

Instructions of the Priesthood.

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BY ELIZA R. SNOW.

The sun was set, and twilight's shady mood
Spread a brown halo, ting'd with solitude.
As day's last glimmer flitted down the west
Life's stirring scenes demurely sunk to rest—
Soft silence lent its contemplative charm,
And all conspir'd the mental pulse to warm—
From world to world imagination wander'd
While thought, the present, past, and future ponder'd.

As I was musing with desire intense
That some kind guardian angel might dispense
Instruction: lo! a seraph form appear'd—
His look—his voice my anxious spirit cheer'd.

It was the Priesthood—that which held the key
To unlock the portals of eternity:
And with o'erflowing heart I took my seat
An enter'd student at th' instructor's feet.

"What wouldst thou me?" the seraph gently said:
"Tell me—and wherefore hast thou sought my aid?"

I then replied, long, long I've wished to know
What is the cause of suffering here below—
What the result of human life will be—
Its ultimatum in eternity.

With firm, attentive mind—with list'ning ear
I watch'd and waited ev'ry word to hear,
As thus he said: 'Tis not for you to pry
Into the secrets of the worlds on high—
To understand the first, the moving cause—
Councils, decrees, organizations, laws,
Form'd by the Gods pertaining to this earth
Bere your great Father from their courts came forth,
The routine of his ancestors to tread—
Of this new world to stand the royal head.

But then the more immediate cause of this
World's degradation, and its wretchedness,
Is disobedience: sorrow, toil and pain,
With their associates follow in its train.

This life's an ordeal, and design'd to prove
Fraternal kindness and parental love.

This earth's your Father's workshop: what is done—
All that's attain'd, and what achievements won
Is for the parents—all things are their own—
The children now hold nothing but by loan.
Whatever some may claim in proud pretence;
No one has yet obtain'd inheritance—
When Abraham has no possession gained
Of what, in promise, he thro' faith obtain'd;
And all that greedy hands accumulate
Is yet the Father's, not the child's estate.

Then shame, O shame on all the strife you see
Here, in the cradle of life's nursery—
The green-eyed jealousies—the frosty hate
Which carnal, avaricious thoughts create!
How vain that phantom of morality—
Th' untimely form of human dignity!
'Tis soon enough for infant lips to talk
Of pow'r and greatness, when they've strength to walk—
'Tis soon enough for children to be great,
When they can boast of self-possess'd estate.

It will not matter whatsoever's gain'd
Or what on earth, may seem to be obtain'd;
But 'tis important that each one prepare
To be with Christ a joint—an equal heir:
Faith and obedience and integrity
Will the grand test of future heirship be.
It matters not what station here, you fill,
If true and faithful to the Father's will:
As you prepare yourself on earth, will be
Your place—your portion in eternity.

As disobedience fill'd the world with pain,
Obedience will restore it back again.
The base perversions of my pow'rs produce
All the strong engines, Satan has in use,
And qualify the sons of men to dwell
With his dark majesty, the prince of hell.
All that obey the pow'rs of darkness, go
With those they follow, to the world below.

Then list to me—my precepts all obey;
The Gods have sent me in this latter day
Fully commission'd upward all to lead
Who will my counsels and instructions heed—
Who seek in ev'ry circumstance and place
To benefit and bless their fellow race—
Who seek their Father's interests to enhance;
Whether below, they much or little claim;
If they exalt and magnify His name,
And in His service labor faithfully,
They'll have a fulness of His legacy.

Each faithful saint is an acknowledg'd heir,
And as his diligence, will be his share
When God, a patrimony shall bestow
Upon his sons and daughters here below.

Adam, your God, like you on earth has been
Subject to sorrow in a world of sin:
Thro' long gradation he arose to be
Cloth'd with the Godhead's might and majesty.
And what to him in his probative sphere,
Whether a bishop, deacon, priest, or seer?
Whether his offices and callings were,
He magnified them with assiduous care;
And by obedience he obtain'd the place
Of God and father of this human race.

Obedience will the same bright garland weave
As it has done for your great mother, Eve,
For all her daughters on the earth, who will
All my requirements sacredly fulfil.

And what to Eve, tho' in her mortal life
She'd been the first, the tenth, or fiftieth wife?
What did she care when in her lowest state,
Whether by fools, consider'd small or great?
'Twas all the same to her—she prov'd her worth—
She's now the Goddess and the queen of earth.

Life's ultimatum unto those that live
As saints of God, and all my pow'rs receive,
Is still the onward, upward course to tread—
To stand as Adam and as Eve, the head

Of an inheritance, a new-formed earth,
And to a spirit race give mortal birth—
Give them experience in a world like this,
Then lead them forth to everlasting bliss,
Cloth'd with salvation and eternal joy,
Where high perfection dwells without alloy."

Thus said the seraph:—Sacred in my heart
I cherish all his precious words in part;
And humbly pray I ever may, as now,
With holy deference in his presence bow.

The field of thought, he open'd to my view,
My wonder rous'd and admiration too:
I marvel'd at the silly childishness
Of saints, the heirs of everlasting bliss—
The candidates for Godheads and for worlds
As time on time eternities unfurls.
I felt my littleness, and thought, henceforth
I'll be, myself, the humblest saint on earth;
And all that God shall to my care assign
I'll recognize and use as his, not mine.
Wherever he assigns to me a place
That will I seek with diligence to grace;
And for my parents, wheresoe'er my lot,
To work with all my might, and murmur not,
I'll seek their highest interest, till they come
And as a faithful daughter, take me home.

As thus I mused, the lovely queen of night
'Neath heav'n's blue canopy, diffus'd her light;
Still brighter beams o'er earth's horizon play—
A cheering prelude to approaching day,
When truth's full glory will o'erspread the skies
And the bright "Sun of Righteousness arise."

Poetry of House-Building.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A House is the shape which a man's thoughts
take when he imagines how he should like to live.
Its interior is the measure of his social and domestic
nature; its exterior, of his esthetic and artistic
nature. It interprets, in material forms, his ideas
of home, of friendship, of comfort; a word which
signifies, in the main, the happiness which we
derive from pleasant intercourse with friends.

Every man is, in a small way, a creator. We
seek to embody our fancies and thoughts in some
material shape—to give them an incarnation.
Born in our spirit—invisible and intangible—we
are always seeking to thrust them forth, so that
they shall return to us through some of the physical
senses. Thus speech brings back our imaginations
to the ear; writing brings them back to the eye;
painting brings out the thoughts and feelings,
in forms and colors, addressed, through the eye,
to several inward tastes; and building presents to
our senses our thoughts of home-life.

But one's dwelling is not always to be taken
as the fair index of his mind, any more than the
richness of one's mind is judged by one's fluency
in speech, or skill in writing. The conceiving
power may be greater in us than the creative or
expressing power. But there are other considera-
tions which usually have more to do with build-
ing, especially in America, than a man's inward
fancies. In fact, in the greatest number of instan-
ces, a man's house may be regarded as the meas-
ure of his purse. It is a compromise between
his heart and his pocket. It is a memorial of
his ingenuity in procuring the utmost possible
convenience and room, from the least possible
means; for our young men—ninety-nine in a hun-
dred—are happily born; that is, born poor, but
determined to be rich. This gives birth to indus-
try, frugality, ingenuity, perseverance, and suc-
cess, inward and outward; for, while making his
fortune, the man is making himself. He is ex-
tracting many qualities out of those very labors
or endurance by which he achieves material
wealth. Now, in the career of every such young
man, his little accumulations have to perform three
functions—to carry on his business, to meet the
annual expense of his little, but growing family,
and to build and beautify their home. Thus his
property, slender at best, even if it all rose in one
channel, must move in a threefold channel, to
carry three mills.

The portion set apart for building, therefore,
must be very little. Indeed, it is to be doubted
whether one in a hundred knows how he shall
pay for more than half his house, when he begins,
and he is seldom much wiser when he ends. He
draws upon hope, and when, in five or ten years,
the house is paid for, it would puzzle him to say
how he had done it. Now, under such circum-
stances, it would be absurd to look for what are
called architectural effects. There must be, if
possible, a kitchen and a bed room. In pioneer
life, even these must come together, and one room
serve every purpose. But, usually, a man can
afford a kitchen, a dining room, (which is also,
after meals, a parlor) and a bed-room. These
three rooms are the seed and type of all other
rooms which can be built, for all apartments must
serve our bodily wants, our social domestic wants,
and our social public wants. The kitchen and
dining-room, and all appurtenances thereof, are
for the animal nature; our bed-room and sitting-
room are for our home social wants; and our par-
lors, halls, etc., for our more public social neces-
sities. While one is yet poor, one room must
serve several uses.

In the old-fashioned country houses the kitchen
was also the dining-room; and never will saloon,
how admirably soever, be so pleasant as our
remembered hours in the great, broad, hospitable
kitchen. The door opened into the well-room,
on one side, whence came the pitcher, all drip-
ping and bedewed; another door opened into the
cheese-room, rich with rows of yellow cheeses;
while the front door, wide open in summer, at-
tracted often hens and chickens, who cocked an
eye at you, or even ventured across the thresh-
old after a stray crumb.

The sitting-room and parlor, too, must often be
one and the same, and in the same space must be
the library, if such a thing is known in the dwel-
ling. Bed-rooms are more independent and aris-
tocratic than anything else, cultivating very ex-

clusive habits. Yet, even bed-rooms must con-
trive to be ingenious, and curtained corners, cloth
partitions, trundle-beds, and sofa-beds, that dis-
appear by day, and, like some flowers, unfold at
night. These are the necessities of bed-rooms.

But, in proportion as one's means increase, the
rooms, like branches in a plant, grow out of each
other, kitchen and dining-room have to separate
and live by themselves. The sitting-room with-
draws from the parlor, taking all the ease and
comfort with it, and leaving all the stateliness and
frigid dignity. All the books walk off into a little
black-walnut room by themselves, where they
stand in patient splendor and silent wisdom, be-
hind their glass doors. The flowers abandon the
windows, and inhabit a formal conservatory.
Bedrooms multiply, each one standing in single
blessedness. The house is full grown. Alas!
just then all its comfort goes, just as when the rose
is fully grown, it is ready to drop its leaves! How
many persons, from out of their two-story framed
dwellings, have sighed across the way for the log
cabin! How many persons have moved from a
home into a house; from low ceilings, narrow halls,
rooms of multifarious uses, into splendid apart-
ments, whose chief effect was to make them home-
sick. But this is because pride or vanity was
the new architect. For a large house is a grand
and almost indispensable element to our fullest
idea of comfort. But it must be social largeness.
The broad halls must seem to those that enter
like open arms holding out a welcome, not like the
aisles of a church, lifted up out of reach of human
sympathy. The staircase should be so broad
and gentle in inclination, that its very looks in-
vite you to try it. But, then, a large house
ought to have great diversity; some rooms should
have a ceiling higher than others; doors should
come upon you in unexpected places; little cosy
rooms should surprise in every direction. Where
you expected a cupboard, there should be a little
confidential entry-way. Where you expected
the door to open into the yard, you should discover
a perfect nest of a room, that no one ever built
there on purpose. All sorts of closets and queer
cupboards should by degrees be found out.

Now, such a house never sprang full-grown
from an architect's brain, as did the fabled deity
from Jupiter's head. It must grow. Each room
must have been needed for a long time, and when
they could no longer be done without, they will
come into being with a decided character impressed
upon them. They will have been aimed at some
real want, and, meeting it, will take their subtle
air and character from it. Thus, one by one, the
rooms will be born into the house as children are
into the family. And, as our affections have un-
doubtedly a certain relation to form, color, and
space, so our rooms will in their forms, dimen-
sions, and hues, indicate the faculties which most
wrought in their production.

We all know what is meant, in painting, in mu-
sic, and in writing, by conventionalism. Men
write or fashion, not to give ease to an impulse
in them that struggles for a birth, but because
they have an outside knowledge that such and
such things would be proper and customary. So
do men build conventional houses. They put in
all the customary rooms in the customary manner.
They express themselves in this room as kitchens
are usually expressed; they fashion parlors as
they remember that parlors have been made; they
go to their books, their plans, and portfolios of
what has been done, and, selecting here a thing
and there a thing, they put a house together as
girls do patchwork bedspreads, a piece out of
every dress in the family for the last year or two.
These are conventional houses. Such are almost
all city houses—the original type of which was a
ladder; from each round of which rooms issue, in
ascending order, and the perpendicular stairs still
retaining the peculiar properties of the type.
Such, too, are almost all ambitious country houses,
built in conspicuous places in the most intrusive
and come-and-look-at-me manner; painted as
brilliantly as flash wagons or parrots wings.

In a practical point of view, this method of
building houses, by the architect's plans and not
by the owner's disposition, must prevail; and it is
not the worst of earth's imperfections. But a
genuine house, an original house, that expresses
the builder's inward idea of life in its social and
domestic aspect, cannot be planned for him; nor
can he, all at once, sit down and plan it. It must
be a result of his own growth. It must first be
wanted—each room and each nook. But, as we
come to ourselves little by little and gradually, so
a house should either be built by successive addi-
tions, or it should be built when we are old enough
to put together the accumulated ideas of our life.
Alas! when we are old enough for that, we are
ready to die; or Time hath dealt so rudely with
our hearts, that, like trees at whose boughs tem-
pests have wrought, we are not anxious to give
expression to ourselves.

The best way to build therefore, is to build as
trees grow, season by season; and all after-branches
with a symmetrical sympathy with older ones.
In this way, too, one may secure that mazy diver-
sity, that most unlooked-for intricacy in a dwel-
ling, and that utter variation of lines in the exte-
rior, which please the eye, or ought to please it,
if it be trained in the absolute school of Nature,
and which few could ever invent at once, and on
purpose!

[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

The way my Mither did it.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I stepped into a dining-room, the other day,
and found my nice Scotch help arranging the
delp (as she called it) on the shelves of the cup-
board, in a very fanciful manner. The plates all
turned upon their edges against the back, and the
saucers bottom up, with each a cup upright, and
a spoon inside.

"Why, Ann," I exclaimed, "I don't do so; I
don't like it."

"It's the way my mither did it, in the old coun-
try, ma'am, and I think it's so pretty," she replied
with an earnest, appealing look, and the tears al-
most starting from her eyes.

"And my mother taught me to put them up as
they were arranged before," said I. "I think you
had better replace them."

"Just as ye likes," was her answer, in a sub-
dued and rather disappointed tone. "Just as ye
likes. Everybody like the ways of a mither, I'm
thinking, and be-sure you should have your own
way in you own house." And she began to re-
turn them to their places, with all possible dex-
terity.

I saw she looked hurt. Old memories were
swelling up in her heart; old memories of days
gone by, when in her native land, in the simple
cottage beside the "bonnie Byrne," she had made
the most of her "mother's" scanty table furni-
ture.

She was thinking of the days of her childhood
—the merry days, among the heather and the
blue bells, upon the brae. Of Robin, who came
over the moor, and sat by the "ingleside," of a
winter evening; of the father, who played the
bag-pipe; and the mother, the good, loving moth-
er, that,

"Wit' her needle and her shears—
Gars auld clothes look amais't as weel as new."

And all unconsciously, perchance, had her
hands piled up the delf, in fantastic rows. And
I had bade her stop. Already I was sorry for the
order, so deep and holy a feeling, to my mind, is
the love and reverence for a mother.

"Never mind, Ann," said I; "never mind, put
them up to suit yourself, to-day, and another
time I will have them my way."

"Will I, then?" said she, turning to me, with a
face burning with smiles and thankfulness, while
her eyes were almost swimming in tears. "Will
I, then? All the day long, as I go there, I'll be
thinking of my mither, and I'll work all the bet-
ter for ye, for thinking of her. For she taught
me mony a lesson to be true for those I wrought
for. It's but a small thing to be sure, but it does
my heart good, now and then, to be following her
ways. For, somehow, I think that she never
taught me a wrong thing."

I turned away. There were old memories tug-
ging at my heart-strings, too, awakened by this
simple incident, which had taught me, in one mo-
ment, more of the deep, earnest nature of the
girl, than months of the common round of daily
duty. Who that has had a mother, gentle, kind
and that does not love, now and then, "to be fol-
lowing her ways?"

Had I sneered at those ways, and touched rude-
ly and roughly that vibrating cord of affection,
would Ann have loved me, and gone on with a
cheerful, willing heart with my work? Would
her step have been light, and her song plaintive,
yet cheerful, through all the day—if I had crushed
those upspringing memories of a joyous time, by
forbidding her this innocent display of individ-
ualism?

Much is written, and much more talked, of the
worthlessness of hired girls. And how shall we
remedy evils? is the question every where echo-
ing in our ears. Much, too, is written and talk-
ed, of the tyranny and harshness of employers.

There is wrong on both sides. There are many
very worthless girls, heartless and unfaithful.—
Many mistresses of the same stamp. But there
are those who are strong, and brave, and true,
who, though circumstances compel them to fill a
subordinate position, have hearts and minds
that would grace any station in life. Who shall
measure the value of kindness to them? The
sympathetic word in their lonely condition; the
smile of encouragement; the yielding, now and
then, to that earnest feeling of spontaneity, that
asks an utterance in every true soul. A word, a
look may bind them to us, and make them fast
friends in our hour of need. Aye, lift them up—
take their feet from the miry "slough of des-
pond," and place them upon the rock of pa-
tience and forbearance, and send them onward
and upward in the way of duty. A word, and a
look, too, may utterly discourage them, by tear-
ing away the delicate tendrils of hope and trust,
which have been clinging and reaching upward for
a higher and better life. And they will fall pros-
trate, trailing all that is beautiful in their natures
among the noxious weeds at their feet, with no
hand to lift them up, no heart to sympathize
with their earnest longing, or to support feeble
efforts.

They are lost. Lost to themselves, to good-
ness and to God, but not to the world around
them. For while they grovel, so surely will they
drag others down to a level with themselves, and
society in generations to come, may feel through
its members the wrong done by a word unfitted
spoken.

No single class of persons hold the comfort of
families so much in their own hands as that called
"servant girls." If the help in the kitchen is
out of tune there is little harmony in the house-
hold. A little patient kindness may make all
sunshine; a little petulance, haughtiness, pride or
contempt may make all storm and darkness.

Strive encouragingly to cultivate the good and
root out the evil. Respect their rights as you
would have your own respected, remembering
that no rights are so sacred as the right to our
own thoughts, our loves, and our own sweet
memories shrouded away in our holy of holies—the
heart, where no stranger can enter rudely or with
the sneer of contempt, and not raise within us an-
tagonism, disgust or dislike. Their sweet and pleas-
ant memories are as dear to them as the cherish-
ed of our own—and which, if roughly scoffed
aside, simple though they may be, cause them to
feel that we are enemies and not friends—spies
upon their inner life, and they will be very apt to
treat us accordingly. Oh! there are rights higher
and holier than those appertaining to dollars and
cents. There is justice which is not weighed
by pounds and ounces, or measured by hours and
minutes. Thousands may be just, so far as a
contract goes, yet each and every one be unjust
to the true life, unjust to all the better feelings of
the soul.

The employer who would abstract a dollar from