its wonted avocations, notwithstanding all that has been said to that effect. A warrant for western lands, which will possibly bring a hundred dollars, will seem but a small matter to men who have seen unlimited paths to competence in the rich fields of the South. They will not comprehend why the enemy should be allowed to retain his possessions while they themselves have been thrown out of employment. There is to be some end to this protecting the rights and property of rebels. And it is very certain that a vast number of those who were noncombatants will perfectly agree with them.

It is pleasant to see the process of reconstruction going on so well in New Orleans under the bayonets of our troops. But neither in New Orleans nor elsewhere has it any vitality save under northern direction, aided by northern industry. The hatred of the South for the old Union is insane, terrible, and ineradicable. The real secessionists will never come back, they will never be conciliated. They will oppose Union, oppose free labor, hinder our every effort to benefit them, and be our deadly foes to the last. We might as well abandon now and forever any hope of reconstruction to be founded on reformed secessionists. A large party there is—and it will, if properly protected, become much larger—who will join the Union for the sake of preserving their property. But this party will not be increased a single man by our neglecting to punish those who have been active rebels, while on the other hand it will dwindle to nothing if left exposed to temptation and enmity. We must proceed with the utmost energy, and our only hope is in a complete re-organization of the South, by infusing into it northern blood, life, ideas, education, and industry. And the only effective means of doing this will be to settle our army in the South. The task before us is a tremendous one, but so is the war, and we must not flinch from it.

We have come to an era of great ideas and great deeds, such as rarely overtake nations in history, and which when they do, either crush them to the dust or elevate them to the topmost pinnacle of glory. Petty expediency, timid measures, small politics, will no longer help this country. There is a great cause of evil in America—slavery—which is destined to disappear, and which will disappear whether we legislate for or against it. It is disappearing now under the influences of the war. Beyond it lies the equally great evil of southern hatred, inertia, laziness, ignorance, and depravity. We must learn to live in the great ideas of making all this disappear before superior intelligence, industry, and humanity. The great principles of free labor, scientific reforms and culture, the enlargement of capital, the feeding and teaching the poor, should become as a deep-seated religion in our hearts, and we should live and labor to promote this great and holy faith which is in reality the practical side of Christianity—that great shield of the poor. To extend these doctrines over the whole continent is a noble mission, and one not to be balked or hindered by foolish scruples or weak pity for a pitiless foe.

He who can raise his mind to the contemplation of the government of North America, ruling over a perfectly free continent, may see in the future such a picture of national greatness as the world never before realized. Every State attracting the eager labor of millions of emigrants—for there will be no cause in future for the foreigner to carefully shun the slave live—the native American directing as ever the enterprises—one grand government spreading from ocean to ocean—the whole growing every year more and more united through the constant increase of industrial interests and mutual needs—this is indeed a future to look forward to. And it is no idle dream. It will be something to be an American when we count one hundred millions of united freemen.

The first step in this advance lies right before us. It will be in "nothing" the South and in completely sweeping away, by means of free labor and free schools, every trace of the foul old negro-owning arrangement. And to do this we must begin by finding or making a way to induce a large portion of the army to remain in the South and reform it. It is a grand scheme, but we live in the day of great deeds, and should not flinch from them.

It is, however, tolerably clear to him who looks to the future, that whether we boldly embrace this scheme or not, it will force itself upon us or else entail some great disaster. It is more to our interest to reward the army with southern land-grants than it is even for theirs to accept them. The longer we bolster up in its possessions an insolent enemy, so much the longer shall we have to support an army and pay taxes. The sooner we weaken the enemy by introducing industrial rivals into his country, the better it will be for us.

If it be difficult to settle our army all over the South, let there be at least a vigorous beginning made in Texas, and other States. With Texas thoroughly colonized from the North and from Europe, sedition would be under constant check, and its boasted cotton supremacy completely held in by an unlimited rival supply of free-labor cotton. Every southern port should be held and governed as New Orleans is now being treated. In due time there would spring up a new generation of Southerners who would think of us as something else than cowardly, vulgar, stingy serfs, and learn that social merit is conferred not by birth, but by full development and exercise of the talents with which God has gifted us.

MY HEART AND I.
Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish that name were carved for us.
The most reprints more tenderly.
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life,
With which we're tired, my heart and I.
You see we're tired, my heart and I.
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our own blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we're tired, my heart and I.
How tired we feel, my heart and I!
We seem of no use in the world;
Our fancies hang gray and uncured
About men's eyes indifferently.
Our voice which thrilled you so will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet
What do we here, my heart and I?
So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
It was not thus in that old time
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sunset from the sky.
"Dear love, you're looking tired," he said;
I smiling at him, shook my head,
'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.
So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
Though now none takes me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm
Till each quick breath end in a sigh
Of happy languor. Now, alone,
I lean upon this graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unloved, my heart and I.
Tired out we are, my heart and I.
I suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's best heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

DE. WATTS.
If rightly told, a life like that of Isaac Watts would read great lessons; but for brevity the whole might be condensed into—"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business." Dr. Watts had his own convictions. He made no secret of his Nonconformity. At a period when many dissenters entered the church, and became distinguished dignitaries, he deemed it his duty still to continue outside of the National Establishment. He felt no call to rail at his brethren for their ecclesiastical defection, nor did he write pamphlets against the evils of a hierarchy, real or imagined. But God had given him "a business." He had given him, as his vocation, to join together those whom men had put asunder—mental culture and piety. And, studying to be quiet, he pursued that calling, very diligently, very successfully. Without surrendering his right of private judgment, without abjuring his love of natural and artistic beauty, he showed his preference for moral excellence, his intense conviction of "the truth as it is in Jesus." And now, in his well-arranged and tasteful study, decorated by his own pencil, a lute and a telescope on the same table with his Bible, he seems to stand before us, a treatise on logic in one hand, and a volume of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" in the other, asserting the harmony of faith and reason, and pleading for religion and refinement in firm and stable union. And, as far as the approval of the Most High can be gathered from events or from his rejection in the conscience of mankind, the Master has said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Without trimming, without temporizing, he was "quiet;" and without bustle, without boasting or parade, he did "his own business," the work that God had given him. And now, no church repudiates him; Nonconformity cannot monopolize him. His eulogy is pronounced by Samuel Johnson and Robert Southey, as well as Josiah Conder; and whilst his monument looks down on dissenting graves in Abney Park, his effigy reposes beneath the consecrated roof of Westminster Abbey. And, which is far better, next Lord's day, the name that is above every name will be sung in fancies where princes worship and prelates minister, as well as in barns where mechanics pray, and ragged boys say Amen, in words for which all alike must thank his hallowed genius; and it will only be some anxious student of hymnology who will recollect that Isaac Watts is the Asaph of each choir, the leader of each company.—*North British Review.*

GIVE HIM A TRADE.
If education is the great buckler and shield of human liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unflinching resource through life, give your son, equally with a good education, a good, honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample field for the adaptation of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade, seldom or never—if its possessor chooses to exercise it. Let him feel that, that honest laborer is honorable and noble. The men of trades—the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind—cannot be dispensed with: they are about them in whatever repute they may be held by their more fastidious fellows, must work at the ore of human progress or all is lost. But few brown handed trade-workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they possess.
Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or may seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education—at any rate a trade. With this he can always battle with temporal want, can always be independent—and better is independence with moderate education, than all the learning of the colleges and wretched temporal dependence. But in this free land there can be, ordinarily, no difficulty in procuring both the education and the trade for every youth, thereby fitting each and all to enter the ranks of manhood defiant of those obstacles which intimidate so many tradeless, professionless young men. Such are the peculiarities of fortune, that no absolute poverty can be counted as absolute security or protective to man. Hoarded thousands may be swept away in a day, and their once possessors left with neither means of independence nor of livelihood.

He was a wise Scandinavian King, who decreed that his sons must learn useful trades or be cut off from their expected princely inheritances. They demurred, but obeyed the decree. The eldest, as the easiest trade to learn, applied himself to basket-making. In time he reigned in his father's stead. In time also, revolution came upon and overthrew him, and he fled disguised, wandering and companionless, save his wife and children, his sole resource for livelihood a recurrence to his humble, but honest and useful trade.

The sons of the rich as well as poor, should be strengthened by this possession. If never used beyond the learning, no harm is done—while possibly it may be of incalculable good. It is a weapon of assault or defence, which once fairly seized, can never be taken from a man's grasp. Think of it, parents—examine your boys' "bumps," or rather study the "beat of their minds," and the most lasting service you can do them, is to apply them to the learning of honest trades.

CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.
The little son of an acquaintance, at whose house I was calling, took me into the extension room back of his mother's parlor, to show me his playthings. The little room was fitted up handsomely with damask lounge and curtains, and abounded with all manner of costly playthings. He ran along carelessly from one to another, showing me this and that, until he picked up a treasure, which he presented with great animation, saying—"And here is a gate big feather!" It was a good-sized turkey-quill, which he had found in some of his travels; and not even his curious green turtle, which could move its head and legs, could compare with this wonderful possession.

I could not help thinking how little it takes to satisfy our early ambitions, and how useless it is to expend large sums for children's toys, when simple home-made ones give them really far more pleasure. My little friend Kate has a rather sorry specimen of a cloth baby, which she has trudgeoned around with her ever since she could walk; but no attractive gifts of china or india-rubber headed dolls can make her desert her old favorite. For children a little older, playthings that exercise the ingenuity are best, and give the most lasting pleasure. Ritcher says: "Do not color the Easter eggs for your children, but let them paint them themselves. Teach them self-reliance even in their amusements." A box full of common blocks, such as you can pick up under any carpenter's bench, will afford much enjoyment if your first give a little instruction in house-building, bridge-making, and the like.

There are hundreds of simple toys which are easily made with the scissors and a little needle work, such as those we see in country fairs, and which mothers could readily learn to make, if only a pattern or a few directions could be obtained.

Above all, if you have an "outdoors" to your home, let your children enjoy it every fair day. There they will find sources of amusement enough, without aid from any one; while the rosy health which the pure air gives them, and the consequent freedom from ill-temper and unhappiness, will free your bosom from much anxiety, and make your home glad and cheerful.—*Home Magazine.*

"CONSERVATIVES."
The following good hit at a certain class of politicians, who are doing more harm to our government than its open and avowed enemies, is from a recent speech of Hon. John A. Gurley, in the House of Representatives, on Confiscation and Emancipation:
It is possible, sir, that I may be regarded as somewhat irreverent toward those "conservative" gentlemen who have recently united to save the Constitution from a violation which they suppose a confiscation act will bring upon it, and who demand precedents for everything we do. It is quite probable, sir, that my reverence for conservatives is not as profound as it should be, for my faith in that class of gentlemen has been much weakened in reading their history in Noah's time. They were the cause of a great calamity in those days, for although carefully warned by God's prophet that the world was about to be drowned, or would be if the people did not repent, they nevertheless spent their entire time in fiercely denying it, because they could find no law nor precedent for such a flood, and none whatever for his great awkward looking ark. They mocked at Noah's message, and demanded precedents, as gentlemen now do here. They persisted in this business, and doubtless called many a "caucus" on the subject, till finally the water reached their chins; but strange to say, this did not cure them of their incredulous foginess; and as I read the account, they turned away, uttering a very tough oath at Noah, and declaring that they did not believe that there was going to be much of a shower after all. Of course, all these extra conservatives were drowned together, as they deserved to be.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE CHARACTERS.
There is a negativness of character which is often mistaken for amiability, or impartiality, or some other kindred virtue. The person possessed of it never takes sides on a question of importance enlisting the interest and action of men, and is equally well pleased whichever party wins in the contest. The future of the church, of the government, of society, of man, are of but little account to him, so that he is left undisturbed in his quiet, plodding, aimless journey through life. He avoids the opposition, strife, and bitterness encountered by the positive man, but then he is practically, and for all useful purposes, nobody—accounting nothing in life, and dies to be forgotten as soon as he is buried.

On the other hand, there is a positiveness of character not unfrequently mistaken for hardness, selfishness, arrogance, querulousness. The positive man has a purpose in life, and in all questions of great interest firmly plants himself on one side or the other, and will make himself unmistakably felt, whether the decision be for him or against his cherished views. All matters of public interest engage his best powers, and find in him either an earnest advocate, or an

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