

### ONLY.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall  
In a little cleft of a city wall,  
And taking root, grew bravely up,  
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.  
Only a flower—but it chanced that day  
That a burdened heart passed by that way;  
And the message that through the flower was  
sent,  
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.  
For its spake of the lilies so wondrously clad;  
And the heart that was tired grew strangely  
glad  
At the thought of a tender care over all,  
That noted even a sparrow's fall.  
Only a thought—but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;  
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold;  
And the life bore fruit—a hundred fold.  
Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,  
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;  
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more  
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."

### Deacon Jahiel.

Deacon Jahiel Braden was a solemn, industrious, upright man, but was as kind as one well could be who had lived so far apart from his fellows as he had.

In his youth he had been one of the rural dandies of the region and the chief beau of his native town, driving the fastest horses and leading off at all the village sports, whether balls, quiltings, weddings or sleigh-rides.

When about twenty-five years old, however, a sudden blight had fallen on his spirits for which no one could account.

He had danced half the night in wild glee at a wedding, played games of all sorts, helped to serve the guests from bountifully-laden tables, kissed the bride, gave her as a wedding present his best cow, with a white heart-shaped spot on her forehead, and then went home full of glee. Next morning he looked as if fifty years had been added to his age.

He now put himself to work earnestly laying out cranberry meadows and raising live stock. He withdrew from his old companions as if the sight of them burnt his eyes, unless he could help one of them; then he came out of his shell, but returned to it as soon as the emergency was over.

Some of the neighbors thought his mind affected; some said he had repented giving Matilda Day the cow he was so proud of, and others decided that he meant to turn over a new leaf, having sown all his wild oats, and become a sober, settled man. Still more were the townspeople surprised when, some months after, he joined the church, and "took up," as he said, "an orderly walk."

If the saintly old Mother Braden knew the spring of these actions she kept it to herself. When questioned she only replied in her quiet way:

"Rejoice with me that this, my son, who was lost is found; who was dead, is alive again."

Thus Jahiel moved on, cherishing and blessing his mother, and clearing and cultivating the hitherto useless land on the farm, till death left him and Ketury Perkins, his mother's life-long helper, alone in the great broad farm-house.

His brother had married, gone West, made a great flourish in some patent business and failed. He came back after this and set up a store, and failed again. Then he went back to honest farming, twenty miles away. Here he wearied for lack of the excitement of "falling" and died, leaving a very helpless family.

Jahiel Braden was a man of very few words, and was slow in uttering those few but when action was needed he was as prompt as anyone. He went to the funeral in the blue swallow tail coat, with gilt buttons and the same buff vest he had on at his last dance. They were still his best.

As soon as the funeral was over, he said to his sister-in-law:

"I fear you have nothing to live on; come to the homestead as if it were your own, and bring up your girls to be useful women. I'll send Timothy over next week with Star and Buck for your goods. I'll come in the covered wagon for you all, and if there are any bills at the store I'll pay them. I'll see to the doctor and funeral; so drop all care from your mind and try to be happy."

Jahiel Braden had grown to be a very careless man, in a certain sense of the word. Although neat and orderly in his person, in his house and on the farm he had laid aside all the restraints of society. He came to the table in his shirt-sleeves, and sometimes in his stocking-feet. He went up-town and even to church with his pants tucked in his cowhide boots.

Once he so far forgot himself as to put on a clean farm-frock on Sunday instead of Monday, laid a good coat of mutton-tallow on his boots, tucked his button-colored pants into them and in this plight, took up the collection, for by this time, he was a deacon. This was to the no small delight of the boys in the

gallery, who were always glad for some orthodox subject for laughter during the time of service.

Ketury Perkins was just as independent of the world's opinion as was her master, and she did as many odd things by way of shocking its sense of propriety as he did through absent-mindedness. She more than once presented herself at church in a clean sun-bonnet and calico sack, and enjoyed the staring of the people because she had a black silk gown, a cashmere shawl, a straw bonnet and a black lace veil at home, "as good as Miss Deacon Jones', any day!"

You may be sure she did not particularly like the idea of a lady coming to take her place, "with three citified girls full of airs." However, she was not consulted in the matter, and had too much good sense to throw herself out of a home, so she made the best of the invasion.

Deacon Jahiel had a great respect for good women, and from the hour that his brother's family came under his roof he donned his coat before coming to the table, and even went so far as to buy a pair of slippers. He threw open the long unused parlor and said to the girls, "Make yourselves at home there."

He soon found there was a great lack in his establishment, by overhearing his nieces lament the piano they had out West. He never spoke of it but engaged the minister's wife to go to town, and select one for him. The first the music-hungry children knew it was brought into the house; and still he never spoke of it. Indeed, he rarely spoke of anything at all.

The family lived on thus very happily for several years, when all at once they noticed a great change in Deacon Jahiel. He began to whistle at his work, and to sing with the girls; he bought a new carriage—Ketury described it as a "carriage like folks' carriages," he even got a violin and checker-board from the garret, and for the first time in twenty years played on them both with zeal and interest.

Passing down the main street of the village, one day, he saw a buxom girl at the window, and leaning over the fence he called out:

"Martha, I hear there is a quilting coming off before long at your house."  
"Yes, sir; the quilt is my own work—a rising sun, with a square and compass in the heart of it. Mother said if I ever got it done I should have a quilting just like those she used to have when she was young," replied the girl.

"Ain't you going to invite me, Martha?" was the next question that startled the village girl.

"Why, deacon!" she cried, looking at the hitherto grave man, to discern if he had taken leave of his senses. "You go to a young folks' quilting?"

"Certainly I will, if I'm asked," said the deacon, smiling. "Your mother can tell you how expert I used to be at chalking the line, snuffing the candles, and throwing the apple-paring, in old times."

Of course he got an invitation, and before many hours had elapsed it was noised abroad that Deacon Braden was going to dance at Mattie Borland's quilting party, and that the folks thought him going crazy.

For the first time in a quarter of a century the deacon set off for a trip to Boston, and, as Ketury said, "he came back made all over new!" From the crown of his steeple-topped hat to the sole of his tallow-soaked cowhides, he was renewed in the outer man. He had gone so far as to exchange his ponderous silver watch for a gold one. In place of the porcelain shirt-buttons with which Ketury had always adorned his cotton shirts, the deacon appeared with gold studs in a nicely-polished linen shirt bosom, gold sleeve buttons, and divers other worldly vanities, such as made a great stir in the Cedar Creek meeting-house; but it was only because he wore such clothes; others there had always dressed as well. You may be sure that the young folks stared at him as he sat thus, with Mr. and Mrs. Borland, looking on at the sports of quilting; and the question was whispered from one to another:

"What on earth has come over Deacon Jahiel?"

They soon found that the autumn sun had come out in a brighter radiance than its earlier glory, and that life's Indian summer had come for him, with bright skies, with flowers, and with the singing of birds in the heart.

One morning, soon after this, the Deacon called his sister-in-law and her daughters into the parlor, and said:

"I have a plan to lay before you; I shall need this house for myself now. You may live beside me in the stone cottage, or I will build you a little house in the village."  
"We will stay as near you as we can; but who is to take my place?" asked the widow in amazement.  
"You remember Matilda Day, the girl to whom I gave my pet cow, Dilly, on her wedding day? A few weeks ago I heard of her for the first time in many long years. Her husband was never worthy of her. He ran through her

property and his own, and then took her into the wilderness to live, away from all privileges of schools, churches and society. She buried her oldest children and was left alone and very poor, with three young boys.

"From boyhood up I had always expected to marry Matilda, but I was too slow in telling her so. The rich farmer from the next town stepped in and married the only woman I ever loved. I choked down my grief, held up my head, gave her my best cow, danced at her wedding, kissed her, and wished her much joy, and then went home with a broken heart. It was a long time before I could bear to see the sun shine after that. Life and all around me was changed, but just my mother. But God came and brought peace and life, and then I sought to do all I could for others for His sake. As time went on the wound healed, but the scar remained. I knew I was a stupid, awkward man in the esteem of others, and so I kept out of the way, except when duty called me forward. I had forgotten that the world in itself, had any charms until you came here and brought the fresh air and sunshine to these dark, dull rooms. When you brought the rose geranium in full bloom it took me back twenty-five years, when one just like it stood in Matilda's window. The songs which the girls sing are the same she sung, newly arranged and with new names.

"Not many weeks ago, I had, as you know, some dealings with Carver, the Western man, who stayed over night with us. In talking with him, I said: 'I suppose you never happened to meet with a man in your State named Watterson Blake?'"

"Certainly I have, a thousand times. Did you know him?" he asked.  
"When I told him he was almost a townsman of mine, he said:  
"Poor fellow! he made a sad wreck of bright prospects. He died poor, three years ago, and left his wife and three boys in a sad condition; but she is a jewel of a woman. Everybody loves her and all would have been glad to help her, but she had some idea of independence, which she wished to instill into the hearts of her boys. So she gave the encumbered farm over to Blake's creditors, moved into the next town and set up a school for little girls."

"Before he went away the next morning, I drew a check for a hundred dollars, and sent it to the boys 'from an old schoolmate of their mother's,' and resolved to devise some plan by which to start them in life.

"The more I thought of it the more I resolved that Matilda Day would make the world new for me yet; and I wrote and told her so.

Next month I am going West to bring her and the boys home. I want you to stay with us till you get a home of your own. I can never be thankful enough for your coming to me. It has broken the dreadful spell that bound me, and brought me back to live among others; before I only worked for them at arm's-length. Now that I love all the world more, my life will henceforth be of more service."

The old stone cottage was repaired and furnished before Deacon Jahiel set off on his momentous journey; and the widow and her daughters, now nearly grown up, were rejoicing in the prospect of a new neighbor and friend.

Matilda Blake, although a mature woman of almost forty-four years, brought back more sunshine than she had taken away from her native place a quarter of a century before. Her anxieties and sorrows had softened and brightened the natural loveliness of her character, and made her a blessing, not only to the farm, but also to the church and town.

Indian summer had indeed come to the deacon's hitherto clouded life, and his heart and his house were open afresh to the whole world. He looked henceforth more leniently on the follies of the young and more charitably on the errors of those who had wandered from the right way. His voice, his features, gait—indeed, the whole man—were changed from a solemn, unsmiling bachelor, as he used to be regarded, to a genial husband, father and friend.

There is nothing like a solitary life to fix a perpetual winter in the heart. There is nothing like a companionship with the good and true who need aid and sympathy, to bring back summer—though it may be an Indian summer—to the heart.

### Aphorisms of John Bright.

In a speech delivered by the Right Hon. John Bright, before the "Rochdale Workingmen's Club and Chamber of Industry," at Rochdale, on January 2, he gave utterance to the following words of wisdom:

"Whatever is good we owe a great deal of it to those among whom we associate."

"Public opinion has put down dueling."

"It would be better if nobly drank or got drunk."

"I am not in favor of a law which shall say that no man shall partake of intoxicating drink."

"There is a good deal of patronizing still practiced when men address the laboring classes."

"Mr. Ruskin is a great critic, who has said many things worth being remembered and many things that ought to be forgotten."

"Many people think that because other countries don't allow us to send our goods free into their markets we should not allow them to send their goods free into ours; that two bad things are better than one. They remind me of a man who, having had one box on the ear, complained that no

### A Floridian Island.

Following southward this chain of natural coast-defenses, we reach, at Amelia Island, the northeastern corner of Florida. This, though not so set down in our geographies, is undoubtedly one of the "Fortunate Isles." Nature having here manifested unwonted prodigality in the bestowal of her benefits; and a combination of favoring conditions—topographical, hydrographical, and climatic—sets it apart as one of the great centres of population, wealth, and civilization. Here man is invited to build a great island-city—a semi-tropical New York, embowered in orange-groves, over-topped by date-palms, with broad streets and park-like open squares, shaded by evergreen oaks and magnolias; and gardens, the gorgeously of whose tropical flowers should be mellowed by the sheltering broad leaves of the banana and the linear foliage of the tall and graceful bamboo; and to stretch out beyond it and across the river into the neighboring mainland a checkered expanse of orange and lemon groves, orchards, fruit-gardens, and market-farms.

Evidently man has hitherto failed to understand this invitation aright. The Spaniards, who were shrewd people in such matters, it is true, seemed to appreciate the advantages of the island; for they made a settlement here at a very early period. "Old Town," a cluster of odd looking houses on a bluff near its northern end, still keeps alive the memory of the swarthy Celtiberians whose names one may read on the moss-grown and brier-wreathed crosses in the ancient cemetery; but only the nucleus of the great city of the future exists in the pretty little town of Fernandina, with its three thousand inhabitants and its moderate business as a shipping-port. In place of the orange-groves, olive orchards, vineyards, and market-farms, which are to be, there stretches a waste of "palmetto-scrub," pine-barns, and jungle-like "hammocks," to southern end of the island. The deer and the raccoon are hunted where millions of dollars' worth of fruit and vegetables ought to be growing. The indications of Nature are unmistakable nevertheless.

A long, narrow strip of land, stretching from Cumberland Sound on the north to Nassau Sound on the south, a distance of fifteen miles or more, and having a width of from half a mile to a mile and a half; the Atlantic Ocean, threaded near the shore by the steaming current of the Gulf Stream; on the east, a broad estuary (Amelia River); on the west, a belt of dense evergreen forest, backing the coast sand-hills to break the force of occasional gales from the eastward—these are some of the local causes of the exceptional climate of Amelia Island. In summer, the constant southeastern trade-winds give a delightful coolness to the air, while the surrounding tepid ocean-tides moderate the cold of winter, and render killing frosts almost unknown, as the ripening of the banana and the guava in the gardens of Fernandina clearly proves. In fact, the frosts are slighter and less frequent here than at places in the interior more than a hundred miles farther south. Add to this the fact that there are no swamps or ponds of stagnant fresh water on the island, and therefore no malaria or malarial fevers, and I need not further enlarge upon its climatic advantages.

The roar of the breakers, mellowed into a slumberous murmur by distance, reminds me of the beach—the pride of the Fernandinians—which is one of the finest on the whole coast, extending in an unbroken line the entire length of the island, and being as smooth and hard as old Ocean's rollers can make the shining, shell-strewed sand.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The difficulty of obtaining coal at greater depths than those now reached is more formidable than is commonly supposed. It is well known that at a depth of fifty feet below the surface of the earth English geologists mark a zone of equable temperature, the thermometer there showing fifty degrees. Observation shows, too, that this temperature increases at the uniform rate of one degree for every fifty-five feet; so that at the depth of 1,700 feet the temperature is about seventy-eight degrees. One mine in England, 1,640 feet deep, is, it is said, already worked to great disadvantage, owing to the inability of the miners to endure the steady heat. In the colliery the shaft is 2,376 feet deep, and the temperature is ninety-eight degrees, or blood heat, and there prolonged labor is impossible. The limit of profitable mining, therefore, is believed to be about 1,700 feet, and at 1,000 additional feet mining is impracticable. At the depth of 4,000 feet the temperature would, according to this, be not less than 122 degrees, and at 10,000 feet it would be at the boiling point, if not higher.

### The Walrus.

A question has arisen among whalemasters as to the possible early extermination of the walrus. Probably not less than fifty thousand walrus, with their young, were last year killed and destroyed by our Arctic whalers. Since the whale has been driven north, the walrus has become the main reliance of the natives for their food, clothing, boots, and dwellings; as he has also become to others the chief object of commercial attention. At the present rate he must soon be exterminated, or like the whale driven almost out of reach. The question, therefore, is: Shall the whalemasters keep on taking the walrus, and eventually starve and depopulate these Arctic shores? To provide against the extinction of the seal, of which about 500,000 were captured last year, the Legislature of Newfoundland has passed a law forbidding vessels in that trade to leave port before the 12th of March, that being the average date of the parturition of the seals. The young ones come to maturity in a marvellously brief period. Thus two advantages are gained; the old seal are not slain as heretofore, with their young unborn, and the young ones, unfit to be taken, are left for another year.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money, for the purpose of circulation.—*Colton.*

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Let another's shipwreck be your sear-mark.

Goodness is love in action.—*J. Hamilton.*

A wise man makes more opportunities.

The iron horse has but one ear—the engineer.

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—*Bible.*

To be borrowed without giving security is trouble.

Difficult punctuation—putting a stop to a gossip's tongue.

A strenuous soul hates cheap successes.—*Emerson.*

A blow from a frying pan, though it may not hurt, sullies.

The wife makes the home and the home makes the man.

Perfect scheming demands omniscience.—*George Eliot.*

A flood of thought is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us.—*Emerson.*

SOLITARIES are well enough in diamonds, when it comes to pancakes man reaches for clusters.

Against specious appearances we must set clear convictions, bright and ready for use. When death appears an evil, we ought immediately to remember that evils are things to be avoided, but death is inevitable.—*Epicurus.*

In many lives there is much not only of error and lapse, but of a certain exquisite goodness, which can never be written or even spoken, only divined by each of us according to the inward instruction of our own privacy.

Poetry is the flour of literature—praise is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple dumplings.

Any one who is much talked of, must be much maligned. This seems to be a harsh conclusion; but when you consider how much more given men are to depreciate than to appreciate, you will acknowledge that there is some truth in the saying.—*Helps.*

Man's love to his God is like the changing sand; His is like the solid rock. Man's love is like the passing meteor with its fitful gleam, His is like the fixed stars, shining far above, clear and serene, from age to age in their own changeless firmament.

The man who will stab at another's reputation by insinuation and innuendo is far worse than a thief. Property may be replaced, but character, once lost, is all but irredeemable, and, as a great writer has said, a word is enough to ruin a man.

Simplicity of purpose begets simplicity of life. This is manifested not in one way merely, but in every way. There is no double dealing in business. There is no praying for the salvation of souls, and then, for the sake of making money, helping them down to hell in the ordinary vocations of life.

Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately, knowing that the more they are made of the longer they will remain; and for pleasures, because they stay not, and do not call to drink at my door, I will use them as passengers with slight respect. He is his own best friend that makes the least of both of them.—*Bishop Hall.*

Two objections have at last been raised unfavorable to cremation. One the cost, as furnaces to be worked at the economical figures given by the friends of cremation, must be used often. Second, the fact that many persons would perish, who, being supposed to be dead, are merely in a trance or swoon, and who ultimately recover.

Sea weed can be utilized by being made into a kind of leather. The sea weed is pressed between sheets of carded wadding, on hot, polished metal plates, and dried quickly. A coating of linseed oil is given, and afterward a thin coat of wax, and final pressure between the hot plates, when it will be ready for use.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which existed a thousand years before Christ, were the marvels of those days. Quintus Curtius speaks of them as "fabulous wonders of the Greeks." They were four acres in extent, and raised after the fashion of terraces, supported by lofty pillars, across which rested stone supporting the earth and fountains.

Every true hero grows by patience. People who have always been prosperous are seldom the most worthy, and never the most strong. He who has not been compelled to suffer, has probably not begun to learn how to be magnanimous; as it is only by patience and fortitude that we can know what it is to overcome evils, or feel the great pleasure of forgiving them.

Amidst the narrowness of our views, the stubbornness of our tempers, and the unaccountable fluctuations of our supposed by actual interests, opposition is something eventually serviceable to the cause which it meant to injure. A keener and a wider curiosity is excited. The motives of men become better known as they are more suspected; and the reproaches of enemies, when refuted, are a surer proof of our merit than the panegyrics of friends.

Labor is life; for the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred, celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart it awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, self-knowledge, and much else, as soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says yea-yea; that, properly, thou hast no other knowledge but that thou hast got by working.—*Thomas Carlyle.*