

THE CORN SONG.

Heave high the farmers' wintry board,
Heave high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured,
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting gleam
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The closter from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storms shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows make,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeable April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlight eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Appolo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let rapid idlers loiter in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homospin beauty poured.

Where the wide old kitchen hearth
Boils up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessings of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
The midday blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly!

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our father trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

— J. G. Whittier.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF MOTHERS.

To be a mother! how glorious, how sublime, how holy! What more beautiful and reverential sight than that of the mother as she clasps for the first time her new born babe to her bosom. Well might the angels hover near the sacred scene. She may have boasted of her own ability to treat and train the little bud of promise so helplessly nestling in her arms, but now she feels the need of guidance from a higher source. The darling babe; the center and the sun of all household attractions, how many hopes are embodied in thee? Mothers, as you watch the little life unfolding its beauties, and each tiny leaflet as it opens to your enraptured vision, do you realize how vast the work you have to perform in its development, so that it may best answer the purpose for which it was created? Do you know that its physical, mental and moral condition is somewhat in your hands? that you must reach out and forward to a more perfect physical development, and make the fountain of life pure, that the little ones may be all a generous Creator designed, and in every sense fit to be presented as "living sacrifices," holy and acceptable to God? The majority of people bestow not so much as a passing thought upon this most important subject, and it is heart-sickening to know of so many thousands of children who seem to be of no use except to suffer and cause suffering; to fill the world with scrofula, insanity and consumption; with intemperance, theft and murder; to cause the widow's tears to flow over the recklessness of her son or the waywardness of her daughter,

and parents' hearts to bleed as they give to Mother Earth the beautiful caskets of clay, which once contained the souls of their lovely babes—too frail for this rough world.

But some mother says, "Do you mean to tell us we can make them just what we desire them to be?" Yes, that is just what I am going to try to impress upon all mothers. They may be good or bad, healthy or diseased, beautiful or homely, just according as you educate yourself and earnestly practice it. You can mold them at your will. Your work commences ere the light dawns upon the little buds of immortality. Ere you press "the first kiss upon their brow," the elements for a long, useful and happy life, or the seeds that will cause an early decay, are there planted. Don't you believe it to be "the hand of Providence." It is your doings. Could all the mothers in our land realize this truth, and know how much they have to do in forming character, methinks this beautiful world would soon become devoid of nine-tenths of its wretchedness, misery and suffering. If you would have your children more perfect, make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. Purify your own life-current. Seek to increase your own life-power—for it is the greatest of sins to people the world with thousands of puny, deformed children. But while you—the mothers—are suffering with all sorts of impurities and weaknesses, how can we expect any but a sickly, short-lived posterity? How much pleasure should we derive from the material world if the birds, flocks and herds, trees, shrubs and flowers, that beautify the earth, were as diseased as our children? What would we think of a farmer who continued to raise, year after year, wretched, miserable-looking animals, or planted his orchard with feeble trees, expecting healthy, fine fruit, or a gardener whose garden was full of blighted buds and flowers, and should cultivate them year after year, never seeking to know the cause of such inferiority? We should know he did not understand his business; that he knew nothing of the laws relating to the propagation of plants.

Just so is a mother's education deficient. Why do they not devote more time and attention to the subject of physical perfection? They have so long followed in the old-beaten track, ascribing all our physical infirmities and premature death to a wise but "mysterious Providence." We entirely ignore the fact that the growth and development of children is governed by laws as fixed and immutable as those which hold the planets in their orbits, or cause the rising and setting of the sun. Read of Bible history the story of Hagar and Ishmael. Think you, the mental conditions of Hagar, before the birth of her son, had nothing to do with forming his character? or the mother of Samuel, had she been a wicked woman, would he have been the angel child he was? Or could Mary, the Mother of Christ, had she been a fretful, diseased, fashionable woman, given birth to such an embodiment of divinity?

In profane history we read of the Spartan mothers; and the great attention that was paid to their physical development, and the result, a strong, hardy, vigorous race. Why do we have now and then a brilliant intellectual star that eclipses all others, or so many mechanical, mathematical, artistic and musical geniuses? Why do we have so many libertines, drunkards and murderers? So many unhappy and inharmonious families of children? Ask the mothers and note the reply. Zerah Colburn, author of "Colburn's Mental Arithmetic," the most wonderful of mathematicians, whose mother was a poor woman, a weaver of bedspreads, one of which she was making for her own bed at his approaching birth, and so exercised her mathematical calculation to get just the figure she wanted in it, that she gave to the world a wonderful calculator. Notice the disparity of character in your children, and you will find that every influence of any kind brought to bear upon you before their birth has left its impress indelibly stamped upon them, and how many tears have been shed over poor unfortunates all for the want of knowledge. Remember that

the plastic clay is molded by your hand while yet it is unconscious, and that if you would like your children redeemed from the physical degradation into which so many have fallen, you must set your standard high. Bestow half as much attention upon the formation of the character of your child while in its embryotic state, as you do upon the fashioning of its clothing, and your after care will be diminished tenfold. And what can be of as great importance as a noble race of men and women, and how will we get them unless we pay more attention to the education of mothers and daughters?

I have said that reformation must commence with the mother, but she has not all the work to perform. Man, who is called her superior, is responsible. It is his duty—if he wants beautiful children, that in after years will call him "blessed"—to make the mother's domestic surroundings pleasant and agreeable, and bestow upon her that care, love and sympathy which she so much needs, so his children may be models of goodness and love, heaven-sent blessings through all his life.—Mrs. E. J. S., *Calistoga, Cal.*

HOW TO MAKE A SCRAP BOOK.

The first requisite to success is neatness. No book can be pretty if the pictures are badly cut out and carelessly put in, and the leaves crumpled and daubed with paste.

Have your paste rather thick, but free from lumps, and spread it on thinly. Put a sheet of card-board as large as your book under the page on which you are going to paste, so as to have a firm, smooth surface to press upon. Then lay the picture carefully in its place, using a soft rag to smooth out the wrinkles and wipe the paste from the edges. When you have finished all the pasting you mean to do at the time, put some sheets of rather porous paper—newspaper will do—between the leaves, and if possible, separate them from the rest of the book by two sheets of card-board slipped between them and the dry leaves. Then put the whole under a heavy weight. It should be left there for at least two days, otherwise, though they may look very smooth when first taken out, the leaves are apt to warp. Be sure before putting the book under the weight, that there is no paste on the surface of the pictures, or the newspaper will stick and leave ugly blotches. All this may seem a great deal of trouble to take for such an object, but one is amply repaid for it by the neat appearance of the book.

It is best to collect a number of pictures before pasting any in, as they can then be combined to advantage. It is not necessary to put them close together on the page, and a good deal of taste can be displayed in arranging them. A pretty way is partly to fill the page with pictures of about the same width, leaving on the outer edge a wide margin. On this margin are to be arranged in a graceful or grotesque manner little colored pictures from which all the background has been cut away. Christmas and birthday cards can either be used in this way or pasted in whole. The leaves of the scrap book had best be of white or neutral tinted paper, as few of the bright colors throw out the pictures well.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.—Perhaps it goes without saying that the Germans are a musical people; and one is, therefore, not surprised at the number of musical entertainments in Berlin. Music fills a large space in all social enjoyments. You will hardly meet a man or woman who is not an instrumentalist, or who cannot sing. Leipzig claims to be the musical center. Its conservatory and its *Gewandhaus* concerts are world-famous. But now both Stuttgart and Berlin are disputing its long-time supremacy, and those competent to judge believe that the ultimate leadership will fall to the metropolis. Certainly the musically inclined can get their fill there. During the winter, there is not an evening when one cannot hear music of the highest order.—*Californian*.