

WHAT OUGHT TO BE VERSUS
WHAT IS.

Well we know that the inventors of reform are legion, and we do not propose to forthwith enlist in the crusade against the multitudinous posts of evil, rather preferring that the competent hosts already in the field, should battle valiantly for the right and leave us modest, retiring ones to be the exponents of their high behests. One of their dictums is that education is so hedged around with traditions, and the educated man placed upon such an isolated pinnacle, that by common consent he is shut off from cooperation with the busy workers in the practical world, and allowed as a special favor to "delve at the roots of classic lore," or roam the realms of the ideal, forgetting that those localities are not famous for the production of meat and bread, and that the exile there must necessarily grow "beautifully less" feasting on fruits there gleaned. Teaching a boy that a college education is not necessary to a money-making business man, and citing examples where the merchant princes of to-day started in life with small capital of lore, is but tantamount to telling him that the curriculum of a college unfits him for the practical duties of life, and then the time is not far distant when the business boy will look upon the college student as the antagonist of his interest; instead of harmony there is discord. Mutually dependent they meet as rivals, and the interests of the causes they espouse suffers in the contest. The consequences of that contest are telling on the literature of our day; men must write for bread, and hence the crude undigested matter thrown into the press and exerting such a baneful influence.

And just here the money-making business man has his reward in a meagre and unsatisfying literature. But then he determined that this impracticable being should reap no benefits from him or his. And the student, educated in the belief, the traditional belief, that he must use his time and talents in the interest only of the liberal professor, represses as unworthy of his attainments any desire that might prompt him to engage in manual labor. Why have the line so strongly defined between the two classes that each hesitates to intrude on the territory of the other? Why not rather educate your children in the belief that they are better fitted for any station by a thorough education, and that the college student is not too dainty an individual to apply his learning to any of the practical duties of life?

"When education becomes a healthy and rugged worker in every field," and is no longer forced to be a dreamer, then will there be a holy dawning that will leave no room for such harangues and no demand for reform.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Holy writ tells us what will survive the conflagration of the last great day, but what would escape if the above test was enforced in all its rigidity, we tremble to say, but feel morally sure that many of those limber-backed, dog-eared books that we have so often read and wish we had not, would fail to put in an appearance when the survivors were drummed together. It might be well,

and in order, while days are set apart for various objects to devote one to the destruction of all the worthless trash in the world, but what a conflagration! The peopled nations of our neighboring planets would in wonder behold us and the vacuum no succeeding generation could fill unless it proved as prolific in "airy nothings" as our own.

It pains us to think of the emptied shelves (for the subject of books touches us very nearly);—one large library we know of, would scarcely have a whole shelf left, but there are many young minds feeding at that source, and in the formative state of character who can estimate the damage done by one pernicious page?

Some minds will ravenously devour all that comes in their way and of many a book thus devoured they will say in after years "would that I never had seen it." The Hindoos illustrate this theory of the Survival of the Fittest in its application to the human race, to challenge their customs is not what we propose to do, but we always thought they made a great mistake in carrying their theory in to execution so soon, if instead of destroying in infancy all but those that gave promise of reflecting credit on their race, they would wait awhile and educate them in the belief that if they reached years of maturity without giving evidence of something good and great they should pay the forfeit with their unprofitable lives, what a struggle for improvement there would be! And we doubt whether with the ever-to-be remembered end the mortality would be greater than at present, and certainly the result could but be gratifying. From the moral stand point we see no difference. Of course to put into execution such a decree now without previously preparing folks would depopulate the globe at any rate we are not going to advocate the adoption of any such custom as we would seriously fear not surviving.

FOOLOMETERS.

It was Professor de Morgan, we believe, who coined the word, stating at the time that they were worthy of consideration as indicating the degree of folly attainable by the human mind, and that through them the world might, from time to time, be kept informed of the point reached. He evidently alluded to them thus, at a time when they were "few and far between," and their insignificance made him fearless in his taunts; not so would he have written now when the class looms up before us so numerous and influential, because you know we must speak respectfully of numbers, and then too, by far the larger part of these have the press at their command, and are wielding a potent influence through it. They no longer occupy the stationary, subordinate place of meters, but are holding high carnival over the world. It is an ancient family since we have an account of some of its members existing just prior to the flood, strange to say the descendants do not seem to be proud of their ancestors, perhaps though it is due to the fact that not one of their number was preserved in the ark, but perished like the common herd in the great commotion. We hardly know whether to be glad or sorry that the Prince of Pandemonium has not the power to levy on his

property since if he did there would be a sudden cessation of many enterprises in this busy world of ours as the dark host tramped downward, and their absence would be so felt in every department.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Away back in the years that are gone, a rich merchant of New York, returning to his home one cold November evening, found a poor, barefooted child upon his doorstep, shivering and in tears from suffering and want. Many persons would have driven her away, but a glance at her face struck pity to his heart, and he took her into his house, warmed her by the fire, fed her at his table, and clothed her in the warm cast-off garments of his own little girl. He listened to her tale of sorrow, believed it, and with a basket of food and an old though comfortable blanket, sent her home, telling her to come to his house whenever they needed food, clothing or fuel.

It seems that the poor family struggled on as best they could, and whenever poverty pinched too bitterly the girl came to the merchant's house for the proffered charity, until her little face became quite familiar.

One day she came in great sorrow and bitter weeping. Her mother was dead, and she had no one to turn to in the bereavement of her little heart but the kind merchant. He buried the poor dead woman, and took the girl to his home until he could, from the dying directions of the mother, write to her relations, for it seems the mother had married against the will of her parents, and had been disinherited.

During her life she had preferred to remain in poverty and obscurity rather than to appeal to her relatives, but at her death pride was swallowed up in anxiety for her helpless child. The relations came and took the child away, and then her whereabouts was lost to the merchant.

Years rolled by, and misfortune overtook our man of generous heart. Death of his family and bankruptcy of his fortune left him a poor and desponding man. Many were the ways he strove to rise again, but always failed, until he finally kept a street stand, selling apples and cakes to the children. One day a runaway team overturned his stand and injured him so severely that he was taken to the hospital, and a paragraph of the accident appeared in the papers, with his name and a sketch of his life and failure.

This paragraph caught the eye of a wealthy lady living in a neighboring city. She hastened to New York and to the hospital, and stood by the bed of the poor old man. In her fine, generous face he could not recognize the little girl he once befriended. But such she was. She had been educated by wealthy relations, had married well, and lived in luxury. She had never forgotten her first benefactor, but had lost all traces of him, until, to her surprise, she saw the paragraph in the papers. And now the bread cast upon the waters had been found, after many days, gloriously multiplied, like the Saviour's loaves; and, taken to the generous home of the noble woman, he is passing his last days in peace and happiness, loved and honored as her own father, and the children even call him grandpa.—*Cape Cod Gazette.*

TRUE PRINCIPLE.

The first and highest study of life should be to cultivate an absolute and positive reverence for moral truth and power. The spirit of every high and noble work stands upon the solid foundation of truth, and no enterprise is worthy of respect and admiration unless this is the corner stone. The old adage,—that honesty is the best policy,—is not the best saying in the world. Sometimes there is counterfeit change in full circulation; there are false words and false reputation, and sometimes policy is the cause of much seeming dishonesty. Doing this or that for the sake of policy, without regard to principles of justice and honor, is a poor excuse for honesty. When one stops to think of policy instead of duty, then honesty becomes a questionable character. Joining a party or embracing a creed, just to be popular, or because some one else has done the same,—may betray a selfish and unprincipled spirit, but not rare wisdom or marvelous piety.

Right doing, for the sake of right, is the only true exercise of the mind. He is not wholly free who looks to others for the rule of right that binds his thoughts and actions. Always be true for truth's sake, and too brave to speak or act against conscience. The inclination to allow any other motive to control one's actions is a temptation to do wrong. Acting in an unprincipled way is acting a lie. The most expedient way may not always be plain; but one may follow his highest ideas of right, and that life stands highest in the scale of humanity that is most perfect and truthful. Only the sophist can say that it is hardly possible or desirable to have an honest heart and tongue. There is no real advantage to be gained from a deceitful face, or a double tongue. Double dealing seldom brings even a present and temporary reward. It is plainly written that "the lip of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment." To cunningly boast of having "come it" over others—in any way or shape, is a species of boasting that deserves a combination of pity and contempt. Discretion and perfect sincerity do not require one to turn the heart inside out to gratify the inquisitive; but good will and good sense will show what it is to be true in principle—true to self and others.—*Ex.*

THE BELLS OF THE SOUL.

A man who has a musical ear goes into a work-shop and sees lying there large quantities of material of various kinds—iron, and steel, and copper, and brass—and he says, "Let me make these available." And he takes the various kinds of metal, and puts them into a furnace, and melts them, and pours the liquid which they form into a mold, and when it is cool and brought out it is a bell. Such is the result of the combination of all these incoherent substances. And when it is struck it is musical. And he says, "I have hit it! It is perfect!"

But it is a monotone; and after some thought he says, "No; I have not reached perfection yet. There is more material here. What if I should make another bell! So he goes to work and makes a second bell. And then he makes a third, and then a fourth. And some musician says, "Hang them up in yonder tower;

er;" and they are lifted up into the tower, and, swinging there, they ring out through the air, glorious chants which call men to God's house.

The man has now not one bell, but eight bells—and they are but a few. If you have listened, in Antwerp, to the chime of bells that fill the whole atmosphere with music; if you have stood there and heard its notes as they sounded out through the frosty air of the morning, how imperfect would seem to you a chime of eight bells, as compared with the swarm of bells of which that chime is composed!

God has lifted up the spire or tower of the human soul, and has set in it some thirty bells; and they are all to be brought into accord. There are two or three that strike bass notes musically; but it is our business to bring harmony into the whole mighty collection of musical instruments that are swinging in the belfry of man's soul.

No man is perfect until all his faculties are brought into harmonious play. There is not a single thing in my watch which, being taken out, would leave it good for anything. God never put a faculty in a man which was not necessary; and if we are to be perfect, every one of our faculties must be developed and used.

ODORS IN REMEMBRANCE.

Are odors remembered! M. Littré, a French writer on psychology (the science of the mind) maintains that the impressions made on the organ of smell are not strong enough, and are too fleeting, to remain in the memory.

But there are numerous facts which show that he is mistaken at any rate with respect to the lower animals. In Switzerland, the cattle kept in winter in the valleys, and spend the summer on the lofty Alpine pastures. There the herbage is short, but very sweet, both in taste and smell, and the cows evidently remember it.

No sooner is the first faint odor of the grass, just freed from the snow, wafted down in the valleys by the breath of spring, than the cattle manifest the greatest joy, and seem to long with passionate yearning for the time when they will return to the Alps.

Dogs have been known to retain the scent of the murderers of their masters in their memory for years, and on meeting the persons again have displayed the most lively feeling of revenge.

An elephant if offered a rose and an odorless flower at the same time, will ever at a distance show a preference for the rose. Elephants take great delight in flowers and sweet perfumes, their organs of smell being provided with numerous delicate nerves. In a state of nature they find their way about in the forest, where they live more by smell than by sight.

In man, there are indications that odors to which one has been accustomed in childhood linger in the memory like a national melody, and when they return, bring back with them the most pleasant associations.

The language of the heart—the language which "comes from the heart"—is always simple, always graceful and full of power, but no art of rhetoric can teach it. It is at once the easiest and most difficult language—difficult, since it needs a heart to speak it; easy, because its periods, though rounded and full of harmony, are still unstudied.