

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee"
Sing the lady, soft and low,
And her voice's gentle flow
Rose upon the evening air
With that sweet and solemn prayer

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee"
Ye who sang as oft, she said
When her heart was glad and glad,
Sung because she felt alone,
Sung because her soul had grown
Wary with the tedious day,
Sung to while the hours away.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee"
Where the ritual daylight falls
On her father's massive walls,
On the still and silent street,
Where the lights and shadows meet,
There the lady's voice was heard,
As the breath of night was stirred
With her tones of sweet and true,
Waiting up to God that prayer.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee"
Wandering homeless thro' the night,
Feeling of the morning light,
Pale and languid, weak and weak,
With sunken eye and hollow cheek,
Went a woman, one whose life
Had been wrecked in sin and strife,
One by sin and shame defiled,
And her heart with sorrow wrung,
Heard the lady when she sang,
With that sweet and solemn prayer.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee"
Peering, low her head she bent,
And the music as it went,
Pierced her blackened soul, and brought
Back to her the lost in thought,
Tremblingly she stood the past,
And the burning tears fell fast,
As she called to mind the days
When she walked in virgin's ways,
When she sang that very song
With that sweet and solemn prayer.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee"
On the marble steps she knelt,
And her soul that moment felt,
More than she could speak, as there
Quivering, moved her lips in prayer,
And the lord she had forgot
Smiled upon her lovely lot,
Heard her as she murmured oft,
With an accent sweet and soft,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee"

Little knew the lady fair,
As she sang in silence there,
That her voice had pierced a soul
That had loved 'neath a sister's control,
Little knew when she had done,
That a lost and erring one
Heard her, as she breathed that strain—
And returned to find again!
P. E. Stanton.

THOUGHTS ON CULTURE.

How shall women obtain more time for culture? Or how shall women arrange their work so as to obtain more time for culture?

It seems to me, that in order to simplify the subject it would be best first, to arrive at some definite understanding of what is really meant by the word culture.

To some the word may convey one idea; to others another.

To persons of a poetical temperament, it might mean time to read and write poetry; to indulge in fanciful flights of the imagination; to gather inspiration from the grand harmonies of nature.

To the musically inclined it might mean time to devote to their beloved art—time to practice the symphonies of the great masters—time to make the air vocal with their melodies.

While the practical person might feel that life was real, life was earnest and look forward with longing eyes to the time when he could realize his aims of culture.

But what is the true meaning of culture? Does it not admit of various interpretations? Is there not physical culture, moral, intellectual and spiritual culture? Are not these the first grand divisions?

Then let us consider in what manner each can be pursued separately and how all can be combined in one harmonious whole.

"PHYSICAL CULTURE."

First comes the physical. We all know that cleanliness of body, purity of air, moderation in diet, with plain nutritious food, are essential requisites for our physical well-being. But do we all know that as a general rule most people, especially women neglect one of the simplest and yet one of the most important laws of life. How many of us breathe as we ought? How many fill all the air cells of their lungs fully and thoroughly, even once a day? And yet some will say instinct ought to teach us that; but does it! Do you every morning give a few moments to the business of inhaling pure fresh air, exhaling the impure and filling the lungs to the lowest lobes with the life giving ether?

Cold feet and hands constipated bowels, and torpid livers answer this question. This item of physical culture does not require much time, it need not take us from the other duties, it only requires a little thought.

And so with moral and affectional culture. We do not need especial and set times for that. We can cultivate our love for our family while washing the dishes, or send out kind thoughts to our neighbors while sweeping the house; kind thoughts that will culminate in action when opportunity occurs.

So we see that physical and moral culture may be carried on simultaneously with our every day occupations.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

Duties that time shall be given to books, that we may learn the views of others on given subjects; time for storing the mind with the events and ideas of the past ages, and comparing and digesting the same. Or do we mean spiritual culture? Does not this include and combine all culture? And is not this like the act of breathing, going on at all times? Is not this important part of our nature being carried on every moment of our lives?

The mighty river rushes on with irresistible

force toward the ocean, but that force may be diverted, may be utilized and made to turn the wheel and the spindle. So our spiritual culture is progressing continually whether we are willing or whether we are not; yet it may be controlled and directed in channels of usefulness and beauty benefiting alike our neighbors and ourselves. But this cultivation is carried on every day, every hour, every moment of our existence, and does not require particular times set apart and devoted to this purpose. Intellectual culture then, in all its branches, including sciences, philosophy, belles-lettres, music, painting, sculpture, etc., seems to be the culture that requires time separate and apart from the usual avocations of life.

HOW TO SECURE TIME FOR CULTURE.

How then to obtain this time? That I think will depend upon the interest we feel in the matter, how important it appears to us. The mother who spends her time and her strength to raffle her darling's dress, does it because it seems to her the most important thing to be done; the thing that will add more to her happiness than anything else she can do. If she does not think so, she violates a spiritual law of her nature which requires her to act according to her highest idea of right.

Each and every person has his or her own individual tastes, hopes and aspirations; no two are alike in their dispositions, surroundings or circumstances; therefore no rule can be laid down that will be applicable in all cases, but the old saying that, "Where there is a will there is a way," is generally true.

Where there is a very strong attraction to

make, in spite of the clogs and hindrances that beset our pathway.

Let us also remember that this short life, with its struggles and its trials, its pains and its pleasures is not all. It is but the entrance, the vestibule of a great and glorious existence which lies stretched out before us, in which the desires and aspirations of the past shall become the possibilities of the present, and with the fulfillment of those desires we shall have an increased capacity for enjoyment which will enable us to drink deep draughts of knowledge and wisdom from an inexhaustible fountain.—Mary A. Ashley, in Pacific Rural Press.

THE WIFE.—It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, have to a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O, may we women, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, and not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

"I wish I could write a chapter upon sleep," exclaims Sterne in "Tristram Shandy," and echoes Sanchez Pama's soliloquy: "God's blessing be upon the man who first invented the self-same thing called sleep; it covers a man all over like a cloak." A little folding of the hands to sleep, against the abuse of which we are all specially warned, had a peculiar fascination for Don Quixote's fat squire; and how many of us can hear with complacency the warning knock that announces our shaving water and bids us arise to face the duties of the day? Although sleep is familiar to all of us, it continues to be almost as much of a mystery as ever it was. Physical peculiarities during this oblivion of the senses have been discovered and enumerated, but those who have most studied the subject confess their inability to penetrate its more mysterious. In the "horror of darkness," we fell on our first parents, in the visions of patriarch and prophet, and occasionally in the well-attested confessions of prophetic dreams, we mortals have examples of sleep that may truly suggest "thoughts beyond the realities of our souls." To dreaming, which presents such a vast mass of lumber, the attention of modern men as Locke, Abercrombie and Watts has been given without any very satisfactory results; but it is rather to sleep and sleepers that dreams of somnambulism, that we would here invite consideration. That there is something awe-inspiring in the contemplation of a sleeper in that trance, "like death without its terror," has been finely expressed by poets, and is an admirable emotion that many of our readers must have experienced.

Despite all our familiarity with this strange resemblance to death, it is as impossible to test the exact moment of our becoming unconscious as it is to account for the apparent duration of our visions during repose; and the vagaries of sleepers have proved an enigma to all the intellect that has been brought to bear on the subject. Like the somnolent Irishman, who, when asked by his employer how he could manage to sleep so much, replied: "Sir, I pay attention to it," people have been known to sleep comfortably for upwards of 24 hours at a stretch, like Quin the actor, and DeMoivre, the mathematician. Old Parr slept away most of his latter days; but among statesmen and generals we are furnished with examples of others who have managed with remarkably little sleep. Shaw tells us in his "Chronicle" that "the 27th of April, 1546, being Truistad in Easter week, W. Foxley, pot maker for the mint in the Tower of London, fell asleep, and so continued sleeping, and could not be waked with pricking, cramping, or otherwise, till the first day of the next term, which was full 14 days and 15 nights. The cause of his sleeping could not be known, though the king was diligent in search for by the King's physicians and other learned men; yet, the King himself examined said W. Foxley, who was in all points found as his waking to be as if he had slept but one night." There is an account of a French woman who for sometime suffered from sleep visitations, varying from three days to a fortnight in duration; and a girl at Newcastle-on-Tyne is said to have slept for three months without waking, which latter process took about three days to accomplish. An extraordinary case is on record of a lady who slept for 20 days when 18 years old, so when she was 20 and on one occasion from Easter Sunday, 1822, until March 1823—that is, almost a year—during which state of what physicians call hysterical coma, she was fed with milk and soup, one of her front teeth having been extracted for that purpose. Another emulater of the "Seren Sleepers" was Samuel Chilton, a farm laborer, who, in 1804, indulged in a nap that lasted four months, or from April 9th to August 7th. On awakening he dressed and went into the fields, to find his fellow workmen cutting the corn he had aided in sowing just previous to his long slumber. He had another long nap in the same month, and after the medical pharmacopoeia was almost exhausted in applications to arouse him, only rose up to ask for some bread and cheese, but fell asleep again ere it could be set before him. He came to himself some eight weeks later on, after which these unpleasant somniferous relapses are said to have left him.

WHOOING CRANE.

The whooping crane or sand-hill crane, so familiar on this coast, breeds from California northward to the Arctic regions, whence it removes southward early in autumn, and soon arrives in the regions of the United States, from North Carolina to Texas, and thence westward to the Rocky Mountains, and remains throughout the winter. In the Middle States east of the Alleghanies, it is very rarely seen, and thence eastward to Maine it is unknown, all its migrations being performed far inland. While migrating it travels both by day and night, and in total disregard of the character of the weather, its power of flight enabling it to resist the force of heavy gales. Thirty or forty form a flock which is sometimes arranged in an acute-angled triangle, sometimes in a long line, and at others with an extended front, and sometimes flying in apparent disorder, each bird sounding his loud note in succession, as upon all occasions of alarm.

FUNNY PARAGRAPHS.

"Ours at home—the baby. AS Iowa tramp was lynched with too much rope, and untied it and resumed his march. STOWE, Vt., has a notice that reads, "no fishing on this land." Like California "swamp and overflowed" perhaps. "I say," said a rough fellow to a top with conspicuous bow-legs. "I say, don't you have your pantaloon cut with a circular saw." A SUNDAY school teacher in Albion, N. Y., asked her class the question: "What did Solomon say?" "Thumbs up!" said a little girl. EACH man has an aptitude born within him to do easily some feat impossible to any other. Some men can put on a number five boot, and some can't.



THE WHOOING CRANE.

any particular department of intellectual development, we find time and means to gratify it to some extent—not as fully as we desire; nevertheless, we are every day, and every hour, and every moment, what would we have to look forward to?

Is it really lack of time or lack of taste that retards the intellectual cultivation of women? Some seem to have time and no taste; others taste and no time.

Though we cannot lay down rules that will suit every case, still the discussion of the question may be of service to all. Each viewing the subject from a different standpoint may be able to throw light from a matter in which we all are interested.

It seems to me impossible for a finite mind to comprehend a time when it will not be looking forward, longing and grasping for something which it has not yet attained.

What then shall we do, surrounded, circumscribed, "cubed, cribbed, confined," as we are by circumstances; circumstances over which we can have no control; circumstances which were created before we were brought into existence? Shall we give up in despair and fold our hands and say we can do nothing? Nay, not so; we all have in our own minds some standard of perfection which we hope some day to reach, and we vainly imagine that were we placed in different circumstances it would be more easily attained.

Would it not be better to take a critical survey of our present position and see whether we are making the best use of the advantages we already possess. Let us look around us each day and see what advance movement we can

her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.—Chambers' Journal.

SUN'S COLD DAWN WINDS.—The coming of the wet season makes a remark of this kind pertinent. The influence of cold, humid winds are always deleterious to our frames; especially is it severe and killing when it comes rushing from un drained and thickly wooded lands. It brings with it the malarial moisture that vegetation and decomposition have developed. The robust hardly less than the invalid should be prepared to meet so unrelenting an enemy to our health, and so sure to be a destructive foe, but do not trust them. They lessen the amount of perspiration and so compel the lungs and renal glands to do more than double duty. They produce catarrh in all its varied forms, bronchitis, malades and pulmonary diseases of the severest type.

SUNSHINE.—Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. Potato vines grown in a cellar are white and sickly, and so are girls grown in a parlor. Expose either to much sunshine and they begin to show color, health and strength. During those dreadful years, '49 and '51, I saw at least five to one on the sunny side. This was in Buffalo, N. Y. An eminent physician reports from his practice in New Orleans eight cases of yellow fever on the shaded side of the street to one on the sunny side.—Drs. Lewis.