

Which is the King?

A Few Plain Hints to Young Men.

Which is the king, the Head, the Heart or the Hand? "I am the king," said the Head. "I am uppermost. I have to think and plan for the heart and hand. I am the brains—the orb of thought—everything is a thought before it is a thing. I am the chief end of man. I am the author of ideas, and ideas are the seeds of institutions. I am an inventor; without me the World's fair at Vienna would not have been possible. I had the locomotive and the telegraph on the brain before they became ideas in iron and fire. I think out books of verse and prose; indeed, I am the author of all the libraries. I studied out the systems of calculation, from simple arithmetic to astronomy. From the blackboard in the school-room, I reach to that vast ciphering board the sky, where the stars are the figures to go by. Who will dare to deny that I am the king?"

The Heart, with a flutter of emotion, spoke with a pulse-beat in every word, and said: "Potato-tops are uppermost, but they are green, and perish, and would be of no account but for the tuber in the ground. Plans are of no use until they are executed. I have warm red blood in me, and I send it through innumerable red rivers to the brain, and then it thinks. Feeling kindles into fact through me, therefore I am the king. Emotion gives an impulse to life. I am all the time beating sensation into sense. There can be no eloquence, no poetry, no prose worth reading without my blood in them. I make soldiers brave in war; I prompt men to plan for the welfare of the world. Without me there would be no love, no gallantry, no generosity, no charity. I am the king for I rule all who wish to be loved. I am in the centre of the human body—the head is at one end of it. I am the king."

The Hand, tingling to the fingertips, spoke next: "I am not to be put down as a plebeian by the patricians who have spoken. I should like to know what the head or the heart could do without me? They could not take care of themselves. They would starve to death. I have to do all the useful work. I wash and comb the head, put its hat on in the morning, and put on its night-cap in the evening. I write out its thoughts. I shape its ideas in metal and wood. I make the locomotives; I pave the railroads; I build the ships; I stretch the telegraph wires around the earth and under the sea; I plough the fields and reap the grain and grind the corn. The Heart boasts about its feelings. I think it might have some regard for the feelings of others. Without my assistance, it could not feel at all. I am the executive. I am the physical force. I can 'put a head on.' I am the king. I cast the ballot and shall vote for myself."

Here are three claimants for the crown and throne. Who shall decide the question? Which is the king: the head that thinks, the heart that feels, or the hand that executes? Shall we ask the jury of our readers to render a verdict? When one of the Stuarts lost his head, a Scotch woman remarked, "It wasna much of a head, but it was a sair loss to the owner." Boys in the street, and some men, say when they are displeased, that they "will put a head on" a man; sometimes they go into figurative speech and say "mansard roof." They threaten to bestow upon others that which they have the least of to spare. They would not lose much and the recipients would not get any thing worth the taking. The head they propose to add to the shoulders of another has no brains in it and no heart under it. A modern writer speaks of bulbous-headed man. He must refer to men who flourish best

in the dirt, like some contractors, or to groveling men whose heads are in the dust, gold dust, and not the dust of humiliation, where they ought to be. The greatest living orator of New England says that some men wear "muscular knobs on their necks, called by courtesy heads." If a man would wear a kingly head, let him begin in his youth to cultivate it. Let him shun street corner conventions and sidewalk culture. Let him deduce the places where young men and mere boys are playing games of chance behind screens and barricades of cigar boxes. Let him pronounce with emphasis the monosyllable "No" when invited to do an unjust or mean thing. Let him avoid the society of young men of "vast moral requirements and various misinformation."

The heart will never be king so long as it remains hard and impenitent. It should be softened by the tears of sorrow for the evil of its life. A good heart is like a well, "when you drop words of pity in it the water splashes into the eyes." The heart has had a great deal to do in building asylums for the deaf, dumb, and blind; in providing shelter and food for the sick and the lame. The Sunday school "hum" seems to sound like the quick beating of a great good heart. Great Heart is a fine figure in Bunyan's book. When you see a human being lifting a down-trodden man from the mire of destitution and suffering—lifting him—lifting him higher and higher, still and still higher, you may rest assured that he does not do it by muscular strength alone. He lifts him so that his heart may beat above the ground on which he rests his feet.

The hand is the royal servant of a good head and a good heart. I will not say that it works miracles, but it does wonderful things. The human hand signifies industry, independence, usefulness. Two hands and one mouth signify twice as much work as eating, and the earning of the bread we eat. Lazy boys and men are like Hermes, who had a mouth and no hands. He worked only with his jaws. No man is too good to work. No matter how rich he may be, it is his duty to work with his head or with his hands. "Laziness is the fool's paradise," and those who do nothing for a living need not expect to live well. The true king is the man who controls himself. "He is mightier than he who taketh a city."

It is proper to add here, that goodness (not goodness) is the true king. It is greater than intellectual greatness. The men who can marshal armies and organize nations; the men of science who see the stars "as blossoms of light in the Creator's hand;" the men of art who make the marble breathe and the canvas palpitate; the men of vast learning and broad understanding, and the men of genius, we admire and honor; but if they lack goodness, the mediocre man who is truly good is not only their peer, but their king. Every day he does something and takes a step on the golden round of the golden ladder, whose feet rest on the earth, but whose topmost round touches the stars.—GEO. W. BUNGAY, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

Regret.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer
far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters
fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most
sweet
Where there are sadder colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O! this thread of
gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Off and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall
know
That memory is possession.

The First American Revolution.

How many people are there who know that in Louisiana, as far back as 1768, there was an attempt made to establish a republic upon the soil of North America, and that five citizens of New Orleans paid for the attempt with their lives? Yet such is the fact, and the dusty records in the official archives at Madrid and Paris bear testimony to their gallant but fruitless endeavor.

It occurred shortly after France had ceded Louisiana to Spain. The helpless inhabitants tried to help themselves. Although the Spaniards formally accepted the gift in 1762, the first Spanish Governor, Ulloa, did not arrive in Louisiana until four years afterward. The colonists had made up their minds to dislike him, and they did so. He seems to have been a gay, good humored, not very dishonest ruler, who tried to suit his unruly subjects, and that he had set himself an impossible task. They were scandalized because he married without the consent of "Father Dagabert," and hurt because he sent to Havana for a nurse for his child. Was not Louisiana able to furnish a good-enough nurse? The colonists complained of his presence at New Orleans, but declared that he had insulted them when he stayed at Balize for eight months. They shut him and his wife out of society, and then accused him of haughty exclusiveness. One of the severe charges against him was that he made the inhabitants of New Orleans go six miles out of town in order to whip their slaves, because, forsooth, Mme. Ulloa's nerves were disturbed by the shrieks of the victims of the lash. When he saw that the colonists had agreed to disagree with him in everything he gave up trying to please them, secluded himself and studied science, to which he was a devotee. Meanwhile the popular discontent grew apace. Twelve prominent citizens formed a plot to overthrow the Spanish authority and established a republic under the protection of the British officer then commanding at Pensacola. Oct. 25, 1768, the crisis came. Armed bands occupied the streets of New Orleans. Ulloa fled to a frigate which lay off the city. The Superior Council met, expelled, in the style of more recent days, all the adherents of the other side, and adopted an address declaring that the colony's allegiance was due to France, not Spain. This was, blind. The real intent, as the archives of Paris show, was to establish a republic modeled after the Swiss Government. Ulloa reported to Madrid: "One plan was to transform the colony into a republic, under the protection of England, but, seeing that they could not obtain from her the assistance they wished for, they came to the determination to rise without it, and to trample under foot the orders of their sovereign."

For several months the colonists were left to rule themselves. Then the future grew dark. France and England both refused their aid. Spain sent the Irish O'Reilly, with twenty-four ships and more than 3,000 troops, to seize the rebellious colony. When the fleet came in sight, advancing up the Mississippi one of the conspirators, Marquis, proclaimed the Republic, but less than a hundred men responded to his call for troops O'Reilly landed undisturbed. Four days afterward the twelve leaders were arrested. A month of torture and trial ended in the sentence of five of them to death. One had already been killed while trying to speak to his wife. The lack of a hangman saved the five from the scaffold. They were shot on the morning of Oct. 26, 1769—the first martyrs to American independence.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

CUSTARD PIE.—One quart of milk, four eggs; sweeten to your taste; flavor with lemon or whatever is liked best; line the pie-plate with crust and pour the mixture in, grating a little nutmeg and bake on top.

The Three Ages of Boys.

Chapter 1.—"It's a Boy."

His advent is heralded in the brief but strong sentence just quoted. No matter what hopes have been indulged in concerning girl babies, there is something in the pithy announcement "It's a boy," which dispels all fanciful dreams and sets everybody on a prose basis. His very voice, as it utters a defiant war whoop in the grand army of humanity, tell the story to experienced years. The visions of a dainty girl darling very soon vanish before this positive piece of prose, who kicks his sturdy heels through the delicate pink socks intended for his sister, and who grows red as a turkey cock's head at Thanksgiving times when he is expected to show off before callers. He persists in an abnormal development of the nose and puffiness about the eyes, along with several other tricks known only to interested parties. Parents and nurses become reconciled and accept them on trust, seeing no other alternative. He emerges from his puffy and rosy obstinacy to a roly poly wide awake thing of beauty, which is a joy fully one-half of the time. There is a process from infancy to little boyhood, a sweet time, when the man-child is half baby, half angel. In the clear depths of his innocent eyes is a world of hope and trust and love. His white brow is as fair as a freshly-opened lily, and his lips as sweet as hermosa roses. He is most witching at this age, for the peculiarities which make the *enfant terrible* are yet undeveloped. He is an armful of love and beauty and promise and dread and hope. Love him while yet there is no guile on the tender lips, and no sin in the unwritten soul, no touch of the world upon God's finished work.

Chapter 2.—"Get up old Hossy!"

"Mercy, what a noise! Look at that chair, what a string tied on the arms and made fast to the writing desk and flower stand, all to be driven tandem by that young imp in knit shirt and fancy hat and shoes! Why, upset that work-basket? and, good gracious, what work has been made with my wool and thread! There's graphic torn to scraps and stuffed in the cuspidors with my screw-driver that I lost a week ago. What is he doing with that cat? and, dear me, if he hasn't thrown Grandma's spectacles into the grate."

Where's Harry? Run to the kitchen and see. All the eggs are broken in the basket of folded clothes, and the milk for pudding has been fed to the cat and dog. Bridget Lannigan is in a towering rage, and says, "That's the use of shavin to kape clane wid such a young devil furnist ye?" Miss Grigidity Fussbunch calls, and is horrified by being requested to "be a horse and let Harry ride straddle to Boston." She is questioned, also, on many delicate points. He gets very close to her and asks what that white stuff on her face is, and what makes her wear such a funny little hat.

A few years of this juvenile terror and then there appears another stage of the boy. He gets a fever only appeased by marbles. It is useless, to head off this phase; if it is shut off in one direction it breaks out more violently in some other. It goes through a period of six or seven years and costs much mortified pride. He is afflicted with rats, pigeons and other boyish complaints, which are harmless, but annoying. He brings in dirty steel traps to amuse his sick sister, who grows worse under it, and in his solicitude he straps his legs fast to six feet of stilts and stoops to enter the door of her room, to the horror and dismay of his mother. He brings little notes home from school, which he tries to explain in a favorable light, but fails to convince his parents that it was "only because Bill Willson dropped his slate on Abe Hennegan's toes and made me laugh." He carves his awkward initials on old Mrs. Williams' cellardoor, and she threatens his arrest.

He goes to see "Humpty Dumpty," and goes home and throws real brickbats at his aunt, and Bridget is met with a battering blow from his head when she is bringing in the coal. He makes life a burden and home a snare and delusion. He tears the comforts in more ways than one, and slits the pillow-cases to match them. Gradually he leaves off his hilly-burly life and imperceptibly glides into

Chapter 3.—"Where's my Blue Tie?"

"Where's the blacking brush? I am going to a little surprise and won't be home till eleven. Is my percale shirt done up nice? I wish you would make my collars stiffer. I don't thank some one for throwing my coat down and getting it wrinkled all up. How do you like this hat? Think it looks better than my soft one." You will find the pigeon boxes all deserted about this period; not a rat trap cumbering the back yard; the woodshed theatricals are all ended; the stilts are put away; kites forgotten; window glass is in perfect safety. The dust has filled the rude initials in Mrs. Williams' cellar door, and there is an uninvited quiet all around the house; chair looms will no longer bear cutting over for the boy. He gets them now out of new stuff, and mother's cut will satisfy him. He is not in the way now, and there is a heavy pain in mother's heart as she thinks he will never need her much any more. The innocent eyes have a deep meaning in them now. They have taken into their depths the reflection of a face younger than mother's and life begins to look real to them.

The world is full of homes where these pictures will be recognized and hung up as family portraits—homes where there are no sounds of young voices now. They grow into the great world so soon, and we put away the nameless feeling of of desolation as we do the cast-off toys of the their childhood; and when the evening of life approaches the heart goes back along the line of time, and is once more with the children in the dear old long ago.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

POTATO SOUP.—Peel and slice three or four good-sized potatoes, put them over in nearly two quarts of water, cook until they break to pieces. Season with salt, pepper and butter, with an even tablespoon of flour well mixed with cold water. Some prefer to season it with a few slices of salt pork, not very fat.

SNOW CAKE.—The whites of six eggs, one cup of fine white sugar, one cup of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, then add the sugar; beat them well together, then add part of the flour. Mix cream tartar to the rest of the flour and beat all well together. Add the flavoring last. I use lemon. Bake in a quick oven.

DELICATE CAKE.—Take three cups of flour, two of sugar, one-half of butter, three-fourths of sweet milk and one teaspoonful of cream tartar, (or three-fourths cup of sour cream), one-half teaspoonful of soda. Beat well, then add the white of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, flavor to taste.

TEA BISCUITS.—Two pounds of flour, two ounces of butter, one cup of milk, one or two eggs, half a cup of sugar, one cup of yeast; set at night, bake in the morning.

GRAHAM BREAD.—For two loaves of graham bread take two quarts of flour, a small cupful of good yeast, two tablespoonfuls of molasses (sweetened if you like), one teaspoon of salt; wet up with warm water or milk, have it about the consistency of brown bread. Let it rise over night. In the morning have your pans well buttered and pour in without stirring at all. Let it rise again till it comes up light; then bake in a moderate oven one and a half hours, and you will have what my friends call very nice Graham bread.

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