REVIEW OF THE DAY.

ELLA WHEELER.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word,
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance more kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.
But if through the life-long day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost
Then count that day as worse than lost.

Darwin's Attitude Towards Religion.

It is no longer customary to greet every mention of Darwin with a jest concerning the ancestral ape. The development theory has grown and thriven in spite of the various phases of adverse feeling which have indicated the attitude of Orthodoxy toward it. Thirty years ago, the discussion of the whole matter was confined to scientific circles. The public did not recognize its existence as the great modifying influence in the world of thought, which it was sure to become. This indifference was succeeded by a sudden alarm. The suggestion that a secret conspiracy against Christianity was hatching roused the fears of its advocates. Nobody seemed to think it was at all worth while to find out what this terrible new doctrine was. Discretion formed a small part of the valor which assailed it with every imaginable weapon. The age did not countenance the rack and the thumb-screw, so the next best thing must be done, and faithfully it was done. No effort was spared to denounce, sneer, and laugh the Darwinian theory out of existence.

In order to look fairly at the attitude which Darwin sustains toward religion it is necessary to clear away some of the rubbish with which the question has been encumbered. Science is not irreligious, it is simply extra-religious. Science and religion do not deal with the same questions, they do not cover the same ground. Within their own proper limits, they touch only on one side, the Theistic. Science, strained to its last legitimate point, can only confirm the truths of natural religion. With the truths of revelation, from the very nature of the case, it can have nothing to do. It bears exactly the same relation to the Koran, the Rig-Veda, and the Rend-Avesta that it does to the Bible. The logic of its facts teaches the existence of a Creator and a Law-giver to the universe.

Many of the most brilliant as well as the most religious minds of the century have for years felt entirely free from anxiety in regard to the growth and spread of the theory of evolution, feeling that it did not touch, that in the nature of the case it could not touch, the essential divine truth. They held the view just quoted from Darwin, that science deals not with the nature of the power that works, but with the methods by which it acts. It is a question not of the initial cause, but of process. It would be as absurd to accuse Stephenson of denying the power of steam, because he concentrates his attention upon the developement and explanation of the steam engine, as to assume on the evidence of the evolution hypothesis that Darwin denies the existence of a Creator, because he is occupied in making clear the laws under which he creates.—[Topics of the Times.

Silas Wegg's Discovery.

When Silas Wegg made his famous bargain as the "literary man" of the Golden Dustman, he insisted that his feelings should be taken into account. Droning prose and "dropping into poetry" were so much, and Uncle John, Aunt Mary and the other gentlefolks in the big house opposite his crossing were so much more. It is true that he had never spoken to any one of them, and that the names he knew them by were entirely of his own devising. But they were associations; were properties to which a crossing sweeper had as much right as a dustman. And, of course, Mr. Boffin recognized the fact, and paid for the abandoned properties of his "literary man." Now it seems to us that Mr. Dickens used Mr. Wegg rather hardly when he held him up to derision as a grasping old knave who imposed on his simple patron with his feelings, associations, and much like intangible entities. In reality Silas was only a trifle ahead of his age. Every week Teutonic Crœsuses give thousands for worm-eaten cabinets, which without association, might be dearly appraised at the price of house-room. Maria Antoinette's writing table brings the salaries of four curates capitalized, simply because Mr. Wertheimer is aware that associations are saleable, and run up as time goes on at compound interest. Mr. Quaritch draws astounding checks for faded folios, solely because the garish stamp on the cover tells that the volume was once upon a time handled by Cardinal Richlieu, Mme. du Barry, Avrora von Konigsmark, or some equally eminent patron of virtue and polite letters. Mr. Rossetti's admirers rush to bid £30 for chintz curtains, for which Wardour street would have scorned to have paid thirty shillings simply because they were associated with the house of the poet-painter in Cheyne walk. Mr. Tennyson's walking-stick or pipe would bring any day a better price than the most gorgeous cane in the Burlington Arcade, or the latest triumphs of the Pesth meerschaum carver's art. Indeed, there are few people with anything in the shape of a heart or an imagination who have not, at some time in their life, dipped deep in their pockets for the gratification of some association in the shape of chair, table, toddy-ladle or dog-eared book. To Mr. Wegg, therefore must be accorded the honor of discovering that sentiment was a markable commodity, which can always command its price when mere significance will hang on the auctioneer's hands.—London World.

A happy temperament is more to be desired than anything except gold, and the price of it is above the price of everything except rubies. We have been truly affected by the song of a childless parent who seems to be resigned to his fate. He sings:

Alas! I haven't Tennyson
To soothe my days declining,
But I suppose it Scott to be,
So it's useless, sir, repining.

Mrs. Southworth

Fanny Ward writes from Washington to the Cincinnati Commercial: Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, who is probably the most prolific novelist America has ever produced, has just concluded the first lengthy visit she has made in Washington for many years, and gone to her summer home at Yonkers, on the Hudson. She has a cottage at Georgetown, adjacent to Washington—a rather ancient and rickety affair, as are most of the habitations in that "deserted village," but beautifully situated on the heights. I went over there to see her, and was shown into the cozy library, three sides of which are lined with books, and whose windows command a superb view of the quiet Potomac and the sleepy old town. Mrs. Southworth is by no means a sentimental-looking woman, but decidedly the reverse, her face showing strong practical common sense rather than the florid fancy that has been making such constant flights for the last quarter of a century. Her familiar chat with me that hot summer's day, in the library is calculated to encourage other workers who find the slippery street to literary distinction by no means lined with roses, and so I give it to you almost entire. "Yes," she said, "I have been a great worker for so many years that it has grown to be the habit of my life, so that I could almost as easy stop breathing as scribbling. Hard, faithful and persistent labor is the true genious and without it there can be no permanent success." And then she went on to say, as a question on a remark deftly interpolated drew her out, that never in her life had she enjoyed a day of perfect health. That insidious disease, consumption, is hereditary in her family, and she is always battling it. She has never stopped work even for a day, to recuperate. Her career is indeed a shining exemplification of the gospel of labor. When a girl of fifteen, she spent her holidays (after hard study at school with a view to preparing herself for a teacher) in copying land warrants in order to contribute to her own support, as the family were in reduced circumstances. On leaving school at the age of eighteen, she immediately began teaching in a Washington female seminary. Afterward she taught a term or two at Upperville, Va., and later at Springfield, Ohio. She has written no less than sixty-five novels, most of them being in large two-volume editions. Her first work appeared thirty-five years ago, in the Saturday Visitor, published at Baltimore, in 1847. It was written as an experiment, and the first half of the story, called "The Irish Refugees," was sent tremblingly to the editor with the statement that if he liked it well enough to want the rest the authoress would finish it. He did not like it. She finished it and the labor of her life was begun.

Her second book, "Retribution" was written for the National Era. She intended to complete it in two chapters, but as she wrought the story grew, till gradually from the embryo of the original idea sprang the book which has delighted thousands. When finished, she finally plucked up courage enough to offer it to the Harpers. Henry J. Raymond was at this time their reader, and he reported favorably upon it. Harper published it. It speedily ran through several editions, being translated into French, Spanish and German. While writing it she was one of the hard-worked teachers in the district schools of Washington, and was beside this, a wife and mother. The exposure in going to and from daily school labors, the care of her little ones, with the fatigue of writing night after night, with all the world aleep, aggravating hereditary consumptive tendencies, and brought on a severe attack of hemorrhage. All the inclement winter the brave little woman worked on, with a slow bleeding at the lungs, which was only kept in check by the counter irritation from blisters on the back and breast. She says that she, got so absorbed in her story she somehow forgot her troubles, and, having no time to be sick, they gradually wore away.

The White Yak

Animals of the ox family have been of immense service to mankind, and some were apparently domesticated at a very early period. Our well-known cattle, varying greatly in size, in the quality of flesh and abundance of milk, are found wherever civilization has made any progress. Besides these there are the buffalo of the eastern continent and our bison, the musk-ox of the frozen regions of North America, and the yak of India. The last three show more long hair than the others. The yak is found is the confines of Asiatic Tartary, the mountains of Thibet and Central Asia. Like our bison, it has a tuft of crisp hair on the head and a kind of lion-like mane, while the upper part of the body and the upper part of the legs are covered with a thick fringe of long hair, reaching nearly to the ground. The full long tail resembles that of a horse, and the general hair on the body is long, thick and soft. The head is short, and the horns round smooth. The immense mass of hair makes the yak look very much larger than it really is, but, independent of this, it is larger than our domestic cattle. It is a wild, irascible and dangerous animal, and, though domesticated in China and Thibet, submits with an ill grace, and shows its ill temper by a grunt like that of a hog, from which it is sometimes called the grunting-ox. The prevailing color is black; when found white they are highly prized. Its flesh, milk, hide and hair are all used, the hair being woven into stuff. The tail has a high commercial value, and it is this that, attached to a lance, forms in Mohammedan countries an emblem of the rank of a Pasha, and his degree is shown by the number of tails he is allowed to have borne before him. For this purpose a white tail will often bring four, five, or even more ducats. But while the followers of Mohammed call for white, the disciples of Confucius prize red, and the yak's tail, dyed this favorite color and suspended from the cap, is the hight of ambition in the Flowery Land. In India the tail is used as a brush for driving off flies and other insects from men, horses and elephants. The tails are often set in costly handles, and are called chowries.

We gain as much in avoiding the failing of others as we do in imitating that in which they excel.

ALL SORTS.

Love is a queer thing, and so is happiness. To enjoy either completely it has to be shared.

A Texan friend of ours is willing to wager that there are more shooting affrays in New York in a month than in the Lone Star Commonwealth during an entire year.

When you are tempted by the pleasures and excitements of life if you will just say, "Dear mother Eve I never did like apples," you will be a rare man and a respected citizen.

A Western man a while ago eloped with his mother-in-law. Not that he had any fancy for the woman. But she had said he was the worst husband on earth, and he wanted the world to see that she really didn't think so.

A very rare and interesting print has been acquired by the trustees of the British Museum, namely, "The Roiall Progenei of Our Most Sacred King James I." It is engraved by Benjamin Wright, and published by John Wontneel, 1603.

Among the curiosities which will be on exhibition at the convention of firemen to be held in Cincinnati is a hand-worked fire engine made in England before the Revolutionary war. It did excellent service for three-fourths of a century in Boston.

Five prisoners in the jail at Rockford, Ill., escaped recently while only the sheriff's wife and daughter were in charge, the sheriff having having gone to Aurora with an insane man. The jail-birds ran for the woods, some of them being without hats, coats or shoes, and none have been recaptured.

In some well compiled statistics in the Christian Index, Dr. H. H. Tucker makes it appear that there are only three States that furnish saloons for fewer people than Oregon. Nevada has one saloon to every 65 inhabitants; Colorado one to every 76; California one to every 99 and Oregon one to every 190.

Professor J. Madison Watson says that the rock maple, American elm and Norway maple are the best for streets and parks, as combining in the largest degree strength, beauty and durability. He thinks the planting of the silver leaf maple a mistake. The black Austrian pine is the greatest success as an evergreen.

Precocity: First proud mother—"My boy is only eleven years old, and he comes in every day with his pockets full of fruit. He can get over the top of any fence they can put up, the darling!" Second proud mother—"Pooh for your boy! Why, my Jimmy is only ten, and he's a corner loafer, and has been to the police court twice."

What a Boy well Do.

An exchange says a boy will tramp 47 miles in one day on a rabit hunt and be limber in the evening; when if you ask him to go across the street and borrow Jones two-inch auger, he will be as stiff as a meat block. Of course he will. And he will go swimming all day and stay in the water three hours at a time, and splash and dive and paddle and puff, and next morning he will feel that an unmeasured insult has been offered him when he is told by his mother to wash his face carefully so as not to leave the force of the ebb and flow so plain to be se seen under his gills. And he'll wander around a dry creek bed all the afternoon piling up a pebble fort, and nearly die when his big sister wants him to please pick up a basket of chips for the parlor stovs. And he'll spend the biggest part of the day trying to corner a stray mule or bald back horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes to drive the cows home. And he ll turn a ten-acre lot upside down for ten inches of angle-worms, and wish for a voiceless tomb when the garden demands his attention. But all the same when you want a friend who will stand by you and be true to you in all kinds of weather, enlist one of those same boys.—[Hawkeye.

NOTICE.

To the Farmers and Mechanics of Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho:

We wish to call your attention to the fact that our annual Catalogue and price list for 1882-83 is now ready for distribution. It will be found very valuable and instructive reading, and will be furnished gratuitously. Send your name and postoffice address to FARMERS and MECHANICS' STORE, 184 First street, Portland, Oregon.

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