

A SANDWICH ISLAND VOLCANO.

A short time since I, with a party of ten, made a trip to the wonderful crater of Haliakala, on the summit of the mountain of that name. The usual way for excursionists is to make the ascension in the afternoon, stay all night at Summit (so as to be there at sunrise), freeze one side roast the other, and be devoured with fleas, which live and flourish in the lava beds. But our party decided upon what we thought a better way. We left here at a little past midnight, all on horseback, the ladies, all but myself, on the Mexican saddle for safety, and bundled up with every article, thick and warm, that we could command, with a good supply of provisions and water on an extra horse. The night was perfectly clear, the moon shining in all her brightness, while the constellation of the southern cross hung low and brilliant upon the southern horizon.

We were a jolly company, and for some two or three miles were able to keep up a brisk gallop, then our path became narrow and winding, and the ascent quite steep. About two miles this side the summit we halted at the cave to have our saddle girths tightened, to give our tired horses a moment's rest and to bring some warmth into our benumbed feet and hands by stamping and pounding, for it was now just beginning to get daylight and bitter cold. From this point on our ascent was quite difficult, and I feared some of the horses would give out entirely. But we kept on slowly but surely and reached the summit just as the sun was rising. We sprang from our horses and stepped into the gap for a first view, and, O, such a glorious sight as met the eye. It was perfectly clear. The sun rising from the clear blue water throwing lights and shadows into the crater—that tremendous chasm, opening over 2,000 feet below us, enclosed with high walls of lava, all once in a molten state, and thrown up from the bowels of the earth by the force and action of heat—was certainly something to contemplate. After the first grand look, we bethought ourselves of the "wants of the inner man." A fire was lighted, and soon our breakfast prepared, which we all enjoyed, especially the hot coffee, then we went exploring about, the air was so light that it was with difficulty I could breathe, and much exertion was very fatiguing. Later in the day light clouds came up, floating into the crater on one side and out upon the other. Still later the clouds thickened and finally settled around us over both sea and land, and there we were pinnacled, as it were, in mid-heaven, shut out from a view of everything earthly, save the high point upon which we stood. It was to me a strange but beautiful sight to stand there in the clear sunlight and look down upon the clouds so far below us—looking like great snow banks tinted with all the colors of the rainbow by the reflection of the sun. Then, in another direction, we saw the rain falling in torrents, while we stood high and dry above it all. The crater is 19 miles in circumference; there are two gaps or openings through which the descent is made, and through these gaps the lava found its way to the sea when the volcano was in action, which has not been within the remembrance of any one living. It has 40 chimneys, some still red down as far as can be seen as if the fire had but just gone out; and there it stands in all its utter loneliness and barrenness. It is thoroughly dead. You see no vegetable life, save a stunted growth of fern, of the variety call "traveler," and the beautiful "silver sword," which lift their pretty heads up from the black lava, all through the crater. They are of a silvery whiteness, composed of layers of leaves about the shape of a porcupine quill, and these bunched together; in size like a large cabbage, from the center of which extends a stalk two feet long, crowned with a small purple flower like our chrysanthemum. They shimmer and shine beautifully in the sunlight. At a little past noon, our party partook of our remaining eatables, and then started on our slow march downward, reaching home just at dark, after a day of great enjoyment, but much fatigue. — *Work and Play.*

PURSE PRIDE.—It is to be lamented that the national character of the English is pride, and the meanest of all pride—purse pride. Even a poor lord is despised, and, to increase his fortune, will marry into a rich citizen's family. An overweening affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect and warped the judgment of many to that excess, that in estimating men or things, they refer always to "What is he worth?" or "What will he fetch?" Were we to point out a person as he passes, and say, "There goes a good man—one who has not a vice," he would scarcely be noticed; but exclaim, "That man is worth \$500,000," and he will be stared at till out of sight. This sordid habit of thinking was finely hit off by a keen fellow of a neighboring nation, who had carried on business in London and failed. Sitting in a coffee-house one day, where a few wealthy citizens were discussing some money concerns, and observing him very attentive, one person turned aside to him, and said: "What's your opinion, sir, of the matter?" "S'blood, sir," returned he, peevishly, "what opinion can a man have in this country who has not a guinea in his pocket?" This makes good what Mr. Burke says, "that a speculator has no faith but in his banker; his ledger is his Bible; the exchange is his church; the desk is his altar, and his money is his god."—*London Globe.*

CARE OF TABLE CUTLERY.—The greatest care should be used by the housekeeper as to the preservation of the ivory handles of the table cutlery. The handles should rarely, if ever, be put in water, and then only wiped with a moist towel, and immediately dried. There is a kind of tin vessel made, with wire slats on top, in which the knives can be placed, which only allows the immersion of the blades in the water. There is in cleaning steel knives often an abuse of cleaning. It is by no means necessary to be always grinding off the surface of the metal on a board covered with Bath brick. If acid food be used at table, such as corrodes the metal, then the board with brick becomes useful. In most cases, however, if servants were careful, and the mistress of the house knew how to supervise matters, it would be found out that, after usage, a good washing of the blades alone, and rubbing on a towel or on a piece of leather would suffice. Of course Bath brick is necessary, but it is mostly too coarse, and scratches the steel. English servants, who are very careful in using Bath bricks, generally lixivate this material. This consists in scraping up the half of a brick, stirring it in water, pouring off the material in mechanical suspension, drying that, and only using this finer substance. Two boards for cleaning steel knives, entirely separate and distinct, should be used. On one Bath brick can be employed, the other should be covered with plain wash-leather and be free from all erosive substances.

VIEWS ON EDUCATION.—Learn first to be a man with sympathy; then how to be one without it. Cultivate a habit of punctuality, system, order, responsibility and precision; be fortified with habits of application, energy and accuracy. It is of more importance than superficial book-learning. Cultivate a desire for reading; discriminate carefully between true and false desire. Flimsy readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book and get good of none and mischief of all, mistake their superficial, false desire for the real appetite of which even they are not destitute. To live well we should learn to work sportively and play earnestly; it is drudgery that wears—every stroke must be done with pleasure. And as we look back on our finished task we feel an honest pride and a good conscience, and enjoy life.—A. M. D., *Rough and Ready.*

BABY JIM.

From the time he was five minutes old every one called him Baby Jim. The very day he was three years old they took him to a picnic—a real, live picnic, with sandwiches and cookies for the others, and plenty of bread and milk for Baby Jim.

They were going to the seashore, and as they lived a good way off, that had to start very early in the morning. First there came the ride in the steam cars, and then the ferry boat; and I think it must have been 10 o'clock in the morning before Baby Jim began his first hole in the sand with his wooden shovel.

Now, the baby had one little sister and one little brother, and more little cousins than I like to think about in such a very short story; and after the last cookies were eaten, and the last drop of milk was swallowed, what do you think these other babies did to Jim? They dug, and dug, and dug, until there was a tremendous big hole in the sand—almost as big as a very small baby house.

"Come along, Baby Jim," they cried, after the hole was so deep that Cousin Bess tumbled in and had a great time getting out again; "we're going to make believe be giants, and cover you all up."

Baby Jim wasn't afraid of giants, or anything else, so up he came and rolled into the hole without a murmur, and in two minutes they had him covered up to his ears—and the tide was coming in!

But no one noticed the big waves as they rolled up nearer and nearer the round face that peeped above the sand. The children laughed and danced about, and Baby Jim laughed, too. "How cold my feet are," suddenly said one of the little girls.

"They're wet! just look at them!" said another.

"Oh! Look! look! the water! the water! it's coming after us!" they all cried at once; and knowing no better, they ran away with all their might, leaving poor little Baby Jim all alone with the waves, that came nearer and nearer every moment, and had not a big fisherman come along just then, I can't say what would have happened, for the water was very close to Baby Jim when the strong man dug out the sand and held him in his arms for papa, who ran up just then. How they thanked that good fisherman.

But Baby Jim didn't seem to care anything about it; and when the cars started to bring them all home again, he said "Get up, there, old pony," just the same as ever.—*N. Y. Tribune, Jr.*

WELL WORSHIP.—In Asia, Africa, and North America, water-sheds and sources of streams, in elevated situations, have at all times been revered as sacred spots, and the native tribes are wont to assemble at them for their religious festivals. Thus, also, the Romans, and the original inhabitants of Switzerland before them, worshipped at the high springs of the Alps, on the Lockmamer, perhaps on the Benardine, and undoubtedly on the St. Gothard, and on the Great St. Bernard, where pillars and remains of temples may still be found. Two rude pillars, whose origin is as yet unexplained, standing at a height of 7,000 feet, on the water-shed of the Julian Pass, seem to point to a yet earlier worship of the Deity. Christian chapels and hospices have been erected on the site of these ancient temples; and the modern inhabitants of the mountains not seldom celebrate their religious festivals on the very same spot where their Pagan forefathers worshipped.—*Sketches of Nature in the Alps.*

"JOHNNY," said a fond mother to her boy, "which would you rather do, speak French or Spanish?" "I would rather," said Johnny, rubbing his waistband and looking expressively at the table, "I would rather talk Turkey."