

A WAVE
 O being in thy dissolution known
 Most lovely then;
 O life that ever best to die alone,
 To live again;
 O bounding heart that still must bow and break
 To touch the end;
 O broken purpose that must fail and fade,
 And deathward bend;
 For the great tide to stretch from rock to rock
 His shining head;
 O wandering Will that from the furthest shock
 Of a deep array,
 Silver constraint of secret light on high
 Leads us to shore;
 O him that captures the soul's only sigh,
 And evermore
 Within thy joy the waiting voice keeps:
 O love that
 A son of the unpathable deep!
 O love that
 The crown of shadow of man's opposites,
 The forces dread,
 That sway him into being, blanching with light
 Of thunder breath;
 A poised passion wound from central breath
 Of waiting storms
 And evermore deathless life in death,
 That still returns.

And then, man's prototype in varying moods,
 Dost lonely beat
 The vacant shores and speechless solitudes
 With silver feet
 Through the great ocean wandering forlorn
 In search of his
 As rose and fell like vacant flames, lone mourn
 And evening dim
 Ere light had grown articulate in love,
 O silence knew
 Herself as something that didst thou ever move
 Beneath the blue
 And incommensurable mystery,
 About the shore
 A visible yearning of the earth and sea,
 That evermore
 Flung out white arms to catch at some far good
 Yet unfulfilled
 And falling, and sank in solitude
 With heart unaltered;
 A voice that evermore as of old
 In death dumb
 With hollow tones reverberate foretold
 Life to come.

HEREDITY AND INSANITY.

W. W. Golding, M. D., superintendent of the government hospital, reads the following address to teachers before the National Educational association at a recent session:

GENTLEMEN:—You take the mind young and fresh in life's morning and send it, aspiring to become godlike, on its upward flight; I receive it, torn and bleeding as it comes fluttering down; is there anything in common between our studies that I should ask you to pause for fifteen minutes in the important labors of your session to listen to me? I doubt it, unless you consider it in the light of a fifteen-minute respite. How shall I teach the teachers? The germ of insanity lies back of the education, and I question if the inexorable law in nature which we know as that of "the survival of the fittest" will not, in spite of any or all of our efforts, send a considerable per cent. of our brains to moulder and become moss-grown within asylum walls. This seems but a reasonable deduction from the facts within my own observation; but then I remember that the sources of life and reason are not in our hands; I know how a little more or a little less of that subtle something we call common sense makes the difference between the wise man and the fool; remembering, too, how a single playmate, by a sudden flash of sunlight thrown from a mirror upon an idiot boy in a darkened room, awakened a gleam of intelligence, disclosing a mind where it had hitherto been supposed to have no existence, I realize what teaching in the hands of a master may accomplish, standing among the melancholy ruins where my studies bring me, I think that perhaps a different education would have spared a father's anguish for his only son, could have saved this demented girl.

To have been a sane child, it might have still kept eloquent that drivelling tongue; and so I am here. From my standpoint the first mistake that we make in the education of the young is that we do not pay sufficient attention to the temperament of the child; we are not all the same mould, even if we do bear the same name. This lethargic youth, whose mental integuments are like the wrappings of a rhinoceros, needs all our goading—a brain fever is hardly possible to such an organism; the girl, with clear skin, spare neck, intellectual forehead, and speaking eyes, whose lessons are always perfect, whose answer anticipates almost your very thought, whose nervous susceptibility quivers through every fibre if she be given your reproof of the above mentioned block, needs no goading for her—it is not study out of school that she requires, but the gymnasium, the rest of long vacations in the summer fields, with nights of repose unbroken by any dream of school prizes. I know oftentimes your bright scholar, such an oasis in a desert of abounding dullness that there is strong temptation to the teacher to give him free rein; hence it often occurs that your valedictorian is never heard of afterwards. It is staying power that you want more than that brilliancy of mind.

Are we not asking too much of our children? Lay the foundations broad—the broader the better—in physical health, and let the mental growth be natural without forcing, and the open air summer schools; even in our climate we should be gaining with more of the outdoor life of the old Greeks; I wish we had again the forum and the grove of Acadia; in such schools our children would gain more than in the exact counterbalance their loss in the exact methods of book teaching. Yes; the advance in all kinds of knowledge is something wonderful. They tell me it is necessary that my son should begin at the age of seven to fit for college, if he is to enter Harvard; he begins to shed his milk teeth at that time, but he will only see of Harvard the outside of the buildings, for college or no college, I do not intend to make him the last of my race. You say, and probably truly, that the student now must know more when he enters college than I did when I graduated, and I may add, that I ever have since. And what do you accomplish by crowding all this accumulation of wisdom into one little brain? Why, you have increased the cerebral action, but you have not enlarged the cranium, or, if you have, the chances are you have done so at the expense of the physical vigor.

But you say by your education we have moved forward the limit of the individual life. For thirty centuries, and I know not how much longer, the Psalmist's three score years and ten have been the inexorable horizon of earthly existence; we cannot change this, but we do practically extend it by enlarging its vista; our life keeps quick step to the wonderful march of science; we ride with the storm, we write with the lightning, we paint with the sunbeam; everything is by the instantaneous process. As Poe said of the singer Malibran, "She crowded ages into hours; she left the world at twenty-nine, having existed her thousands of years." I grant you, if this were the final age, nothing could be more desirable; if this was the closing scene and no coming time, no children to inherit our exhausted vitality and to call us anything but blessed.

In a bookstore, the other day, the first volume that met my eye was "A New Form of Nervous Disease." Now form?

Why their name is legion. A treatise on the neurotic disorders now makes one of the largest works in a physician's library. It is an age spent in a brain and brain material. Of the heat and power that have been slowly accumulated in the coal measures through the eons of geologic time, which would last with careful consumption for myriad generations, we take 2 per cent. for our purpose, sending the remaining 98 per cent. to be dissipated in the warm interstellar space. To the charge of wasteful expenditure, modern science answers that future generations can make available the energy of the tides and keep warm by electricity stored up in reservoirs whose feasibility is even now being demonstrated. They will need it, for the ruthless destruction of the forests will not even leave them the luxury of a wood fire. Yes, power is convertible into everything short of mind; but that I doubt. The "Promethean heat" once exhausted, the vital energy of a race destroyed, science, that tells us so much, knows of no way to restore it, and history points us only to the Huns and the Goths.

The danger to our civilization to-day lies in the direction of nervous exhaustion. I know that those who believe that we are just on the dawn of an intellectual and a material millennium will smile at this, and they will tell you that they are in the history of the world there were higher manhood, or a time when the individual man was so grandly cared for and had such possibilities as at present. The world, in its successive epochs of civilization, has always shown a culmination of prosperity after an interval of blossoming just before its decline. Witness the Augustan era and that age of gold, of Spanish conquest and renown. This is the age of brain; the marvelous discoveries of science are utilized to intensify our struggle for wealth for vastage ground, to make all the universe tributary to the little span of our human life. The luxuries of the last generation have become the necessities of this; wealth is only relative, and power never brings content; there is a constant increment of strain, and woe to the brain that goes halt or maimed into that battle.

Do you say this is the mere vagary of an alarmist, the Cassandra-like cry that finds no believers? Ah, but while it is an intimation of a disaster that Cassandra should not believe in that fated city, none the less did the divine afflatus compel her to prophesy, none the less were her forebodings true. Do not understand me to mean that our school education is responsible for all this; no, not even for any considerable part of what we are pleased to call the spirit of the times; but what I do say is that it is the duty of the teacher, instead of drifting with the tide and accepting the tendencies of the age as something inevitable, to be ever on guard, to stand up in the dignity of his great office, and of his manhood, and call a halt to this onrushing madness, and to instruct the coming generation, the youths who shall take our places, those who "shall be made to be wiser," to lead them into a "more excellent way."

In truth, we are sponsors for the future as well as possessors of the present, and are morally bound to transmit this earth, which is ours to-day, and the vigor of this human life, which for a span we hold, unimpaired, to those who in the endless procession shall come after us; the miller may use the water in the river to turn his wheel and pass it on to another, but has no right to divert the channel or poison the stream.

This brings me to what I have to say on heredity, a subject which concerns you as educators in the broadest sense, not of children alone but of communities. Just now, for the purposes of a child in the newspapers, those blind Samsons in the names of popular education, have given out that there is no such thing as hereditary disease, that the most eminent experts have so stated. Well, what my brethren who stand away up at the head of the class did say, trying to be very exact in the use of language, feeling that they were under oath, was, that the tendency to insanity was hereditary, not the disease itself. "The rose by any other name"—but in common parlance we say, and properly say, hereditary disease; and where a great truth is involved we cannot afford to be misled by any subtleties of exact definition. And here I take occasion to say, in answer to this newspaper dictum, that the hereditary character of insanity is a perfectly well established fact in medical science, and is recognized as such by the profession, and that acting as the remote cause, hereditary predisposition has probably more to do with the assigned mendelian causes put to the father upon the children than the third and fourth generation is not a mere metaphor of oriental language, it is a fact; it was true three thousand years ago, it is true now. We say this child does not learn because he has no head, but the real trouble is the father was accephalous before him? what a thousand pitiful such a father ever had a son; the fool-killer was an important agent in the twilight dawn of the human race, the exact counterbalance their loss in the exact methods of book teaching. Yes; the advance in all kinds of knowledge is something wonderful. They tell me it is necessary that my son should begin at the age of seven to fit for college, if he is to enter Harvard; he begins to shed his milk teeth at that time, but he will only see of Harvard the outside of the buildings, for college or no college, I do not intend to make him the last of my race. You say, and probably truly, that the student now must know more when he enters college than I did when I graduated, and I may add, that I ever have since. And what do you accomplish by crowding all this accumulation of wisdom into one little brain? Why, you have increased the cerebral action, but you have not enlarged the cranium, or, if you have, the chances are you have done so at the expense of the physical vigor.

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And dreadful meaning. Any one who desires to possess the "Mrs. Langtry nose," has but to sleep in torment for a week or two and the great result is obtained. If the figure of the would be beauty is not as lovely as she wishes, "the anatomical corset maker" will supply her with a nocturnal squeezing apparatus which will "fine her down" by degrees. If her statue is too long for beauty, she may remedy this by wearing what is mildly called an "appliance," in the days of the Inquisition it would probably have been classed as an instrument of torture. This appliance squeezes the stretches the lower part of the body, and its use is said not to interfere with the comfort of one's beauty sleep. Once enameled always enameled. The professed beauty can only afford to be yellow, grey and unbecomingly curled in secret. She finds herself precipitated on the downward path. It is just as well, having once begun to attend to the matter, to perfect her beauty. Why not make use of the marvels of modern science—remodel her ears, her nose and her finger-tips? It is difficult to say why she should not carry her theory out to the full.—London World.

VALUE OF THE SUNFLOWER.—Agriculturists claim it to be the best egg-producing fowl known for poultry keeping them in a thriving condition and largely increasing the production of eggs. Every poultry raiser who tries it will find that the seed is the best fowl known for growing the plumage of fowls, and is almost indispensable to those who want to fit their birds for exhibition to the best advantage. The Russian sunflower is easily raised, requires very little care, can be grown in fence corners or other places difficult to cultivate. Its production of seed is enormous, yielding often at the rate of 100 bushels to the acre. It should be planted in hills four feet apart any time from the 10th of May to the 1st of July. Three quarts of seed will plant an acre.

WONDERS IN MUMI.
 A late visit to the warehouses of Messrs. Gardner Bros. 165 First Street, Portland, Ore., has filled our minds with the most wonderful and interesting facts of the kind. These dispiriting pictures of the past, and the present, are not only a warning to those who are heedless of the future, but also a lesson in the value of the things that are passing before our eyes. The Taber organ surpasses any instrument ever known in its range of tone, and is a most valuable addition to any household.

PARIS GREEN.—A Paris Green is a most valuable dressing for melons of every kind. It is a mixture of copper carbonate and slaked lime. It is a most valuable dressing for melons of every kind. It is a mixture of copper carbonate and slaked lime. It is a most valuable dressing for melons of every kind.

Potatoes.—An Ohio farmer says that repeated experiment and long observation have satisfied him that flat culture of potatoes not only requires less labor than hilling, but produces heavier crops of equally good quality, and this whether the soil be rich or poor.

Rice Waffles.—One quart of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one large teaspoonful of butter, two eggs, one and a half pints of milk, one cupful of hot boiled rice. Sift the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder well together, rub the butter into the flour, beat the eggs well separately, and add the stiff whites last of all.

Prune Pudding.—Scald one pound of French prunes, let the swell in the hot water till soft, drain and extract the stones, spread on a dish and dredge with corn meal, and cook for a quarter of an hour; take a gill of milk from the top, stir into it gradually eight tablespoonfuls of sifted flour; beat six eggs very light and stir by degrees into the remainder of the quart of milk, alternating with the baking powder, and serve with wine sauce or cream.

Buttermilk Pudding.—Although from its consistency this can scarcely be called a pudding, still it is a very nice dessert, and was eaten by our grandmothers when farina and corn starch were unheard of delicacies. Boil one quart of fresh buttermilk, beat six eggs very light and add a heaping teaspoonful of flour together, and pour into the boiling milk; stir briskly and boil for two or three minutes and serve white warm with sugar, or still better, maple syrup.

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