

Poetry.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

Drifting.

BY M. C. S.

Not on the swiftly gliding stream, The boatman drops his oar, Nor folds his hands to idly dream, Of you drifting shore.

The current's smooth and rapid flow, Lulls not the rising fear, As deepening murmurs from below, Warn him of danger near.

Yet undismayed—he knows the strength That good right arm can wield, And gains the sweetest rest at length, The shaded banks can yield.

But there's a stream—or clear or dark, Yet ever swift its glide, Where many a precious freighted bark, Is drifting with the tide.

The stream of life—thy boat and mine, Are launched upon its wave; Beyond the shores celestial shine, Beneath—alas! the grave.

And o'er this broad enchanted stream Extends a Lutheran wand, And sense is lulled, and endless dream, Of peace and rest beyond.

What though the arrowy waters lave, The floating vessel's side? 'Tis only he who breathes the wave, That knows how swift its glide.

And not alone in carnal ease, With arms 'neath the breast, The dreamer seizes the ocean's sea, Or mounts the billow's crest.

There may be care and toil and strife, For pleasure, wealth or fame, Yet dream or toil, the stream of life Drifts downward still the same.

Or spirit winging fancy's flight, Or dazed in carnal mood, Or hands that breathe the flow'rets bright, Or hear the shining flood.

Not busy hands nor scheming brain, The drifting craft can save, Who would the shores celestial gain, Must battle with the wave.

it. But the people would not listen, and took up stones to stone these good men to death. "How could they act so, mother, when they had the pillar of cloud and fire before them, and knew that if God had divided the sea for them that he could also help them to fight?"

"It was their unbelief and hardness of heart that made them do so, my dear. Suddenly the glory of the Lord came forward to the door of the tabernacle, and appeared in full view of the congregation, and a voice spoke and said to Moses, 'How long shall I bear with this unbelieving people? I will smite them with the pestilence and destroy them at once.' Moses began to intercede for the people, and to beg the Lord to spare them, and told God that the heathen nations would greatly rejoice if they should hear of such an event, and would say that God was not able to take care of so large an assembly, and therefore he killed them."

"Did the Lord listen to Moses, mother, and spare the people?" said George. "Yes; he said, 'I will forgive them, but none of all these men who have seen the miracles I have performed for them, and have tempted me so long by their wickedness, shall ever see the beautiful land that now lies before them. Only Caleb and Joshua, the two who wanted the people to go forward and do right, they alone of all this multitude, that are over twenty years of age, shall ever see Canaan again. Your children shall grow up and possess the land, but not until forty years have passed away. All of the rest shall wander about, from place to place, in the wilderness, and shall die there.' As for the ten men who brought a false report about the land, and persuaded the people not to go into it, the Lord sent the plague upon them, and they died right away. Moses told the people just what God said, and they were then very sorry that they had behaved so badly, and in the morning they came to him, and said, 'Let us go now into the promised land. We are now all willing to go and fight those giants, and other heathen nations.' Moses said, 'You can not go now. The Lord will not go with you. When he desired you to go you refused, now he says you can not go.' In spite of this warning they presumed to go without Moses and the Lord, and the nations which lived upon the hills came down upon them and killed a vast number of them, so that they were glad to retreat back to the camp of Moses. Then they had to commence again their journeys into the desert of Arabia, and in the wilderness of Zin they encamped first. During the forty years Aaron and Miriam died, and all those who were over twenty years old, and they never returned to the land of Canaan, as God had said. At the end of forty years, Moses, Caleb and Joshua, with the children of the former host of Israel, who had then grown up to manhood, returned to the borders of Palestine, and there Moses died. God took him up on the summit of Mt. Nebo, and let him view the beautiful land."

"Could he see it all from there, mother?" "I think God performed a miracle there, and showed the land to him, not only as it then lay, but as it would be in the future, when all the heathen nations should be driven out and the hosts of Israel established there. He also undoubtedly gave to Moses a greater degree of eyesight than we now possess; for travelers who have ascended to Mount Nebo can not see the whole of the land, as the Bible says that Moses saw it. I think that prophetically, Moses' vision looked far into the future, and saw even the temple at Jerusalem, and the splendor that should arise during the reign of king Solomon. At all events, we know that God told him the sight of it should satisfy him, and when Moses died God sent his angels to bury him in a beautiful valley, and no one knows of his tomb to the present day."

"How old was Moses, mother, when he died?" "He was one hundred and twenty years old, and died upon his birthday."

"Why didn't God let him go into the promised land too, mother?" "Because, during the forty years' wanderings in the desert, once, when Moses was ordered to perform a miracle, and bring water out of a rock for the people to drink, he forgot himself, and became angry, and did not give the honor of the miracle to God, but appropriated it to himself and Aaron. For that trifling sin, as we would think it to be, God said, 'Moses, you can not go into Canaan.'"

the pleasure of leading the host of Israel over Jordan into Palestine. He bade the tribes a long farewell, gave them a solemn blessing, and alone left the camp, and at evening ascended the lonely mountain of Nebo. That night his soul was with God."

"Who took charge of the Hebrews then, mother?" "Joshua was made their leader by Moses before he went up to the mountain, and he led them over Jordan into Palestine. The Bible says that 'there never afterwards arose a prophet like Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face.' His character has descended, through all these long centuries, to us, as the meekest man that ever lived."

Miscellaneous. The Overwork Fallacy. The complaint of overwork, when it has some genuine foundation, is generally founded upon a misconception. There is undoubtedly a very real and not uncommon evil which is described under this name. Two men of equal strength may be doing the same amount of actual work, and yet the one may be killing himself, whilst the other finds his duties mere child's play. The reason is, of course, that one man's work is productive of anxiety, whilst the other's may be merely soothing. A speculator may spend a very few hours in anything that can be called business, but the difficulty is that he can not leave his business behind him. Anxiety about money is the most deadly of all troubles. When a man commits suicide, it is far less reasonable, according to the old proverb, to ask, 'Who is she?' than to ask, 'How much is it?' Business which keeps a man in a constant oscillation between ruin and a fortune, which follows him home and prevents him from sleeping, is incomparably more trying than almost any quantity of downright steady work. The Stock Exchange at New York must fill lunatic asylums more quickly than all the most laborious Universities in Germany, England, and America. A professor may labor at the collation of manuscripts, or even at the search for the Absolute, for fifteen hours a day, and be all the better for it; a third of the time spent in studying the ups and downs of Erie Railroad shares, and staking money on the result, would qualify him for a strait-waistcoat or a halter in a year. As, however, speculation has a comparatively disreputable sound, the evils which it produces are very frequently placed to the account of its more respectable rival, straightforward industry. We choose, in one form or another, to spend a great part of our time at the gaming tables which exist in an infinite variety of forms in every capital in the world, and then complacently complain that we have injured ourselves by over application to our duties.

As a rule, therefore, we should say that the complaints of overwork are amongst the most flimsy of all the excuses set up by men for the evils which they bring upon themselves. Very few people really work hard; and when they do, it generally agrees with them. Directly or indirectly, idleness does fifty times as much mischief, for the best cure for the love of excitement is steady application. A vast amount of good pity is thrown away in the world; and, instead of solemnly warning our friends not to do too much, we should find it simpler to refuse the indirect compliment for which they are maneuvering, and advise them to relax their minds by a little strenuous activity. When the danger really exists it may generally be remedied rather by redistributing the burden than by diminishing it. A very slight physical exertion may injure a man for life, if only he undertakes it in the wrong way. Try to lift a thousand pounds weight by a sudden jerk, and you may probably break a blood-vessel. Divide the weight into ten portions, and lift each calmly by itself, and the exercise may do you good. Run a mile after a hearty meal, and you may be injured for life; walk ten miles a day, and you may materially improve your health. The same principle is applicable to intellectual labor. To lay down any general rules is impossible, because constitutions vary infinitely. One man requires twice as much sleep as another; one man can do work before breakfast when another finds it answers better to sit up at night, and so on. A few practical rules will be learnt by practice. The *Lancet*, for example, in a sensible paper on the subject, remarks upon the importance for men who work at night of having a white, powerful, and steady light concentrated upon their papers; flickering and diffused light being one of the most serious causes of brain irritation. Good food, with a moderate supply of stimulants, and a final pipe before turning into bed, is a comfortable recommendation.

tion of the same authority, whilst, of course, excess in tobacco and alcohol is a constant cause of the incapacity for sleep which is often complacently attributed to overwork. The rule is, in short, that a man should take care that he gets good sleep and keeps his digestion in order. A little unprejudiced observation of his own symptoms will teach a man of ordinary sense how to keep himself in health; and, by a judicious arrangement of his time and habits, he will find that he can do as much work with perfect impunity as will serve him, if he so pleases, with an admirable excuse for committing suicide and becoming a text for leading articles. It is not overwork that should be denounced, but the bad habits for which work is made to serve as an excuse. Eat too much, drink too much, smoke too much, and do everything in a hurry and at the wrong time, and five hours a day may send you to an early grave. Show a little common sense, and without injuring your health you may be as volucinous an author as Voltaire, or do as much legal or official work as the most industrious minister or barrister of the day, and see your children's children, and laugh at the degeneracy of the rising generation in the twentieth century. —Saturday Review.

Velocity of Sound. Regarding the velocity with which sounds, as of the implements used in mining, are transmitted through the solid blocks of coal on which the miners work, it is calculated to be between six and seven times the velocity in air, or about 7,000 feet per second. In connection with this, a curious fact is noticed. If the ear is placed against the wall of a gallery in the mine, twenty or thirty yards from a miner at work, the listener will hear two distinct sounds for every blow of the collier's pick—the first being transmitted through the coal, the second more slowly through the air. It is almost impossible not to believe that there are two men at work, instead of one. A legend prevalent in certain mines seems to be explained by this simple natural phenomenon. The story is told by certain colliers who always worked alone, yet did more work than their fellows, because each had a diabolical assistant, who was never seen, but whose tools could be heard on the rock wherever his mortal partner was at labor.

The Apiary. For the Lutheran Visitor. The Bee. The eternal wisdom, goodness, and power of the Godhead are declared in revelation, and clearly and beautifully set forth in nature. In both should man enquire after God, and he who fails to study the Creator in his works, closes his mind to one grand means of divine communion. The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament showeth his handiwork. The Creator set his seal of infinity on all his works; and he who carefully studies the wonderful gifts and habits of God's little creatures will find much to call forth praise and adoration. In none of these has God displayed himself more clearly than in the Honey Bee. We propose to point out to the readers of this paper some of the interesting peculiarities which distinguish the Honey Bee.

and in sixteen days they will have a new queen, which proves that queens are after all made of no other material than commoners. The only difference is this, the queen is brought up in a royal cell, chamber or palace, the others in close quarters. The queen has room to spread herself. If the egg had remained in a worker's cell, it would have required twenty-one days to mature, and would only have turned out a little worker. It looks as if nature after all took more pains with the fashioning of workers than with aristocrats.

I have frequently removed a queen from a colony, and in eight or ten days the bees would have constructed four or six queen cells, so as to be sure of one queen, and if not disposed to swarm the first hatched queen will destroy all the other queens.

Another peculiarity is, that a queen often lays eggs before she is impregnated. Such eggs always hatch out drones. Queens with defective wings have been known to lay all drone eggs.

If a pure Italian queen matches with a black drone, the working bees produced will be half Italian, while the drones will be pure Italian. The drones are the males. They are much larger than workers and queens; when flying their loud boisterous hum is easily recognized. For all the world like human drones. The drones have no sting, nor grooves on their thighs to carry pollen, and their proboscis is too short to extract honey from the flowers. They are physically and intellectually unfitted for performing any part of the labor of the hive. Their only work is to make the queen fertile. The drone is a great consumer, and often so impoverishes the colony that all its members perish in winter for the lack of food. In 1871 I trapped 3,236 drones at one hive. The workers submit to their exactions during the swarming season, which lasts about three months, when it is over, the drones are either killed or driven off. The human colony will have to do the same before long with its drones; they too impoverish the workers, by eating up the honey. For honey read taxes. If a colony has no queen, the drones are not destroyed. The difference between a monarchy and a republic!

A number of ways have been resorted to get rid of the drones with different degrees of success. The writer has a very simple and successful invention, but to give the particulars would look too much like advertising clandestinely.

The working bee is too well known to need to be described. They are undeveloped females, and incapable of fertilization. We will close with a few remarks on the management of bees. There is a great universal law which when known enables man to control the bee fearless of injury. No bee will ever offer to sting when filled with honey unless it is injured or crushed. To make them fill themselves, either sprinkle them with sweetened water, or blow smoke on them, or close the hive and rap it lightly for eight or ten minutes; they will then be as harmless as flies, unless pressed or injured.

Much thought has been expended on the bee hive. I think about five hundred different patents have been granted, and about as many have been rejected. I will not now point out either the excellencies or defects of any hive, but will only give one all important requisite: No hive should contain more than 1,800 cubic inches, beside a honey box for surplus honey. A hive of this size will contain honey sufficient to winter any colony of bees, and what is gathered in addition will by them be placed in the honey box for the use of the keeper. In such a hive bees will swarm more frequently, and there will consequently be a more rapid increase of bees, and also more honey.

The working bee lives about three months in summer. Ignorance of this fact has prompted many persons to build large hives, which have generally been of but little service.

The bees know each other by their scent. This is another wonderful peculiarity. There may be one hundred hives, with thirty or forty thousand workers in each in the same yard, and yet no bee can safely enter into any hive not his own. This peculiarity enables them to discover bees disposed to live by robber instead of working honestly for their honey. Colonies may however be peacefully united by giving the bees the same scent. Sprinkle both colonies with sweetened water scented with peppermint or any other pleasant odor, or smoke them, and they will not fight, but live together as brethren.

If ants, which is frequently the case, annoy the bees, mix a little strychnine or arsenic with honey, and place where the ants can get at it. The bees will soon be rid of them. My sheet is full, and I will stop.

and in sixteen days they will have a new queen, which proves that queens are after all made of no other material than commoners. The only difference is this, the queen is brought up in a royal cell, chamber or palace, the others in close quarters. The queen has room to spread herself. If the egg had remained in a worker's cell, it would have required twenty-one days to mature, and would only have turned out a little worker. It looks as if nature after all took more pains with the fashioning of workers than with aristocrats.

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