

## The Worth of Woman.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,  
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;  
Scatters around her wherever she stays,  
Roses of bliss on our thorn covered ways;  
Roses of Paradise rent from above,  
To be gathered and twined in a garland of Love.

Man, on passion's stormy ocean,  
Tossed by surges mountain high,  
Courts the hurricane's commotion,  
Spurns at reason's feeble cry.  
Loud the tempest roars around him,  
Louder still it roars within,  
Flashing light of hope confound him,  
Stuns with life's incessant din.

Woman invites him with bliss in her smile,  
To cease from his toil and be happy awhile;  
Whispering wooingly come to my bower—  
Go not in search of the phantom of power—  
Honor and wealth are illusory—come!  
Happiness dwells in the temples of home.

Man, with fury stern and savage,  
Persecutes his brother man,  
Reckless if he bless or ravage,  
Action, action—still his plan.  
Now creating, now destroying,  
Careless wishes tear his breast;  
Ever seeking—never enjoying;  
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose,  
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,  
And waters and tends it with innocent heart,  
Far richer than man with his treasures of art;  
And wiser by far in the circle's confined,  
Than he with his silence and lights of the mind.

Coldly so himself sufficing,  
Man disdains the gentler arts,  
Knoweth not the bliss arising  
From the interchange of hearts,  
Slowly through his bosom stealing  
Flows the genial current on,  
Till by age's frost congealing,  
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings,  
As night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,  
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,  
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;  
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance play  
Like sunshine and showers on a morning of May.

Through the range of man's dominion,  
Terror is the ruling word—  
And the standard of opinion  
Is the temper of the sword.  
Strife exults and pity blushing,  
From the scene departing flies,  
Where the battle madly rushing,  
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—  
She rules by enchantment the realms of the soul;  
As she glances around in the light of her smile,  
The war of the passions is hushed for awhile,  
And discord, content from his fury to cease,  
Reposes entranced on the pillow of peace.

[From The Western Standard.]

## Letter from Elder Robert Skelton of the East India Mission.

After laboring in this place (Elder Ballantyne twelve months and myself seventeen months) we left; the former on account of ill health; myself by request of the president of the mission; having baptized twelve persons, two of whom are proficient in theology, and were formerly preachers of the Baptist persuasion. These are now authorized elders and have charge of the Madras mission: their names are J. Mills and John McCarthy.

Six members have been added to the church since my departure from that place. There being a greater number of the humble class here, greater inducements are held out to the laborers, who flatter themselves that a good work will eventually be done among them. I, however, have little faith for the inhabitants at present, and have from the commencement of my labors among them believed, that after the chastising hand of the Almighty passes over them that forget God, a remnant may perchance be saved. Whilst thus engaged promulgating the truths of heaven we have been tenderly cared for by instruments raised up for our especial benefit, who I am confident will receive a disciple's reward.

The manners and customs of the people are entirely different from those of European extraction. The English, however, do not differ materially saving in habit, their dress being chiefly the same. Labor is almost unknown among them, it being performed by the native community. An ordinary family cannot do without three servants at the very least, and for the most part vary from eight to twelve, not including washermen, who are always separate from the domestic servants. Each native has his own trade: cook, kidnager, mather, the man who cleans the furniture, gate keeper, groom, &c., &c.; and the whole posse of them will not do the smallest chore out of their line and caste, no matter how urgent the case may be.

The poor groom has, I think, an arduous duty to perform, morning and evening—running before the horses and carriage to clear the way, the inhabitants being so numerous crowd the avenues to overflowing, and are very apt to run before the team in confusion—many of course are run over, and not a few killed in large cities.

Those who are not able to purchase horses and carriages use palkies, as it is altogether impracticable to travel in the scorching hot sun; some Europeans have done it, it is true, but at the cost of much sickness. The natives do not suffer from the effects; their dress being light, and in many instances they go without any. The Mohammedans wear a very comely dress, consisting of a loose robe, wide pantaloons and turban. The better class among the Hindoos copy after the Europeans. The middle class wear a fine light cuprah, covering the person; unlike the coolies, who bestow only a narrow strip, which is placed around the loins. Children for the most part run naked. Bathing in the Ganges constitutes a great luxury with them.

Having traveled considerably in the interior of the country, I have had an opportunity to observe the general characteristics and great difference between the Christians and idolaters. From personal observation and diligent inquiries relative to the character of each party, I have found vice to preponderate mostly where civilization exists.

Some districts, where Europeans are unknown, the people are in favor of capital punishment, in cases of seduction; others, again, tolerate it without restraint, and it is said that in some villages they have their wives in common; if the good man of the house should return from a journey, and find his neighbor's slippers at the threshold of the door, he takes this as a sign that his presence would mar the unlawful indulgence of the parties, and he forbears to enter.

I have traveled in the Bengal presidency beyond its south west boundaries into the Madras presidency. The chief cities along this coast are Midnapore, Balassore, Cuttack, Pooree, Ganjam, Chitpore and Berampore. These are all military stations.

Cuttack being a large settlement I resided there six months, preaching the gospel and warning the people, endeavoring to gather up those who embraced the truth. It is situated on a low swamp, twenty feet below the surface of high water. It is dreaded on account of sickness, especially for a loathsome itch that haunts this region of country.

During the months of June and July, a numberless concourse of pilgrims pass through this place to Pooree or Juggernaut. Five hundred were reported to have been drowned whilst crossing the river Mahanuddy, in 1855, during my stay. Inspired by a reckless spirit, not valuing life nor limb in their heated enthusiasm, the pilgrims crowd themselves into the ferry boat, clinging to the sides, craving for admittance. The women appear to be worse in this respect than the men, risking their lives in thus attempting to scramble up the side amidst the most indescribable tumult. The margin of the stream is usually covered with people, who camp there in order to get a speedy passage across the celebrated river.

A frightful amount of sickness haunts this place during the great influx to the grand festivals celebrated twice in the year; the magistrate of Cuttack, however, prevented them from passing through the city by the main road; but notwithstanding extra chokeedars are placed at the passes, numbers find their way into the city. Hospitals are established both at this place and at Pooree, where the sick are cared for. On my approach to the city of Juggernaut, piles of bones were to be seen, and in some places the vultures and jackals devour the dead, presenting anything but an agreeable sight, accompanied with a very offensive smell.

Among the Hindoos the ties of kindred are not respected; whilst on a pilgrimage if any are taken sick, they are left uncared for by their companions, who consider it to be the greatest blessing that can befall them to die martyrs to their religion. It is not uncommon for them to remove the dying to the water's edge, where they stop their mouth with mud lest they should recover again and lose their caste. Villages of people of this description live by themselves, not being allowed to return home again, after being carried out for dead.

Pooree is situated on a sand bluff, on the Bay of Bengal. The outskirts of the city are shockingly filthy, there being a great number of stagnant ponds or tanks, an almost continual malady preys upon the inhabitants and few men are left; it is said that nine out of ten die on this pilgrimage. I am inclined to think, however, that this is an exaggeration; though there cannot be anything like a correct estimate formed relative to them.

Immediately behind the grand temple is the place, called by Europeans, Golgotha, where the surface of the ground is literally covered with bones.

The grand temple is enclosed by a wall 20 feet high, having four gates, opening to the four points of the compass. One hundred minor temples are appended to that of Juggernaut, which is a stupendous massive building, two hundred and twelve feet high, built in a circular form, terminating at the top obtusely. It is built in such a manner as to form interstices in which images of the most extravagant fancies are placed.

Obscenity appears to be their depraved choice in decorating their temples. It is said to contain four hundred families, all cooks, one hundred prostitutes, six hundred officers, three thousand brahmins, a large collection of all kinds of animals, and a celebrated banyan tree, in which one of their deities is said to be embodied.

Europeans being prohibited from entering, I was unable to form a correct idea of the interior further than I could see in through the gates, all of which were open. The prince of this place is said to be a leper, yet has forty wives, and lives in a miserable house, or rather a series of houses huddled together.

The streets of the city are very narrow, ex-

cepting the main avenue, where Juggernaut is annually paraded mounted on the big car. Licentiousness is practised to an alarming extent. Brahmin bulls monopolize a considerable space near the temple, where they bloat themselves by drinking congy water, which runs perpetually from the inside. The animal is never maltreated for his insolence; but to the contrary, is revered and worshipped: being scientific beggars these creatures haunt the bazaar adjacent to the temple where they tithe the vendors without meeting resistance.

There are many interesting incidents which have occurred during my travels that I cannot incorporate in this small sheet. Subsequent to this I took a tour to the north of Cuttack, following some where in the vicinity of the Mahanuddy river, making a circular trip of over two hundred miles.

Descended the Brahmy river from Bychool, the temporary residence of Elder J. P. Meik, to the junction of the main road leading from Calcutta to Juggernaut. The natives in these parts are rude, and, as might be expected, very ignorant, and cowardly. It is a hilly country to the north of Talchore; the natives manufacture a rude species of iron. I was much exposed among them, yet I was never assaulted by any one, although I traveled through some villages where a white man never before trod.

The only difficulty in getting along with them is their cupidity and avaricious desires for money. Vice in these parts, however, is very small compared with Calcutta and Pooree. The more I learned of the Hindoo character the more I was convinced that they would not receive the truth. They may perchance make out to perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem during the Millennium, when hard pushed for rain; this, in my confirmed opinion, is all they will do, until the power of the Almighty shakes not the heavens but also the earth.

Having traveled through this country I had to pass dense jungles infested by bears and tigers; my teamster was much afraid to travel after night; but I escaped perfectly unharmed and without seeing one of these monsters. In this place, the same as it is all through India, where I have been, physical deformities, creatures with distorted, withered and diseased limbs, occur throughout the nation. They, however, live temperately as a general thing, using only vegetable food—curry and rice. They are niggardly in this respect and will starve themselves in order to augment riches; they cannot but degenerate when confined to plain rice and insipid water plant, which is the fare of tens of thousands.

Being already admonished of the length of this article I must forbear lest I weary your patience; but suffice it to say, I have been in common with all the Elders of the mission, greatly blessed. The God of Jacob has labored with us; although to a superficial reader our work appears small, yet, for one I feel perfectly satisfied that we have done our duty to those unto whom we were sent. I have left J. P. Meik, a devout man of God, in charge of the mission. Elders McCune and Smith remain in Calcutta, with a few to emigrate the first and most favorable opportunity. Brother McCune has labored for the last five years in Burmah, but was about to move up to Calcutta when I left. The Saints are very desirous to emigrate, but for the most part lack the means.

In justice to the Saints in India I must say, that a more liberal, kind hearted people are not to be found. They have cared for us in the full sense of the word; and all who cleave to the truth amidst the shipwreck of many, are strong in the faith. Elder Mills labors assiduously in the Madras presidency, and has translated the 'Only way to be saved' into Tamil.

Besides this translation into the native tongue, there is one a 'Treatise on the Godhead,' in Marhatta, by Elder Hugh Findlay, and a synopsis of the 'Life of Joseph Smith the Prophet,' by J. P. Meik; he has also translated twenty chapters of the 'Book of Mormon,' not yet published. The Life of Joseph is not yet out of press. The aggregate number of the Saints was about sixty-three when I left.

On the 5th of May I took leave of the Saints, took passage on the ship Earl of Eglinton bound for China. We had a protracted voyage down the Hoogly and the Bay of Bengal. We made Singapore on the 5th of June; where we tarried five days; and from there we sailed to Macao in China, where we arrived on the 19th of the same month. The monsoons having now set in we were weather bound nine days, after which we proceeded to Hongkong, took passage on board the bark Caesar, and sailed for San Francisco on the first of July.

I have had remarkably fine weather all the way from Calcutta; in short, the blessings of God have attended me all the day long. Several ships that were passing up the China sea at the same time we were, came into Hongkong dismasted by the monsoons.

I have realized the salvation of God both by sea and land, having sailed twenty-five thousand miles by course and have only encountered one dangerous storm, which was in the bay of Bengal whilst on my way to Madras in 1853. And thus the predictions of modern prophets have been fulfilled upon my head, and I have returned in peace and safety.

Since my return I have enjoyed myself very much with the missionaries now on their way to the Sandwich Islands; also with those already sailed for Australia. Whilst pondering over the columns of your valuable paper I have been led to predict good concerning the work of the Lord in this place—it will prosper, and the flood of falsehood will be stemmed; honest men will embrace the truth, and ere long you will realize the fruits of your labors. That the God of Israel may strengthen your hands together with all the faithful, is the

prayer of your brother in the gospel of peace,  
R. SKELTON.

## Farmer Burrit and his Library.

Farmer Burrit was a plain, honest Pennsylvania husbandman, who had been brought up very much as his father and grandfather had been before him—that is, with just knowledge enough to make him a respectable tiller of the soil. For several winters, when farm work was slack, he had been sent to a country school, and having some aptitude, he learned to read and write tolerably well, and to cast up simple accounts.

There his literary education ended, and henceforth his energies were devoted to that kind of labor which is so necessary to make a practical farmer. On the death of his thrifty father, he entered into possession of a large and good farm, and in due time married.

At the time to which we now refer, he had six children, all young, who had come into the world alternately boys and girls, and their father never dreamed of their being brought up in any other way than he and his ancestors had been. Each one was destined to receive a little schooling, and to do a good deal of work, suited to their respective ages.

As is unhappily the case with too many farm-houses, there was but a dim light in that dwelling. There was no thought of cultivating the higher faculties of its inmates. They were to go through the dull, plodding life of those who had preceded them; and although the farmer had a good family Bible and Psalm-book, his library consisted of some few ragged elementary school-books, with the necessary annual almanac.

It was in this state of affairs that an intelligent neighbor, who had turned his attention from a city business to farming, with the view of recruiting his health, became acquainted with Mr. Burrit, and deeply interested in his family. The confidence he inspired, and the kindly feelings he manifested, made him a welcome visitor, and gave him no small influence.

In the course of many conversations, he threw out occasional hints about the proper training of children, and the advantages resulting from cultivating their mental faculties and moral powers. Although he found farmer Burrit and his wife rather dull scholars, who with difficulty could look beyond the narrow sphere in which they themselves had been educated he was nevertheless encouraged to give them line upon line and precept upon precept. Taking advantage of what he supposed a favorable opportunity, he engaged one day in the following conversation with the farmer:

'Neighbor Burrit, I was thinking to-day that you were one of our most substantial and thriving farmers.'

'Thank you; I am pretty well to do in the world, but it is because I work my way. I have no idle folks about me.'

'True, friend Burrit; and it is commendable in you; but you will excuse me if I say I have felt some surprise that you have not all the implements which a good farmer should have.'

'Haven't I, though? I guess if you will look about, you'll find I have all I need.'

'Well, I have been looking about, and I have not found half-a-dozen good books in the house.'

'Oh! that's it; and what do I want with books? What's the use of them? I guess they can't teach me farming. Your book farmers aren't worth much—always trying something new, and coming out with short crops.'

'Ah! but, friend Burrit, books teach many good and useful things besides farming; and to tell you the truth, I really think they would be very useful to your children, whom I know you love, and would like to see a little more intelligent than their neighbors.'

'Now, if you would spend fifty dollars in good books: I will make such a selection as I am sure would be instructive to your children.'

'Whew! fifty dollars laid out on books! Why, you must be joking!'

'No, I am not; I never was more serious in my life. My only motive for suggesting it is, the interest I feel in your family; and I will promise you that if at the end of six years you repent of the purchase, I will refund the fifty dollars, with full interest for the whole time.'

Farmer Burrit looked puzzled. He respected his neighbor; he knew him to be a good friend, and although he thought the suggestion a foolish one, yet he was touched at the kind interest expressed in his children. After a silence of some minutes, as if he knew not what to say, he replied—'Well, well, I will think of it.'

A day or two afterwards, the same friend visited the farmer, and before he had time to return to the conversation, the farmer said, 'I have been thinking of what you said, and out of respect to you, here are the fifty dollars for the books; it's a foolish affair, and I wouldn't like to have it get abroad; but,' added he, laughing, 'I'll hold you to your promise of paying principal and interest at the end of six years. I can't lose much by the investment.'

His friend took the money with great pleasure, and he saw that a new light was about to dawn on farmer Burrit's household. The books were purchased. Besides some good religious books, including several biographies, he had selected a choice volume or two on agriculture and gardening, several on general history and natural history, a few good books of travels, and various other books, some to entertain and others to awaken thought.

In due time they were properly disposed in a little case, and the kind friend, already familiar with the children, now carefully showed them how books were to be used, enticed them to read, and even made them promise to spend some of their leisure time in finding out what the books contained. After some difficulty, he got things into a right train; both boys and girls began to be interested.

We pass over two years. The seed had been