

WHITHER!
BY CARRIE A. SPALDING.

"Whither goest thou, and whence comest thou?"—Judges 19: 17.

I come from a land of beauty,
Where skies are entrancingly fair,
Where the flowers are dressed in their regal robes,
And their perfume floats on the air.
But the blossoms whither as night dews fall,
And the drooping petals become a pall.

I come from a land of promise,
Where the rainbow is spanning the cloud,
Where the song of the skylark is cheering
The heart that is earthward bowed.
But the bright hues fade on the darkening sky,
And the strains of the music in echoes die.

I come from a land of changes,
Where nothing but death is sure,
Where the tempest follows the sun-beam,
And the meteor flashes allure;
Where the heart grows cold ere it turns into dust,
Where the moth consumes and the treasures rust.

I come from a land of trial,
Temptation and bitter strife,
Where the good that we would, we do not,
Where the conflict ends but with life,
Where the path is beset with pitfalls and snares,
Where the reaper seeks grain and only finds tares.

I come from a land of parting,
Where the loved of the early days,
With curtained eye, and with unclasped hand,
Pass helplessly from our gaze:
Where we dare not cling to the loving and fair,
Lest the black-plumed wing should be hovering there.

I go to a land of beauty,
More fair than the poets have told,
Where the waving palms and the jasper wall,
And the streets of the purest gold,
And the gates of pearl by the crystal sea,
Are but symbols dim of the glories to be.

I go to a land of promise,
Where the rainbow around the throne
Is the pledge that none of His words shall fail
Wherewith He hath gathered His own.
No broken chords in the harmony there!
No heaven-born hopes exchanged for despair.

I go to a land unclouded
By any shadowing night,
Where "they need no candle nor sun-beam,"
For our God is its changeless light.
Where the dazzling beams on our vision that fall
Are but wandering rays from the fountain of all.

I go to a land celestial,
Where God wipes away all the tears,
Where the former things have departed,
The sorrows, the pain, and the fears;
Where "beauty for ashes," and joy for our woe,
When He "makes up His jewels," His hand will bestow.

Oh, glorious, beautiful land!
Unworthy, and fettered by sin,
How dare I hope for a vision
Of all the glories within?
His promise is sure, His robe shelters me,
"Where the Master is, there the servant shall be."

FAME AND GLORY.

A millionaire who only lives in his dry-goods boxes, left behind him, his railroad stocks, and his great name, is poor indeed. As long as packages go into his mighty stores, marked with his name, as long as gloves, corsets and muslins go out with his imprint on, he will live, no longer. Vanderbilt will live in his University long after his name is forgotten in New York and along

the Central Railroad. If he had desired a grander memory among the coming generations, he could have purchased it by leaving twenty-five millions to more fully endow his college in Tennessee. Astor's name is only known to thousands through his library, and Cooper's through his Institute, and John Harvard's name would never have been remembered if he had not given his property to start a poor colonial college. Not one man in a hundred thousand would ever have heard of John Hopkins, if he had not given his millions to endow his hospital and university.

The poor starving Chatterton will be known when the Stewarts and Rothschilds shall have been forgotten a thousand years. All along the ages, the blind old Homer has been worshiped as one of the grand demi-gods of time, and poverty-stricken Socrates has been revered by millions of affectionate readers. Bryant did more to perpetuate his memory by writing *Thanatopsis*, than Astor, Stewart, and Vanderbilt could have done in a hundred lives spent in piling up millions of gold. If fame and glory are what men want, let them write for it. It matters not very much about personal character in this race for immortality. Talent tells. Byron and Poe may have committed repeated crimes, their private characters may have been as black as midnight, that has nothing to do with our estimate of their talents. We worship genius. There is something god-like in it. Teachers have an unequal chance in this race. They are never made rich from the proceeds of their labor, seldom write an immortal book, and generally only live on plain tombstones, at unvisited graves. Some pupil may become great, and in an autobiographical sketch of his life, may kindly mention his teacher, and thus pinned to the coat-tails of fame and glory, he may soar into the high regions of perennial memory. As a teacher, he has not one chance in a million of ever being remembered long after his funeral sermon is preached. If he writes a book, or makes a discovery in science, the investigator lives, but the teacher, dies. * * * His is the least, in the estimation of the world, among learned professions, and yet his work is the greatest of all.—*National Teachers' Monthly*.

FARMERS' CHILDREN.

Of the discontent which exists among the young people in regard to agricultural life, the great cause is what a writer in *Scribner's Monthly* so aptly terms the "social leanness" or social starvation of American agricultural life: The American farmer, in all his building, has never made any provisions for life. He has only considered the means of getting a living. Everything outside of this—everything relating to society and culture—has been steadily ignored. He gives the children the advantages of schools, not recognizing the fact that these very advantages call into being a new set of social wants. A bright, well educated family in a

lonely farm house is very different material from a family brought up in ignorance. An American farmer's children who have had a few terms at the neighboring academy resembled in no degree the children of the European peasant. They come home with new ideas and new wants, and if they find no opportunities for their satisfaction, they will be ready on reaching their majority, to flee the farm and seek the city.

If the American farmer wishes to keep his children near him, he must learn the difference of living and getting a living; and we mistake him and his grade of culture altogether if he does stop over this statement and wonder what we mean by it. To get a living, to make money, to become forehanded—this is the whole of life to agricultural multitudes, discouraging in their numbers to contemplate. To them there is no difference between living and getting a living; and when their families come back to them from schooling, and find that, really, this is the only pursuit that has any recognition under the parental roof, they must go away. The boys push to the centre of cities, and the girls follow them if they can. A young man or a young woman raised up to the point where they apprehend the difference between living and getting a living, can never be satisfied with the latter alone.—Either the farmer's children must be kept ignorant, or provision must be made for their social wants. Brains and hearts need food and clothing as well as bodies; and those who have learned to recognize brains and hearts as the best and most important of their personal possessions will go where they can find the ministry.

What is the remedy? How shall farmers manage to keep their children near them? How can we discourage the influx of unnecessary, nay, burdensome—population into cities? We answer: By making agricultural society attractive. Fill the farm houses with books and periodicals. Establish central reading rooms, or neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, improvement associations. Establish a bright, active and social life, that shall give some significance to labor. It is better to go a mile to one's daily labor than to place one's self a mile away from a neighbor. The isolation of American farm life is the great curse of that life, and it falls upon the women with a hardship that the men cannot appreciate, and drives the educated young away.—*Selected*.

THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

Night was upon a certain city ages ago, but the streets were brilliant, and as far as eye could reach, were to be seen the grand old walls, so wide that chariots could be driven abreast upon them; the hanging gardens, the wonder of the world; and a hundred magnificent palaces, the pride of many a king. Gradually all the gayety in and around seemed to centre about one palace, where the king and his lords

and ladies were making merry, and singing praises to the gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. Yes, they were even drinking from the holy vessels that had come out of the house of the Lord God at Jerusalem. None heeded the sounds outside the city; low, deep sounds they were as of men working in silence.

The feast was at its height, when the king started, grew pale, trembled, and pointed to the wall. Terror was on all faces. A hand was seen slowly writing words that none understood. The revelry was at an end. The wise men of the kingdom were called to read that mysterious sentence, but not even for a scarlet robe or a gold chain, or the third seat in the kingdom, could any presume to tell its meaning. At last a grand old man, who had never bowed the knee to an idol god, was brought before the king. With many a word of warning he read the sad writing. Even as he read, the enemies of the king outside had marched in a mighty army. That same night they killed the wicked king. Thus died one who had heard of God and the wonders shown his father, and yet had hardened his heart and gone on in sin. Do you know his name?

THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

Some days since, while writing in my office, my attention was directed to a small spider descending from the underside of a table in the corner of the room, where it had stationed itself unmolested. A large horse-fly, many times too large for the spider (which was very small) to manage, had by some means become disabled and lay on the floor. The spider descended to the fly, and, with some caution, began to entangle it in its web, and soon had it completely bound. The spider then ascended to the table, and soon descended again; and thus continued to ascend and descend for some time, fastening the fly more completely each time it returned. I was at a loss to know its object in binding the fly so completely to the floor. Soon, however, it ceased descending, and appeared to be busily employed at its station near the table. I could not conceive what its object was in passing about so very actively; but imagine my surprise, when, in a short time, I saw the fly leave the floor, and begin to ascend toward the table. This was soon explained. The spider had attached a number of cords to the fly, extending from the table, and by stretching each to its greatest tension, and confining the upper end, the elasticity of all the cords (some fifty or more) was combined in raising the fly. By continuing the process of tightening one cord at a time, in some fifteen or twenty minutes the fly was raised to the table, and there deposited for future use.

—An Irish lover remarks, "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer sweetheart is wid ye!"

"THE TRAMP" IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Although villenage had long died out in England, and had been suppressed even in the western countries before the latter part of Elizabeth's reign (1574) the condition of the hired laborer was such, that from a modern point of view, he could not fairly be called a free man. His employers; the landowners, passed laws which kept him in a state of half-bondage to themselves. His wages were fixed by the justice of the peace, according to price of food. If he refused to work at the rate of higher wages offered, or went out of his county in search of higher wages, he became in the eye of the law a rogue and vagabond. The laws against such were exceedingly severe. Any person for the first time found "wandering or roguing about" was to be whipped on the naked back until his body was bloody, and then sent from parish to parish straightway to the place of his birth; or, if this was not known, then to the "parish where he last dwelt for the space of a year," (49th Eliz., 1597). "Poor Tom," says Edgar, in *King Lear*, when he plays the madam, "who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, and punished, and imprisoned." In order that a vagrant might be recognized, he was to be branded on the left shoulder with the letter R, and if a second time found begging or wandering about was to be adjudged a felon and hanged (2d James I, 1604). This barbarous law, though probably not often enforced to its whole extent, was quite in keeping with the criminal legislation of the time which condemned the thief, who stole any article above ten shillings in value, to die as a felon on the gallows.—*From "King and Commonwealth; a History of Charles I and the Great Rebellion."*

—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good, and deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest part of the forehead where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

—A Spitz dog weighing five pound, contains ten tons of hydrophobia, and is almost as dangerous as treading on the toes of a red-haired woman.