EXPERIENCE.

I hear the sigh of seeds that yearn
To deck with pomp their burial-urn,
Ecstatic rhapsodies that run
Along the bark that feels the sun,
The laugh with which the buds unfold,
The passion in the pollen's gold;
I hear the faint, delicious beat
In hearts of roses, converse sweet
In airs that toy, at twilight's hour,
With apple-bloom and orange-flower,
The am'rous whispers of the grass
As sky-larks brood and fire-flies pass,
The dews desire, and griefs that make
The thunder's nery heart-strings break.
To me are told the dreams that lie
Deep in the lily's languid eye,
Legends that ferns and corals store
In books of rock and Ocean's floor,
The prayers that out of pastures cry
When scorched beneath a brazen sky,
Strange syllables that from the ground
Speak like the naked soul of sound,
And all the birds in love relate
Of happy flight and tender mate,
And what the tribes of insects tell
Of their incessant miracle,
Sea-song, and joy of human speech,
And awful lore the star-depths teach;
And touching thus the inner mind,
I go enraptured, awed, resigned.

—[Horatio Nelson Powers, in the Critic.

THE DEACON'S CREED.

Christian Union.

"Well, for my part," said the deacon, "I'm an old fogy; I believe in Paul, and in the whole of Paul; that woman was created for man, not man for woman; that man is the head of woman, not woman the head of man, that wives ought to submit to their husbands as unto the Lord; and that the husband is head of the wife, as Christ is head of the church. I don't want to take out a 't' or undot an 'i'. I believe it all."

"Well! well! well!" said Mr. Geer.

"I believe," continued the deacon, "that one of the chief causes of unhappy marriages and frequent divorces is the unwomanly independence which modern education has produced. I believe they are the natural fruits of the violation of God's law of marriage. I believe that those women who are perpetually issuing manifestoes of independence, and protesting against the subjection of woman, and all that sort of nonsense, make themselves and their husbands—poor fellows! (the tone of pity was as inimitable as it was unaffected)—miserable, and are doing more to undermine the family, which is the foundation of the state, than all the Mormon elders and priests and missionaries put together."

"Well! *well!* WELL!" said Mr. Geer. I vainly endeavor to indicate the climax of his astonishment by typographical signs.

"I believe that any two headed thing, from a calf to a nation, is a monstrosity; and of all two-headed monstrosities the most monstrous monstrosity is a two-headed family. I believe it is wise for the wife to submit to her husband; I believe it is for her happiness, and for his, and for that of the children, and for that of the community. I believe that the way for her to have her own will is never to demand it. I believe the way for her to conquer her husband is never to have a conflict with him. But I don't put my belief on any such low ground as that; I put it on the ground that God made the husband the head of the household, and told the wife to submit; and that's the end of it."

It is impossible for me to portray the smiling graciousness of the deacon's manner, which gave these words a sound quite different from that which they will bear in cold print to the average reader, uninterrupted by the deacon's delightful and uninterpretable eye and tone and genial smile. But he was, unmistakably, dead in earnest.

"But," said Mrs. Greer, when at length the deacon came to a pause in the recital of his creed, "don't you think that a woman ought to have a mind of her own?"

"And," added Jennie, "don't you think that your doctrine would make men tyrants and women too abject?"

"Humph!" said the deacon, "Why, bless me! I know, and so do you, a couple whose lives answer that question. The man is as opinionated an old bear as ever walked on two legs. He is as unbending as a piece of cold steel; and if anybody contradicts him he bristles all over like a hedgehog. His wife has lived with him these twenty odd years, and nobody ever doubted that she had a mind of her own; or thought that she was abject; or questioned her quiet, womanly dignity and her independence. But for twenty years she has never contradicted him; never refused to do what he wanted or done what he didn't want; never offered him advice unless he asked for it, and never refused it when he did. And that little woman can do anything with her bear she likes; he'll dance any time to any tune she plays. She never yet has demanded a woman's right, in all these years; and never hesitates to make a woman's request. And she gets it, too."

We all laughed; for we all knew who the deacon was describing, with some exaggerations of himself, but none of his wife; and his wife softly put her hand up and stroked the thin hair that fringed his bald head.

"There is Mrs. Geer," continued the deacon, "who says she never will consent to her husband's smoking in the house. If I were a wife my husband should make every room, from the garret to the cellar, smell like a tobacconist's shop before I would try to stop him, unless I could stop him by a request for love's sake."

"So you don't think that a husband ought ever to submit to a wife?" said Mrs. Geer, inquiringly.

"Don't I?" said the deacon. "Ask Mary here. Yes, I do. But I don't think a wife ought ever to ask her husband to submit. God has made him, not her, the head of the household. He is commissioned as captain. He must answer at God's judgment bar for the conduct of the ship. And he can't do it if his mate is always trying to be captain too. She is not responsible, and he is."

"Don't you think, deacon," said Mr. Geer, "that they share the responsibility for the children between them?"

"No!" said the deacon; and he said it with refreshing positiveness. "Not if the wife understands what a wife ought to be. The husband is responsible for the children. All the wife has to do is to submit to his directions; and if they don't turn out well, she can go up to God's judgment bar and say, 'This is the husband you gave me; and you told me to obey him, and I have done it, and you must take care of the consequences.'"

"That doesn't help the matter much," said Mrs. Hardcap, sadly, "if the children go to ruin."

There was a moment's pause; for we all knew that Mr. Hardcap was a severe father and Mrs. Hardcap was a tender mother, and that she feared the consequences of his despotism. Then the deacon answered gently:

"This is very true, Mrs. Hardcap. And I think nothing can be harder than for a wife to submit when she sees her husband doing an injustice or an injury to the children she has borne him. And I do not say that there are not cases where she is right to interfere. But you may depend upon it that it is always safer to adopt God's plan, and leave the consequences for him to take care of, than to try our own plan, and assume the responsibility for the consequences ourselves. And God's plan is, 'Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands as unto the Lord.'"

"Seems to me that this is rather a tough doctrine for the wives," said the parson.

"Not a bit of it," said the deacon. "It is an easy doctrine. It takes all the friction and much of the burden out of their lives. Our pulpits ought to preach it, and our schools to teach it, and our girls to learn it, until no girl would ever think of marrying till she could find a man she could so look up to that to submit her will to his would be the chiefest delight of her life."

"There would be fewer marriages," said I, "in that case."

"And fewer divorces," said the deacon, sententiously.

"But how in matters of conscience, deacon?" said Mrs. Geer; "surely you wouldn't have wives submit their consciences to their husbands?"

"Husbands have consciences as well as wives, don't they?" asked the deacon.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Geer. Whereat there was another laugh, in which the deacon joined.

"Conscience," said the deacon, "is simply the judgment applied to moral questions. The wife ought not to do wrong to please her husband; but in all questions, I advise her to submit her judgment to his."

"If I was a tract society," added the deacon, "I would print five rules for wives on a card, to be given to every bride on her wedding day."

"What are they?" said I.

The deacon reached over, took up a piece of paper from the table, took a pencil out of his pocket and wrote thereon, as follows:

TO WIVES.

Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands as unto the Lord.

1. Never dispute with your husband.
2. Never refuse his request unless I is unmistakably sinful.
3. Never offer him advice unless he asks for it.
4. Never make any demand, and never hesitate to make any request.
5. And never be bashful about letting him know that what you do, you do for his sake, not for your own.

"There," said the deacon, as he shoved the paper over to me; "put that in one of your letters, Mr. Laicus, and tell the wives, with my compliments, and if they try that plan faithfully and heartily, as unto the Lord, for a year, if they don't make their husbands and their homes and their children happier, and have their own way more than any wives of their acquaintance, they may put Paul down for an old fogy, and me down for another."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Geer, "that the wife ought not to take all the self-denial. I think the husband ought to take some, too."

The deacon straightened up, looked at her for a moment with a pause which was emphatic, and then said: "I think he ought to take it all. I think she ought to lay all her burdens on his broad shoulders, and he should carry them for her—for them both. I think that's what a husband's for; I think—

Just then the clock on the mantel struck 1; it was half-past nine.

"—that," continued the deacon, dropping his thread and picking up another, "it is time for us to go. Come, Mary."

"I wish you would give us your rules for husbands," said I.

"Some other evening," said the deacon.

So we broke our conference up. As we walked home, Jennie and I talked the matter over between us. We both thought that the usually level-headed deacon was rather "strong," and Jennie demurred especially to his third rule, but we both agreed that there was a good deal of good sense in the deacon, after all, and Jennie advised me—without waiting till I asked her—to report what he said, without note or comment. But we are waiting with considerable curiosity for the other half of the subject.

Yours sincerely, LAICUS.

The American Leveller.

New York Letter.

Speaking of alcoholic conviviality, I met a man of national distinction—one whose name, if I gave it, would compel the reader to employ all his faith in my veracity if he desired to believe me—in upper Broadway at 4 o'clock a. m., staggeringly drunk. His dress was disordered, and his step so uncertain that I thought he would fall; but when I caught him by the arm, to steady him, he drew himself away with so much energetic dignity as to nearly throw him into the gutter, pulled his hat down over his face, with a desire to avoid recognition that proved his retention of a little presence of mind, and made his way into a bathing establishment in Twenty-third street. What he wanted was a Turkish bath, to sober and refresh him into daylight respectability of aspect. This practice has become so common that several of the bath-houses in fashionable parts of the city are kept open all night. Half an hour of roasting, followed by a shower of cold water and a hard rubbing, turns the dazed and rumpled roysterer of a night into presentability for the day.

"Whisky," said a considerable of a politician, the other night, as he held up a glass of it in the Fifth avenue hotel bar-room, "is the typical American beverage. It is a kind of leveller that is characteristic of our glorious country. Take a view of this bar, and tell me if I am not right. At one end is a United States senator, with whisky in his tumbler, and here back of us stands a hack-driver, whose glass has been filled from the same bottle. Is there anywhere else than a bar, or anything else than whisky that puts all men more on a level?"

I am afraid that he told the truth. In that same bar-room was the son of a millionaire, a young fellow whose brain was naturally good enough to enable him, if he had so chosen, to take full advantage of his circumstanees of wealth; but whisky had brought him down to equality, so far as worth was concerned, with the gambler with whom he was drinking. Yes; whisky is the great American leveller.

Kiss the Children Good-Night.

Send the little ones to bed in a happy frame of mind. It requires some discipline and self-denial on the part of a weary parent to answer all the foolish questions and attend to the many wants that multiply so fast as the hour of bedtime draws near, but it is a labor of love that will bring a large recompense. Children never forget. They will carry with them through life's long and weary pilgrimage the remembrance of the face that bent over them at night, and that was ever associated in their immature minds with heaven and God. And the little tiresome last questions mean so much to them. What if we should never answer them and they never awakened here? Unanswered questions and unanswered problems have followed men and women through life with harrowing persistence. And never give a thoughtless answer to a child's question.

No one can so gently and kindly prepare the little ones for the perplexities and disappointments of life, which are inevitable, as the fathers and mothers, to whom their education should be their great consideration. The moral lesson taught by the mother's knee or by the bedside can never be forgotten, nor can the father shirk all responsibility in the matter of home tutelage. That is a child to be pitied who is afraid to ask its father any question which arises to its young mind; who dare not climb to the parental knee and challenge the world to dislodge it. Dr. Holland, in his first poem of "Daniel Gray," which is said to typify his own father, says:

"He had some notions that did not improve him,
He never kissed his children, so they say."

We feel sorry for the children of a father so austere, but we can afford to pity one who lost so much beauty and value out of his own life. Then kiss the children good-night and good-morning and answer all their questions, and you will find in such work two are blessed—one giving, the other receiving.

Time is Money.

Providence Journal.

There lives in Pawtucket a man whose whole existence seems to be conducted similar to a piece of machinery. His movements and transactions are always "on time;" in fact, his great hobby is time. "Be on time and save time" is his motto. At the same hour every morning he gets out of bed. A few seconds later his right boot is on, and then his left; breakfast is finished in a separate time, and he is at his place of business just at the stroke of 7. He is constantly enlarging on the immense quantity of time that is wasted and thrown away by every man and woman every hour. He illustrated his hobby the other day in a rather amusing and indisputable manner. A friend presented him with a very fine looking cat. Calling the next day, he found the cat without any tail, the tail being cut off as close to the body as could be without cutting the tail off behind the cat's ears. When asked why he had done this, he remarked: "I have to let this cat in and out of this store a good many times a day. Now, if that cat had a long tail, don't you see, I would have to lose so much time waiting for the tail to go out and in, whereas now I have only to wait for the cat. A tail is of no earthly use to a cat, and especially to this cat, so you will see I have the cat just the same, and only lost the time in letting the cat in and out, thus saving all that time that would be lost in letting the tail in and out."

FARM AND HOME.

Two Lots of Lambs Per Year.

Cor. Ohio Farmer.

In the spring of 1882, after washing our sheep, supposing that no evil would result from it, we let the ram run with our breeding ewes (then sucking lambs dropped from March 15 to April 15) until shearing. In the fall, about November 1, fifteen or eighteen of these same ewes dropped lambs, the result of letting the ram run with them from washing to shearing time. When we began feeding for the winter we fixed a place in one of the stables so the lambs could enter and the ewes could not, and sprinkled some bran and salt in the trough. Very soon the lambs learned to go there, and in a short time they would run for their pen to get their rations as greedy as a litter of pigs for a mess of milk. We fed them liberally through the winter and they came out in the spring in fine condition. Encouraged by their nice appearance we turned our ram with the ewes again on the 9th of May, and will try our luck again with fall lambs. At washing-time this spring we washed the lambs, thinking we would shear one or two, and if thought profitable would shear the whole lot. The first one clipped a fleece that weighed exactly five pounds. Encouraged by this, we sheared the other twelve, and from the lot got fifty-four pounds of wool, which we sold along with other wool at the same price. Some of the advantages, we think, from raising fall lambs would be the great demand as early lambs for the butcher. The lambs, learning to eat so soon, do not rely on milk so much for their support, thus relieving the dams from such a drain on their system, and coming through the winter in good condition, go on grass without checking their growth, as is very often the case with spring lambs when weaned and turned on dry feed, as must necessarily be done in that season of the year; besides the wool will more than pay for what they consume through the winter, as I am satisfied was true in my case. The ewes came through the winter in fine condition, and when I weaned the lambs they were in much better condition than I ever had ewes when lambs were weaned in the fall, and sheared an average of 7 11-25 pounds per fleece. A lot of thirty-two yearlings, wintered with the ewes, clipped an average of 9 3-16 pounds per head, all nicely washed wool, and all sold at market prices. I would say to those who are prepared to properly care for fall lambs to give it a trial. My sheep are high grade Merinos.

What Last Season Taught.

Correspondence Farm and Garden.

That tommato plants in the same hill with squashes, cucumbers and pumpkins will not keep off the bugs. That an application of air-slacked lime will not keep bugs away from vines, cabbage plants, radishes, turnips or egg plants. That saltpetre water will not accomplish anything in that line. That coal oil for that purpose is also a failure. That good application, repeated three times, of reasonably strong liquid manure does well, and that an application of fine sulphur sprinkled over the plants and vines will greatly help in getting rid of these pests. That a reasonable application of wood ashes is very beneficial in a garden. But that it is comparatively an easy matter to make the application too strong, especially if the ashes are unleached. That it is useless to plant sweet corn before the ground gets warm as well as the weather, as corn planted three weeks later will come to maturity just as quick with the same soil and cultivation. That there is a very decided advantage in good, sound, quick-germinating seed corn, and this will be evident from the time the corn begins to sprout until it matures. That peas will not do as well on new, rich ground as on old. That I can raise more and better Lima beans by planting in a row, the plants six inches, than in hills with three or four beans in a hill. That it pays to soak sorghum seed twenty-four hours in water before planting. That tomato vines will grow faster and blossom quicker if a little manure is worked into the hills than if set out without.

How to Keep Cabbages.

Elmira Husbandman.

The fussy methods so often employed with potatoes after they are dug remind me that similar practices prevail with cabbages. There are persons who insist that their cabbages must be inverted, the roots upward, that they will not keep any other way. Others cut the heads from the stumps and pack them with a great deal of care. The most simple way, when one has a cellar with a moist bottom, is to pull the cabbages as late in the autumn as may be safe, then take them right to the cellar, stand them on the roots, on moist earth, the heads leaning against the wall. In this way cabbages that have not fully formed heads will sometimes develop into good size, and the heads will be more crisp, whiter and sweeter than by any other method of preservation. Of course, in pulling them earth will be left adhering to the roots, and this should be carried in as attached. A little more loose earth, if convenient, can be thrown around the roots where they stand. With a dry cellar bottom this plan is not practicable, but it will work admirably wherever the bottom is moist, not wet—just moist.

The Modern Berkshires.

Swine Breeds s' Manna'.

The modern Berkshires of the most approved strains are of large size, and possess, with due allowance for domestication, the high vitality and active habits of the wild hog, combined with the good digestive and assimilating powers which characterizes all improved breeds. The only valuable improvements made in Berkshires during the past 100 years or more have been those obtained by judicious selections of breeding stock and improved methods of feeding and management. Whenever attempts have been made to improve by crossing with the Neapolitan or the Essex the results have been a loss of constitutional vigor and hardiness, and that fine quality of flesh, juicy, tender and nicely marbled with fat and lean, from which are manufactured the best hams and shoulders known in the markets of the world.

Origin of Trichina.

Dr. J. E. Morris, says in regard to trichina in swine, that it is a well-established fact that the real source of infection in swine lies entirely in the rat. A committee of Vienna physicians found in Moravia 37 per cent of rats examined trichinous; in Vienna and its environs 10 per cent, and in Lower Austria about 4 per cent. The well-known voracity of the hog and its special fondness for meat cause it to feed upon the flesh and excrements or other animals infested with these parasites, and especially rats and mice. To prevent trichinous swine it is highly important to cut off all the sources of disease in the diet of these animals.

Nature's Mulch.

Farmers' Magazine.

Nature covers the roots of the trees in winter with the leaves that fall to the ground in autumn, and when they have performed such service, as a mulch, they decay and assist in affording nourishment to the trees. We should learn a lesson therefrom and collect leaves around our trees and cover them with brush or cornstalks. Our word for it, such an experiment once tried will be repeated.

Beans for Sheep.

Sheep will eat beans unground, which is not the case with other stock (except occasionally), and when ground and fed they are among the most nutritious foods known, but in the ground or whole state beans are fed with better results when cooked.

The Household.

If a teaspoonful of turpentine is put into the washboiler and boiled with the clothes it will whiten them perceptibly.

Steel knives which are not in daily use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda—one part of water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel and keep in a dry place.

An entree specially designed to accompany roast pork is made in this way: Peel as many potatoes as will cover the bottom of a deep piedish. Sprinkle half a teaspoonful of dried sage over them. Cut a small onion in thin slices, and spread them over this. Add salt and pepper, and little lumps of butter, according to your taste. Cover the bottom of the dish with water, and bake in a moderate oven.

A delicious chicken soup is made by cutting up one chicken and putting it into your kettle with nearly two quarts of water, a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. When about half done add two tablespoonfuls of barley or of rice. When this is done remove the chicken from the soup, tear or cut part of the breast into small pieces and add to the soup with a cup of cream. The rest of the chicken may be reserved for salad or for chicken croquettes.

The best ginger cookies that I ever tasted had in place of the usual cupful of water a cupful of sweet milk. This gives a lightness to the cakes that water cannot give. The formula for these is: Two cupfuls of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of lard, one teaspoonful each of ginger and of soda, and half a teaspoonful of salt. The lard, instead of being melted, should be rubbed with the flour the same as for pie-crust.

Pop-corn, with all its associations of a good time and innocent enjoyment, is once more in season, and children or young people who like to experiment with it can try the following recipe for crystalizing it: Put into an iron kettle one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of water and one cupful of white sugar; boil until ready to candy, then throw in three quarts of nicely popped corn; stir vigorously until the sugar is evenly distributed over the corn; take the kettle from the fire and stir until it cools a little, and in this way you may have each kernel separate and all coated with the sugar. Of course, it must have your undivided attention from the first to prevent scorching. Almonds, English walnuts, or, in fact, any nuts, are delicious prepared in this way.

Parent and Child.

Rev. Wm. Kirkus, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

Children are human beings. We cannot dismiss them from our homes and our hearts as cats can scratch away their grown-up kittens, or birds turn their fledglings out of the nest. We must retain our superiority. We must, indeed, supersede law by advice, discipline by good example and high personal honor. But we can never become strangers to our children. The time never comes when we can say: I have given you a good education, I have supplied you with money, I have set you up in business, and now I have done with you. We must retain our high position, so that the first thought of our child shall be—in joy or grief, success or failure, virtue or sin "I will arise and go to my father."

The . for putting the : has , again.—[Boston Star.