

Poetry.

The following poem was awarded the prize of \$100 lately offered by the proprietors of the "Health and Home."

The Kingdom of Rome.

Dark is the night, and dim the dawn;
Rushed the wind like the waves of the sea;
Little care I, as hege I sing cheerily,

Whether than later with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;

The Family.

PARENTS.

Fashionable Mothers.

Fashionable mothers, what are you doing to make the world better and happier—to elevate, purify, and sanctify? How are you training your sons and your daughters? On Gospel principles, to habits of industry, economy, purity, and sobriety; and is your influence, for good or evil, on the side of virtue or of vice?

Who ever knew a great and good man, or a great and good woman, reared under the tuition of a fashionable mother? Whence our Moseses, Miriams, Samuels, John the Baptists, our Timothies, Wesleys, Doddridges, the John Newtons, the Washingtons—whence are they—who trained them—moulded their infantile years—fashionable mothers? Not one!

Read the biographies of all our great and good men and women, from early time to the present—not one of them had a fashionable mother. They all sprang from plain, strong-minded women, who had as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

A pious mother, then, is the greatest of all earthly blessings. The influence she exerts is the most excellent known on earth. Children brought up by a godly mother—who doubts her duty and does it—who doubts their salvation? She makes the earliest, the deepest, and the most lasting impressions on their hearts.

In their minds, religion is associated with all that is kind, winning, and pleasant in home-life. They grow up in reverence for the Bible, the Sabbath, the house of God, and the ministers of Christ. They do not remember when they first heard the name of Jesus, or bowed their knees in prayer, or listened the praises of God. They are instructed to hate and shun vice, and the seductions to it, and to admire and practice virtue.

Having been trained up in the way they should go, when they become old they will not depart from it. How great is their responsibility! God has committed to them the salvation of their offspring. To secure the faithful discharge of the trust, He has implanted in the maternal heart an affection which no toil, care, or sacrifice can exhaust. No mother, who studies her responsibility or the interests of her children, can consent to be without the sustaining and guiding influence of Divine grace.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the law of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away.

Dashing ladies, whose mission it is to set the fashions, will you not look in upon your gentle sister as she sits in her well-ordered nursery, making the children happy with her presence? Note how she adjusts their little difficulties, and admonishes, encourages, instructs and amuses, as the case may require. Do you think any nursemaid could produce such harmony in that little circle? Is she not an enchantress? Verily, yes, and her charm is "love stronger than death" for those sweet young faces, where you may see her smiles and frowns (though she seldom has occasion to frown) reflected in glee and sorrow like sunlight and cloud-shadow in a quiet pool. What she is, she will teach her daughters to be; and blessed are the sons that have such a mother.

CHILDREN.

Children in Family Worship.

We were all assembled for prayers in the evening. Even little Edith was there, although during the reading of the chapter she was busy nestling herself on the lounge for a nap. When the reading was concluded, her father, looking that way, and no doubt perceiving her intention, said—

"Edie, don't you want to sing 'There is a Happy Land'?"

In an instant she sat upright, and the dear blue eyes were wide open as she answered—

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, you must sit up and help us."

But without waiting for mamma to start it, she began singing; her little childish voice leaping along in word to word until the whole of the beautiful hymn was sung. As these sweet words left her lips—

"Bright is that happy land,  
Beams every eye,"

it seemed as though her little eyes fairly danced and sparkled with delight. Mamma turned to look, thinking, no doubt, there must be an added lustre. The round, rosy face turned itself up to her, to meet the loving glance; but the brave, true voice never faltered. O, how the child loves to sing! And how pleased she is when papa selects something she knows as "Happy Land," or "Little Travellers Zionward," something that she can understand, and feel it was written just for little folks like her.

The little ones in the household are overlooked too much in this respect. If they could feel these are indeed family prayers, they would prepare their little hearts to enjoy them—just as they do by looking forward with pleasure from week to week to their dear Sunday school where the lesson, the pictures, stories, and even the sweet, precious hymns are all their own.

Miscellaneous.

Around the World.

NUMBER ONE.

"Eusebius," Dr. E. D. G. Prime, one of the writers of the New York Observer, has just started out on a trip round the world. He has gone by way of San Francisco via the Pacific Railroad. It occurs to us that it will be an interesting trip. It is no very new thing to go round the world, but to go in the direction in which he has gone, from East to West, is a new thing. "Eusebius" is, too, an intelligent and well-informed traveler, and will see many things worthy of the attention of intelligent people, and will tell about those things in an interesting way. We propose ourselves to accompany him, and we have an idea of asking our readers to go along with us.

What do you say? What is the world? Notice, the beauty of the thing is, that you can accompany "Eusebius" and his party, and stay at home at the same time. Who will undertake it?

Plainly, we propose to take from the Observer the letters of "Eusebius," written on the trip, and insert them in the Lutheran Visitor. Would you like to read them? Here is No. 1.

LARAMIE CITY, Aug. 7, 1869.

Here we are, in one of those cities of the American wilderness, which have sprung up full grown, by the magic power of the Pacific Railroad. We left New York only on Tuesday morning, and this (Saturday) morning, we are more than 2,000 miles distant, one-twelfth of the way round the world in four days. We do not expect to travel all the way

at the same rate, and here we pause to spend the Sabbath, in a city that had no existence a year ago and now has 2,000 inhabitants.

We reached Chicago the second evening after leaving New York, a thousand miles in thirty-six hours. Passing the night at the Sherman House, we repaired next morning to the depot of the Northwestern Railroad, where we found one of the splendid Pullman Palace cars appropriated by Mr. Pullman and Mr. Angell to the exclusive use of our party, a compliment which I had not anticipated, although I had telegraphed in advance to secure places. I had heard much of these traveling palaces, without having seen one, and I had inferred that there was quite as much of glitter and show about them as of solid comfort, but having traveled thus far with almost as much freedom from fatigue as we should have had in our own rooms at home, I do not hesitate to say that they are the greatest improvement in the convenience and comfort of travel since the invention of railroads. The car appropriated to us, the "Promontory," is a perfect mate to the "Wabash," which created such a sensation in New York last week. Although costing \$17,500, (the single car) this great expense is far more apparent in the appliances for comfort and safety, than in the elegant fitting up; in all of which no expense whatever is spared, and nothing seems wanting. I shall have more to say of these arrangements, in communicating some hints for the benefit of travelers from ocean to ocean, when I reach the Pacific.

The Secretary of the Pullman Palace Car Company, Mr. Charles W. Angell, of Chicago, in whom I found an old friend, accompanied us as far as Omaha, some 500 miles on our way, communicating much valuable information to aid us in our journey, and adding greatly to the pleasure of the day by his society. In the evening we had a grand illumination of the car, and at its close counted this as a new holiday in our lives.

The grandeur of this Western World did not fully open upon us until we had crossed the Missouri River. The extensive prairies of Illinois through which we passed on the Northwestern Railway, were not so rich and beautiful in their summer attire as I had seen them in previous years, and when we crossed the Mississippi and came into the more magnificent and fertile corn and wheat fields of Iowa, stretching along the railroad on either side, literally for hundreds of miles, we gazed upon them by the hour, with constantly expanding ideas of this immense granary of the country. But it was not until we left Omaha and struck out into the vast plain, through which the Pacific Railroad runs more than five hundred miles without a cut or an embankment of six feet in depth, that we realized the immensity of this "great country," and the almost limitless extent of its fertile acres. As we left the western bank of the Missouri and moved out with the speed of the locomotive into this wide tract, hundreds of miles of which are as level as the ocean in a calm, it seemed very much like putting out to sea, and all the more so for the arrangements of our sleeping cars, which were quite equal to the state rooms on steamers. On and on we sped from morning until night, beholding on both sides the signs of cultivation, which became more scattering until we were overtaken by night. I could not attempt to write down the emotions which this far-stretching scene of grandeur awakened as I looked out upon it and then looked forward to the nearly two thousand miles that still lay beyond.

The country for some distance west of Omaha is beautifully diversified with sparsely wooded hills on each side of the track, but we soon strike the valley or prairies of the Platte River, long the great highway of the emigrant trains to the Pacific coast. The route is still marked by the ashes of camp fires and the bones of animals that perished by the way. At North Bend, on the Platte, we spoke a train from San Francisco. As we approached the station where we met, there was as much excitement on board our train as there is on meeting a vessel out on the broad ocean. I got out the Stars and Stripes which I had brought with me for our protection and for dear remembrance in foreign lands, and on displaying them from our car a party came on board to learn who we were and where we were bound. When they heard that we were bound for New York, but in the opposite direction, they returned to their train and set up three hearty cheers for the old flag and for the party bound around the world, and amid the answering cheers the trains moved off and we were soon lost to each other in the distance.

When friendship is to be valued—value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

by a division and reunion of the waters of the Platte, about 150 miles west of Omaha, I went out on the engine to examine the road to better advantage, and also to get a better view of the country through which we were passing. For about a mile we had a stern chase with several of the horses which were roaming upon the prairie, and which were determined to keep possession of the railroad track. The shrill whistle, constantly blown, kept them at the top of their speed, until at length, wearied of the race, they left the track, and oh, and on, and on, we sped, as on the wings of the wind. The engineer hauled up at a station, and taking out his watch, turned to me and said, "One hour and five minutes." On my asking how many miles we had run, he said, "Forty." And yet, notwithstanding this great speed, I sat upon the engine with as much ease as in the Pullman car; while, on the Northwestern, the day before, the engineer had directed me to brace my feet and hold fast to the side. This will give a true idea of the smoothness and solidity of this portion of the track of the Pacific road. For 500 miles from Omaha the road is as smooth as any other which I ever traveled, and as far as I have been, it has exceeded my expectations, and left out of sight and sound the alarming stories I had heard before starting.

At Plum Creek, 230 miles from Omaha, we found a troop of 150 soldiers stationed to guard the road and the region against the Indians. As we were detained by a heated axle, I called upon the commanding officer in his tent near by, and received the pleasing intelligence that the Indians had crossed the track four miles below a few nights before. Of course I communicated to the rest of the party, and particularly the ladies, the interesting fact on returning to the cars, and as none of them had any extra hair that they wished to lose, I got out my Eagle Arms revolver, considered a sure protection, and lest some one should be hurt I took the precaution not to load the dangerous weapon, (as I shall probably do on all similar occasions,) and slept on my arms in conscious security. No hostile Indians made their appearance that night.

The morning broke upon us about 423 miles west from Omaha. The country was beginning to look more desolate, more like the great American desert, although covered with partially dried grass and flowers. On either side of the road rolling hills appeared, to which the antelopes, that we sawred up in great numbers, occasionally pausing to examine the cars and then bound off with the fleetness of the wind. They were often within good rifle shot. Whole counties of prairie dog villages skirted the road, the curious little animals sitting bolt upright on their haunches like statues or idols, on the tops of their houses, or scampering away as we passed their towns.

The Rocky Mountains, with their snowy peaks and blue sides, have in sight before we reached Cheyenne, where we began the ascent of the Black Hills. On leaving home we had arranged to stop over the Sabbath at Cheyenne, the largest town created by the Pacific Road; but, before reaching it, we had decided to go on to Laramie, on account of its elevation and location, being in full view of the range of the Rocky Mountains. After we had breakfasted at Cheyenne, (and a capital breakfast it was—antelope steak, a great delicacy, being one of its features,) I asked one of the oldest inhabitants, an intelligent-looking youth, what was the population of the town, which is less than two years old. He said it had been 12,000, but so many had been shot and hung and killed that it now numbered only 4,000. This was the precise form of his answer, and we congratulated ourselves that we had decided to stop at Laramie instead of Cheyenne.

The Black Hills are very peculiar, being strewn with vast masses of rock, which rise out of the green sward in all sorts of fantastic shapes—monuments, castles, cities, colossal statues, &c. Sherman, on the summit, if a gradually rising plateau can be called a summit, is the highest station on the road between the oceans, being 8,264 feet above the sea. Even at this elevation, my thermometer, at 10 A. M., stood at 74 in the breeze of the open car. This is the station at which some newspaper correspondent has said it freezes every night in the year, which is just as true of New York as it is of Sherman. From this point we came on 20 miles farther to Laramie, and here I close for to-day.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

House and Farm.

The vicissitudes to which the agriculturist is subjected are so numerous that they are apt to complain and look upon the "dark side," in spite of the aggregate success which they have achieved. We knew an accomplished but eccentric gentleman, who, being a lawyer, and, as he headed flippantly, an infidel besides, was very fond of amusing himself over the real and imaginary sorrows of his fellow-citizens engaged in agriculture. One day, on the courthouse steps of —, an old planter, who was noted for his zealous piety, was complaining of the season, of the prospects of his crop, and prophesying that the people would come to ruin; and noticing our "infidel friend" staring at him, he inquired, "Colonel H—, how's your crop?"

The pious planter was taken aback. He knew the colonel was a professed scoffer and infidel, and after recovering from his astonishment, he said: "What do you mean by being too religious to plant even a potato?" "Why, this," said the colonel, affecting to be very serious, "at present I plant nothing, and as a result, I never have any occasion to complain of the variability of the seasons, or rail, as you do, sir, against the wise administration of the workings of Providence. But if I plant a single potato, it would change my moral existence and imperil my personal happiness. If it were raining I should be miserable, because the rain might injure my potato; if it were sunny or bright, I should be unhappy, lest a drought might follow and destroy my potato. If it were cold and bracing, I should be feverish with indignation, lest my potato would be frost-bitten. If it were intensely hot, I should smother with an extra fever lest my potato would burn up. No, sir," continued the colonel, "I am too religious by nature to imperil my soul, if I have got any, by being a miserable agriculturist."—Leslie's Illustrated News.

The Arabs illustrated their estimate of the different colors of horses by the following story—"A chief of a tribe was once pursued by his enemies. He said to his son: 'My son, drop to the rear, and tell me the color of the horses of our foe, and may Allah burn his grandfather!' 'White,' was the answer. 'Then we will go south,' said the chief, 'for in the vast plains of the desert the wind of a white horse will not stand in a protracted chase.' Again the chief said: 'My son, what colored horses pursue us?' 'Black, oh my father!' 'Then we will go among the stones and on rocky ground, for the feet of the black horse are not strong.' A third time the young Arab was sent to the rear, and reported chestnut horses. 'Then,' said the chief, 'we are lost. Who but Allah can deliver us from the chestnut horse? Dun, or cream-colored horses, the Arabs consider worthless, and fit only for Jews to ride.'

What Makes a Bushel?—Last year we published this convenient and useful table; but, as some of our readers failed to preserve it, we re-publish it now at their request. It is well worth saving for reference:

- Wheat, sixty pounds.
Corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds.
Rye, fifty-three pounds.
Oats, thirty-two pounds.
Barley, forty-six pounds.
Buckwheat, fifty-six pounds.
Irish potatoes, sixty pounds.
Sweet potatoes, sixty pounds.
Onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Beans, sixty pounds.
Bran, twenty pounds.
Clover seed, sixty pounds.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Hemp seed, forty-five pounds.
Blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

Line Marking.—The marking of linen is a very useful if not ornamental exercise in the art of calligraphy; and M. Kulir, a German chemist, has propounded a new method for the process. He first saturates the linen with a solution of one part of hypophosphite of soda and two of gum in sixteen parts of distilled water. The linen is then ironed, and when dry, can be written upon with a quill pen charged with a solution of one part of nitrate of silver and six of gum, in six parts of distilled water.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

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