The Orphans' Friend.

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OVER THE RIVER.

The Master had called her, and swiftly arising,
With ready response, to Himself she drew near;
When a father his child wants, say, is it surprising
That she springs to his tender embrace without fear?

She saw the bright home that was opening before her,
Fair visions of loved ones were close to her now;
Not a cloud flecked her sky, not a shadow passed o'er her,
There was peace on her spirit, and peace on her brow.

The valley was light, for the Saviour was present;
His rod and His staff were her comfort and stay;
To walk in His sunshine on earth had been pleasant,
But soon she would dwell where no night breaks the day.

Then one who was thinking of ties that must sever,
And watch in sadness her fast failing breath,
Said, "This God is our God for ever and ever,
And will certainly guide us, yes, even to death."

"Nay, husband," she answered and looked at him brightly,
"Not only to death, but *beyond* it, you know;"
For once he had told her the Hebrew word rightly
Translated, means "*over*" the river's deep flow.

For merely just up to its brink, but across it,
Our God has engaged by his servants to stand;
And grasping His promise, she fain would indorse it,
As she entered with gladness His own promised land.

She wrote that sweet text with her pale trembling fingers,
On a leaf of the Bible so long her delight;
And memory oft on that touching scene lingers,
When hope was so steadfast and faith was so bright.

She has passed *over Jordan*, and we, the sad-hearted,
As we miss the sweet smile that was oft on us shed,
Would thank thee, O God, for the joy now departed,
And would pray that we all in her footsteps may tread.

—*Netta Leigh.*

THE AGED MOTHER'S SORROW.

The scene which we here briefly sketch is condensed from an Indiana paper, the Plymouth *Sunshine*. It transpired in the winter of 1870–1, in a car of the Northwestern Railroad, between Oshkosh and Madison.

'Come, judge, take a hand,' called a trio of lawyers who had just lost the fourth player from their euchre party.

The person addressed was a grave magistrate, whose face until now had by no means indicated approval of the card-players at their pastime. He shook his head. But his apparent refusal only piqued their eagerness to count him in.

'O, yes, yes!'—'Can't get along without you, judge!'—'Come, only just one game!'

And they would not let him alone, till finally, with a flushed countenance, the judge slowly rose from his place, and took a seat with the players. A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, had been watching him from her seat near the end of the car. After the game had progressed awhile, she rose and tottered forward in the aisle, holding on by the side, till she stood facing the judge.

'Do you know me?' she said, in a tremulous voice.

'No, my good woman,' said the judge; and he and the other players all looked at her curiously. 'Where did I ever see you before?'

'You seed me at court in Oshkosh, judge, when my son was tried for—for robbin' somebody; and you sentenced him to prison for ten years—and he died there last June.'

Here the poor old lady's tears began to flow, but she wiped her eyes and went on,—and by this time the card-players had given up all thoughts of continuing their game.

'He was a good boy, if you did send him to prison, judge, for he cleared our farm, and when his father took sick and died, he did all the work. He was a stiddy boy till he got to card-playin' and drinkin,' and then he'd be out all night at it, every night gamblin' way money, and he went down and down.'

She stopped to weep again, and now a crowd of passengers had gathered, leaning forward to hear.

'He run away finally,' she continued, 'an' took with him all the money there was left from the farm. I didn't hear from him for five years, and then he writ to me that he'd been arrested. I sold my house to git money to help him, and went on to court. There's' Squire L——(pointing to one of the four euchre players) *the lawyer that argued agin him*—and *you*, judge, sentenced him ten years to State-prison.'

The old lady trembled with excitement, and her voice broke.

'O,' she grasped, 'it does seem to me—if my boy never had larnt to play keards—he wouldn't 'a gone down—an' he'd been alive now!'

The judge and his party, and all in the car, were melted by the poor old mother's words. The players threw the cards away, and some of them determined never again to set a bad or a questionable example. That feeble, widowed old lady preached them the most powerful sermon they had ever heard.

GEORGE ELIOT.

George Eliot, as many of our readers may know, is the *non de plume* of the lady who wrote "Daniel Deronda," the novel which is attracting so much attention just now. Her real name is Mrs. George H. Lewes; but she won her fame as a novelist before her marriage, when she was Miss Evans.

We always like to know something about those who interest us by their writings and doings; and a few facts relating to "George Eliot" will perhaps be pleasant to hear.

She was the daughter of a country clergyman; and as her father was poor, she was adopted when a girl, and educated by a wealthy gentleman in the vicinity of her father's residence.

She became a very hard student, and at one time she distinguished Herbert Spencer was her tutor. She began her literary career, as did Carlyle, by translating some French and German books, and writing some articles for the reviews.

Then she took up story-writing, and the first of her books in this field was "Scenes from Clerical Life." This was highly praised by Thackeray, and laid the foundation of her fame as a writer. Other novels, such as "Romola," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," succeeded, and at last she was recognized as the best of English female writers.

She is now about fifty-six years of age. In personal appearance she is very plain, having a long, serious face, with her hair brushed down over her ears in the old fashion, and betraying in her countenance but few signs of the genius she possesses. Her manner is quiet, retiring, and reserved; and she evidently prefers thinking and solitude to talking and society.

Late in life she married Prof. Lewes, himself a noted writer, who has given to the world an excellent life of Goethe. This literary couple live in a cosy and secluded quarter of London called St. John's Wood; where they are far removed from the bustle of the capital, and may pursue in quiet their literary labors.—*Ex.*

LIGHT AS A MOTOR.

From the multitudes that crowd the sidewalk of the west side of the Union square, many are attracted by a small machine in constant motion, but without any visible motive power. In front of the instrument, which is in a front window, is a placard averring that perpetual motion is attained by the radiometer, the invention of Professor William Crookes, F. R. S., of London. The claim is an exaggeration, as the radiometer moves only when struck by rays of light, and is therefore no more perpetual motion than is a windmill. The instrument moves by the attractive and repulsive power of light, and by means of a delicate scale can, it is said, be made to weigh light to the one-millionth part of a grain. The radiometer consists of four pith disks, black on one side, and white on the other, fastened at the end of four arms that are connected with a metal or jewel point in the centre. This point spins in a glass cut at the top of a rod, which is fastened in an upright position, in what the maker says is a perfect vacuum. This vacuum is the interior of a glass vessel, shaped like an inverted and very fat thermometrical tube, the four disks revolving in the bulb at the top. The light striking on the white surface of the disks attracts them, and striking on the black sides repels them, so that the four disks revolve like the sails of a windmill. In the strong sunlight they move with such rapidity as to be undistinguishable; in reflected light their motion is much slower. The great expense attendant upon the manufacture of radiometers is caused by the difficulty of obtaining a perfect vacuum. Mr. Hicks used three tons of mercury in making seventeen radiometers. He exhibits broken class by the hundred weight to show as the result of his many failures.

ERRORS OF ACCENTUATION.

It is possible that some one who reads the title of this article, says the *New England Journal of Education*, may find himself guilty of failing to pronounce the ci and sh in shun. I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting "etiquette" on the first instead of the last syllable. My good minister, who has the greatest aversion to anything wrong, was greatly surprised, when I mildly suggested to him that "aspirant" should be accented on the penult, while my musical niece mortified me the other day by pronouncing "finale" in two syllables. I heard my geological friend explaining the "subsidence" of the earth's crust, but he should have accented the second instead of the first syllable. The same mistake happened the other day to my friend the President of the reform society, who spoke of the "vagaries" of some people by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. He also announced that I would deliver an "address" that evening, but I knew it was not polite to tell him to accent the last syllable. My boy says he left school at "recess," accenting the first syllable, and he was loth to believe that, whatever the meaning of the word is, it ought to be accented on the final syllable. Then my friend, the President of the debating club, who is a great student of "Cushing's Manual," tells us that a motion to adjourn takes the "precedence" by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. My other lady friend says that she lives in a house having a "cupelow." She should consult the dictionary for that word. But I will close by remarking that my legal friend, who is very scholarly, always accents "coadjutor" on the second instead of the third, where it rightly belongs.

KEEP THE TONGUE.

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep always, and yet irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the the heart; so much the worse that, unintentional, pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false coloring, to make a statement so that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, that we need to be on our guard. There are very many who would shrink from telling a lie, who yet suffer themselves in such inaccurating or exaggerating, on onesided statements that they really come under the condemnation of those whose 'lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.'

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us; sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the Scripture method, 'Go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone.' And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a play thing of, even if intent be not malicious.

LAZINESS IN PRONOUNCING.

Live langnages, that is, languages which are spoken, continually change. Dead languages, such as Hebrew, ancient Greek and Latin, do not change. Much of this changeableness is due to what scholars call "Phodetic Decay." It might very properly be named laziness.

Man is naturally lazy. He desires to save time and trouble, therefore he clips and shortens his words. Take the English word *wig*, for instance. Who would think that it came from the Latin *pilus?* Yet it does. *Pilus* passed the various stages of the Spanish *peluca*, the Italian *perruca*, the French *perrugue*, and the English *perwiche*, *perwing*, until laziness put it into the modern *wig*.

Uneducated persons are very lazy in their style of pronunciation. Some hostler, too lazy to rub down his horse, invented "clipping." With a similar desire to save time and trouble, ignorant persons clip their words. "The Berlin workman has contracted *ich* into *i*," says a writer on Philology, "and the wagoner's *wo!* and *way*, are last relics of *withhold* and *withstay*."

The *I'll*, the *isn't*, and the *aint* of conversation are the "clippings" of lazy people. These words have not yet taken an authorized place in books and journals, because editiors and proof-readers are not lazy, and are watchful over the morality of the language.

Children are notorious clippers of words. As they are always in a hurry, speak rapidly, and hear imperfectly, their language is full of maimed half-pronounced words. Nicknames, such as Tom, Harry, Bob, Pete, Sam, are due to laziness.

FILIAL LOVE.

One day some men, who had been condemned to hard labor on the public works for various crimes, were occupied in repairing one of the Vienna streets.

There passed that way a good looking well-dressed young man; he stopped near one of the convicts, embraced him affectionately, and went on.

A state official had been at his window during this scene, and was much astonished at it. He had the young man brought to him, and said; "My friend, there is something very peculiar in embracing a convict in the street. What will people think of you?"

The young man said nothing for a few moments; but soon recovering himself, he replied:

"My lord, I only followed the dictates of duty and my heart, for the convict is my father."

Touched by these words, and admiring the noble conduct of the young man the official hastened to tell the Emperor what had happened. The sovereign recognized the beauty of the filial act, and gave the convict's son an important post. He wished at once to show that the punishment of crime should be individual and not general, and that nothing should interfere with the divine precept, "Honor thy father and thy mother."