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HON. JOHN M. CALDWELL.

Among the lawyers of this county and city, who are not only honored members of their profession, but also enterprising and progressive, is the well known firm of Caldwell & Johnston, who are lawyers of exceptional ability and among Anniston's most substantial citizens.

Hon. John M. Caldwell, the senior member of the firm, is the son of Hon. John H. Caldwell, formerly congressman from this congressional district and one of Alabama's most distinguished citizens, is a native of Calhoun county, having been born at Jacksonville July 6, 1851. He belongs to that worthy class of successful men who have fought their way out of obscurity into importance. He was educated in the public school



of his native town and afterwards taught school. He then read law under his father and was admitted to practice when twenty-two years old. He rose rapidly in his profession, soon acquiring a reputation as a skillful lawyer, a popular orator and an advocate of extraordinary power. Seeking a wider field he removed from Jacksonville to Anniston in 1883, entering the lists with many lawyers of reputation then practicing at this bar. He is effective in any branch of legal work—a good pleader, advocate and an expert office lawyer.

In 1886 the Democrats elected him a member of the legislature. He proved an active and untiring member, securing the passage of many bills which have since proven of great benefit to the state and district.

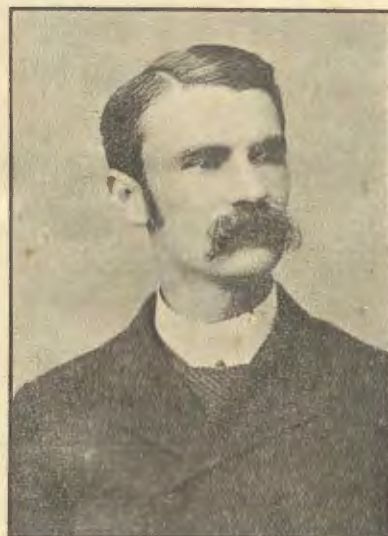
He has won enviable fame throughout the South as a lecturer. His celebrated lecture, "John," placing him among the foremost on the American platform.

With a well balanced and cultivated intellect, genial temperament and a bouyant energy he stands equipped for the great responsibilities of the present and full of golden promise for honorable duty in the battlefields of the future.

WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON.

William F. Johnston, junior member of the firm of Caldwell & Johnston, is a native of Pickens county, Alabama, where he was born July 19, 1853. Reared and educated in his native county, he early in life adopted the profession of law, being admitted to practice in 1872, when only nineteen years of age. His marked ability, for his chosen life work was at once recognized by the people, who, elected him county solicitor, the duties of which office he discharged with signal ability and faithfulness.

Moving to Anniston in 1887 he formed a partnership with Hon. John M. Caldwell, which has remained uninterrupted. His father, the late Hon. Robert T. Johnston, was one of Alabama's



most distinguished citizens. As a lawyer, Wm. F. Johnston has always commanded the profound respect of his brethren at the bar. Thoroughly equipped in everyway for his high calling, he commands the respect of the judge and jury, and whatever might be the issue, no doubt is left in the mind of his client as to the wise and careful management of his case.

Mr. Johnston, for the past ten years has held the responsible position of President of the Board of Education of Anniston, and the faithful discharge of his duties has endeared him to the hearts of the people. In every position to which he has been elected and chosen, from that of Judge of the City Court, to which position he was appointed shortly after he came to Anniston, he has shown ability and faithfulness in the discharge of the duties assigned to him.

He has great faith in the future of Anniston, and in every movement giving promise of advancing the material interest of the Model City he is found ever ready to put his shoulder to the wheel.

He is recognized as a gentleman of culture and refinement, learned in the law and a citizen of whom any community may well feel proud.

THREE YOUNG LADY REPRESENTATIVES OF STATES

To be at Birmingham Reunion, United Confederate Veterans.



MISS ELENORA GRAVES,
KENTUCKY.



MISS KATE THEODISIA CANTWELL,
NORTH CAROLINA.



MISS MARY VIRGINIA CASLER,
OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.



"It will live in song and
story,
Though its folds are in
the dust."



MRS. SARAH E. BREWER,
NASHVILLE.

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*Mrs Brewer is the Grand daughter
of Alexander Green and Mrs M D Caldwell is the
Great Grand Daughter of the Messenger who
bore the news of the Victory at Kings Mountain
to Congress then in session in Philadelphia.*

Our Presidents.

The following table gives the names and dates of birth of all the presidents, also dates of death of those who have died.

Nine of the number were elected to the second term; 41 serving the entire second term. Three of the presidents were assassinated; two of these almost at the beginning of the second term. Three of the presidents died on Independence day. Two, Adams and Jefferson, dying on the same day, July 4, 1826. Virginia has furnished us with eight presidents. Massachusetts, two; Ohio, five; Carolina, three; New York, three; New Hampshire, one; Vermont, one; Kentucky, one; Pennsylvania, one. U. S. Grant was 47 when elected. Polk, Pierce and Cleveland all under 50. Our present president, the youngest of all, being only 43 when called to the office by McKinley's death and 46 when elected for the term he is now filling.

George Washington, born Feb. 22, 1732; died Dec. 14, 1799.

John Adams, born Oct. 11, 1735; died July 4, 1826.

Thomas Jefferson, born April 2, 1743; died July 4, 1826.

James Madison, born March 16, 1751; died June 28, 1836.

James Monroe, born April 28, 1758; died July 4, 1831.

John Quincy Adams, born July 11, 1767; died Feb. 23, 1848.

Andrew Jackson, born March 15, 1767; died June 8, 1845.

Martin Van Buren, born Dec. 5, 1782; died July 24, 1862.

William Henry Harrison, born Feb. 9, 1773; died April 4, 1841.

John Tyler, born March 20, 1790; died Jan. 18, 1862.

James K. Polk, born Nov. 2, 1795; died June 15, 1849.

Zachary Taylor, born Sep. 24, 1784; died July 9, 1850.

Millard Fillmore, born Jan. 7, 1800; died March 7, 1874.

Franklin Pierce, born Nov. 28, 1804; died Oct. 8, 1867.

James Buchanan, born April 23, 1791; died June 1, 1868.

Abraham Lincoln, born Feb. 12, 1809; died April 15, 1865.

Andrew Johnson, born Dec. 29, 1808; died July 31, 1875.

Ulysses S. Grant, born April 27, 1822; died July 25, 1885.

Rutherford B. Hayes, born Oct. 4, 1822; died Oct. 17, 1893.

James A. Garfield, born Nov. 19, 1831; died Sept. 19, 1881.

Chester A. Arthur, born Oct. 5, 1830; died Nov. 18, 1886.

Grover Cleveland, born March 18, 1837.

Benjamin Harrison, born Aug. 20, 1833; died March 13, 1901.

William McKinley, born Jan. 29, 1843; died Sept. 14, 1901.

Theodore Roosevelt, born Oct. 27, 1858.



MY WORK.

I.

I HAVE a work to do,
A work I may not shun;
One path I must pursue
Until my life be done.
What others do I need not ask;
Enough for me I know my task.

II.

'Tis not to seek for wealth —
I covet no man's store;
I thank my God for health —
I ask for nothing more.
My daily wants are soon supplied,
Or what I do not need, denied.

III.

Let others seek for fame,
The homage of an hour,
I care not for a name,
For glory, or for power.
The race I leave to others free —
Such transient bliss is not for me.

IV.

Pleasure, that syren fair,
Has lost her power to charm:
Her joys are empty air,
I own no more their charm;
For other accents seem to say,
'Stay not, but work while yet 't is day.'

V.

To wipe the trembling tear
From the pale mourner's eye;
To soothe the anxious fear,
Or hush the rising sigh;
This is a bliss for which to live,
A joy that wealth can never give.

VI.

To strive against the wrong,
Which takes the name of right;
To battle with the strong,
And conquer in the fight,
Brings truer happiness than could
The warrior's wreath, if bathed in blood.

VII.

Work, then, from day to day,
Nor pause for praise or blame;
Care not for what men say,
Duty is still the same:
The rest which all at times would crave,
To none is distant — in the grave.

Spent the evil of no one - Be content to all.

ONLY A WORD.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years,
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore
Where billows of passion surge and roar
To break in a spray of tears;
Tears shed to blind the severed pair,
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core
And ashes and dust forever more.
Two faces turn to the crowd,
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped,
It has cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony.
Sweet love lies bleeding or dead,
A poisoned shaft, with scarce an aim,
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the loves and lives
So little a cause has rent apart;
Tearing the fondest heart from heart
As a whirlwind rends and rives,
Never to unite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! that it should be so!
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil, and done more wrong,
Have brought to the world more woe
Than all the armies from age to age
Recorded on hist'ry's blood-stained page.

"The lowliest of flowers the closest cling to earth."

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who hath sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Longfellow.

MAN must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.

TEMPERANCE and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.

A kindly word and a tender tone —
To only God is their virtue known;
They can lift from the dust the abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart, close-barred with passion and pride,
Will fling at their knock its portals wide,
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears
Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love been stirred
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a gentle word!

—Sunday Magazine.

I.
On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be;
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

II.
Thou who would be wise!
Open well thine eyes:
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower.

—Scribner.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord, on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to dwell in little space,
So 'Thou be glorified.

The cloudy days are the ones for us to keep pleasant.

THE Sabbath was called by the Jews, the day of light — by the Africans, ossa-day, the day of silence — by the Creek Indians, the praying day — by the early Christians, the queen of days.

PHILLIP HENRY used to say of a well-spent Sabbath, If this be not the way to heaven, I know not what is."

A Notable Epitaph.

Subscribers, Athens, Ga.: Please publish Byron's epitaph to his dog.

The inscription on the monument is as follows:

"Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity—
Strength without insolence—
Courage without ferocity."

And all the virtues of man without his vices—
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery;
If inscribed over human ashes
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
Boatswain, a dog,
Who was born in Newiundland May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey Nov. 18, 1805.

The verses that follow are:

When some proud son of man returns to earth
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done upon his tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been;
But the poor dog, in life the humble friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth;
While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh, man! thou feeble tenant of an hour;
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name;
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame!
Ye who perchance behold this simple vow,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stories arise;
I knew but one—and here he lies."

AN OLD SONG ANALYZED.

You all know the old "Sing a song of sixpence," but have you ever read what it is meant for?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before a king."

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

The art of exalting lowliness and giving greatness to little things is one of the noblest functions of genius.—*Pulgrave.*

"HOPE is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us."

"EDUCATION is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them."

CHING AND CHANG.

The wish to appear different from what we are sometimes brings people into trouble, and sometimes into a ridiculous position. The Chinese have a good story illustrative of this:

There were two short-sighted men in China, Ching and Chang, who were always quarreling as to which of them could see farther. As they had heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighboring temple, they determined they would visit it together on a given day, and put the visual powers of each to the test. But, desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple alone, and, standing quite close to the tablet, saw an inscription with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went soon afterward, peering yet closer, and, in addition to the inscription, "To the great man of the past and the future," read in smaller characters, "This tablet is raised by the family of Ling in honor of the great man."

On the day appointed for the contest, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed: "The inscription reads, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'"

"True," said Chang; "but you have left out a part of the inscription, which I can read, but you cannot, and which is written in small letters: 'Raised by the family of Ling in honor of the great man.'"

"There is no such inscription," said Ching.

"There is," said Chang.

So they waxed wroth, and, after much abusing each other, they agreed to refer the matter to the high-priest of the temple. He heard their story, and then said, quietly: "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken inside the temple yesterday."

Ching and Chang were both served right. They were a precious pair of hypocrites. They could not see half so well as they pretended.—*Ex.*

HOW PRINTING CAME.

Among the many curious things in the British Museum is a tablet of stone which is nearly 4,000 years old and which contains, as claimed by Mr. George Smith, a record of the flood. The ancients frequently cut inscriptions and records of important events into stones which formed their monuments and temples. The brickmakers of Assyria, Persia and Egypt had their own marks indented into the clay with the corner of a burnt brick. A stylus, sharp at one end and blunt at the other, made and erased letters in tablets of soft wax. The Roman made a kind of book by binding together a few wax-covered slips of wood.

"A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed, which even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower."

"Then deem it not an idle thing.

A pleasant word to speak:

The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,

A heart may heal or break."

Severe Droughts.

An interesting record is that of severe droughts as far back as the landing of the Pilgrims. How many thousand times are observations made like the following: "Such a cold season!" "Such a hot season!" "Such dry weather!" or "Such wet weather!" "Such high winds or calm!" etc. All those who think the dry spell we have been having this season is the longest ever known, will do well to read the following:

In the summer of 1621, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1680, 44 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1657, 75 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1662, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1674, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1680, 81 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1715, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the summer 1728, 61 days in succession with rain.

In the summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1741, 72 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1762, 123 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1783, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1791, 82 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1812, 28 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1856, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1875, 26 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1876, 27 days in succession, without rain.

It will be seen that the longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762. No rain fell from the first of May to the first of September, making 123 without rain. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and

THE FIRST CIRCUS.

The first circus in this country started out of Putnam county, N. Y., in 1827 or 1828. It had 8 or 10 performers, as many horses, neither tent nor seats, and was advertised only by marching through the villages invested with a man ahead calling out the place of exhibition, etc. The program included feats of strength, leaping, etc., and riding without saddle, and the ring was pitched in yards wherever convenient. After a time an elephant was added, and from this grew the menagerie addition. In 1832 the first tent was used in New York city.

RULES FOR GOOD HABITS.—1. Have a plan laid beforehand for every day. 2. Acquire the habit of untiring industry. 3. Cultivate perseverance. 4. Cultivate the habit of punctuality. 5. Be an early riser. 6. Be in the habit of learning something from every one with whom you meet. 7. Form fixed principles on which to think and act. 8. Be simple and neat in your personal habits. 9. Acquire the habit of doing everything well. 10. Make constant efforts to be master of your temper. 11. Cultivate soundness of judgment. 12. Observe a proper treatment of parents, friends and companions.—*Todd.*



Blessed is the man that Feareth the Lord, that
Delighteth greatly in His Commandments.

—Ps. 112: 1.

Facts Not Generally Known.

Spinace is a Persian plant.
Horse-radish is a native of England.
Melons were found originally in Asia.
Filberts originally came from Greece.
Quinces originally came from Corinth.
The turnip came originally from Rome.
The peach originally came from Persia.
Sage is a native of the south of Europe.
Sweet marjoram is a native of Portugal.
The bean is said to be a native of Egypt.
Damsons originally came from Damascus.
The nasturtium came originally from Peru.
The pea is a native of the south of Europe.
Ginger is a native of the East and West Indies.
Coriander seed came originally from the East.
The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable.
The gooseberry is indigenous to Great Britain.
Apricots are indigenous to the plains of Armenia.
Pears were originally brought from the East by the Romans.
Capers originally grew wild in Greece and Northern Africa.
The walnut is a native of Persia, the Caucasus and China.
The clove is a native of the Malacca Islands, as also is the nutmeg.
Vinegar is derived from two French words, *vin aigre*, "sour wine."
Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventeenth century.
Garlic came to us first from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean.
Asparagus was originally a wild sea-coast plant, and is a native of Great Britain.
Nectarine received the name from nectar, the principal drink of the gods.
The tomato is a native of South America, and it takes its name from a Portuguese word.
Greengage is called after the Gage family, who first took it into England from a monastery in Paris.
Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the head of Hercules.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

AS LONG as a man's honor abides with him, so long does he acknowledge the obligation to pay a just debt, however old the debt may be; and more, he will do his best to pay that debt at the earliest day practicable.

IF CHRISTIANS would only live better lives, there would be less need of their money. The Church pays a heavy premium on her ungodliness.

IF SOME of the time spent in crying over unhappy people in novels were spent in trying to relieve the miseries of people who actually exist, the world would be far better than it is.

WHEN you find an unkind feeling toward another person rising in your heart, that is the time not to speak to a fellow-being, but to talk to God in prayer.

MAN of the world! Bad as we who are called Christians are—and none can know that badness as we do ourselves—*your* world would be worse if we were not in it.—*Dr. John Hall.*

ONE of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid.

If one note in the organ be out of key or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony; but the one defective reed destroys the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune this reed makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out in every other note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A girl or boy may be obedient, filial, industrious, and honest; but ill temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection and every thought, and every word, and every action be right; then there is music in the life.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

What house is that by builder made
Who never went to school?
Whose skill is perfect in his trade,
Without a line or rule.

So soft within, the little folks
Can be quite safe and warm;
So strong, although no human strokes
Were used this house to form.

The workman made it very neat,
Without a hinge or joint;
No tools had he, but tiny feet,
And beak of sharpest point.

No barns supply his daily food,
No finger weaves his coat;
By hand unseen his table's spread,
His beauteous feathers wrought.

Then let us trust the gracious Power
That makes the bird his care;
He counts our wants each passing hour,
And numbers every hair.

ORIGIN OF "MR." AND "MRS."

The history of those every-day titles "Mr." and "Mrs.," which are now the common property of every one, is not without interest, though in some of its steps it is a little obscure.

In the earlier times of our history the ordinary man was simply "William" or "John"—that is to say, he had merely a Christian name, without any kind of "handle" before it or surname after it.

Some means of distinguishing one John or one William from another John or another William became necessary.

Nicknames derived from a man's trade, or from his dwelling-place, or from some personal peculiarity, were tacked on to the Christian name, and plain John became plain John Smith. As yet there were no "mistress" in the land.

Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows—became, perhaps, a land proprietor or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be called, in the Norman-French of the day, the "maistre" of this place or of that, of these workmen or of those.

In time the "maistre"—or "maister," as it soon became—got tacked on before his name, and he became Maister Smith, and his wife was Maistress Smith. It is only within comparatively modern times that the term came to be considered an almost indispensable adjunct to every one's name when mentioned in ordinary conversation or writing. Maistress Smith soon became Mistress Smith.

Exactly how and when the term got corrupted cannot be said. Maister Smith, however, remained Maister Smith long after his wife became Mistress Smith.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The syllable "ough" is pronounced in seven totally distinct ways. The following couplet will help fix these different pronunciations in your mind:
Though the tough cough and blough plough me through,
O'er life's dark slough my course I still pursue.

Official Salaries.

The following are the salaries of public rulers and public men of the United States:

Executive Department: President, \$50,000; Vice President, \$8,000; Cabinet Officers, (appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate,) \$8,000.

Legislative Department—Senate: United States Senators, \$5,000; Secretary of the United States Senate, \$6,096; Chief Clerk, \$3,000; Sergeant at Arms, \$4,320.

House of Representatives: Speaker, \$8,000; Members, \$5,000; Clerk of House, \$5,100; Sergeant at Arms, House, \$4,500; Official Reporter, \$5,000.

Judicial: Chief Justice, \$10,500; Associate Justices (eight in number), \$10,000; Chief Justice (court claims), \$6,000; Judge U. S. Circuit Courts, \$6,000; Judge U. S. District Courts, \$3,500; District Attorney, \$200 and fees.

Consular and Diplomatic Service: Great Britain, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$17,500; France, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$17,500; Germany, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$17,500; Russia, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$17,500; Spain, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$12,000; Argentine Confederation, Resident Minister, \$7,500; Austria, Hungary, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$12,000; Barbary States Consuls, \$3,000; Belgium, Resident Minister, \$7,500; Bolivia, Resident Minister, \$5,000; Brazil, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$12,000; Central American States, Resident Minister, \$10,000; Chili, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$10,000; China, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$12,000; United States of Colombia, Minister, \$7,500; Denmark, Minister, \$5,000; Ecuador, Consul, \$1,000; Hawaiian Isles, Resident Minister, \$7,500; Hayti, Resident Minister, \$7,500; Italy, Resident Minister, \$12,000; Japan, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$12,000; Liberia, Resident Minister, \$4,000; Madagascar, Consul, \$2,000; Mexico, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$12,000; Netherlands, Resident Minister, \$7,500; Paraguay and Uruguay, Minister, \$5,000; Peru, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, \$10,000; Portugal, Minister, \$5,000; Sweden and Norway, Resident Minister, \$7,500; Switzerland, Minister, \$5,000; Turkey, Minister, \$7,500; Venezuela, Minister, \$7,500.

Army: General, \$13,500; Lieutenant General, \$11,000; Major General, \$7,500.

Navy: Admiral, \$13,000; Vice Admiral, \$9,000; Commodores, \$5,000.

Miscellaneous Employees: Director of Mint, \$4,500; Chief Bureau Statistics, \$2,400; Supervising Surgeon General, \$4,000; Chief Bureau Engraving and Printing, \$4,500; First Comptroller, Treasury, \$5,000; Treasurer, United States, \$6,000.

"BROTHER JONATHAN."

"Let us see what Brother Jonathan says," was Washington's usual remark, when doubtful cases arose during the war. The words which since have become a sobriquet of the United States, referred to Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut from 1769 to 1784. Washington highly esteemed his judgment, and all who came in contact with him learned to love the wise governor.

During the winter of 1780-81, some of the troops of our French allies wintered at Lebanon, Conn., where Gov. Trumbull resided. Their commander, the Duke de Lauzun, was quartered at the house of the governor's son David. In return for the civilities extended to him by the citizens of the town, the duke often gave brilliant parties. Upon one of these occasions—a dinner given in honor of two distinguished French visitors—the grave and ceremonious governor was present, dressed in the peculiar style of his Puritan ancestors. Around the table were seated volatile, laughter-loving French officers, most of them disciples of Voltaire.

Yet the governor, true to his Christian profession and his custom, pronounced in a loud tone a long "grace." Such were his solemnity of manner and his evident sincerity, that those Frenchmen, to all of whom "grace" was a solecism before a meal, responded with "Amen!" Once in the Lebanon meeting-house, the minister announced that a collection would be taken for the soldiers. Faith Trumbull, the governor's wife, arose from her seat and taking from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak—a present from Count Rochambeau, the commander-in-chief of the French army—advanced to the pulpit and laid it on the communion-table. It was afterwards cut into strips and used to trim the soldier's uniforms.—*Youth's Companion.*

Apples were originally brought from the East by the Romans. The crab-apple is indigenous to Great Britain.

It is a curious fact that while the names of all our animals are of Saxon origin, Norman names are given to the flesh they yield.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians two thousand years before the Christian era. It first came from India.

The cantaloupe is a native of America, and so called from the name of a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe.

Before the middle of the Seventeenth century tea was not used in England, and was entirely unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

Cloves come to us from the Indies, and take their name from the Latin clauvus or French ekim, both meaning a nail, to which they have a resemblance.

Altered Times.

In the year 1671, on the second reading of a bill in the House of Commons for building a bridge over the Thames, at Putney, after a number of members had delivered speeches in ridicule of the idea, Sir Henry Herbert, just before the House divided, rose and said: "I honestly confess myself an enemy to monopolies. I am equally opposed to mad, visionary projects; and I may be permitted to say that in the late King's reign several of these thoughtless inventions were thrust upon the House, but were most properly rejected. If a man, sir, were to come to the bar of the House and tell us that he proposed to convey us regularly to Edinburgh, in coaches, in seven days, and bring us back in seven more, should we not vote him to Bedlam? Surely we should, if we did him justice; or, if another, that he would sail to the East Indies in six months, should we not punish him for practicing upon our credulity? Assuredly, if we served him rightly." The journey from London to Edinburgh is now accomplished in something like eleven hours. What would Sir Henry think now, could he arise from his grave?

No New Jokes.

There is absolutely nothing new in jokes. They never die. The jokes that are familiar to us are those which our ancestors enjoyed. They are found in the most ancient literature that remains, and in hieroglyphics of the ruined monuments of dead empires. Their unchanged existence through these ages does not allow that these, like the earth and man, may have been created by a process of development; they must have been created absolutely. At some stage of the work of creation the jokes were launched into being, and they have continued to revolve by their own gravity, the same as the planets. None of them can be annihilated any more than matter, nor can another be added. No person who attempts originality can get recognized as a wit, but any man can, who has talent for memorizing the old stock jokes and funny stories, and for working them over on all occasions.

ORIGIN OF THE ASTOR FAMILY.

A little over a hundred years ago, in the poor little village of Waldorf, in the duchy of Baden, Germany, lived a jovial, good-for-nothing butcher named Jacob Astor, who felt himself much more at home in the beer-house than at the fireside of his own home in the principal street of the village. He was a poor man. His wife was industrious and saving. They had four sons: George Peter Astor, born in 1752; Henry Astor, born in 1754; John Melchior Astor, born in 1759, and John Jacob Astor, born July 17, 1763. George went to London and became a piano-maker. Henry became a private in the Hessian army, came with it to this country and afterwards settled down as a butcher in New York. John Melchior got in time to be steward of a nobleman's estate in Germany. John Jacob remained at home for some years until his father married a second wife. He then went to London, where he worked hard for two years, and arrived in New York in the winter of 1783-4, and some years after married Sarah Todd.—*Ex.*



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

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OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

BY H. C. DODGE.

When angry count ten before ever you speak;
The tug of war comes when the Greek meets
Greek.

There's many a true word oft spoken in jest;
Of all kinds of policy honesty's best.

In at one ear and out at the other;
Invention necessity has for its mother.

'Tis a very poor rule that won't work in two
ways;

Don't kill off the goose that the golden egg lays.

Penny wise and pound foolish; first come is first
served;

By another a good turn is always deserved.

Who tries to please all finds he pleases not one;
Who knows his own father must be a wise son.

Your best foot put forward; two wrongs make
no right;

Who fights and away runs again lives to fight.

As old as the hills and as sharp as a knife;
A tongue that is loose stirreth up endless strife.

Willful waste woeful want makes; waste not
and want not;

The kettle is called very black by the pot.

The tongue cuts two ways, like a double-edged
sword;

Virtue's its own and its only reward.

Tell boldly the truth and the devil you shame;
A rose smells as sweet by a different name.

As you make up your bed so you in it must lie;
If you first don't succeed just again try and try.

When cooks are too many they ruin the broth;
Your coat you must cut with regard to the
cloth.

Patient waiting's no loss; practice what you
may preach;

He never takes anything—out of his reach.

Whistling girls and hens crowing both come to
bad ends;

Judge a man by his enemies more than his
friends.

Old trust is all dead, for bad pay killed him
quick;

Up like the rocket and down like the stick.

A place for each thing and each thing in its
place;

He a fool has for client who pleads his own
case.

Brag may be a good dog, but Holdfast is better;
As poor as a church mouse and true to the
letter.

He swallows the oyster and hands each a shell;
It you give him an inch he'll take from you an
ell.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

To the home of his father returning
The Prodigal, weary and worn,
Is greeted with joy and thanksgiving,
As when on his first natal morn;
A "robe" and a "ring" is his portion,
The servants as suppliants bow,
He is clad in fine linen and purple,
In return for his penitent vow.

But, ah! for the Prodigal Daughter,
Who has wandered away from her home—
Her feet must still press the dark valley,
And through the wild wilderness roam;
Alone on the bleak, barren mountains—
The mountains so dreary and cold—
No hand is outstretched in fond pity
To welcome her back to the fold.

But thanks to the Shepherd, whose mercy
Still follows his sheep, though they stray,
The weakest, and e'en the forsaken,
He bears in his bosom alway;
And in the bright mansions of glory,
Which the blood of his sacrifice won,
There is room for the Prodigal Daughter
As well as the Prodigal Son.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.
I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I glide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers.
And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

UNSATISFIED.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

WHEN summer flowers o'er meadows spring,
I sigh, "What will the winter bring?"
And when the snows enshroud the lea,
"What holds the summer time for me?"
And so forever reaching past
The joys that lie within my grasp,
I walk in restlessness and pain,
Striving, with useless strife and vain,
To find the things that hidden lie,
Beyond the sight of human eye.
Oh, foolish mortals! frail and weak!
Why do we ever search and seek,
For things that are not ours to know,
Till in God's time he wills it so.
If we, with heart and hand alway,
Would grasp the sunshine of to-day—
If we would let the future stand
With Him who holds it in His hand,
Our feet would find the paths of bliss,
Our lives know more of happiness.
But when the flowers o'er meadows spring,
We sigh, "What will the winter bring?"
And when the snows enshroud the lea,
"What holds the summer time for me?"

ECHO.

BY CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

I stood beside a mountain lake
And sought an echo to awake;
I breathed a song of hope and love,
When, like a spirit, from above,
The echo caught my words and tone;
Mingling my music with its own;
Sending, more sweetly, tenderly,
My own words back again to me.
So would I seek my words to make
True, like the echo from the lake;
So would I only that repeat
Which shall return an answer sweet.

—*Youth's Companion*

WOULDEST thou have thy flesh obey thy
spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God.
Thou must be governed, that thou mayest
govern.—*St. Augustine.*

A MEMORIAL PSALM.

[Written by request, for the "Tenth of May
Celebration," at Lexington, Va.]

Past, the clash and clang of battle—
Past, the terrors, trials, fears—
Past, the deadly roar and rattle,
Yet—we meet in tears.

Not a shout of exultation
Breaks the sobbing silence deep;
On the death-day of a nation
Is it strange we weep?

But the homage sad we render,
Softens with a proud relief,
And a solemn joy and tender
Mingles with our grief.

Oh, the heroes wrested from us
Have not lived or died in vain!
For their memory's bow of promise
Spans our years of pain.

Countless eyes have coned their story—
Countless hearts grown brave thereby:
Let us thank the God of glory
We had such to die!

Where had been the Church's honor,
When the overwhelming flood
Of her foes rushed fierce upon her,
But—for martyrs' blood?

Where the lofty acclamations,
O'er the wretch of thralldom's chains?
Where the grandeur of the nations,
But—for patriots slain?

Shall we, then, in sad procession,
Heads low bowed upon the breast—
Only bring our tears to freshen
Graves where heroes rest?

Rather lay the rose and laurel,
Glad with dew, above the sod—
Learn their lives' majestic moral,
Wait—and trust in God!

MRS. M. J. PRESTON.

ONLY.

BY CHARLES KIRBY SHETTERLY, E. OF L.

Only an angel
Whose strains low and deep
Gently, peacefully,
Wait me to sleep.

Only a messenger
Sent from His throne,
Calling His children,
Like prodigals, home.

Only a slumber,
Dreamless and sweet,
Ere the awaking
To bliss more complete.

Only a portal
That leadeth to life;
Only cessation
Of earth's angry strifes.

—*Youth's Companion.*

TO BE God's instrument in saving one
soul is a greater work than all the angels
in heaven ever accomplished. An angel
told Cornelius to send for Peter, and an
angel told Philip to go down the desert
road to Gaza, that he might preach to the
eunuch; but neither of those heavenly
messengers could himself do the work of
an evangelist.

THAT which makes heaven so full of joy
is that it is above all fear; and that which
makes hell so full of horror is that it is
below all hope.

"You may not be able to shine like a star on the pathway of many feet, but you can be a fire-fly to lighten up the gloom of night to some poor wandering soul who is groping after God. Even a glow-worm has a destiny, and thou hast thine. Fulfill it."

Blue Mountain Springs
Sept 1882

High forest to the
cypress to the



Gems.

Worth makes the man; and want of it the fellow.
POPE.

Opinion is that high and mighty dame
Which rules the world, and in the mind doth frame
Distastes or likings; for in the human race
She makes the fancy various as the face.
HOWEL.

To most men experience is like the stern lights
of a ship, which illumine only the track it has
passed.
COLERIDGE.

May 28th / 82.

Blue Mountain
Spring

Many all lips trials, care and crass
As light as mountain moccasins
M. Co. Hamilton

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It is related that whilst St. Valentine was in the agonies of death, two doves hovered restlessly and sadly above the place. They evinced the greatest sorrow for his suffering; and when he sank at last under the severity of his tortures they ^{lit} ~~light~~ upon his breast, touched his lips with their little bills, then soared into the clouds as if ever kissing away his pure and gentle spirit and bearing it to heaven.

The anniversary of this Saint's death was ever afterwards dedicated to tenderness and gentle thoughts and established as a feast of love.

Hence modern observation of the day as one of tender professions between the sexes. A further legend of St. Valentine's martyrdom."

RIDING AND DRIVING IN OLDEN TIMES.

When roads were few and bad, progress from place to place, either on business or pleasure, was not so easy as it is nowadays.

In the time of Henry VIII., ladies usually rode behind their lords on pillions. If the weather was bad they could only wrap up well, or stay at home. Coaches were introduced into England by an Earl of Arundel, in 1580. The Duke of Buckingham was not content with the usual pair of horses, but he harnessed six to his carriage. The first coach used in France had leather doors, and curtains instead of glass windows. In 1658 there were only some three hundred coaches in all Paris. A hundred years afterwards there were fourteen thousand. Sedan-chairs were largely used, after their introduction by the Duke of Buckingham.—*Sel.*

FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN AMERICA.

The first book printed in America was issued in 1536 in the City of Mexico. It was the translation of a work written in Greek and entitled, in Spanish, "Escala Espiritual para llegar al Cielo," or "Spiritual Ladder of Heaven." This translation, from a Latin version, was made by Juan de Estrada and printed by Juan Pablos, who appears to have been brought to Mexico by Mendoza, and probably printed this little volume as a sort of manual for the novices of the Convent of St. Dominic. The work derives its name from its form, it being thirty steps to lead to perfection. No copy of the work is now

GREATNESS.

He may be great who proudly rears
For coming years strong pyramids;
But greater he who hourly builds
A character by noble deeds.

He may be wise whose mind is filled
With all the wisdom time has given;
Who sees and does his duty well
Is wiser in the sight of heaven.

It may be grand to deck the walls
With pictures by rare genius wrought;
Greater it is to line the soul
With tints and gems of noble thought.

He may be great who can indite
Songs that shall every bosom thrill;
He who knows how to make his life
A poem grand is greater still.

—*Sel.*

"PASS IT ALONG."

An old Scotchman was taking his grist to mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground.

He had not strength to raise it, he being an aged man; but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would appeal to him for help. But the horseman proved to be a nobleman, who lived in the castle hard by; and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also; and, not waiting to be asked he quickly dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back.

John—for he was a gentleman, too—lifted his Kilmarnock bonnet, and said, "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"Very easily, John!" replied the nobleman. "Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him; and that will be thanking me."

Golden Grains.

Fixed resolves need short professions.

He who speaks, sows; he who listens reaps.

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives.

As every golden thread is valuable, so is every minuet.

To indulge a consciousness of goodness is the way to lose it.

THE AGE OF OLD MEN.

BY REV. J. W. BASHFORD, PH. D.

The late Emperor William of Germany furnishes only another illustration of the fact that this is the age of old men. Statistics show that the longevity of the civilized races is advancing. This seems notably the case with the most serviceable and eminent. The age of possible usefulness is rapidly lengthening in modern times. In no generation since the patriarchs have old men exercised a greater influence than at the present time.

Emperor William bore the full responsibilities of his office, until he was ninety-one. Leopold von Ranke, Germany's greatest recent historian, also continued his labors until he was ninety-one. Our great and beloved Bancroft is still actively writing at eighty-seven. M. Thiers, the great historian of France, accepted the presidency and shaped the destinies of the French Republic after he was seventy-two years old, and produced his last literary work when he was seventy-five. Gen. Grant had not the slightest dream of literary fame at sixty-two. Then during

confinement to the house by an accident, and because of financial distress, he wrote the most popular book thus far published in America—a book destined to serve as a model of personal and historical narrative for generations. Bismarck has the weight of the German Empire now resting mainly upon his shoulders at seventy-three. Disraeli was prime minister of one of the great world powers at seventy-six; and Gladstone at seventy-nine walks with the erect body and elastic step of youth, and has the mental freshness to undertake a political reform upon which the world gazes with admiration. The venerable Alcott has just left us at eighty-eight. Longfellow and Emerson were spared to a goodly age. Whittier at eighty and Holmes at seventy-eight, Browning at seventy-six and Tennyson in his seventy-ninth year, are to-day the chief literary masters of our English tongue. Bryant continued his literary labors until he was eighty-four, and Carlyle was spared until he was eighty-six. Sir Moses Montefiore wrote a book after he was ninety-two, and rounded out a full century of life. All honor to the venerable men who are revealing to us fresh possibilities of human achievement beyond the traditional threescore years and ten! We must advance the period of possible usefulness at least a score of years beyond the ordinary conception.—*Sel.*

How Big West Virginia Is.

West Virginia is larger than Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Delaware combined. Their population is 3,960,040, while that of West Virginia is 618,457. The value of the property of the above is \$5,638,000,000, while West Virginia, with a larger area of square miles, is only valued at \$307,000,000. At the same rate per square mile as the five States, West Virginia's population would be 4,573,334, and her true wealth \$5,941,779,128.—*Baltimore American.*

Had there never been a cloud,
there had never been a rainbow.

The one prudence in life is concentration the one evil is dissipation.

We should never throw off politeness even in our conflicts with coarse people.

Select that course of life which is the best, and custom will render it most pleasant.

A LESSON FOR ALL.

Peter Cooper took a great interest in the Woman's Art School of New York, which was one of many of the philanthropic objects his money aided.

One day he stood watching the portrait class in that institution, while, to the number of thirty, they were drawing a likeness of the same model from different positions. One scholar took the face in profile; another had it turned a little into the shadow; a third saw more of the full face and represented it accordingly; while others worked still further into the light or away from it. Of course the portraits thus taken were very different; some of them, indeed, so different that any one unacquainted with the original might have been almost excused for thinking that they were portraits of different people. Mr. Cooper observed the scene for a few minutes, and then said: "Such a sight as this should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different according to the way he is looked at by various people." Speaking of this incident, a writer asks: "Does not it teach us a lesson of caution in accepting any man's judgment of another, especially if that judgment be an unfavorable one? The view thus given us of the man's character may be no more complete and correct than would be a portrait of his face taken from a side view of it and in deep shadow. May we not also learn this, that before we ourselves form, and especially before we express a decided opinion of any man, we should look at him fully and fairly? The defect which stands out in him so prominently may, after all, be counterbalanced by excellences which entitle him to our highest respect."

IT MAKES THE BURDENS LIGHTEN.

"Let me carry your pail, my dear,
Brimming over with water!"

"No! I'll take hold and you take hold
Answered the farmer's daughter.

And she would have her own sweet way,
As her merry eyes grew brighter;
So she took hold and he took hold,
And it made the burden lighter.

And now they're at the eve of life,
While the western skies grow brighter
For she took hold and he took hold,
And it made the burdens lighter.

Origin of Names of Fabrics.

Damask is from the City of Damascus; satins from Zaytown in China; calico from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where calico was also printed. Muslin is named from Mosul in Asia. Alpaca from an animal in Peru of the llama species, from whose wool the fabric is woven. Buckram takes its name from Bostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffeta and tulle from a street in Bagdad. Cambric from Cambray. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize for Bajaz; dimity from Damietta, and jeans from Jean. Drugget is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thomas Blanket, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woolen into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woollen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as it is sometimes stated, but from the Greek diaspron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian vellute, woolly (Latin, vellus—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit salu, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandana is from an Indian word, to bind or tie, because it is tied in knots before dyeing. Chutiz from the Indian chott. Delaine is the French "of wool."—[*Trade Journal.*]

A silent hour under the stars may
whisper to your soul great thoughts
of eternity.

If we find no faults in ourselves,
we should not take pleasure in observing those of others.

Those who have no patience of
their own forget what demand they
make on that of others.

THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

Baron Larrey's Interesting Book About an Interesting Family.

Paris, Jan. 7.—Mme. Mere, (Napoleon's Mother) by Baron Larrey, is the book which attracts most attention this week. Baron Larrey, is the son of the great surgeon of Napoleon I., is better prepared than any other to write a history of the mother of the greatest man in modern history, because from his childhood he has collected documents and prepared notes. Besides Baron Larrey has the advantage of having been personally acquainted with Letitia Balmolino Bonaparte, as in 1834, with his father, he visited Mme. Mere in the Palazzo, Rinuccini, her home in Rome.

Those who are familiar with David's marvellous painting called "Coronation of Josephine" remember the stonished, triumphant expression the artist has given to Napoleon's mother; and certainly her life was one succession of triumphs and astonishments.

Mme. Letitia Balmolino, married Charles Bonaparte at Ajaccio, Corsica, and became the mother of thirteen children; when her husband died, eight of these children were living. An insurrection drove them from their home, and with absolutely nothing, except the clothes they wore, Letitia Bonaparte and her children arrived at Marseilles. However, she was a brave woman, and Napoleon at Saint Helena said, "My mother had a man's head on a woman's body." Those who saw their more than modest home at that time could have never dreamed that each member of that family would some day wear a crown. The future Empress-mother spun from early dawn till late at night, while Caroline, the future Queen of Naples, did the marketing; Elisa, the future Queen of Etruria, kept the accounts, and Pauline, who was to become Princess Borghese, swept and dusted the house. Their destinies were in the hands of a young man, thin and small, who was placed near the cannon at the siege of Toulon. The port was ceded to the English, but the unknown young man recaptured the town amid cries of "Viva la Republique." From that day fortune took him by the hand and led him from victory to victory, until she placed him on a throne. That young man was the youngest son of the widow, who could hardly buy bread for her children.

I have counted among my friends several members of the Bonaparte family, and from them I have heard of the astonishment displayed by Napoleon's mother when she realized the change in her position. She who had lived in a poor cottage had a palace; she who had always walked found coaches and proud-stepping horses at her disposal; she who had never known the luxury of a servant, was suddenly surrounded by chambermaids; she who had worried about money to buy bread was allowed 1,000,000 francs a year for her expenses. Is it any wonder that she was astonished, feared it was a dream and could not continue? Pauline, who was the sense of the family, delighted in going about from shop to shop, ordering jewels and gowns in the name of her mother, merely for the pleasure of hearing the Corsican say in her patois, because she never really learned French, "Pauline, do not buy anything more; you spend too much money."

Nothing made Napoleon more furious than to hear his mother's objections to spending money, because he wished every member of his family to behave as though they had always been accustomed to luxuries. The poor mother felt that she must economize, and Napoleon said continually: "Spend; I'll give you a million to spend."

"In that case, sire, give me two, for I must save one."

And when Napoleon was out of hearing she would explain why she must economize.

"I must keep something to buy bread for all these kings some day." And after the battle of Waterloo she went to Rome, and there, with the million and a half she had saved, Mme. Mere supported all her ex-kings and queens. Poor Mme. Mere! One of her favorite phrases in the days of her splendor was, "Pourvu que cela dure." (Provided at last). She had the presentiment that the end must come; she was very fond of her children, and each one went to her with an account of domestic troubles. And what trouble there was; Napoleon repudiated Josephine, he tried to break the marriage of Lucien, he succeeded in rendering null that of Jerome and Miss Patterson, Louis and Hortense separated three times, and Pauline was unhappy with Prince Borghese. The mother would have been distracted with all this had she not taken refuge in reading. She liked novels and religious books, for Letitia Bonaparte was pious. One day she said:

"What a family! My son, the Emperor, is something extraordinary; he is a marvel, but the lion has claws and very formidable jaws. He should never be irritated; Lucien irritates him because of his marriage, and Jerome irritates him."

And poor Louis is so badly married! And Prince Borghese! Ah! what tears for me! Do you wish to know which of my children I love the best? The one who is the most unhappy, the one who most needs my love."

And in the end the most unhappy of her children was the one who had been the most powerful. Then came 1814 and the banishment of Elba. A ship one day was seen approaching the island. Great was the curiosity, but all were overjoyed when Mme. Mere landed and placed her money at the feet of her son. In spite of her age and infirmities she had braved the trumpet in order to console her captive son and perhaps enable him to regain his lost position.

Mme. Mere lived to be more than 90 years old, but at the age of 82 cataracts completely destroyed her eyesight. In her old age her favorite occupation was spinning, but each day all the important newspapers were read to her. She surrounded herself with all that belonged to Napoleon; her breakfast was taken on the table used by him at Saint Helena, and although in her rooms each of her children was represented by bust or portrait, Napoleon's bust dominated all. As said Mme. Mere "My life ended after the death of the Emperor. Then I renounced everything forever."

Mery, who wrote "Napoleon in Egypt," said that Mme. Mere reminded him of "Niobe dying on her dying sons." And Baron Larrey says, "When I saw portraits and busts of her children by all the great artists of the time I thought they seemed grouped in advance about Mme. Mere to form, at the supreme hour of her obsequies, a resuscitated cortege for this illustrious mother of Napoleon."

In her youth Mme. Mere had a cameo profile—broad, prominent forehead, large eyes, long nose, exquisitely chiseled lips and a swan-like throat.

In her old age her eyes, once black, were gray and opaque, because of the double cataract, but her cheeks had very few wrinkles, and her lips, although expressing sadness, were well cut. Throughout her life Mme. Mere was in appearance the typical Roman Empress, but as she liked neither balls nor grand receptions nor music nor the theatres Mme. Mere was decidedly out of place at a gay court like that of Napoleon.

Princess Mathilde said once, "Of course I revere Napoleon; had it not been for Napoleon, I might have been selling oranges at Ajaccio."

I think Mme. Mere would have been a happier woman, would have lived a life much more in accordance with her tastes, had she cultivated the vine in her little garden at Ajaccio and seen her children established near her in happy homes.

Baroness Salvador.

A PROPHECY PARTIALLY FULFILLED.

Remarkable Prediction Made by an Old Bavarian Hermit.

In August, 1857, the Bavarian Allgemeine Zeitung printed a remarkable prophecy, which had been made by an old hermit years before. In it the rise of Napoleon III was clearly outlined, as were also the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian wars, and the commune of Paris. He told how the death of Pope Pius would occur in 1867 or 1877, and how it would be followed by a Turko-Russian war, both predictions being but slightly wrong. He said that Germany would have three Emperors in one year before the end of the present century, which we know was verified to the letter in 1888. He misused it one in the number of United States Presidents who would die of assassination, which was remarkable close guessing, to say the least.

Now for the future: The opening of the twentieth century is to see Manhattan Island and the whole of New York City submerged in the waters of the Hudson, East River and the Bay of Cuba is to break in two, and part of it, including a portion of the City of Havana, to sink beneath the waves.

Florida and Lower California are to break loose from the mainland and carry their loads of human freight to the bottom of the sea.

The twenty-fifth is to be the last of the United States Presidents; and Ireland is to be a kingdom and England a republic by the end of the next century.

If this seer of seers is to be relied upon, the United States will soon be divided, and San Francisco, Salt Lake City, (which he referred to as the "paradise in the American desert"), New Orleans, St. Louis, Washington, and Boston are to be made capitals of the six republics that are to be reared on the ruins of the present United States.

To return to Europe: The end of the twentieth century will not find either Italy or France upon the maps, and Berlin will have been totally destroyed by an earthquake.

COURAGE.

"Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though the path be out of sight;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
Trust in God, and do the right."

—Norman Macleod.

SUBSTITUTION.

For my darkness—Jesus' light;
For my feebleness—His might;
For my faultiness—His grace;
For earth's frowns—His smiling face.

For my doubts—the truth of God;
For my sins—Christ's precious blood;
For my pains—His pity's dower;
For my falls—His raising power.

For my conflicts—Jesus' peace;
For earth's chains—His sweet release;
For my poverty—His store
And Himself for evermore.

—Et.

A PETAL THAT PREACHED.

I picked up a stray petal from the floor and blessed was the sermon it preached unto me. It was one of many petals that went to make up a rose. A fragrant and beautiful flower is the rose, but I was hardly prepared for the marked fragrance of this solitary petal. And I learned from it that only as each petal of the flower is shapely and each petal fragrant can the whole rose be beautiful in form or ex-hale its delicious odor. Surely in the whole rose we have an emblem of a Christian life, and in the petal is the suggestion of the little incidents of that life. If the common things we do and say, the everyday words and deeds, be not fragrant with the aroma of Christliness, and attractive with the beauty of holiness, our lives will neither bear likeness to the Lord nor be redolent with the spices of godliness. True grace betrays itself in minor matters. It is far more easy to seem great or gracious when applause and commendation await us than in the hidden and unseen hours of our daily lives. But greater is he whose virtues shine out in quietness and in faithfulness as the twinkling stars, than he whose stray good deeds are done with the glare and noise and ephemeral life of a sky-rocket. I believe in the spicery of religion, and for fragrance I would rather have a solitary rose petal than a whole dahlia.—A. A.

To PERSEVERE in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.—Barron.



WOOD PIGEON

PANSIES.

I.

Six little faces gorgeous and bright,
Nodding so gay at the clear sunlight,
Two little faces orange and blue,
Two little faces yellow in hue,
Two little faces darkish and dull,
Six little faces—all beautiful.

II.

Cloudlets are frowning, sky growing dark,
Flashes the lightning—thunder peals! hark!
Showers of diamonds are on the grass,
Armies of drops on window glass,
Beds have run over—garden 's a flood,
Six little faces spattered with mud!

MATTY LEE.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says, "Be sweet,"
And the lily bids, "Be pure"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
"Be patient, and endure."
The violet whispers, "Give,
Nor grudge nor count the cost."
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming
In spite of chill and frost."
And so each gracious flower
Has each a several word,
Which, read together, maketh up
The message of the Lord.



PANSIES.

I SEND thee pansies while the year is young,
Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
By all the chiefest of the Sons of Light;
And if in recollection lives regret
For wasted days and dreams that were not true,
I tell thee that the "pansy freak'd with jet"
Is still the heart's-ease that the poets knew.
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
And for the pansies send me back a thought.

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Time shall tell the joyful story,
Good deeds done cannot be lost;
Here in time or there in glory,
They shall far outweigh the cost."

"

It is not years that make men old; the
spirit may be young
Though for three score years and ten, the
wheels of life have run;
God has himself recorded, in his blessed
words of Truth,
That they who wait upon the Lord, they
shall renew their youth.

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And when the eyes now dim, shall open to
behold the King.
And ears now dull with age, shall hear the
harps of heaven ring, —
And on the head now hoary, shall be
placed the Crown of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy, of never
growing old."



Edelweiss from Sienna.
 Austria



Flowers from India
 Found by Miss Louise Costello

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The Tongue.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your
head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose
speed,"

Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed,"

While Arab sage doth this impart:

"The tongue's great storehouse is the
heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the
tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his
soul."

—Rev. Philip Burrows Strong.

Nicknames of Great Men.

Whenever a great man is truly be-
loved by the people it nearly always
follows that a pet name of more or
less suitability is bestowed upon him.
Thus Lord Beaconsfield was commonly
known as "Dizzy," Gladstone as the
"Grand Old Man," and Palmerston as
"Pam." Among a certain party Lord
Rosebery is familiarly referred to as
"Bosy," and Mr. Balfour as "Golfie."
The latter nickname owing its origin,
of course, to the famous leader's pas-
sion for the game of golf.

Oliver Goldsmith was "Noll" to his
associates and admirers; Charles Dick-
ens; remained "Boz" to the end of his
days; Edmund Spenser, the famous
Elizabethan poet and author of the
"Faery Queen," was called "Mother
Hubbard," while Sir Walter Scott had
a variety of names, prominent among
which was the title, "Wizard of the
North."

Napoleon was called the "Little Cor-
poral" by his officers and men; Mar-
shal Ney was surnamed "Le Brave,"
while it may not be known that the
Duke of Wellington was sometimes re-
ferred to by the less reverent of his
worshippers as "Trunco," this name
being applied on account of the un-
usual prominent of his nasal organ. A
more respectful nickname for the re-
nowned soldier was the "Iron Duke."

George Washington was called the
"Father of His Country." Andrew
Jackson, was "Old Hickory." Zachary
Taylor was known to his soldiers in
the Mexican war as "Old Rough and
Ready." Richard Henry Lee, a general
at the age of 25, was affectionately
known as "Lighthorse Harry." Gen-
eral Hooker was "Fighting Joe." Gen-
eral Thomas was "Pap" to his soldiers.
General William Henry Harrison was
called "Tippecanoe." John A. Logan
was "Black Jack," on account of his
swarthy complexion and long black
hair. Henry Clay was called "The
Great Pacificator." He was also
known as "The Great Commoner."
William J. Bryan, when in Congress,
earned the name of "The Boy Orator."
James G. Blaine was "The Plumed
Knight." Lincoln was "The Great
Emancipator." General Grant was
"Unconditional Surrender" and "The
Silent Man." Oliver Wendell Holmes
was the genial "Autocrat." Whit-
tler was "The Quaker Poet" and "The
Bachelor Poe," a name now frequen-
tly applied to James Whitcomb Riley.
Eugene Field was "The Children's
Poet." Joaquin Miller is "The Poet of
the Sierras." Henry D. Thoreau was
"The Hermit," on account of his meth-
od of life. Thomas Jefferson was "The
Sage of Monticello." A Bronson Al-
cott was "The Sage of Concord." Jas.
Buchanan was "The Bachelor Presi-
dent." Izaak Walton was called "The
Angler." Robert G. Ingersoll was
"Papin Bob." General Sheridan was
"Little Phil."

Coming to the severe regions of sci-
ence, we find that Sir Isaac Newton
was commonly known as the "Presi-
dent," this name being given him by
reason of the fact that he was the first
president of the Royal Society. Again,
Faraday was "Mike" to his comrades
and fellow workers. Robert Stephe-
nson, the engineer, was "Rocket" (in
memory of the first locomotive turned
out by him, which was thus named);
and Galvani, the renowned electrician,
was "Froggie," the term being applied
to him owing to the fact that one of
his most important discoveries was
made through experimenting with
frogs. Again, Benjamin Franklin was
styled the "American Socrates," and
Thomas Edison is sometimes called
"The Yankee Wizard."

The great actor, David Garrick, was
always "Little Davy" to those who
knew and loved him.

A Live Topic.

A member of the faculty of the Uni-
versity of Chicago tells of the sad case of a
young woman from Indiana who was desir-
ous of attaining social prominence in Chi-
cago, says Harper's Weekly.

Soon after her arrival there she made the
acquaintance of a student at the university
to whom she took a great fancy. Evidently
it was at this time that she realized for the
first time that her early education had been
neglected, for she said to a friend:

"I suppose that, as he is a college man,
I'll have to be awful careful what I say.
What'll I talk about to him?"

The friend suggested history as a safe
topic. To her friend's astonishment, she
took the advice seriously, and shortly com-
menced in earnest to "bone up" in English
history.

When the young man called the girl lis-
tened for some time with ill-concealed im-
patience to his talk of football, outdoor
meets, dances, etc., but finally she decided
to take the matter in her own hands. She
had not done all that reading for nothing;
so, after a pause in the conversation afford-
ing the desired opportunity, she suddenly
exclaimed with considerable vivacity:

"Wasn't it awful about Mary, queen of
Scots?"

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed the
student, confused.

"My gracious!" almost yelled the girl
from Indiana, "didn't you know? Why, the
poor thing had her head cut off."

A Debutante.

A puff, a frill, a bit of lace,
A patch of powder on the face,
A rounded arm, a slender neck,
White shoulders without flaw or fleck,
And—nothing more.
A row of teeth, an infant smile,
A glance quite innocent of guile,
A little head well packed with lore,
Of flounce, fichu and proper gore,
And—nothing more.

A knowledge that the world is round,
Some dim idea of "time" and "sound,"
A phrase or two of French, you know,
Enough rag-time to make a show,
And—nothing more.

A sweet contempt for old-time ways,
For classic bards of modern days,
A constancy much like the wind,
But scant regard for men who grieve,
And—nothing more.

A mannerism not too bold,
A deep idolatry of gold,
A high resolve to play no part
Where one surrenders to the heart,
And—nothing more.

A puff, a frill, a bit of lace,
A patch of powder on the face,
A soul in which small interests lie—
A simple social butterfly,
And—nothing more.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Real Annie Laurie

Few stop to think when the heart is
stirred by the old songs telling love's tale
that in the majority of cases the heroine
was a real woman, and not a creature of
the imagination.

There was Annie Laurie, for instance,
Scotland's favorite woman in song. She
was the daughter of a Scottish knight,
Sir Robert Laurie, and was born about
the year 1682.

William Douglas, of Finland, one of
the noted Scottish family of that name,
loved the girl. When he left Scotland to
fight in Flanders for fame and fortune
she gave him a lock of her hair. In the
lonely night-watches, when thinking of
home and the maiden left behind, the
soldier scribbled the song that became
famous. It was the only remembrance
the girl had of her lover. He was slain
in battle. Tradition says he met death
with the lock of Annie Laurie's hair in
his hand—Woman's World

Easter: The Passover.

"Easter is supposed to have been originally the name of a heathen feast which occurred in the month of April - it was afterwards applied to the Jewish feast of the passover, which occurred about the same time. Tyndale in his translation of the bible into English in 1526 used this word instead of passover but there was no Christian feast called Easter in the days of Peter, and the word paschal which is translated Easter Acts 12th & 14th means passover and should have been so translated."

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Bird of the broken wing
 "Hast beyond skill to bind,
 "Hast thou heart to sing
 "When Heaven is thus unkind?"

"Noe for my ruined flight!
 Joy for my heart of song!
 I sing for the angels' delight—
 And Heaven hath done no wrong!"

My Precious Child—To-morrow will be your birthday; and I write to you to-night that my letter may get to you to-morrow, and as I cannot be with you on your birthday, my letter may be with you, to express to you the love and the blessing of your father. May God spare your life, my beloved child, to see many birthdays, and may every one that you see be happy.

You are now twelve years old this day. You are still a child in years, and yet are old enough to know a thousand things you did not know a very few years ago. And in a very few more years you will know a thousand things you do not know now. Think of this, and be very diligent in your studies, and do the very best you can to improve yourself in every way, and in every thing. Your education has been too much neglected, and you are not as far advanced as you ought to be, and might have been. This makes it necessary for you to be more diligent now—to make up for the past.

And it is not in knowledge alone, but in your manners, in your temper, in your words, in your feelings, and in every thing that you ought to try to excel. So that God may love and bless you, and every one who knows you may respect and admire you, and all your friends may be proud of you, and my old age may be made happy in you, and your own heart may approve of all you do. If I live, you shall have the best opportunities to improve yourself every way. It is for you to improve them all, so as to be a good, a useful, and a happy woman when you grow up. Be affectionate to your brother William and your sister Mary; be kind to Sophy and Ben; be polite to every lady; be obedient to your teachers; be merciful to the servants. This is the way to be happy, now you are a child, and grow up a favorite of God and man. And may God bless you always.

With constant prayer for you,

Your loving father,

R. J. BRECKENRIDGE.

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
 More than fifty years ago:
 None have yet come home to me,
 But keep sailing to and fro.
 I have seen them, in my sleep,
 Plunging through the shoreless

deep,
 With tattered sails and battered hulls,
 While around them screamed the gulls,
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they staid
 From me, sailing round the world;
 And I've said, "I'm half afraid
 That their sails will ne'er be furled."
 Great the treasures that they hold,—
 Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;
 While the spices which they bear
 Fill with fragrance all the air,
 As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port
 Knows that I have ships at sea,
 Of the waves and winds the sport;
 And the sailors pity me.
 Oft they come and with me walk,
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,
 Till I put my fears aside,
 And contented watch the tide
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.
 I have waited on the piers,

So I never quite despair,
 Nor let hope or courage fail;
 And some day, when skies are fair,
 Up the bay my ships will sail.
 I can buy then all I need,—
 Prints to look at, books to read,
 Horses, wines, and works of art,
 Every thing except a heart:
 That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
 Poorer, too, than I am now,
 Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
 Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
 There was one whose heart was mine;
 But she's something now divine,
 And though come my ships from sea,
 They can bring no heart to me,
 Evermore, evermore.

—ROBERT BARRY COFFIN.

Proverbs of the Talmud.

Have friends or die.
A woman spins and talks.
If your wife is little, bend to her.
Among the thorns the rose blooms.
A woman's wisdom is in the spindle.
The myrtle among the thorns is a myrtle still.

With her foot in the grave a woman clings to vanity.

Where cabbages are plentiful, there take them to market.

If your friend be deaf when you call turn your back on him.

Be the goat white, be the goat black, so she gives good milk.

Ten measures of talk were sent down from heaven, and a woman took nine.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And leads the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day, with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was. Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the tolling saint, and digs the pits at his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time, wherever God sows his wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of the day string up—for surely we want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

PASSION FLOWER.

A subscriber sends us the following question: "Will you be so kind as to tell us through the columns of your paper the origin of the name 'Passion Flower.'" In response we quote the following from the American Cyclopædia: "The fruit is a berry, with a more or less hard rind, pulpy within, and containing numerous seed surrounded by a pulpy covering; the fruit in many species is edible. From this outline of the structure, the origin of the name passion flower will be understood. In the palmate leaves of the plant are seen the hands of Christ's persecutors, and in the conspicuous tendrils the scourges; the ten parts of the flower envelope, calyx and corolla together, stand for the disciples, two of whom, Peter and Judas, were absent; the fringe represents the crown of thorns, or, according to some, the halo of glory; the five anthers are symbolic of the five wounds, and the three styles with their capitate stigmas stand for the nails, two for the hands and one for the feet, with which the body was nailed to the cross."

THE ANTIQUITY OF POPULAR TUNES.

The Paternity of "The Arkansaw Traveler"—Strains Generations Old.

It was announced the other day that Mr. Tasso, the composer of "The Arkansaw Traveler," lay dying in Cincinnati. It must have been news to Arkansaw. The homely Attorney General Garland, who eschews the pigeon-tail coat, must have been surprised if not shocked to learn that "The Rackensack Traveler" owes its paternity to a musical gentleman with an Italian name. The Avalanche declines to believe that "The Arkansaw Traveler" ever had a composer. It is one of those airs of the people, one of those rude and homely, lively, quick and devilish fantasies of the common people, that "put life and metal in our heels." "Nae cotillon, brent new fare France," nor whirling air from Germany, nor yet sport of an Italian fiddler, it is one of those rollicking tunes of the backwoods that grew somewhere in the backwoods ages ago.

Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is probably older than the common law, as old as custom, hoarier than manners. Such airs, with varying names and varied strains, are like the ballads, the proverbs, and the sayings of the people. They may be traced back and back until the track is lost. Origin or author they never had. They have been harped and blown and fiddled, thrummed and danced by the ages. Antiquarians have searched diligently for author and origin for the ballads and for the saws, proverbs and sayings of the people. The search has only established that these always were just as they are, with minor variations. Who composed "Rack Back Dave," "Old Granny," "Rye Straw," "Forked Deer," "Leather Breches," "Old Zip Coon," "Natchez-under-the-Hill," "Billy in the Low Grounds," and hundreds of other popular country fiddler airs? Their names have changed, and their strains have been varied, but they may be heard fiddled out and danced out the world over. They might have been heard centuries ago.

Sherman thought the air to "Marching Through Georgia" a war composition, but he heard a blind fiddler fiddling it in Edinburgh. Harry McCarthy, "the Arkansaw comedian," gave the "Bonny Blue Flag" to the South, but the air is old as the hills. The air sung to Jim Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland," is gray with age. The airs of the people, grave and gay, quick and devilish, in the minor key, in the major mode, pathetic or sombre, or soft and languishing with love and tears, and the ballads of the people and the sayings of the people, are equally without author or origin. They go with the traditions. Perhaps they came from Adam, from before the fall. "The Arkansaw Traveler" is one of these. Unhappy the man who has not worn out his heels in early youth on punchon floors in stolen midnight, and, perhaps, forbidden dance at quilting or apple butter blinning to these airs of the people.—Memphis Cor. New York Times.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first steel plate was discovered in 1830.

Ships were first "copper bottomed" in 1783.

The first horse railroad was finished in 1826.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

A BLOT ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

In 1846 came the American war and invasion, when the United States, with "one fell swoop," as it were, took from Mexico considerably more than one-half of all its territory—923,835 square miles out of a former total of 1,690,317. It is true that payment was tendered and accepted for about one thirty-fourth part (the Gladson purchase) of what was taken, but appropriation and acceptance of payment were alike compulsory. For this war the judgment of all impartial history will undoubtedly be that there was no justification or good reason on the part of the United States. It may be that what happened was an inevitable outcome of the law of the survival of the fittest, as exemplified among nations; and that the contrasts as seen to-day between the life, energy and fierce development of much of that part of Old Mexico that became American—California, Texas and Colorado—and the stagnant, poverty-stricken condition of the contiguous territory—Chihuahua, Sonora, Coahuila—that remained Mexican, are a proof of the truth of the proverb that "the tools rightfully belong to those who can use them." But, nevertheless, when one stands beside the monument erected at the foot of Chapultepec, to the memory of the young cadets of the Mexican Military School—mere boys—who, in opposing the assault of the American columns, were faithful unto death to their flag and their country, and notes the sternly simple inscription, "Who fell in the North American invasion"; and when we also recall the comparative advantages of the contending forces—the American audacious, inspired with continuous successes, equipped with an abundance of the most improved material of war, commanded by most skilled officers, and backed with an overflowing treasury; the Mexicans poorly clothed, poorly fed, poorly armed, unpaid, and generally led by uneducated and often incompetent commanders; and remember the real valor with which, under such circumstances, the latter, who had received so little from their country, resisted the invasion and conquest of that country; and that in no battles of modern times have the losses been as great comparatively as were sustained by the Mexican forces—there is certainly not much of pleasure or satisfaction that a sober-minded, justice-loving citizen of the United States can or ought to find in this part of his country's history. And, if we are the great, magnanimous, and Christian nation that we claim to be, no time ought to be lost in proving to history and the world our right to the claim, by providing, by act of Congress, that all those cannon which lie scattered over the plains at West Point, bearing the inscriptions "Vera Cruz," "Contreras," "Chapultepec," "Molino del Rey," and "City of Mexico," and some of which have older insignia, showing that they were originally captured by Mexican patriots from Spain in their struggles for liberty; together with every captured banner or other trophy preserved in our national museums and collections, be gathered up and respectfully returned to the Mexican people.—Hon. David A. Wells, in Popular Science Monthly for July.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first telegraph was used in England in 1608.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1649.

The first watches were made at Nuremburg in 1477.

The University of Edinburgh is a Child of the Reformation—Strictly Presbyterian.

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WORDSWORTH AND THE SACREDNESS OF CHILDHOOD.

[J. Ashcroft Noble, in *The Sunday Magazine*.]

Wordsworth, who was attracted by the simplest conditions of human existence, was irresistibly drawn to children; and in their little lives, so full of the natural simplicities of thought and feeling, he always found unfailing inspiration. Part of Wordsworth's interest in children was, of course, instinctive: he loved them, as other people love them, because it was his nature and he could not help it; but in addition to this, every child had for Wordsworth a special and peculiar interest, derived from his recognition in it of the promise of a human future and the dower of a divine past. To the former of these he refers in a poem which is short enough to be quoted:—

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

The narrative poem entitled, "We are Seven," is a striking example of Wordsworth's thought about children. The little cottage girl's persistent refusal to accept death as a destroyer of any real human relation, may of course be described as an incapacity; but Wordsworth makes us feel that it is a divine incapacity—an incapacity which most men and women have grown out of, but which they must grow into again if they would indeed become as the little ones of whom is the kingdom of heaven. The picture is all the more impressive because unaccompanied by interpretative comment. The last sound left in our ears is the confident declaration of the little maiden.

"How many are you, then," said I
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And say, "Nay, we are seven!"

Simple as it seems, this was an entirely new strain in poetry. The so-called ignorance of children concerning the great mysteries of existence was not, indeed, a novel theme; the novelty was in the recognition of this seeming ignorance as a divine knowledge, as the very revelation of God to the heart of the child between whom and himself the world has not had time to draw its veil. Mrs. Browning, in one of her most pathetic poems, says of a little girl just dead—

She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid;
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhameses knows.

But the knowledge which Wordsworth celebrates is a knowledge given, not by death, but by life; a knowledge, not of this or that single mystery, but of the great mystery of all, the secret of the Lord, and of those hidden dealings of his which men and women find it so hard to realize. Only when we see children as Wordsworth saw them, can we fully understand the divine declaration, that except we be converted and become as they, we cannot enter into the kingdom of sweet realities of faith and God and heaven to which they belong.

A SOUVENIR FROM THE SOUTH.

Offered in Aid of the Michigan Fire Sufferers.

The following was among the letters received by the Michigan Relief Committee:

MORGANVILLE, LOWNDES CO., ALA. }
September 24, 1881. }

Honorable Wm. G. Thompson, Mayor of Detroit:

DEAR SIR:—Being without money, I send inclosed note that cost me \$100 in gold. Of its present worthlessness the back testifies. If you can sell it as a curiosity or memento, use the proceeds for the sufferers by fire in your State.

If the United States Government would fund the bills like this, the interest to be used for the relief of the sufferers by Providential calamities, as the fire in your State, yellow fever in Memphis, etc., it would be a blessing and produce a better feeling in Southern hearts. Should it be called the Confederate relief fund, the holders of these notes, who now find it hard to cast what cost them the face value in gold or its equivalent into the flames, although the sight of them calls up feelings that are anything but pleasant, would gladly contribute them for such a purpose. Hoping that you may realize something for it, I am yours, etc.,

GEO. N. GILMER.

The note is for \$100, and is made payable six months after the ratification of a treaty between the Confederate States and the United States, at the rate of two cents per day. The bill is numbered 10,180. On the back of it is printed the following:

IN MEMORIAM.

Respectfully dedicated to the holders of Confederate Treasury notes.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it.
As a pledge to the nation that is dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell;
Of Liberty born, the patriot's dream,
Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
But the days rolled on till weeks became years,
And our coffers were empty still,
For coin was so rare that the treasury quaked
If a dollar had dropped in the till;
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well discerned,
For these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned,
We know it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.
But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought us bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it—for it tells our history over,
From the birth of its dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the Angel Hope,
Like hope of success—it has passed.

The note has the following stamp: "Interest paid to January, 1863, at Montgomery." The following reply was sent:

CITY OF DETROIT,
MAYOR'S OFFICE, September 28.

George N. Gilmer, Esq., Morgansville,
Lowndes County, Alabama:

DEAR SIR:—I have your favor of the 24th inst., inclosing a \$100 Confederate bill, and suggesting a disposal of the same as a curiosity for the benefit of the relief fund.

I duly appreciate the kind spirit in which your contribution was sent as manifested in your accompanying remarks, and though it evidently must have formed part of the assets of Col. Sellers, of "There's millions in it" fame, I shall endeavor to realize from the document what "millions" there may be in it in the way you indicate, having advertised it for sale at this office for the purpose desired.

I am dear sir, yours, very truly,

WM. G. THOMPSON, Mayor.

The note is offered for sale in the Mayor's office

INTERESTING FACTS.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara; the largest cavern, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; the longest river, the Mississippi combined with the Missouri; the largest valley, that of the Mississippi—its area 5,000,000 square miles; the greatest city park, that of Philadelphia, containing 2,700 acres; the greatest grain port, Chicago; the biggest lake, Lake Superior; the largest railroad, the Pacific Railroad—over 3,000 miles in extent. The most huge mass of solid iron is Pilot Knob of Missouri—height 250 feet, circumference two miles; the best specimen of Grecian architecture, Girard College, Philadelphia; the largest aqueduct, the Croton, of New York—length, forty and one-half miles, cost, \$12,500,000; the longest bridge over water, will be that now being constructed in Russia over the River Volga, at a point where the river is nearly four miles wide. The most extensive deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania.—*Sci.*

THE finest screws used in a watch have 250 threads to the inch, but screws with 500 threads to the inch can be cut. It takes 144,000 watch screws to weigh a pound.

THE deepest bore-hole believed to have yet been made is one at the village of Schladebach, near the railway between Leipzig and Corbetta. It was pierced with diamond drills, for the purpose of ascertaining if there was coal below. The depth is four thousand five hundred and sixty feet, and some three and a half years have been occupied in boring it. The cost of the work, which was instituted by the Prussian government, has been £5,000. The temperature at the bottom of the bore is 48° Centigrade, a fact which tends to confirm the observation that the temperature rises as we descend into the earth.

A DINING-ROOM IN POMPEII.

The Naples correspondent of a London journal writes as follows: Last week I again visited Pompeii, and had the privilege of seeing a dining-room whose walls had just been laid bare. The paintings were in an admirable state of preservation and interested me very much, because here, in the same room, were three paintings representing people at dinner. Perhaps I ought to say that three banqueting scenes were depicted in these frescoes. The men, in togas, were reclining on couches while they were being served with the choicest of viands and wines. In the central picture a lady was drinking from the long cornucopia-shaped vessel called the "Rhiton," while one of the Roman gentlemen is represented as making her the "toast" of the evening, for over his head is clearly written the words of his supposed utterance, which I may freely translate, "Here's to the handsome girl from Heroulanum!" The fashion of this world passeth away.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

I have fancied sometimes in the Bethel-bent beam
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the
Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us
here,
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China"
and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead—nor under the sod,
That these breaths can blow open to heaven and
God.

Ah, "Silver Street" flows by a bright shining
road—

Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,
But the sweet human psalms of the old-fash-
ioned choir.

To the girl that sang alto, the girl that sang air.

"Let us sing to God's praise!" the minister said;
All the psalm books at once fluttered open to
"York."

Sunned their long-dotted wings in the words
that he read.

While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along,
At the heels of the girl in the rear of the song.

Oh, I need not a ring; bid no genti come
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
To bear me again up the river of Time,
When the world was in rhythm and life was its
rhyme,
And the stream of the years flowed so noiseless
and narrow

That across it there floated the song of the spar-
row;

For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village
choir;

Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that
they sung.

Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple
begun!

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon
Brown,

Who followed by scent until he ran the tune
down,

And dear sister Green with more goodness than
grace,

Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her
place,

And where "Coronation" exultantly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her
toes!

To the land of the dead they have gone with their
song,
Where the choir and the singers together belong.
Oh! be lifted, ye gates! Let us hear them
again,
Blessed song! Blessed singers! forever, Amen!

Deceptive Appellations.

The tuberose is no rose, but a species of
dianthus.

Pompey's Pillar had no historical connection
with Pompey in any way.

Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by the
Egyptian Queen, nor in her honor.

Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to
possess a single property of bone.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey,
and are not baths, only heated chambers.

German silver was not invented in Ger-
many, and does not contain a particle of
silver.

Blacklead is not lead at all, but a compound
of carbon and a small quantity of iron.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is
not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm-
leaf.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not
come from Burgundy; the greater part of it
is resin and palm-oil.

Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of
wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine,
shellac and cinnabar.

"Better to be driven

By adverse winds upon the coast of Heaven,
Better to be,

As it were, shipwrecked upon its rocks

By fiercest shocks,

Than to sail on across a waveless sea

Into a Christless immortality."

A Strange Clock.

A strange clock is said to have once be-
longed to a Hindoo prince. In front of the
clock's disk was a gong swung upon poles,
and near it was a pile of artificial human
limbs. The pile was made up of the full
number of parts necessary to constitute
twelve perfect bodies; but all heap'd to-
gether in apparent confusion.

When the hands of the clock indicated
the hour of one, out from the pile crawled
just the number of parts needed to form
the frame of one man, part coming to part,
with a quick click; and when completed,
the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and
walking up to the gong, struck one blow.
This done, he returned to the pile, and fell
to pieces again. When two o'clock came,
two men arose, and did likewise; and at
the hour of noon and midnight the entire
heap sprang up, and marching to the gong,
struck, one after the other, his blow, mak-
ing twelve in all; then returning, fell to
pieces as before.

Before clocks were so common, hour-
glasses were much used. Sometimes they
served as pocket watches. They were al-
ways kept in the churches to mark the
length of the sermons. In England, dur-
ing Cromwell's reign, the sermons were
very long. An hour was seldom sufficient
for their delivery. So one old minister
when the sand ran out in his time-piece, is
said to have turned it saying: "I know you
are all good fellows: so let's have another
glass." Occasionally, when the speaker
was prosy, the congregation would either
slip out or rebel. This is not to be won-
dered at, when the speaking continued two
or three hours. There is a story that one
of the Puritan preachers was just turning
his glass the second time, when the sexton
interrupted him with the request that he
would lock up the church and put the key
under the door when the sermon was over,
as the few auditors left were going home to
their dinners. Then another, it is said, let
his hour-glass run while talking against
drinking. He reversed it, exclaiming.
'Brethren, I have somewhat more to say on
the nature and consequences of drunkenness,
so let's have another glass and then—'
which was a regular toper's phrase. So,
for all their gravity, the Puritans did not
lack humor.

A Wonderful Clock.

A clock manufacturing firm in Calcut-
ta, India have lately completed a very
ingenious timepiece in the shape of an
eight-day clock, which strikes the hours
on a large, full-toned gong and chimes
the quarters on eight bells. In connec-
tion with the clock there is a perpetual
calendar, which gives the correct days of
all the various months, including the
twenty-nine days in February in the leap
year. There is also a military procession
worked by the clock, representing vari-
ous branches of the British army, con-
sisting of artillery, cavalry and infantry,
and the staff in review order. There is
also a sentry on duty who salutes a
drummer, who beats a drum, and a
bugler, who raises a bugle to his mouth
every few minutes. All of these figures
are arranged at the top of the dial.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest.
—Milton.
Hope is a jewel in the crown of life.—
Selected.

A heart without hope is like a ship with-
out an anchor. Selected.

HOW FLOWERS ACT.

Flowers have habits, or ways of acting, just
as people have. I will tell you about some of
them. There are some flowers that shut
themselves at night so as to go to sleep, and
open again in the morning. Tulips do this.
I was once admiring in the morning some
flowers that were sent to me the evening be-
fore by a lady. Among them were some tu-
lips, and out of these, as they opened, flew a
bumble-bee. A lazy, droning bee he must
have been to be caught in this way as the
flower was closing for the night, or, perhaps,
he had done a day's work in gathering honey,
and just at night was so sleepy that he stayed
too long in the tulip, and so was shut in. A
very elegant bed he had that night. I won-
der if he slept any better than he would have
done if he had been in his homely nest?

The pond-lily closes its pure white leaves
at night as it lies upon its watery bed; but it
unfolds them again in the morning. How
beautiful it looks as it is spread out upon the
water in the sunlight! The little mountain
daisy is among the flowers that close at night,
but it is as bright as ever on its slender stem
when it wakes in the morning. When it shuts
itself up it is a little green ball, and looks
something like a pea; but look the next morn-
ing, and the ball is opened, and shows a gold-
en tuft within a silver crown.

The golden flowers of the dandelion are
shut up every night. They are folded up so
closely in their green coverings that they look
like buds that have never yet been opened.
There is one curious habit which the dande-
lion has. When the sun is very hot it closes
itself up to keep from wilting. It is in this
way sheltered in its green covering from the
sun. It sometimes, when it is very hot, shuts
itself up as early as nine o'clock in the morn-
ing.

Some flowers hang down their heads at
night as if they were nodding in sleep; but in
the morning they lift them up again to wel-
come the light. Some flowers have a particu-
lar time to open. The evening primrose
does not open till evening, and hence comes
its name. The flower named "four-o'clock"
opens at that hour in the afternoon. There
is a flower commonly called "go-to-bed-at-
noon" that always opens in the morning and
shuts up at noon.—*Ec.*

TIME.

What is time, O glorious Giver,
With its restlessness and might,
But a lost and wandering river
Working back into the light?

—Alice Cary.

MONARCH OF AMERICAN PEAKS.

"The highest mountain in America" must
now be changed from Mount St. Elias to
Mount Wrangle, a little to the north. Sev-
eral of these mountains have been newly
measured. Mount Hood, once "roughly"
estimated at 17,000 feet, then "closely" at
16,000, was brought down by triangulation to
13,000; an aneroid barometer made it 12,000
and a mercurial barometer 11,255. Mount
St. Elias, estimated by D'Agelot to be 12,672
feet, is triangulated by Mr. Barker to 19,500.
It now appears that Mount Wrangle, lying to
the north, rises 18,400 feet above Copper
river, which is in turn 2,000 feet above the sea
at that point. If this holds true, Mount
Wrangle is at least 1,000 feet higher than any
other peak in North America. It lies within
the United States boundary.—*Ec.*

W
X

Y
7

Etiquette of Conversation.

Do not appear to notice the inaccuracies of speech in others.

Do not interperse your language with foreign words, or high sounding terms. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

Do not make a pretense of gentility, nor parade the fact that you are a descendant from any notable family. You must pass for just what you are, and must stand on your own merit.

Do not make a parade of being acquainted with distinguished or wealthy people, or having been to college, or visited foreign lands. All this is no evidence of real gentility worth on your part.

Do not aspire to be a great story teller, an inveterate teller or long stories becomes very tiresome.

Do not talk very loud. A clear, distant, yet mild and gentle voice has greater power.

Do not spend your time in talking scandal, you sink your own moral nature by so doing, and you are, perhaps doing great injustice to those about whom you talk.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper and speak excitedly.

Do not indulge in satire.

Do not use slang phrases, vulgar terms, or language that will bring the blush to any one.

CONVERSATION.

THE vices we scoff at in others laugh at us within ourselves.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.—*Sir W. Temple.*

ONE of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.—*Swift.*

As it is the characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so it is of small wits to talk much and say nothing.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Nor only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—*G. A. Sala.*

NEVER hold any one by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for, if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Chesterfield.*

Those who speak always and those who never speak are equally unfit for friendship. A good proportion of the talent of listening and speaking is the social virtue.—*Lavater.*

UNSEEN INFLUENCE.

Perhaps we cannot estimate correctly the extent of our influence over every one with whom we come in contact, because in the majority of cases we are not trying to wield any influence. We meet casually with half-a-dozen acquaintances in the course of a day—we talk on different subjects and part, and straightway we forget all that passed between us, or we think we do. But the impressions given and received are as ineffaceable as they might be slight; and we can never hold converse for a brief half hour with any fellow-creature without leaving some mark and carrying some away. It is said that if a common door key, for example, be laid on a sheet of white paper and then placed, without moving, in a dark closet, the impression of the key will be distinctly seen on the paper, for a moment or two, when again brought to the light. How much more certain is the contact of two souls to leave mutual impressions which, unlike the fleeting image of the key on the paper, are destined to endure, perhaps to deepen with years? How careful of our words and actions we should become if we realized fully and clearly this truth. How many inconsiderate speeches would be left unmade, how many harsh judgments tempered with charity, if the full effect of each was recognized.—*Intelligencer.*

NO SECRET SIN ought to have a night key to its doors. No wicked practice should have access at its back windows. Many and many a sly temptation will present itself at the door, decently clad "in the white robe," and with a smooth word on his tongue. The dangerous sins are those that are genteelly dressed.

Big Things.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, which is 4,100 miles long.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave in Kentucky, which contains a navigable lake abounding in eyeless fish.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the great Iron mountain in Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, which plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 170 feet each.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the natural bridge over Cedar creek in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width and 250 feet in depth.

TWO FAMOUS CAVES.

The Mammoth Cave is in Edmondson county, near Green river, about seventy-five miles from Louisville. Its entrance is reached by passing down a wild, rocky ravine through a dense forest. The cave extends some nine miles. To visit the portions already traversed, it is said, requires 150 to 200 miles of travel. The cave contains a succession of wonderful avenues, chambers, domes, abyesses, grottoes, lakes, rivers, cataracts and other marvels, which are too well known to need more than a reference. One chamber—the Star—is about 500 feet long, seventy feet wide, seventy feet high, the ceiling of which is composed of black gypsum, and is studded with innumerable white points, that by a dim light resemble stars, hence the name of the chamber. There are avenues one and a half and even two miles in length, some of which are incrustated with beautiful formations, and present the appearance of enchanted palace halls. There is a natural tunnel about three-quarters of a mile long, 100 feet wide, covered with a ceiling of smooth rock forty-five feet high. There is a chamber having an area of from four to five acres, and there are domes 200 and 300 feet high. Echo river is some three-fourths of a mile in length, 200 feet in width at some points, and from ten to thirty in depth, and runs beneath an arched ceiling of smooth rock about fifteen feet high; while the Styx, another river, is 450 feet long, from fifteen to forty feet wide, and from thirty to forty feet deep, and is spanned by a natural bridge. Lake Lethe has about the same length and width as the River Styx, varies in depth from three to forty feet, lies beneath a ceiling some ninety feet above its surface, and sometimes rises to a height of sixty feet. There is also a Dead sea, quite a somber body of water. There are several interesting caves in the neighborhood, one three miles long, and three each about a mile in length.

Wyandotte Cave, in Jennings township, Crawford county, Ind., near the Ohio river, is a rival of the great Mammoth Cave in grandeur and extent. Explorations have been made for many miles. It excels the Mammoth Cave in the number and variety of its stalagmites and stalactites, and in the size of several of its chambers. One of these chambers is 350 feet in length, 245 feet in height, and contains a hill 175 feet high, on which are three fine stalagmites. Epsom salts, niter and alum have been obtained from the earth of the cave.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER

Two weeks ago we published an article from the Rev. Dr. Otts, calling attention to the want of a child's morning prayer corresponding to the beautiful evening petition:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

A friend in Mississippi sends the following verse in response:

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast watched,
Whilst I have sweetly slept;
That through night's dark and lonely hours
Thou hast Thy vigils kept:
And now, O, Lord, another day
Opens up before me, bright and fair;
Go with me, Father, guard from harm;
O, hear my morning prayer:
Throughout this day and all my life
May I Thy servant be,
That I, when done with earth, may go,
Thy face fore'er to see.

Another form is suggested as follows:

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
Me from all harm whilst I have slept:
Oh, Father! guard me through this day,
That I walk not in sin's vile way,
And when at last I come to die,
Take me to dwell with Thee on high.

Rev. Dr. Otts sent his article also to the Philadelphia *Presbyterian*, and that paper publishes several forms of a child's morning prayer, sent in response. They possess different degrees of merit:

Now, O Lord, I wake this day,
Pray, keep me in the heavenly way;
If I should die before its close,
May I in thy dear arms repose.

Now I waken from my sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my way to keep;
Going out, and coming in,
Save me, Lord, from every sin.

Guide me, O Lord, this day, I pray,
In all I think, or do, or say;
And if before the night I die,
Take me to dwell with Thee, on high.

Now I awake and see the light,
'Tis God who kept me through the night:
If I should die before 'tis done,
O God, receive me through Thy Son.

Now I rise, refreshed by sleep,
O may the Lord this day me keep;
May he my ways preserve from blame,
And with his love my heart inflame,
All which I ask in Jesus' name.

I thank the Lord for having kept
My soul and body while I slept,
I pray the Lord that through this day,
In all I do, or think, or say,
I may be kept from harm and sin,
And made both good and pure within.

Now I awake and see the light,
'Tis God has kept me through the night;
And I will lift my voice and pray,
That He will keep me through the day.
If I should die before 'tis done,
O God, accept me through Thy Son.



A SCRIPTURE LESSON ON TRUST.

OLD TESTAMENT—PSALM XXXVII. 3-5.

Trust in the Lord and do good;
So thou shalt dwell in the land,
And verily thou shalt be fed.
Delight thyself also in the Lord;
And He shall give thee the desire of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in Him;
And he shall bring it to pass.

A lady writes: "Among my earliest recollections, was learning from my sainted mother's lips a morning prayer which I think is just what you want. I will copy it for you."

Now I awake to see the light;
'Tis God who kept me through the night:
To him I raise my voice and pray,
That he would keep me through the day;
If I should die before 'tis done,
Oh, God, accept me through Thy Son.

NEW TESTAMENT—MATT. VI. 25-26 AND 28-30.

I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for the body what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith.

The Rev. J. R. Mac Duff, D. D., has composed some beautiful lines which may, to some extent, supply the want:

O God, to Thy keeping
This day I commend me;
Both waking and sleeping
In mercy defend me.

May mine be the Christ-life,
Meek, gentle and lowly,
Evading the world's strife,
And following the holy.

THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

They Acquire Their Notes by Simple Imitation While Very Young.

[Bradford Torrey in *The Atlantic*.]

With all this strong tendency on the part of birds to vary their music, how is it that there is still such a degree of uniformity, so that, as we have said, every species may be recognized by its notes? Why does every red-eyed vireo sing in one way and every white-eyed vireo in another? Who teaches the young chipper to trill and the young linnet to warble? In short, how do birds come by their music? Is it all a matter of instinct, inherited habit, or do they learn it? The answer seems to be that birds sing as children talk—by simple imitation. Nobody imagines that the infant is born with a language printed upon his brain. The father and mother may never have known a word of any tongue except the English, but if the child is brought up to hear only Chinese he will infallibly speak that and nothing else.

And careful experiments have shown that the same is true of birds. Taken from the nest just after they leave the shell, they invariably sing, not their own so-called natural song, but the song of their foster parents; provided, of course, that this is not anything beyond their physical capacity. The notorious house sparrow (our "English" sparrow), in his wild or semi-domesticated state, never makes a musical sound; but if he is taken in hand early enough he may be taught to sing, so it is said, nearly as well as the canary. Bechstein relates that a Paris clergyman had two of these sparrows whom he had trained to speak, and, among other things, to recite several of the shorter commandments, and the narrative goes on to say that it was sometimes very comical, when the pair were disputing over their food, to hear one gravely admonish the other: "Thou shalt not steal!" It would be interesting to know why creatures thus gifted do not sing of their own notion. With their amiability and sweet peaceableness they ought to be caroling the whole year round.

Birds sing by imitation, it is true, but as a rule they imitate only the notes which they hear during the first few weeks after they are hatched. One of Mr. Barrington's linnets, for example, after being educated under a titlark, was put into a room with two birds of his own species, where he heard them sing freely every day for three months. He made no attempt to learn anything from them, however, but kept on singing what the titlark had taught him, quite unconscious of anything singular or unpatriotic in such a course. This law, that impressions received during the immaturity of the powers become the unalterable habits of the after life, is perhaps the most momentous of all the laws in whose power we find ourselves. Sometimes we are tempted to call it cruel. But if it were annulled this would be a strange world. What a hurly-burly we should have among the birds! There would be no more telling them by their notes. Thrushes and jays, wrens and chickadees, finches and warblers, all would be singing one grand medley.

DISCONTENT is a vital element of civilization; without it there would be no progress.

THE best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.

ABOUT "ROCKING STONES."

The Famous Ones of England and Ireland—Supposed Religious Use.

[Chicago Times.]

The good people of Buckstone, Monmouthshire, England, are mourning the loss of their rocking stone, which has for centuries been the chief attraction of the village. Indeed, the town is supposed to have derived its name from the stone. In the old vernacular of the country, rocking and bucking were synonymous. This rocking stone was a natural block of rock, so formed and so poised on a pivot as to oscillate forward and backward without losing its equilibrium. Ever since the town was settled, this stone has been the delight of the villagers. As thousands of strangers have visited the place every year on purpose to see this famous stone and to move it on its pivot, it "brought no small gains" to the stage-drivers and the owners of inns and ale-houses. The stone stood on the summit of a hill, and was, like many similar natural curiosities, the property of the crown. It was overturned and rolled into the wooded valley below by the members of a variety company who had been performing in the town. As the stone weighs several tons, and is in an unfavorable position, it will probably never be restored to its original position.

The famous rocking stone of the Monmouthshire village was not the only one of the kind in the British islands, though it was the one most widely known. Similar stones exist in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Wales, and Cornwall. They are quite numerous in Scotland. Not far from Land's End is a famous rocking stone, known as the "Loggan." Some sixty years ago, a certain Lieut. Goldsmith, of the royal navy, overturned the stone, with a view, he said, to a scientific investigation. As the admiralty caused him to restore it to its former position at his own expense, and as the stone was found to weigh ninety tons, he repented at leisure and at great expense for his folly and zeal in making scientific investigations.

Ireland has several rocking stones which have been carefully guarded by the inhabitants. The one at Islandmagee, near Brown's bay, is the most famous. It not only rocks when the hand is pressed on it, or when the wind strikes it, but it trembles and nods, or local traditions are not to be trusted, whenever an unjust landlord, an informer, a process-server, or a malefactor approaches near it. It is almost needless to state that it is held in high estimation by the people. Rocking stones are quite common in Greece, and until recently it was supposed they were shaped and poised by ancient artisans for some unknown purpose. Some of them contain inscriptions, which serve to strengthen the impression that the stones themselves were fashioned by artificial means.

The belief was general in Great Britain, till geologists apparently disproved the theory, that these rocking stones were fashioned by the Druids, and that they made use of them in practicing their savage rites which they performed in the name of religion. That they used them in their devotional exercises and that they employed them to terrify the people seem likely, but there is no good reason for believing that they shaped

and poised them in the places where they are found. That they might have been used by the people who preceded the Celts for purposes of divination is probable. In one of the poems of Ossian men are represented as marching round one of these stones, singing hymns to the gods and counting the number of vibrations as an augury of the issue of an approaching battle. These stones were held in superstitious veneration long after the introduction of Christianity and it was found necessary to threaten excommunication against persons who persisted in paying homage to rocking stones.

Geologists have a theory of their own about the origin of rocking stones. They state that they are masses of rock which owe their peculiar shape to the slow decay of the softer portions of them. The decayed portions have washed away, leaving those not likely to become decomposed by the action of the atmosphere. The point that becomes a pivot is generally composed of very hard material, and, being protected by the portions that project over it, retains its hardness. Our Indians had rocking stones which they regarded with reverence, and which they consulted as oracles. One of them is at Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, and constitutes one of the chief attractions of the place. Had geologists not destroyed all sentiment concerning rocking stones, they would be regarded with more interest than they are at present.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WARFARE.

At the battle of Talavera (1809), the loss in the killed and wounded was one-eighth of those engaged. At Austerlitz (1805), it was one-seventh. At Malplaquet (1709), at Prague (1759), and at Jena (1806), it was one-sixth. At Friedland (1807), and at Waterloo (1815), one-fifth. At Marengo (1800), it amounted to one-fourth. At Salamanca (1812), out of 90,000 combatants 30,000 were killed or wounded. At Borodino (1812), out of 250,000, 80,000 fell on the two sides. At Leipsic (1813), the French sustained a loss of one-third of their total effective force. At Preussisch Eylau (1807), 55,000 were killed and wounded out of a combined total of 160,000 combatants, giving a loss of more than one-third; while at Zorndorf (1758), the most murderous battle which history records in modern times, out of 82,000 Russian and Prussian troops engaged, 32,000 were stretched on the field at the close of the day.

Let us now come to more recent times. The first great battle in which rifled firearms were used was Solferino (1859), and when the war broke out it was confidently predicted that the effects of the new weapon would be frightful; but the loss actually fell to one-eleventh of those engaged. At Koniggratz, where, in addition to rifled weapons, one side was armed with breechloaders, the actual loss was further diminished to one-fifteenth. Finally we come to the Franco-Prussian war, in which the proportions were—Worth one eleventh, Gravelotte one-twelfth, and Sedan one-tenth. These figures may surprise many who, not unnaturally, imagined that improved weapons entailed increased slaughter. It is not intended to imply that battles are not still sanguinary, but it is incontestable that they are much less so than they were.

Don't cherish your sorrow; when God breaks our idols in pieces, it is not for us to put the broken bits together again.

HE benefits himself that doeth good to others.
 HE teaches me to be good that does me good.
 IF it were not for hopes, the heart would break.
 HE that grasps at too much holds nothing fast.
 HE that falls to-day may be up again to-morrow.
 As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good.
 HONEST men's words are as good as their bonds.
 CHOOSE a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

LIFE is a leaf of paper white
 Whereon each one of us may write
 His word or two, and then comes night;
 Though thou have time
 But for a line, be that sublime;
 Not failure, but low aim, is crime.
 —J. R. Lowell.

Cheerfulness.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
 Wherever our duties call,
 With a friendly glance and an open hand,
 And a gentle word for all.
 Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
 Where toil is the portion of man,
 We all should endeavor while passing along,
 To make it as smooth as we can.

"ONLY A SEED."

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 it 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.

In the name of God advancing,
 Sow thy seed at morning light;
 Cheerily the furrows turning,
 Labor on with all thy might.
 Look not to the far off future,
 Do the work which nearest lies;
 Sow thou must before thou reapst,
 Rest at last is labor's prize.



The Moss Rose.

Paraphrase from the German.
 Beneath a rose, as morning broke,
 An angel from his sleep awoke.

Pleased with the flower above his head,
 So fair and beautiful, he said:

"Thy fragrance and thy cooling shade,
 Have doubly sweet my slumbers made.

Fairest of flowers on earth that grow,
 Ask what you will, and I'll bestow."

"Grant, then," she cried, "I'll ask no more,
 Some charm no flower has known before!"

The angel first seemed at a loss,
 Then clothed the bush in simple moss.

And, lo! the moss rose stood confessed,
 A lovelier far than all the rest.

—John Stillwell.

ANOTHER'S FAULTS.

In speaking of a person's faults,
 Pray don't forget your own;
 Remember those with house of glass
 Should never throw a stone.
 If we have nothing else to do
 But talk of those who sin,
 'Tis better we should look at home,
 And from that point begin.

TRULY.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

Nature Proclaims a Deity.

There is a God! The herbs o' the valley,
 The cedars of the mountain bless
 Him; the insect sports in His beam; the
 bird sings Him in the foliage; the thun-
 der proclaims Him in the heavens; the
 ocean declares His immensity—man
 alone hath said, There is no God!

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first printed paper in the United States was published in Boston, Mass. on Sep. 25th 1790.



The American Astronomical Clock.

On the opposite page is illustrated a clock known by the name that heads this column.

It is not only one of the wonders to be seen in New York, but "the most beautiful and marvellous piece of mechanism in the world."

It has been exhibited at a few places, and everywhere the most extraordinary delight has been manifested.

At Wisconsin, for instance, the Governor wrote the inventor: The production of such a scientific and art work is certainly a wonderful achievement and a monument to your genius.

The inventor, Mr. Felix Meier, is said to have been a close student and almost a worshiper of the planetary system; and was ten years, with his assistants, in its construction. He is a stonecutter and working at his trade in Detroit.

He had four associates in the property, but they were poor men and did not succeed in its exhibition as they expected, and he sold his interest to Mrs. J. N. Babcock, who subsequently bought the remaining interests. The lady has conceived the excellent idea of its permanent placement in the capitol at Washington. Some philanthropic patriot by its purchase and donation would do himself an honor, as did Mr. Vanderbilt in the shipment of the obelisk to Central Park.

The carving was done by the man who obtained the prize for such work at the Philadelphia Centennial.

The price for it has been fixed at \$50,000.

It is a most attractive feature in a Broadway store containing antique works near Astor Place.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CLOCK.

"The Clock is eighteen feet in height, eight feet wide by five feet deep, and weighs five thousand pounds. It runs by weights which weigh seven hundred pounds, and is wound up once in twelve days. The case or exterior of the Clock is entirely of black walnut, and is elegantly carved or engraved in designs appropriate and symbolic of our Republic. Above the main body of the Clock is a marble dome, upon which Washington sits in his chair of state, protected by a canopy which is surmounted by a gilded statue of Columbia; on either side of Washington is a colored servant guarding the doors, which open between the pillars that support the canopy; on the four corners of the main body of the Clock are black walnut niches containing human figures emblematic of the march of life; the two lower ones are supported by two female figures with flaming torches; one of the niches contains the figure of an infant, the second the figure of a youth, the third of a man in middle life, the fourth of an aged graybeard, and still another, directly over the centre, contains a skeleton, representing Father Time. All of these figures have bells and hammers in their hands. The infant's bell is small and sweet-toned; the youth's bell larger and harsher; the bell of manhood strong and resonant; that of old age diminishing

in strength, and the bell of the skeleton deep and sad. A figure of William C. Bryant, and another of Professor Morse, inventor of telegraphy, rest upon the pillars supporting the planetary system.

The astronomical and mathematical calculations of the Clock will show the correct movement of the planets for two hundred years, leap years included.

When the Clock is in operation it shows local time in hours, minutes, and seconds; the difference in time at Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Melbourne, Pekin, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Vienna, London, Berlin, and Paris; the day of the week, calendar day of the month, month of the year, and seasons of the year, the signs of the zodiac, the revolutions of the earth on its own axis, and also around the sun; the revolution of the moon around the earth and with it around the sun; also, the moon's changes from the quarter to half, three-quarters, and full; the correct movement of the planets around the sun, comprising Mercury, which makes the revolution once in 88 days; Venus, once in 224 days; Mars, once in 686 days; Vesta, once in 1,327 days; Juno, once in 1,593 days; Ceres, once in 1681 days; Jupiter, once in 4,332 days; Saturn, once in 10,758 days; Uranus, once in 30,688 days. There is therefore a movement in this wonderful piece of machinery which cannot regularly be repeated more than once in eighty-four years.

The inventor has a crank attachment to the Clock, by means of which he can hasten the working of the machinery, in order to show its movements to the public. By turning continuously twelve hours a day, for sixteen days and eight hours, a perfect revolution of the planet Uranus around the sun would be made.

At the end of every quarter of an hour the infant in his carved niche strikes with a tiny hammer upon the bell which he holds in his hand. At the end of each half hour the youth strikes; at the end of three quarters of an hour the man, and at the end of each hour the graybeard, death then follows with measured stroke to toll the hour. A carved figure projecting from either side of the skeleton indicates that time flies.

A large music box, manufactured at Geneva, expressly for this Clock, begins to play at the same time that the skeleton strikes the hour, and a surprising scene is enacted upon the platform beneath the canopy. Washington slowly arises from his chair of state, extending his right hand, presenting the Declaration of Independence; the door on the left is opened by the servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time, including President Hayes. Each President is dressed in the costume of his time. The likenesses are admirable. Passing in file before Washington, they face and raise their hands as they approach him, and walking naturally across the platform disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by the second servant. Washington resumes his seat, and all is quiet save the measured tick of the huge pendulum, and the ringing of the quarter hours, until another hour has passed."

Cultivate a Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life and stirs up ill will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home-voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best pies and cakes for guests, and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

THE IDEAL.

I think the song that's sweetest
Is the one that's never sung;
That lies, at the heart of the singer
Too grand for mortal tongue.
And sometimes in the silence
Between the day and night,
He fancies that its measures
Bid farewell to the light.

A picture that is fairer
Than all that have a part
Among the masterpieces
In the marble halls of art,
Is the one that haunts the painter
In all his golden dreams,
And to the painter only
A real picture seems.

The noblest, grandest poem
Lies not in blue and gold
Among the treasured volumes
That rosewood bookshelves hold;
But in bright, glowing visions,
It comes to the poet's brain,
And when he tries to grasp it
He finds his effort vain.

A fairy hand from dreamland
Beckons up here and there,
And when we strive to clasp it
It vanishes into air.
And thus our fair ideal
Floats always just before,
And we with longing spirits
Reach for it evermore.

A BUTTERFLY'S MORAL.—A boy, on perceiving a beautiful butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colors, that he pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then he endeavored to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of its prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the fickle fly still alluded his attempts. At last, observing it half-buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect, perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with the utmost calmness in the following words: "Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure, like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but, if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in thy grasp."

BEAUTY.—There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the penciled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

Thoughts.

By sound of name and touch of hand,
Thro' ears that hear and eyes that see,
We know each other in this land—
How little must that knowledge be?

Our souls are all the time alone,
No spirit can another reach;
They hide away in realms unknown,
Like waves that never touch a beach.

We never know each other here,
No soul can here another see—
To know, we need a light as clear
As that which fills eternity.

For here we walk by human light,
But there the light of Gods is ours;
Each day, on earth, is but a night—
Heaven alone hath clear-faced hours.

I call you thus—you call me thus—
Our mortal is the very bar
That parts forever each of us,
As skies on high part star from star.

A name is nothing but a name,
For that which else would nameless be;
Until our souls in rapture claim
Full knowledge in eternity.

Devoutly look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee.

THE SWISS GOOD NIGHT.

Among the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song; and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman, who dwells upon the highest habitable spot, takes his horn, and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking-trumpet, "Praise the Lord God!"

As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring herdsmen they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at last settles over the scene. All the herdsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads.

Meantime, it has become quite dark. "Good night!" at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. "Good night!" again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the herdsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest.

Something Worth Remembering.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," says Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah!" said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said, "It is no matter; I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said, "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for the great and only relief against the pains of calumny.

... Do nothing you would not like God to see. Say nothing you would not like God to hear. Write nothing you would not like God to read. Go to no place where you would not like God to find you. Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it me." Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like to have God say, "What art thou doing?"



While the Earth remaineth, Seedtime and Harvest, and Summer and Winter, and Day and Night shall not cease.

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Gen. 8: 22.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun,
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky,
After the tempest, the lull of waves,
Quiet woods when the winds go by,
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells,
After the bud, the radiant rose,
Joyful greetings from sad farewells,
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed,
After the flight, the downy nest,
After the furrow, the waking seed,
After the shadowy river, rest.

A SCOTCH HYMN.

There are blossoms that hae budded
Been blighted i' the cauld,
An' lammies that hae perished,
Because they left the fauld;
But cower ye aneath His wings
Wha died upon the tree,
An' gathers in His bosom
Helpless weans like you and me.

In the world there's tribulation,
In the world there is wae;
But the world it is bonnie,
For our Father made it sae;
Then brichtan up your armor,
An' be happy as ye gang,
Though your sky be often clouded,
It winna be for lang.

GRACE.

We cannot make ourselves anew.
If faithfully we've striven,
To do the work He'd have us do,
With powers that He hath given,
However weak, we still are strong
That stand the Father's test—
However frail, we can't go wrong,
If we but do our best.

Nature has given us one organ for speaking, has given us two for hearing, that we may learn that it is better to hear than to speak.

AWAITING THE SUMMONS.

We two for nearly fifty years have
journeyed man and wife;
Of course there have been bickerings
that fell just short of strife.
These have been fewer as our steps
toward the last day wend,
As streams that, broadening from their
source, grow tranquil near the
end.
One night she said in mild rebuke: "A
time is coming, dear,
When one of us, as we are now, will not
be sitting here."
Should I go first, I wish I might, ere
comes the common foe,
Look on the seasons as once more
their changes come and go.
There's nothing holier than the hush of
spring dawn on the hills,
The fog that hangs above the lane, the
catbird's early trills;
Or summer twilight cuddling down on
village roof and street,
With drowsy insects in the yards
adrone in concert sweet;
While there was aye a spell about a
winter night that made
Such wondrous pictures on my mind as
need no master's aid.
In two short generations I shall be
forgotten quite—
And yet beyond the grave I trust will
reach a dreamy light
Of Indian summer on the land, when
memory hears the fall
Of apples in the orchard and the dove's
elusive call.
The world was made so beautiful it
should be my excuse
If I conceive some heavenly scenes
resemble earthly views,
So that the fragrant elder blooms and
trumpet flowers red
Somewhere in the rich glory of ethereal
landscapes spread.
How far away seems hate to-day!
There's naught I can despise:
A whiter light is thrown around old so-
called enemies;
For since I may not see them more, I
now would look on each,
And shake his hand and pass a word or
two in friendly speech.
But she will join me after while; and
I shall wait and wait,
And often cast my glances back upon
the city's gate;
And God, who joined us, will not
frown nor judge me all unshriven
If, when she comes, the day will prove
my happiest one in heaven.
—Will T. Hale, in the Christian Ad-
vocate.

Woman's Influence.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ears of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cozy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

What Are Woman's Rights.

The following lines set forth more beautifully than all so-called advocates of "woman's rights" have been able to do, what exalted prerogatives nature has bestowed upon women:

The right to wake when others sleep;
The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to comfort in distress;
The right to soothe, the right to bless;
The right the widow's heart to cheer;
The right to dry the orphan's tear;
The right to teach them to endure;
The right, when other friends have flown
And left the sufferer all alone,
To kneel that dying couch beside
And meekly point to Him who died;
The right a happy home to make
In any clime for Jesus' sake;
Rights such as these are all we crave
Until our last—a peaceful grave.

DARK CLOUDS.—A black cloud makes the traveler mend his pace and mind his home; whereas a fair day and pleasant way wastes his time, and that steal-eth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.—Dr. Lucas.

BEAUTIFUL LIVES.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro;
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

"Be just and fear not."

Keep your hearts full of hope
and good cheer, your head full of
ideas, and your hands full of work,
and you will win your way easily.

A helping word to one in trouble
is often like a switch on a railroad
track, but one inch between wreck
and smooth rolling prosperity.

The more we expect from creat-
ures the more we shall be disap-
pointed, but the more firmly we ex-
pect from God the more shall we
enjoy.

There will not be a tear in heav-
en—there will not be a smile in
hell; there will be no weeping in
the former, and nothing but weep-
ing in the latter.

Live to be useful. Live to give
light. Live to accomplish the end
for which you were made, and
quietly and steadily shine on, try-
ing to do good.

Morality without religion is only
a kind of dead reckoning—an en-
deavor to navigate a cloudy sea by
measuring the distance we have to
run, but without observation of
the heavenly bodies.

The old man looks down and
thinks of the past. The young
man looks up and thinks of the
future. The child looks every-
where and thinks of nothing. And
there are a great many children in
the world.

The most important truth can-
not be too early learned, nor the
journey that leads heavenward too
soon begun. The enemy is awake
while we slumber, and if we neg-
lect to cultivate the good seed, his
tares will cover all the surface.

"KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose
leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around."

"KINDNESS is the music of good will to men; and
on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's
sweetest tunes on earth."

It never hurts truth any to be slapsed in the face.
 The heathen are not all born in a leather country.

The following story is told of a great man in England:

"The great-grandfather of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, who was vicar of Ottery-St. Mary (the Clavering of "Pendennis"), was as absent-minded a man as the late Lord Dudley. It is still remembered in Devonshire how Mr. Coleridge once went away on a week's visit, and on his wife's unpacking his trunk when he returned, she inquired what had become of the four shirts he had taken with him. 'He remembered wearing them, but knew nothing as to their present whereabouts,' but it presently appeared that in a fit of absence he had put on one shirt over another, and was at that moment unconsciously wearing all four."

There is nothing new in the world. The old is repeated from day to day and made new again. We may illustrate it by what we know to be true of one of our distinguished Alabama men—got the story from the highest authority, and one of the chief actors in it. Some years ago Judge Dargan, after traveling on this circuit, returned, and his good wife investigated his carpet-bag, wherein there were six shirts when he started from home. Not one was there. The good wife wanted to send them to the "wash." The learned gentleman investigated his bag—looked into his pockets—nay, even made cursory examination of his hat. There was a vast amount of wonder at this mystery—for no one could have stolen the under-integuments. Bed-time came, the outer garments of the gentleman were removed, and there, to his amazement, were the six shirts—each taken off, as if it were a natural thing, and neither the Judge nor the good dame wondering.—*Mobile News.*

The Man of Genius.

The difference between the man of talent and the man of genius would be, that the man of talent could be replaced by a dozen men of ordinary power, whereas a million of such men would be no nearer to replacing the genius. A thousand dwarfs may be kept back forever by a barrier which is overstepped as soon as there comes a single giant; and if the young gentlemen who were plucked for their de ree in any given examination were multiplied by a thousand, they would be as hopelessly unable as before to make one of Newton's immortal discoveries. In the same way, a clever man may write something which is superficially just like a first-rate poem, but when we take it to pieces we find it to be nothing but a skillful combination of echoes, whereas in a single song or verse which shows genius there is always something which could not have been borrowed from anybody else. In short, originality is the mark of genius in this sense, though the word is constantly used to denote great powers, which are, rigidly speaking, merely a faculty for doing more quickly than usual what has been done by others before. * * * The man of genius introduces into the world something which was not there before, instead of simply using up old materials.

Mahammed was born at Mecca about 570.

The first iron steamship was built in 1839.

The first balloon ascension was made in 1798.



THE preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than by B. F. Taylor, in the following: "Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew. Everybody calls that little which he loves best on earth."

Doing one's very best is one's simple duty. Anything short of this is a shame to any man. There is never a fair excuse for doing fairly well—if doing better were possible to the doer. Not how much you do, but how well you do it, is the true measure of your success in any line of action or of purpose. Let the conviction of this be seen in all your course:

"Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel-dream passed o'er him:
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone:
He had caught that angel-vision.

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own;
Our lives, that angel-vision."

LIGHT.

The following exquisite poem, by William Pitt Pammer, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent of European critics to be the finest production of the same length in our language :

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
'Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair ;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen ;
And when the fiend's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed,
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, tried and true,
Come forth among the dead :
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains,
Their lonely vigils kept ;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born—
Joy, joy, to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend ;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears
Feel my smile, the best smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings ;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo ! the gay butterfly's wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms ;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep by the night brooded deep
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky ;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassionless, dark, lone, weltering bark,
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in their matinal sheen.
O, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile.

FIND earth where grows no weed, and you may
find a heart where no error grows.—*Knowles.*

HORN is like the wing of an angel, soaring up
to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne
of God.

Curious Trees.

India Rubber Tree—The Indian rubber tree is a native of South America.

Guava Tree—The guava tree, from the fruit of which the delicious guava jelly is made, is a native of the Indies.

Tallow Tree—In Malabar, a tree called the tallow tree grows ; from the seed of it, when boiled, is procured a firm tallow which makes excellent candles.

Butter Tree—This singular tree was discovered by Park, in the central part of Africa ; from its kernel is produced a nice butter, which will keep a year.

Life Tree—There is a singular tree in Jamacia called the Life tree whose leaves grow even when severed from the plant. It is impossible to kill it, save by fire.

Banyan Tree—The banyan tree is a native of India, and is an object of great veneration among the Hindoos and Brahmins, who look upon it as an emblem of the Deity.

Manna Tree—The Manna tree grows in Sicily and Calabria. In August the tree is tapped, and the sap flows out, after which it hardens by evaporation, and the manna is left. It is of a sweet but nauseating taste.

Fig Tree—There is no tree more frequently spoken of in the Bible than the fig tree, and a common cry even now in the streets of Cairo, in Egypt, is "In the name of the prophet, figs." A cry almost universally used by the venders of fruits.

Milk Tree—The milk tree is a native of South America. Its fruit is about the size of a small apple, but the milk is the greatest wonder, which is procured by making notches through the bark. At first when it runs out it is as thick as cream. It has the same properties as glue.

Camphor Tree—The camphor tree grows in Japan and some of the islands on the Pacific. The camphor is extracted from the wood of this tree, where it is formed in concrete lumps, some of which are as thick as a man's arm, though this is rare. The tree has to be sacrificed to procure the camphor.

Traveler's Tree—A tree called the traveler's tree, of Madagascar, yields a copious supply of fresh water from its leaves, very grateful to the traveler. It grows in the most arid countries and is another proof of the tender care of our Heavenly Father in supplying all his creature's wants.

Sorrowful Tree—The Sorrowful tree is found in the Island of Goa, near Bombay. It is so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers were to be seen, but soon after it is covered with them, which close up or fall off as the sun rises. It has a fragrant odor and blossoms at night the year round.

Beautiful Thoughts.

HONATIO SKYMOUR, of New York, is one of the men who speaks well on any subject. As an enlightened statesman he has few superiors, and in the walks of literature or the arts he is equally happy. In a recent address made to the convicts in the Auburn, N. Y. prison, we find the following beautiful vim of thought:

Sitting before my fire on a winter's evening, and musing, as old men are apt to do about their acts, their errors, their successes, or their failures, it occurred to me what I would do if I had the power and were to wipe out twenty acts of my life. At first it seemed as if this was an easy thing to do. I had done more than twenty wrong things for which I had always felt regret, and was about to seize my imaginary sponge and rub them out at once, but I thought it best to move with care, to do as I had done to others, lay my character out upon the dissecting table, and trace all the influence that had made or marred it. I found, to my surprise, if there were any golden threads running through it, they were wrought out by the regrets felt at the wrong; that these regrets had run through the course of my life, guiding my footsteps through all its intricacies and problems, and if I should obliterate all of these, the act to which all these golden threads were attached, whose lengthening lines were woven into my very nature—if I should obliterate all of these, I should destroy what little there was of virtue in my moral make-up. Thus I learned that the wrong act, followed by the just regret and by thoughtful caution to avoid like errors, made me a better man than I should have been if I had never fallen. In this I found hope for myself and hope for others, and I tell you who sit before me; as I say to all in every condition, that if you will you can make yourselves better men than if you had never fallen into errors or crimes. A man's destiny does not turn upon the fact of his doing or not doing wrong, for all men will do it; but of how he bears himself, what he does, and what he thinks after the wrong act.

A star is beautiful; it affords pleasure, not from what it is to do, or to give, but simply by being what it is. It benefits the heavens; it has congruity with the mighty space in which it dwells. It has repose; no force disturbs its eternal space. It has freedom; no obstruction lies between it and infinity.

If thou art a vessel of gold and thy brother one of wood, be not high minded. It is God that maketh thee to differ, and the more bounty he shows the more humility he requires.

The water falls on all creatures; on herb, bush and tree; and each draws up to its own leaf and blossom according to its special need. So falls the rain of the law on the many-hearted world.



THE MILLS OF GOD.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly;
yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience stands He
waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

However much we may resort to ways that are dark and cheat our fellow-beings, we are, after all, but so much grain to be ground in the mills of God's justice. He stands patiently by and our time must come. It is inevitable. Borne on the waves of success, listening to the joyous songs of pleasure, we may drift far away from the fear of God, away out beyond the Rock of Ages, yet we must be drawn back and judged. We may escape the rough things of the world and live serenely unconscious of the sorrows of life, but God is watching us and passing upon our true characters. He is the great miller and must know what good there is in us. Bowed down by sorrow, despair, grief, we may forget Him, may doubt His existence; may curse the very life he has given us for noble purposes, but we will be made to acknowledge ourselves fools in the presence of all the generations of earth. If we listen not to His voice offering us peace, sweet peace, we will one day listen to that same voice pronouncing the eternal curse upon our heads. The liar may flourish by the liar's art, but life is fleeting. Our hearts may be stout and brave, but, as Longfellow expresses it, they are beating funeral marches to the grave, beyond which justice is done. The evil have no showing there, for with exactness grinds He all.

Some one has said that life is a dream at best, and when happiest soonest over; and it matters not how we are deceived, cheated, lied to here, the time comes quickly when all is made straight and things are set aright. Aye! the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

Life's lessons are cut and carved on things inanimate—seen in the leaf and flower, painted on the landscape, chanted in the murmuring brook, heard in the viewless wind, revealed in a passing cloud or sitting shadow.

We are led to the belief of a future state, not only by the weaknesses, by the hopes and fears of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it, by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice.

Whether perfect happiness would be procured by perfect goodness this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at least, may be maintained, that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

Backward, turn backward, O Time! in your flight—

Make me a child again—just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my foreheads the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

"Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of years!

I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain.
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay.
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue;
Mother, O Mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a Summer the grass has grown green,
Blooming and faded, our faces between:
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again,
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

"Over my heart in the days that have flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shown;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sorrowing soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my weary lids creep
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

"Come let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on my shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my eyes from the flickering light,
For oh! with it's sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet vision of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright willows weep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

"Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song;
Sing, then again!—to my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft, light lashes just sweeping my face
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!"

A BUTTERFLY basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"
Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings;
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings
'Would'st thou call the blessed one back?'"

—Mrs. Sigourney.

No FLOWER can bloom in Paradise that is not transplanted from Gethsemane; no one can taste of the fruit of the tree of life that has not tasted of the tree of Calvary.

ENJOY the blessings of this day, if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

Are not our darkest days the shadow of the wings of the Angel of mercy, hovering near to bless?"

Somehow or Other.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Bobbing our hearts of their treasures of song;

Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Everyday toil is an everyday blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;

Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter
Just when we mourn there were none to befriend;

Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

TWO DREAMS.

Weary the king took off his crown;
In either hand he poised its weight.
"Tis strange how heavy it has grown,"
He said, and with an impatient frown
He eyed it with a kind of hate;
Then on his bed he laid him down

And slept, and in a twinkling dreamed,
Oh! dream of ecstasy and bliss!
Delight through all his senses streamed;
A ragged vagabond he seemed;
Free winds of heaven his hair did kiss;
On his bare skin the free sun beamed.

At morn he waked, bewildered first,
Or who he was or where might be;
Then saw the crown, and with a burst
Of sudden rage, he swore and cursed:
"No beggar would change lives with me!
Of all hard fates, a king's the worst!"

Outside the palace, on the ground,
Starved half to death and freezing cold,
Lew sheltered than the meanest hound,
A beggar slumbered safe and sound,
And dreams to him came swift and bold,
As if a palace walled him round.

He dreamed he was a king indeed;
Oh! dream of ecstasy and bliss!
Of food he had his utmost need;
Of gold beyond his utmost need;
All men knelt low his hand to kiss
And gave his word obedient heed.

At morn he waked, bewildered first,
Or who he was or where might be;
Then quick, by hunger and by thirst,
He knew himself and grained and cursed;
"No creature pity takes on me!
A beggar's fate of all is worst!"

—The Independent.

MY CATHEDRAL.

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves
Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

How much territory was added to the United States as the result of the Spanish-American war?

Porto Rico, 3,600 square miles; Pine Island, in the West Indies, 800 square miles; Guam, in the Pacific ocean, 175 square miles; Philippine Islands, 113,000 square miles; additional Philippines bought in 1901, for \$100,000, 68 square miles.

A PARENT'S ADVICE.

Now, John, my son, before you go
Take this advice to heart—
Don't try to show off what you know
So folks may think you're smart.

Although the world is like a school,
Where those who study rise,
Remember that the silent fool
Is oft considered wise. —Boston Co



Only two national parks have ever been made in this country by authority of the General Government, namely, the Yosemite valley and the Yellowstone National Park. Yosemite is pronounced Yo-sem-i-te, with the accent on the "sem."

The following table shows the population of some of the larger cities of the world:

London.....	1,000,000	Berlin.....	1,111,630
Paris.....	1,938,866	King-ta-ching.....	1,000,000
Soo-chow.....	1,500,000	Philadelphia.....	846,084
Canton.....	1,300,000	Chang-chow.....	800,000
Peking.....	1,300,000	Wo-chang.....	800,000
New York.....	1,300,500		

ISN'T IT AWFUL?

There is a little maiden
Who has an awful time;
She has to hurry awfully
To get to school at nine.

She has an awful teacher;
Her tasks are awful hard;
Her playmates all are awful rough
When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty,
Who often shows her claws;
A dog who jumps upon her dress,
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister,
With an awful little nose,
With awful cunning dimples,
And such awful little toes!

She has two little brothers,
And they are awful boys;
With their awful drums and trumpets,
And make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common sense;
Come and this maid defend;
Or else, I fear, her awful life
Will have an awful end.

All green and fair the Summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of Spring,
With tender blue and wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.
—Susan Coolidge.

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes
And pleasant scents the noses.
—N. P. Willis.

Priestly was the firsts (unless it was Beccaria), who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.—Bentham.

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow;
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken.

—Christina G. Rossetti.



NEW YEAR'S MOTTOES.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused. It answered soft and low:
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?"
I cried,
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came: "Nay, this remember, too—
God's will to do."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer softly fell:
"Yes, this one thing, all other things above—
God's will to love."
—Selected.

The Oldest Town.

According to Humboldt, the oldest town in the world is Yakutisk—5,000 inhabitants—in Eastern Siberia. It is not not only the oldest, but probably the coldest. The ground remains always frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. The mean temperature for the year is 12.7 degrees F. For ten days in August the thermometer goes as high as 85 degrees. From November to February the temperature remains between 40 degrees to 68 degrees below zero. The river Lena remains frozen for nine months in the year.

The first steamboat which actually crossed the Atlantic ocean was the Savannah, owned by Mr. Scarborough, of Savannah, Ga. She was 350 tons burden, and was purchased in New York, when on the stocks, and fitted for the purpose intended. On March 27, 1819, she left New York for Savannah for a trial trip, which was successfully made. On the 26th of May following she left Savannah for Liverpool, and reached her destination in 22 days. From Liverpool she went to Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Stockholm and other ports, leaving Arundel for Savannah, which she reached in 25 days. Captain Steven Rogers, of New London, Conn., commanded the vessel. The ship was built in New York, and her engines were made in Elizabeth, N. J. In 1824 the Enterprise, under Captain Johnson, made a voyage to India around the Cape of Good Hope.

The Oldest Deed in America is said to be in the possession of Maj. Leland, of New York City. It was written eighteen years after the discovery of the new world by Columbus. This document is a conveyance of Fisher's island, near the mouth of the sound, from certain Indian chiefs to the celebrated navigator, John Cabot, whose signature it bears.

THE GREATEST EVIL.

The Persian author Saadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question: Of the evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age oppressed with poverty;" the Indian answered, "Pain with impatience;" while the Persian, bowing low, made answer, "The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"

Great Things of Earth.

The greatest thing in the world is the falls of Niagara; the largest cavern, the Mammoth cave of Kentucky; the largest river, the Mississippi—four thousand miles in extent; the largest valley, that of the Mississippi—its area five million square miles; the greatest city park, that of Philadelphia, containing twenty-seven hundred acres; the greatest grain port Chicago; the largest lake, Lake Superior; the largest railroad, the Pacific railroad—over three thousand miles in extent; the most huge mass of solid iron is Pilot Knob of Missouri—height, two hundred and fifty feet, circumference two miles; the best specimen of architecture, Girard College, Philadelphia, the largest aqueduct, the Croton of New York length forty miles and a half, cost twelve million five hundred thousand dollars; the longest bridge the elevated railroad in Third avenue, New York; its extent from the Battery to the Harlem river—the whole length of the Eastern side of the Manhattan Island—seven miles long or nearly forty thousand yards. The longest bridge over the water, however will be that now being constructed in Russia over the Volga at a point where the river is nearly four miles wide.

Knowledge in Old Times.

Some of the early nations attained a knowledge of science and skill in art which were lost in the subsequent ages. Wendell Phillips' famous lecture on "The Lost Arts" ought to make us modest, and less inclined to boast of our own superiority.

In a recent lecture before the Geographical Society, Judge Daly paid a tribute to the knowledge of the old Babylonians. They were well acquainted with the heavens, catalogued the stars, and named the constellations. They traced the sun's course through the twelve signs of the zodiac, and divided time into weeks, months and years.

They speculated on the connection of the weather with the changes of the heavenly bodies, and thought the phases of the moon had a subtle influence. They noted the spots on the sun, and seemed to have possessed telescopes, as Layard found a crystal lens among the ruins of Nineveh. It is interesting to know that they had a seventh day of rest, corresponding to our Sabbath, and enacted rigorous rules for keeping it.—*Exchange.*

TWELVE GOLDEN MAXIMS.

ON CONSTANCY.

Be not unstable in thy resolutions, nor various in thy actions, nor inconstant in thy affections. So deliberate that thou mayest perform, so perform that thou mayest preserve. Mutability is the badge of infirmity.

ON CONDUCT TOWARD A FRIEND.

Hast thou a friend. use him friendly; abuse him not in jest or earnest; conceal his infirmities; privately reprove his errors. Commit thy secrets to him, yet with caution, least thy friend become thy enemy and abuse thee.—[Bishop Hall.

HOW TO USE PROPERTY.

So use thy property that adversity may not abuse thee. If in prosperity thy security admits no fear, in adversity thy despair will afford no hope; he that in prosperity can foretell a danger can in adversity see deliverance.

ON SECRET ENEMIES.

He that professes himself thy open enemy arms thee against the evil he means thee; but he that dissembles himself thy friend, when he is thy secret enemy, strikes beyond caution and wounds above cure. From the first thou mayest deliver thyself, from the last good Lord deliver thee.

ON ANGER.

Beware of him that is slow to anger. Anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes and the longer kept. Abused patience turns to fury. When fancy is the ground of passion, that understanding which composes the fancy qualifies the passion; but when judgment is the ground, the memory is the recorder and this passion is long retained.

ON LAW AND PHYSIC.

If thou study law and physic, endeavor to know both and to need neither. Temperate diet, moderate and reasonable labor, rest and recreation, with God's blessing, will save thee from the physician; a peaceful disposition, prudent and just behavior, will secure thee from the law. Yet, if necessity absolutely compel, thou mayest use both; they that use either otherwise than for necessity soon abuse themselves into weak bodies and light pulses.

CHARITY ALLEGORIZED.

Charity is a naked child giving honey to a bee without wings. Naked, because excuseless and simple; a child, because pleasant and comfortable; to a bee, because a bee is industrious and deserving; without wings, because wanting and helpless. If thou deniest to such thou killest a bee; if thou givest to other than such thou preservest a drone.

ON DIET AND REGIMEN.

If thou desirest to take the best advantage of thyself, especially in matters where the fancy is mostly employed, keep temperate diet, use moderate exercise, observe seasonable and set hours for rest, and let the end of thy first sleep raise thee from thy repose; then hath thy body the best temper, thy soul the least incumbrance; then no noise shall disturb thine ear; no object shall divert thine eye; then, if ever, shall thy sprightly fancy transport thee beyond the common pitch, and show the majorim of high invention.

ON COMMUNICATING NEWS

Let the greatest part of the news thou hearest be the least part of what thou believest, lest the greatest part of what thou believest be the least part of what is true; and report nothing for truth, in earnest or in jest, unless thou know it, or at least confidently believe it to be so; neither is it expedient at all times or in all companies to report what thou knowest to be true; sometimes it may avail thee if thou seem not to know that which thou knowest. Hast thou any secret, commit it not to many, nor to any, unless well known unto thee.

ON DRESS.

In thy apparel avoid profuseness, singularity and gaudiness; let it be decent, and suited to the quality of thy place and purse. Too much punctuality and too much morosity are the extremes of pride. Be neither too early in the fashion, nor to long out of it, nor too precisely in it. What custom hath civilized hath become decent; until then it was ridiculous. Where the eye is the jury, the apparel is the evidence; the body is the shell of the soul, apparel is the husk of that shell, and the husk will often tell you what that kernel is. Seldom does solid wisdom dwell under fantastic apparel; neither will the pantaloon fancy be inured within the walls of grave habit. The fool is known by his dyed coat.

ON CONVERSATION.

Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation; in the one thou discoverest too much darkness, and in the other too much lightness; he that speaks from the understanding to the understanding doth best. Know when to speak, lest while thou showest wisdom in not speaking, thou betray thy folly in too long silence. If thou art a fool, thy silence is wisdom; but if thou art wise, thy long silence is folly. As too many words from a fool's mouth give one that is wise no room to speak, so too long silence in one that is wise gives a fool opportunity of speaking, and makes thee in some measure guilty of his folly. To conclude, if thou be not wise enough to speak, be at least so wise as to hold thy peace.



The Life-boat.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

THE night is dark, the winds are high,
Black clouds race o'er the stormy sky;
The lashing waves with hollow roar
Resound along the rocky shore.

"Nurse! nurse! I fear! Arise, awake;
I feel the bed beneath me shake."
"Hush, dearest lamb, and turn to sleep,
The Lord His watch will o'er us keep.

Return to rest, my sister sweet,
Like snowflakes are your chilly feet;
You feel within my warm arms pressed,
An icicle upon my breast.

What use your tearful eyes to strain
Through casement splashed with driving rain
You cannot help, you cannot see—
Return, my sister sweet, to me."

"Some woman young, as I, may cling
Bound to some tall mast shivering;
Some sea-boy, perched on dizzy height,
May vainly look for beacon light."

"Comrade, what ho! Art deaf or dead?
We muster, by our captain led.
A brig has struck."—"I come, I come!
One kiss, good wife; I'll soon be home."

More dark the night, the winds more high,
Booming like heaven's artillery.
Like egg-shell crushed, a boat will be—
God help the perishing at sea!

A minute gun sounds o'er the blast—
Oh, sister, are you sleeping fast?
I strain my sight, my ears I strain,
To know if— Hark, it comes again!

"Oh, that I were a man to go
And help the poor ship suffering so!
The yawning timbers soon must part
They knock against my troubled heart.

Can naught be done? If, as we may pray
God hears, believing prayer alway,
And bids us watch, that we may know
And feel at least for others' woe.

Thank God! brave men are hurrying past
Toward the beach with help at last.
Oh! that their aid in time may be—
The gallant Life-boat puts to sea!

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes, his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be."

SOME POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

[New York Sunday News.]

Actors and actresses are excessively superstitious. One of the foremost leading ladies in the country told the writer once that she had never combed her hair after dark but the act had brought her a disappointment. This same lady had a passion for the rocking-chair, and whenever she got up out of one stopped its rocking. If she had not, she said, the next person who sat in it would fall ill. When her right hand itches, it is a sign she will shake hands with a stranger, and if the thrill occurs to the left, it signifies to her the receipt of money. Her husband, who is a popular low comedian, believes firmly that to break a looking-glass foretells death, because his father fell in a fatal apopleptic fit, while shaving, and broke the mirror in his tumble.

The old superstition of thirteen at table is well known. Not long ago the writer dined with a friend, whose guests and family made up that fatal number. The host sent the oldest son away to obviate the dreadful consequences. Yet this same gentleman laughed at his wife when she suspended a fancy horse-shoe over the front door on New Year's Day for luck.

There are plenty more omens to order. If your left eye itches, you will cry before the day is over; but if it happens to your right, you will laugh, hear good news or see some one you love. If your foot itches, you will walk on strange ground, which is to go on a journey, and the same performance to your knee prognosticates a guest. It is unlucky to lay your knife and fork crosswise, to see the new moon for the first time over your left shoulder, to find a knife or razor, or to cross a funeral procession. If you sing during a meal you will soon encounter disappointment, as any one who would be guilty of such an impoliteness deserves. If a dog bays under your window it portends sickness, and the howling of dogs is a sure sign of death—to the night's rest of any one in earshot. To find a pearl in an oyster betokens good fortune, of course, and a four-leaved clover is equally desirable and about as rarely met with. To carry a cat with you when you move is bad luck, but to have a strange cat walk into your house is good—for the cat, doubtless. A bee buzzing about the room is a sign of a letter, as well as that some one will be stung if he is not careful. The crowing of a cock at early morning, or the dropping of a scissor, knife, etc., which sticks in the floor, foretells visitors. To have money in your pocket at new moon, means that you will not be broke for a month; and to stumble in going up stairs, is a promise that you will not be married for a twelve-month. On the contrary, if four persons cross hands while shaking, two will get married soon; and if three unmarried people of the same Christian name meet at the table, they will all be wedded within a year. It is a bad omen to postpone a marriage after the appointed time.

Many people will not present a knife or scissors without getting a cent, at least, in return, as it would cut friendship. Young ladies should not present their sweethearts with slippers, as they will certainly walk away with their affections. The loss of a garter means that of a lover, and to break a needle while making a garment betokens that the owner will live to wear it out. To be startled by a snake is a sign of sickness. If you break a shoestring or lose a button from your gaiter your sweetheart is going to prove unfaithful, and to find money is unlucky—for the loser, at any rate. If a housewife drops a piece of bread with the buttered side down she will have a hungry visitor, and all any one else has to do to make sure of a fair day is to eat all the food on the table at the time. There is luck in odd numbers and Andy Johnson had firm faith in them. He used to back it up by showing that he had seven letters in his name; at twice seven (fourteen) he became a tailor's apprentice (though the luck in that is not very clear); he worked seven years, was free at thrice seven (twenty-one); was made State Congressman in five times seven (35), and an M. C. in 1842. He entered the Senate at the age of forty-nine, was made Military Governor of Tennessee on March 7, 1862, and in 1865, aged fifty-six, was elected Vice President—which was about the unluckiest thing that ever happened to him, most people would say.

All these are household omens which find belief in the most unlikely places. Another is that if you make a rhyme by chance while you are speaking and utter a wish before you say anything more aloud it will be fulfilled. So if you have a dream in a strange bed and tell it before breakfast it will come to pass. Crickets in a house are lucky; if they go away it betokens death. The poor, harmless little hammer-tick or death-watch is a terrific omen to some people, and a coal in the shape of a coffin flying out of the fire at any one forebodes him to death. Sailors are very superstitious. To lose a mop or a water-bucket, or throw a cat overboard, is unlucky. Whistling brings on wind; children create good fortune for the ship they voyage in, and clergymen, or "holy Joas," bring bad. To make a mistake of a word in writing a letter is a sign that the request it embodies will be refused, and to drop a letter or dry it before a fire is to make sure that it will go astray. Itching at the nose and the biting of a flea mean company. Nelson had a horse-shoe nailed to the mast of the Victory for luck. He died on her deck. White specks on the nails predict various events, according to their location.

Luck.

An old effigy in the bark Superstition, drifting through the muddy waters of shallow brains. Yes, image though it be, there are natives dwelling on the shore of common sense who venerate it equal to the poor Chinese with their heathen gods. Some vain astronomers (who think they are Herschel's brothers) viewing it through their dim telescope of thought, pronounce it to be two fixed stars, good luck and bad luck. Silly philosophers have decided it to be a gem of untold value. Miserable fatalists regard it as an immovable rock either of danger or of protection. Lazy mortals call it an angel in disguise about to minister to their wants as they idly stroll along the beach of life. The ignorant are certain it's a land fertilizer, to be spread over the ground of events from which may spring every plant of occurrence. Others vow it to be a faithful dog, that will come and go, wagging its tail at every angle of circumstance. And now what is it, this luck, chance or fate? It is no bird to fly in and out of homes. No guilty creature, if it has been cursed at. It is only a poor scarecrow for the fields of the mind, to frighten and cheat us silly creatures out of the land of faith and promise, or better still a will-o'-the-wisp, which gives light and hope to the benighted traveler only to lure him farther from the beaten track of reason.—Carrie Ramirez.

Costly Domes.

The domes of all the great Russian churches are plated with gold a quarter of an inch thick. The new Church of the Savior, just dedicated in Moscow, has a coat which cost \$15,000,000, and the Isaac Cathedral in St. Petersburg represents three times that amount. Although these churches offer to the starving peasantry such fine chances to plunder they are never touched. The wretches fear Divine vengeance and would starve rather than invoke it. What short work a Pacific bonanza king would make of them if he could get possession of them! It would not be a race so much as a steeple chase for the gold plate and the silver shrines.

Zero's History.

The Accident by Which Degrees Were Conferred on the Weather.

"Zero," on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means simply, hence, nothing. In expressions like "90 degrees Fahr.," the abbreviation "Fahr." stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic, on the Baltic sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709 he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year. And that day was the coldest day the oldest inhabitant could remember. Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or rude weather-glass with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered, and the freezing-point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero; and expanded a one-hundred and eightieth on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time shows that this arrangement, instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature than "from Dan to Beersheba" expressed the exact extremes of Palestine.

But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted with its inconvenient scale, and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself up to science.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are England, Holland and America. Russia and Germany use Raumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted eighty degrees above the freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it makes the boiling point 100 degrees from freezing point. On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or even if he had made this one of his many improvements after the public had adopted his error, the luck of opportunity, which was really his, would have secured to his invention the patronage of the world.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1654.

The first lucifer match was made in 1799.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SONG-BIRDS.

The English birds are more domestic and familiar than ours; more directly and intimately associated with man; not, as a class, so withdrawn and lost in the great void of the wild and unreclaimed. England is like a continent concentrated—all the waste land, the barren stretches, the wildernesses left out. The birds are brought near together and near to man. Wood birds here are house and garden birds there. They find good pasturage and protection everywhere. A land of parks, and gardens, and hedge-rows, and game preserves, and a climate free from violent extremes—what a stage for the birds, and for enhancing the effect of their songs! How prolific they are, how abundant! If our songsters were hunted and trapped, by bird-fanciers and others, as the lark, and gold-finch, and mavis, etc., are in England, the race would soon become extinct. Then, as a rule, it is probably true that the British birds, as a class, have more voices than ours have, or certain qualities that make their songs more striking and conspicuous, such as greater vivacity and strength. They are less bright in plumage, but more animated in voice. They are not so recently out of the woods, and their strains have not that elusiveness and plaintiveness that ours have. They sing with more confidence and copiousness, and as if they, too, had been touched by civilization.

Then they sing more hours in the day, and more days in the year. This is owing to the milder and more equable climate. I heard the sky-lark singing above the South Downs in October, apparently with full spring fervor and delight. The wren, the robin and the wood-lark sing throughout the winter, and in midsummer there are perhaps three times as many vocal throats as here. The heat and blaze of our midsummer sun silence most of our birds. * * *

On the other hand, there are certain aspects in which our songsters appear to advantage. That they surpass the European species in sweetness, tenderness and melody I have no doubt, and that our mocking-bird, in his native haunts in the South, surpasses any bird in the world in compass, variety and execution is highly probable. That the total effect of his strain may be less winning and persuasive than the nocturne of the nightingale is the only question in my mind about the relative merits of the two songsters. Bring our birds together as they are brought together in England, all our shy wood-birds—like the hermit thrush, the yeery, the winter wren, the water wagtail, the many warblers, the greenlet, the solitary vireo, etc.—become birds of the groves and orchards, and there would be a burst of song indeed.—John Burroughs, in the Century.

EXTINCTION OF GREAT BIRDS.

It is a noteworthy fact that some of the great birds most interesting to naturalists have become extinct, apparently within the memory of man, and even within two centuries. Of these birds, perhaps the most famous was the dodo (*Didus ineptus*), which was an inhabitant of the Mauritius island, and, at the time of its discovery, in 1598, it was extremely common; but so effectually has it been eradicated that it is now only represented by a few pictures of the seventeenth century, and two heads, a foot, a few feathers and some of its bones that are scattered about among the museums of Continental Europe. From the pictures above mentioned, and the descriptions of the early voyagers, it appears that this giant among pigeons was a large, bulky bird, weighing seventy-five pounds. Its bill was long and strong, and the upper part of the mandible was so horny, arched, hooked and ferocious in appearance that its discoverers for a long time considered it a ground vulture. Its body terminated in a rounded extremity, being destitute of true tail feathers, having a tuft of plumes to take the place.

From Madagascar we have the remains of eggs that were found among human implements that were a good lift for two men, and that, after being cut in two, were probably used as vessels for holding water, their capacity being several gallons. The hen that laid these monster eggs is unknown to science, but must have been a wondrous spectacle. Two other birds, the solitaire and nazarene, have also become extinct within the traditions of man. The former attained a weight of forty-five pounds, had feet and beak like a turkey, but in no other respects resembled the didus above mentioned. The plumage was of a browish-gray color, and, according to Leguat, they produced a noise like a rattle by fluttering their wings, which he says were enlarged at the extremity of the bone into a round knob like a musket ball. The nazarene had only three toes, and from its bones we judge that it was thrice as large as the didus.

Even as recently as fifty years ago a large bird, forty inches in length, called the great auk, was occasionally found as far south as Boston, and was quite common in the Arctic region. To-day not a single specimen is known to exist in the world, having become totally extinct, but by what means will always remain an enigma. Very few specimens of it are known, and only one skin is on exhibition in this country; this was purchased by a gentleman in New York at a cost of \$750 in gold.

LET EVERYTHING
THAT HATH BREATH
PRAISE THE LORD.



THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

Ducks are reported to be able to fly 1,500 miles at one time, and the pace of the swallow and martin is put down at 900 miles in twenty-four hours. Linnets and other seed-eating birds have been known to settle on the mast and rigging of ships far away from land out at sea. They will take their night's rest on the rigging, and when leaving the ship know exactly in what direction to continue their flight. It is said that the migration of birds will foretell severe weather, and it is well known by the bird-catchers, when the larks and other northern birds appear, that snow and hard weather will follow the flight. These warnings, of migratory birds, though apparently insignificant, may be of vast political and even national importance. If the Emperor Napoleon, when on the road to Moscow with his army in 1811, had condescended to observe the flights of storks and cranes passing over his fated battalions, subsequent events of the politics of Europe might have been very different. These storks and cranes knew of the coming on of a great and terrible winter; the birds hastened toward the south, Napoleon and his army toward the north.

ACTIONS speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon a tree, they show the nature of man; while motives, like sap, are hidden from our view.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

[London Standard.]

Familiar as this migration of birds is to us, there is, perhaps, no question in zoology more obscure. The long flights they take, and the unerring certainty with which they wing their way between the most distant places, arriving and departing at the same period year after year, are points in the history of birds of passage as mysterious as they are interesting. We know that most migrants fly after sundown, though many of them select a moonlight night to cross the Mediterranean. But that their meteorological instinct is not unerring is proved by the fact that thousands are every year drowned in their flight over the Atlantic and other oceans. Northern Africa and Western Asia are selected as winter quarters by most of them, and they may be often noticed on their way thither to hang over towns at night, puzzled, in spite of their experience, by the shifting lights of the streets and houses. The swallow or the nightingale may sometimes be delayed by unexpected circumstances. Yet it is rarely that they arrive or depart many days sooner or later, one year with

another. Prof. Newton considered that were sea and land satellites revolving around the earth their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Foul weather or fair, heat or cold, the puffins repair to their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movements were regulated by clock-work. The swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast space in a brief time. The common black swift can fly 276 miles an hour, a speed which, if it could be maintained for less than half a day, would carry a bird from its winter to its summer quarters. The large purple swift of America is capable of even greater feats on the wing. The chimney-swallow is slower—ninety miles per hour being about the limits of its powers; but the passenger pigeon of the United States can accomplish a journey of 1,000 miles between sunrise and sunset. It is also true, as the ingenious Herr Palmer has attempted to show, that migrants during their long flights may be directed by an experience partly inherited and partly acquired by the individual bird. They often follow the coast lines of continents, and invariably take, on their passage over the Mediterranean, one of three routes. But this theory will not explain and Shep at first appeared to feel desolate, but a member of the family soon saw that he had found a way of comforting himself. He went into the parlors and would jump on a chair and sit awhile, looking at the many vacant seats; then he would jump down and sit in another chair, keeping this up until he had occupied every seat in the room, evidently relieving his loneliness by playing company to himself.

FAT.

When God formed the rose, He said: "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume." When He commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, He added: "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When He gave life to the lark, He enjoined upon it to soar and sing in the air. Finally He created man, and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how could man help loving?—Alexander Grun.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

There are two kinds of love—love which receives, and love which gives; and as it is more blessed to give than to receive, a mother's love, which is always giving, is the choicest love of all. Children honor most the mother that loves most; and religious daughters make pious mothers. One hundred and twenty clergymen, being assembled together, were invited to state the human instrument of their chance in heart. How many had the crown of that mercy on their mother? Above one hundred! Her children rise up, and call her blessed.—Exchange.

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity; These are its sign and note and character.—Robert Browning.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that And manage it against despairing thoughts.—"Two Gentlemen of Verona."

The Nightingale.

Very unpretending in color and insignificant in size is the bird known as the "king of songsters." The whole of the upper part of the bird is a brown, and the throat and belly a pale gray, the tail reddish brown, long and rounded. The full length of the bird is about six and one-half inches. He is imported from England and Germany, the larger part coming from the latter country, but he is met with over the whole continent of Europe, from Sweden to the Mediterranean, and over a large portion of Central Asia as far north as the middle of Siberia. He also visits north-western Africa in the course of his migrations. Woods, groves and leafy forests, in the immediate vicinity of water, afford the favorite retreats of these most musical, most melancholy songsters. In such localities they live, each pair within its own especial domain, which, although small, is jealously guarded and boldly defended from all intrusion. Some parts of Southern Europe are especially frequented by these delightful birds. Spain, in particular, is extremely fortunate in this respect, and in certain districts their enchanting voices are heard from every bush and hedge. The declivities of Sierra Morena may be literally described as an extensive nightingale garden.

The flight of the bird is undulatory, but, though light and rapid, it is rarely sustained beyond a short distance. That these birds, however, are capable of great exertion while on the wing must be evident to any one who has witnessed the endeavors of two contending rivals in love matters to drive each other from the field.

No sooner have the nightingales arrived at their nesting places in Europe, about the middle of April, than their songs are to be heard almost incessantly. Some pour forth their thrilling notes through the long, bright night, just as the American mocking-birds whistle during the moonlight nights of spring-time and early summer, but generally they sing only in the daytime, except during the breeding season, when the desire to please and attract their mates renders the male birds excited and restless. The nest is built of leaves, dried grass, bits of bark and roots, lined with finer grass and horse-hair loosely put together and placed in some hollow in the ground in the roots or stump of a tree. There are five eggs in a nest, and only one nest in a season, unless the eggs of the young get destroyed, in which case there is a second laying. The moulting season commences in July, after which, when the birds are in new, full plumage, the autumn migrations begin. These journeyings are accomplished in families or small parties, the birds flying with great rapidity to very distant countries. In April they reappear in Europe, the males about two weeks in advance of the females, and at once seek their former haunts and greet the old homes in joyful strains.

The prevailing opinion is that the bird is delicate and seldom lives long in a cage. This opinion is just con-

trary to the facts in the case. Not only does the nightingale live in a cage for many years, but he grows stronger and sings better constantly; and there are many authentic cases of the bird's breeding and rearing its young while so confined. When properly cared for the bird will live fifteen years; and one case is stated where a bird lived for twenty-five years. Within the past three or four years the sale of these birds has greatly increased, because lovers of the grandest and sweetest bird music have learned how to so care for the performer as to elicit from him most charming harmonies. He has a natural song, and like the American mocking-bird, is also a mimic. His cage may hang by itself in a less frequented part of the bird-room, but the more singers there are in the same room for him to contend with and surpass, the wider will be his range of voice. Each country has its nightingale. America has the red bird, called the Cardinal Grosbeak, or Virginia nightingale. The "hedge-singers" or "tree nightingales" of Africa, and the beautiful and very lively nightingales of China, are all fine songsters and whistlers; but the bird known as the English or German nightingale is the true nightingale. The prices vary from \$15 to \$20 and \$25. The bird may be found on sale in the shops from October to May.—[Holden's Bird Magazine.]

Birds Blown Out to Sea.

[Naturalist's Letter.]

Many of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the gulf and far beyond into the great summer land of the Amazon, after a short stay returning again to the north. How the small birds fly so great distances is incomprehensible, but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little key of Tortugas, 200 miles or more from Cape Florida. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away over the great stretch of the gulf and the Caribbean sea.

Numbers of the English birds, and many from northern Europe, make early voyages down into the African continent, and careful observers say that they have seen the great storks, so common in Germany, moving along high in the air, bearing on their backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were perhaps stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn out that they will alight on boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles from shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five birds as companions. One day he fell asleep, and, upon suddenly opening his eyes, there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking his head this way and that as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or a piece of driftwood.

"Ours is the seed time, God alone
 Beholds the end of what is sown
 Beyond our vision, we do not know
 The harvest hour is hid with Him"

Sacred Birds.

Extraordinary honors were paid to the goose in ancient times; and it is still held in great veneration by some of the Eastern nations. The figure that occurs so frequently on Buddhist monuments is the Brahmanee goose. The ancient Britons, according to Cæsar, held it impious to eat the flesh of geese. The ibis was another bird held in the highest sanctity by the old Egyptians. There are still numerous pits containing ibis mummies in that country. The largest of them, a little to the westward of the pyramid of Aboukir, is about twenty feet deep. The floor of this pit, for probably a depth of many feet, is covered with heaps on heaps, and layers on layers, of coarse earthen jars, the lids cemented down, containing each a body of an ibis, preserved with bitumen, and enclosed in numerous folds of narrow cloth bandages. Some of the mummies are found in a state of great preservation—black and charred, and incapable of being taken whole out of the bandages, but all the bones, the heads, and the feathers entire. Whether these birds were thus embalmed and brought to this place of burial whenever found dead, or whether collected here only as objects of worship is a question of which no ancient authority assists in the solution. The Mahomedans have a great veneration and esteem for the stork. It is almost as sacred with them as the ibis was with the Egyptians; and they would look upon a person as profane who should kill, or even harm one. So precious were these birds held in Thessaly, which country they are said to have cleared of serpents, that the slayer of a stork was punished with death. They were thought much of at Rome; for when a person, from a freak of luxury, ordered one to be placed on his dinner-table, he drew upon himself the direful obloquy of the whole city. The robin is considered in several countries a sacred bird; to kill one is little less than sacrilege, and its eggs are free from the hand of the bird-nester. It is asserted that the respect shown to it by man is joined in by the animals of the wood. The weasel and wild cat, it is said, will never molest it

when killed. One cause for the veneration in which it is held may be the superstition which represents it as a medium through which mankind are warned of approaching death. Before the decease of a person, a robin is believed, in many instances, to tap thrice at the window of the room in which the sick person is lying. Grim states that the peculiar veneration with which this bird is treated has been shown by the whole German race from remote times; and he refers to the bird's color and its name as evidences that it was sacred to Thor, the god of lightning. The swallow, too, in Germany, is everywhere deemed a sacred bird. Like the stork, it preserves the house on which it builds its nest from fire and lightning. The Spanish peasants have a tradition that it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorns out of the crown of Christ as he hung upon the cross; hence they have a great reverence for this bird, and will never destroy it. In parts of France the wren is a sacred bird; to kill or rob its nest is deemed an atrocity which will bring down the lightning on the culprit's dwelling. Such an act was also regarded with horror in Scotland. The following is a popular malediction upon those who rob the nest of the wren:

"Malisons, malisons, mair than ten,
That haury the lodge of Heaven's hen."

The whydah bird and the water wagtail are held sacred by the natives of several parts of Africa. Among the Mendan Indians the dove is held so sacred that neither man, woman, nor child will injure it; indeed, the Mendan Indians declare that even their dogs, ferocious as they are, instinctively respect that bird.

THE PARROT'S REBUKE.

Parrots are queer creatures, and like monkeys, sometimes seem like a very burlesque upon humanity. One South American bird had unfortunately learned upon shipboard the habit of profane language. The mate, a little ashamed of the creature's profanity, undertook a cure by dousing it with water at each offence. Polly evidently imbibed the reproof, for during a gale, when a heavy sea broke over a hen-coop and deluged the hens and cocks pretty thoroughly, she marched up to the dripping fowls and screamed out: "Been swearing again, hain't ye?"—*Harper's Young Folks.*

YOUR HEAVENLY
FATHER
FREDETH THEM.



A POETICAL CONTRAST.

The Dove and the Raven.

Few poems have been more widely read than "Poe's Raven," so peculiar in its style and gloomy in its thought and conception. For long years it has hung over the human heart with a dark, despondent obliqueness, and where sorrow and loss and disappointment had found a lodgment in a weak and sensitive nature, it has made the gloom darker, the loss heavier and the disappointment still greater. Echoing through the sad portals of bereaved and lonely hearts, the refrain of "Nevermore" has been the death knell of hopes that might have been nursed into renewed life by a more cheerful faith and a brighter and happier visitant from "Aiden."

With this view of the matter in his mind, Rev. J. H. Martin, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, has written a companion poem "The Dove," which takes a more cheerful and soul-inspiring view of the "dear departed." Instead of a dark winged messenger of sorrow and gloom, a bird of brighter plumage and sweeter voice comes back from "Aiden" to the silent chamber of the bereaved lover. To all Christian hearts that look beyond mere literary excellence, this tender poem of faith and hope will prove most acceptable.

THE DOVE.

A COMPANION TO POE'S RAVEN.

Rev. J. H. Martin, D. D.

Once upon a summer evening,
As I lay reposing, dreaming,
While the twinkling stars were beaming,
And their light was faintly gleaming,
Through the window of my room,
Suddenly beside my pillow,
Like the murmur of a willow,
Or the sigh of weeping willow,
Mid the shadow and the gloom,
There was heard a gentle sound
Floating on the air around,
As an echo from above;
And I waking saw a dove
Perched upon the whitened head
Of a statue near my bed,
And it seemed with soft, low cooing,
My lonely heart to soothe with wooing,
Like an angel from the sky,
Or a spirit hovering nigh.

While I lay entranced and dreaming,
Startled by the echo seeming
To be whispered from above,
In the starlight faintly gleaming,
With its form of beauty beaming,
I beheld the snowy dove—
With a thrill of wonder gazing
On the visitor, amazing.

I demanded: "Who are you?"
And the gentle bird of whiteness,
With its snowy robes of brightness,
Answered with a coo:
"I am sent," he said, "from Aiden,
By a fair and lovely maiden,
With a message unto thee:
I am come to soothe thy sorrow,
Bid thee from despair to borrow
Hope that thou her face shalt see;
For thy cherished one is living,
And her thoughts to thee is giving,
On a bright and distant shore;
And I come, her carrier dove,
With a message from thy love,
Who is thine forever more."

By this joyful news excited,
Raptur'd, ravished and delighted,
I, the snowy bird addressing,
Asked, with earnest voice inquiring,
What my soul was most desiring,
That her name to me expressing.
He would set my heart at rest—
Still the tumult in my breast,
And assure me that my maiden,
In the distant fields of Aiden
Waited for me on that shore—
Would be mine forevermore.
Then I spoke with greater fervor,
I, the maiden's ardent lover:
"Does my own dearer live?"
(To the bird of whiteness listening
While my sage eyes were glistening,
For the answer he should give);
"Tell me, O thou carrier dove,
Of my absent cherished love,
Whom I knew in days of yore;

Has she passed the shining portal
Of the blessed land immortal,
Going through the golden door?
Does she move in light and splendor,
Do the graces all attend her,
On that fair and distant shore?"

Words and tones and looks reviving
All my depths of inward feeling,
Moved, affected by my pleading,
And my anxious question heeding,
Thus the dove, my soul discerning,
Answered, these words returning:
"In the distant fields of Aiden,

On a bright, Elysian shore,
Dwells a fair and lovely maiden,
And her name is Elinore;
'Mid the flowers about her blooming,
'Mid the odors sweet perfuming,
All the balmy air around,
She, arrayed in robes of whiteness,
Walks an angel in her brightness,
With a wreath immortal crowned."
Then the bird, his wings unfolded,
Left me, as I lay beholding,
Filled with transport and delight;
With a soft sonorous coo,
Nodding, bidding me adieu,
Through the open window flew
Out into the gloomy night.
But the bright, enchanting vision
Of the distant fields Elysian,
And my cherished Elinore,
As a fair and lovely maiden
Dwelling in the land of Aiden,
Is my light forevermore.
There shall I, my loved one greeting,
At our future, early meeting,
On that distant radiant shore,
With ecstatic joy and gladness,
Free from parting, pain and sadness,
Clasp again my Elinore,
Call her mine forevermore!



The Syrian dove, the very same species I believe that were sold "two for a farthing" at the temple of Jerusalem, coo in the cottonwoods of Arizona. They are not more than a third the size of the dove of the Ark.

NOW.

Now the conflict and the trial,
Now the restless sea of life;
Now the suffering, pain, and anguish,
Now the battle and the strife.

THEN.

Then the laurel crown, and glory,
Then the rest and peace for aye;
Then the Father's smile of welcome,
And the endless Sabbath day.

—Sel.

Shall We Meet Again!

George D. Prentice.]

The fiat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which doomed us to dust. We are all destined to flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth from his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitudes that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the sea-shore.

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bedfellows.

In the beautiful drama "Ion" the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again, to which he responded: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that can not wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

In Persia they bottle up their tears as of old. This is done in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which to wipe off his tears. This cotton is afterward squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every other means has failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. This custom is probably alluded to in Psalm lvi., verse 8: "Put thou my tears into a bottle." The practice was once universal, as is found by the tear bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb, for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY invented his safety lamp, to prevent accidents which are liable to occur in coal mines, so early as 1815.

The signature of "Boz," used by Dickens, was adopted from "Moses," pronounced through the nose—a nickname of his younger brother.

The phrase "piping hot" originated from the custom of a baker blowing a pipe or horn in the villages of England to let the people know he had just drawn his bread hot from the oven.

MOLASSES, liquorice paste, a decoction of figs, and glycerine are used in the manufacture of plug tobacco to impart a sweet taste, give color and prevent rapid drying; common salt and other salts are used for flavoring; anise and other aromatics are added for their flavor.

BANOROPT, in his history, has the following in regard to the introduction of slaves into what is now United States territory: "In the month of August, 1619, a Dutch man-of-war entered James river and landed twenty negroes for sale. This, indeed, was a sad introduction of negro slavery in the English colonies." The most of the authorities make the date December, 1620.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE, life-time editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb." The origin of the poem is this: A daughter of Mrs. Hale's neighbor was taken very ill, and the doctor was asking the girl's mother what she had been eating. Mrs. Hale, who had just come over to the house, heard the mother say: "Mary had a little lamb, and Mary loves lambs, you know." These simple words touched Mrs. Hale so deeply that she went home and wrote the immortal poem.

It is said that the custom of presenting eggs at Easter is the survival of an old pagan custom celebrating the anniversary of the creation or the deluge. The egg presented by the pagans was an allusion to the mundane egg, for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend till the consummation of all things. The custom of dyeing eggs at Easter is very old and common to all countries, but may have been taken back to the East by Christian travelers.

The house of John o' Groat's was situated on Duncan's Bay Head, the most northerly point in Great Britain. It received its name from John o' Groat and his brothers, who came from Holland in 1489. The house was octagon in shape, being one room, with eight windows and eight doors, to admit eight members of the family, the heads of different branches of it, to prevent their quarrels for precedence at table, which on one occasion nearly proved fatal. By this contrivance each came in at his own door, and sat at an octagon table, at which, of course, their places were all alike.

The Spaniards visited Canada previous to the French, and, finding no gold or silver which they were in search of, often said among themselves, "*Aca nada*," there is nothing here. The Indians learned this sentence and its meaning. The French arrived, and the Indians, who did not want their company, and supposing they were also Spaniards on the same mission, were anxious to

inform them in the Spanish sentence "*aca nada*." The French, who knew as little Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessant recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of "Canada," which it has borne ever since.

Names of Countries.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phœnician language, signifies something characteristic of the places which they designate:

Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also, for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation, for beyond this to the westward the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country for tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue either white or high mountain, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles.

Syracuse, bad savor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Aetna signifies a furnace, or dark, or smoky.

Madam de Stael said: "If I were mistress of several languages, I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

Origin of Popular Phrases.

Globe Democrat.

Comparisons are Odious.—No earlier instance of the use of this proverbial expression is given than from Swift. Dogberry's version, in "Much Ado About Nothing," iii, 4, is, "Comparisons are odorous." The phrase as first quoted above is to be found in George Herbert's "Iacula Prudentum" (1740). It occurs also in Lilly's "Midas" iv, 1, "Comparisons can not be odious where the deities are equal." And again, in his Euphuus (ed. Arber, p. 68), "But least comparisons should seeme odious chiefly where both the parties be without comparison, I will omitte that, and seeing that we had both rather be talking with them, than talking of them, we will immediately go to them."

The Age of Chivalry is Gone.—The expression occurs in the edition of Burke's works published in 1826, and it re-ers—following an eloquent preamble—to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, who was guillotined during the horrors of the French Revolution. In the addition to the preface to Childe Harold, dated London, 1813, Lord Byron says: "So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honor lances were shivered and knights unhorsed."

Cleanliness is Next to Godliness.—This phrase is generally assumed to be in the scriptures, and not long ago it was quoted by a well known English speaker at a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, thus: "Cleanliness was next to Godliness," said the apostle." But the expression is not to be found in the scriptures, nor can its origin be traced with certainty. In Chamber's "Book of Dogs," vol. ii., p. 206; at foot of second column, the Rev. Rowland Hill is made to use it thus: "Good Mr. Whitfield used to say, 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.'" The idea is said by some writers to be derived from a Hebrew sentence.

The Fittest Place for Man to Die.—

Whether upon the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.

Written by Davis, a young Irish poet, and originally published in the Dublin Gazette in 1848.

Utopia.—This is a word derived from the Greek, and signifies "No place." Sir Thomas Moore first used it to designate his model State, and feigned it to be located among the Atlantic isles. From this fiction the term Utopian is used to denote theoretical or imaginary schemes and places. The Republic of Plato was, in like manner, situated in the happy regions of the West, even beyond the Hesperides Islands. There may have been, in the days of Plato, some knowledge of the American archipelago, and here his republic may have arisen and flourished.

Scot Free.—"Do as much for this purpose, and thou shalt pass scot free."—[Sir Walter Scott. The word "scot" is an old Anglo-Saxon word, mean tax. In the old law scot and lot was a customary contribution laid on subjects according to their ability.

Money Makes the Mare Go.—At a Kentucky horse race, a long time ago, a man had a mare which was noted for its fleetness. An effort was made to induce him to permit a trial of speed, but until a purse was raised to his figure he refused, saying, "Money makes the mare go."

A Literary Curiosity.

[The following remarkable little poem is a contribution to the *San Francisco Times* from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. We would be glad to hear from any person who can tell the authorship of each line.—Ed.]

LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
Life's a short summer, man a flower.
By turns we catch the vital breath and die,—
The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh.

To be is better far than not to be,
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

Your fate is but the common fate of all;
Unmingled joys to no man here befall.

Nature to each allots his proper share;
Fortuna makes folly her peculiar care.

Custom does not often reason over-rule,
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

Live well, how long or short permit to heaven,
They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.

Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

Her sensual snares let fruitless pleasures lay,
With craft and skill to ruin and betray,

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
We masters grow of all we most despise.

O then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat!
Only destructive to the brave and great.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

Make, then, while ye may, your God your friend,
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

The trust that's given guard; and to yourself be just;
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

POPULAR SONGS.

A good many different persons have written the popular songs of the last fifty years, and in nearly every case they have lived to see their songs quickly forgotten by the fickle public. With only a few exceptions the songs that have had the widest success lived but a few years at the most. Of course there are some songs that will be sung by generation after generation, as "Home, Sweet Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Sweet By and By," and a few others that have become household melodies. Yet there are hundreds of others of equal merit that won universal popularity and passed away with the people who sang them. Some songs of the slightest merit have had undeserved popularity, made their authors or publishers rich, and quietly dropped into oblivion.

"Shoo Fly," sung ten years ago from one end of the Union to the other, had a sale of 80,000 copies, and is now forgotten. It was certainly the most worthless musical absurdity ever written, and its success was largely owing to its being alluded to by Gen. Butler in Congress in the course of a political wrangle with a fellow member. It netted the fortunate publishers several thousand dollars.

"Old Folks at Home" was written by Stephen C. Foster thirty years ago, who sold it to Christy, of minstrel fame, for \$5, and received a bonus of \$5 more for the privilege of having his (Christy's) name on the title-page as author, and after the piece had made him rich he generously gave Foster \$50 more, which was all he ever received for the song. But it served to make the author famous and to sell his other songs; yet he died a poor man. For a while the piece waned in public favor, until it was sung by Mlle. Nilsson at her concerts, when it took a new start, and at the present

time it is one of the best-selling songs in the market. The numerous transcriptions from its melody, by upward of twenty different composers, serve to keep it popular. It is really a worthy companion to "Sweet Home," and will probably be sung for a hundred years or more.

During the war several songs published at the time had a remarkable success. "Weeping, Sad and Lonely," had a sale of upward of 300,000. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" (sung by the Hutchinson family), "John Brown's Body Lies a Moldering in the Grave," each had a very large sale and enriched their publishers, and in one or two cases their authors. But only one of these has remained from oblivion—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"—which is being sung by the daughters of those whose memories go back to the sad scenes when they "tented on the old camp ground."—*Boston Transcript*.

To be Living is Sublime.—

One golden day redeems a weary year.
We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
Age to age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

The above lines were written by Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, of New York.

Hymen.—A beautiful youth of Athens, who, for the love of a young virgin, disguised himself and assisted at the Eleusinian rites, and at this time he, together with his beloved and divers other young ladies of that city, was surprised and carried off by pirates, who, supposing him to be what he appeared, was lodged with his mistress. In the dead of night, when the robbers were all asleep, he cut their throats. Thence, making hasty way back to Athens, he bargained with the parents that he would restore them their daughter and all her companions if they would consent to his becoming their son-in-law. Their consent was given. The marriage proving very happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hymen at all the nuptials.

Mortgage.—Derived from two French words, which mean "death grip."

"Hail Columbia."—Written by Joseph Hopkinson, in 1797. At that time the war between England and France was ranging, and it was believed the United States would have to take up arms. Congress was in session at Philadelphia. The people were divided, some favoring an alliance with France and some with England. One Saturday afternoon a young Philadelphia actor came to Hopkinson and said he was to have a benefit on the following Monday night, but that no boxes had been taken, and he feared that he would lose instead of gain by the benefit. The actor thought that he could fill up the house if he could get a patriotic song to the tune of "President's March." He asked Hopkinson to write him one. Hopkinson promised to try, and the result was "Hail Columbia." The song was ready on the benefit night, and soon gained popularity.

Names of Places.

[Norristown Herald.]

When the English first came to Britain the east coast was in great part settled by the Angles, who came from what is now southern Denmark, Sleswick and Holstein. The southern portion of their new possessions was called East Anglia, and for greater convenience the people were divided into the Northfolk and the Southfolk, hence we find at this day the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. In a similar manner several other English counties derived their names. Northumberland is simply the land north of the Humber River, and is a portion of the old Kingdom of Northumbria. The names of Middlesex, Essex and Sussex, tell us that the Middle, East and South Saxons lived in these sections of the country. Cambridge derived its name from its principal town which was situated on the banks of the River Cam, at a place where a bridge had been built across the stream. "Every machinist knows that a 'cam' is the name given to a piece of machinery which causes an eccentric motion." The River Cam is a crooked stream. Northampton and Southampton probably received their names from the towns which sprang up around north and south homes, for we find the word "ham" to be the same as our present word home, and "tan," which was derived from the Saxon verb "tanan," to inclose; was in course of time applied to towns, probably because they were enclosed or walled around. Tan was easily altered to ton, and the letter p "loves to slip in between initials and dentals."

Webster says Hampshire is "from *Hantune*, *Hantune* (now Southampton), named from its situation on the river *Ant*—on *Ant* (the Southampton Water.)" But in another place he tells us Ham means home, hamlet, town, and that Ton is the same as town. (Shire comes from the Anglo-Saxon *sciran*, to shear, divide, that is to say a portion of the country divided from the rest, a country. (In Wyclif's translation of the Bible we read, "I have bought a town and I have made to go out and so it.") There are a few of these prefixes and affixes to names which will help us to understand the meaning of many English names of places. Leigh, a meadow, is seen in many names; altered in spelling, perhaps, but still the same word. According to the old saying "as many leighs as fleas" are to be found in Cheshire.

"In ford, in ham, in ley and ton

The most of English surnames run."

Ford has the same meaning it had of old, and often tells us who was the owner of the crossing (who probably charged toll) or the name of the stream crossed. For instance, Enysford, in Kent, was most probably a ford through the Darent owned by the Eyn, or Eyns, family. There was such a family in the time of Edward I. Or to take more familiar examples, Bradford, (Broad ford), Hereford (Army ford), Aberford, (ford at the mouth of the stream), and many others. Hereford was for a long time an English outpost against the Welsh, and they, the Welsh, still call it Heernford. And as for naming the stream, Crayford tells its own tale. But if we are not careful we may misinterpret these names and make such a mistake as to say that Dartford meant the ford through the river Dart.

This is not the case, for Dartford is on the Darent, and the word has much the same meaning as Waterford, coming as it does from the Celtic word "*dwr*" meaning water. This "*dwr*," with various twistings and turnings, can be seen in the names of many streams and lakes in England.

Of names ending in "ham," one of the most interesting is Nottingham. This place was called Snotnegham—that is to say the "home of the dwellers in caves," and traces of the residences of these cave dwellers have been discovered by antiquarians. On our maps of ancient Ethiopia we find the word "Troglodytes," which is Greek, and has the same meaning as Snotnegham; and tells us how the people of that part of the world lived in olden times. [In Ornithology the wrens are known as Troglodytes.] Durham means the home of the deer; Waltham, home in the woods; Oakham and Oldham carry their own meaning, and we have the combination of Oakhampton. Stead also meant a home, or a town; and thus we have Horstead; Horsa's home, and Hampstead, the home, or home town, and we see that this is very much like our word homestead. In a more general sense of dwelling place, and not exactly expressing the tenderness of the word home, are many names commencing or ending in stol, stow, stock, stoke, as Tavestock, the place on the Tavy, Stockport, Stockton, Woodstock, Stockbridge, Stokeford, Stow, Stow Market, Bradstow, broad-place; Bristol, bright-place, and Chepstow, cheap-place.

There are a great many places the names of which end in ley, or ly, and this termination tells us that they were built in a meadow, field or common: thus Oakley was a village in a field of Oak-trees; Alderly was amid Alders; Beverly means Beaver-field, and Parsley was on moist pasture ground. The word *field* is sometimes a part of the compound name of a place, thus, Marshfield; Winfield; field of victory; and, where so many martyrs suffered in the time of Diocletian, Litchfield, the field of dead bodies.

But by far the most common of these endings is *ton*, or *ton*. They are too numerous to mention. Boston is a good illustration. In both the English Boston and its namesake in this country may be found a Butolph street, and the Lincolnshire town was originally St. Butolph's-Town, a name much shortened and condensed in Boston. The word *thorp* also means a town or village, thus, Althorp is "Old Village;" Hanthorp, the village at the haven, and many others might be mentioned.

NAMES OF FABRICS.

Very few dry-goods men know the origin of the names of many of the goods they handle. Damask is from the city of Damascus; calico, from Calicut, a town in India formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where calico was printed. Muslin is from Mosul, on the Euphrates; alpaca, from an animal of Peru, of the llama species, from whose wool the fabric is woven. Buckram takes its name from Bochara. Fustian comes from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended; cambric, from Cambrai; baize from Bajae; dimity, from Damietta. Drugget is derived from a city in Ireland—Drogheda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thos. Blanket, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woollens into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Xerges, a Spanish name for a peculiar woollen blanket. Velvet is from the Italian *velluto*, "wooly (Latin, *vellus*, a "hide" or "pek"). Shawl is the Sanskrit *sala*, "floor;" for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandana is from an Indian word meaning to "bind" or "tie," because bandannas are tied in knots before they are dyed.

Names of Countries.

The following countries, it is said were originally named by the Phoenicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names in the Phoenician language signifying something characteristic of the places which they designate:

Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were a lighter complexion of those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Asia.

Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated according to its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic.

Spain, country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it used Augusta for an army to destroy him.

Italy, a country for pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also, for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a jagged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia, is almost, or last habitation, for beyond this the Westward Phoenicians, never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phoenician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on its western coast.

Corsica, signifies a woody place. Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles.

Syracuse, bad favor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, or which it produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes.

Seylla, the whirl pool of destruction.

Ætna signifies a furnace, or dark or smoky.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.—Emerson.

The truest characters of ignorance are vanity, and pride and annoyance.—Butler.

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world.—Locke.

HOPE.

THE night is mother of the
day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-
light lurks,
Through showers the sun-
beams fall;
For God, who loveth all his
works,
Has left his hope with all.
Selected. — Whittier.

THE OAK'S LESSON.

The oak tree's boughs once touched the grass,
But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground,
And nearer toward the blue.
So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.



ADORATION.

Flowers, when the night is done,
Lift their heads to greet the sun;
Sweetest looks and odors raise,
Like a silent hymn of praise.
So my heart would turn away
From her sorrow towards the Day;
Lying open, in God's sight,
As a flower in the light.

—Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr.

THE GREAT WEST.

A short lesson in geography, a very large problem in the algebra of our national civilization, and a by no means easy sum in the arithmetic of American Christian education, are suggested by the following:

"The Territory of Dakota is as large as the State of California; three times as large as the State of Iowa, and twice as large as the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. It is larger than the republic of France, with its 38,000,000 of inhabitants; and with a population as thickly settled as those of Belgium or Holland, it would have room for 120,000,000 of people. It is bounded on the north by British America; on the south by the Missouri and Niobrara rivers, which divide it from Nebraska; on the east by the Red river of the North and the Big Sioux river, which divide it from the States of Minnesota and Iowa; and on the west by the Territories of Wyoming and Montana. It has a soil a large portion of which is of unsurpassed fertility. Eight years ago the first railway car crossed the Territorial line on the track of the Northern Pacific."

Whereunto is such an imperial State as this destined to grow? Of what sort are the moral and spiritual forces that are about to shape its growth? And yet Dakota is but a small portion of the immense territory that will in a few years be peopled with teeming millions of immortal souls.

Early History of Minnesota.

The name Minnesota is an Indian name, signifying "cloudy water." Minnesota is the thirty-second State in the Union. The first European who set foot in Minnesota was Louis Hennepin, who in 1680, in a company of French fur-traders, ascended the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony, to which he gave their name. In 1763 this region was ceded to Great Britain, and in 1766 was explored by Captain Jonathan Carver, a native of Connecticut. In 1783 it was transferred to the United States, as part of the Northwest Territory. In 1819 Fort Snelling was established. A few years ago, as my mother was going from Minneapolis to Mankato, she met a lady who was over seventy years old, who said her husband was one of the first soldiers sent to the fort. She, with four other ladies (wives of the soldiers), visited their husbands that summer (1819), and they were five weeks going from Prairie du Chien to the fort, on flat-boats. In 1823 the first steamboat visited Minnesota. Between this and 1830, a small colony of Swiss settled at Mendota, near St. Paul. In 1838 the Indian title to lands east of the Mississippi was extinguished. In 1843 a settlement was commenced at Stillwater; on March 3, 1849, Congress passed an act organizing the Territory of Minnesota, its western boundary being the Missouri river. At this time the population was between 4,000 and 5,000, and it was duly organized on the 1st of June following. In 1851, immigration was commenced in earnest; and so rapid was the increase of population, that on February 26, 1859, Congress passed an enabling act for its admission as a State. The provisions of the act were complied with, a constitution (under which the State is still governed) was passed and submitted to the people, and members of Congress elected the following October; and on May 11, 1858, Minnesota was formally admitted into the Union.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

A pamphlet on the Mississippi river and its tributaries gives the following statement of the mileage of the navigable portion of each of the following-named rivers above its mouth: Missouri, 3,129; Mississippi, 2,161; Ohio, 1,021; Red, 986; Arkansas, 884; White, 779; Tennessee, 789; Cumberland, 609; Yellowstone, 474; Onachita, 384; Wabash, 365; Allegheny, 325; Osage, 303; Minnesota, 295; Sunflower, 271; Illinois, 270; Yazoo, 228; Black (Ark.), 112; Green, 200; St. Francis, 180; Tallahatchie, 175; Wisconsin, 160; Deer creek, 116; Tennessee, 112; Monongahela, 110; Kentucky, 105; Bartholomew, 100; Kanawha, 940; Muskingum, 94; Chippewa, 90; Iowa, 80; Big Hatchie, 75; St. Croix, 65; Rock, 65; Black (La.), 61; Macon, 60; Boeuf, 55; Big Horn, 50; Clinton, 50; Little Red, 49; Big Cypress and Lake, 44; Big Black, 35; Dauchitte, 33. Total number of rivers, thirty-three; total number of miles of navigation at present, 15,710.

The Yellowstone Park.

The territory comprises 3,410 square miles, and is a veritable Wonderland. Within its borders are mountain ranges with dozens of peaks having an elevation of 9,000 to 11,700 feet above sea level, and whose summits are crowned with perpetual snows. In the valleys and gorges that lie between these peaks and ranges there are probably over one hundred spouting geysers and springs, all of which bring torrents of boiling water. Besides these there are numerous springs of sulphur, soda, magnesia, lime, and other mineral waters, most of which have caused beautiful stalagmitic or crystallized accretions, in the shape of cones and basins, to form about them. Still another form of springs are the boiling wells of delicate-bued mud, known as the "Devil's Paintpots." The canons of the Yellowstone, three in number, are marvels of rocky grandeur and beauty, a feature of one of them, and unequalled in the world, being the famous Glass Mountain, a lofty cliff formed of the rare and beautiful mineral known as obsidian. The lake, nearly 50 miles long and 15 wide, and the rivers and streams abound in fish, and the forests in elk, deer, antelope, big-horned sheep, feathered game, grizzly bears, panthers, and the like. In various parts of the Park there are natural bridges, caves, and other singular formations. The whole region is a realm of marvels well worthy of the patronage of the world's tourists.

The Area of the Ottoman Empire is only about one-tenth of that of Russia, and the population only one-third—and about half of that of the United States. There are in European Turkey 2,000,000 Turks, 11,000,000 Slavs, and 1,000,000 Greeks. In religion, there are about 5,000,000 Mohammedans, half of whom are not Turks, but descendants of those who embraced Islam to save their estates from confiscation.

—In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches was granted.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The Yellowstone National Park extends sixty-five miles north and south and fifty-five miles east and west, comprising 3,575 square miles, and is all 6,000 feet or more above the sea-level. Yellowstone lake, twenty miles by fifteen, has an altitude of 7,788 feet. The mountain ranges which hem in the valleys on every side rise to the height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet, and are always covered with snow. This great park, says Mr. Strahorn, contains the most striking of mountains, gorges, falls, rivers and lakes in the whole Yellowstone region. The springs on Gardiner's river cover an area of about one square mile, and three or four square miles thereabout are occupied by the remains of springs which have ceased to flow. The natural basins into which these springs flow are from four to six feet in diameter and from one to four feet in depth. The principal ones are located upon terraces midway up the sides of the mountain. The banks of the Yellowstone river abound with ravines and canons, which are carved out of the heart of the mountains through the hardest rocks. The most remarkable of these is the canon of Tower creek and Column mountain. The latter, which extends along the eastern bank of the river for upward of two miles, is said to resemble the Giant's Causeway. The canon of Tower creek is about ten miles in length and is so deep and gloomy that it is called "The Devil's Den." Where Tower creek ends the Grand canon begins. It is twenty miles in length, impassable throughout, and inaccessible at the water's edge except at a few points. Its rugged edges are from 200 to 500 yards apart, and its depth is so profound that no sound ever reaches the ear from the bottom. The Grand canon contains a great multitude of hot springs of sulphur, sulphate of copper, alum, etc. In the number and magnitude of its hot springs and geysers, the Yellowstone Park surpasses all the rest of the world. There are probably fifty geysers that throw a column of water to the height of from 50 to 200 feet, and it is stated that there are not fewer than 5,000 springs; there are two kinds, those depositing lime and those depositing silica. The temperature of the calcareous springs is from 160 to 170 deg., while that of the others rises to 200 or more. The principal collections are the upper and lower geyser basins of the Madison river and the calcareous springs on Gardiner's river. The great falls are marvels to which adventurous travelers have gone only to return and report that they are parts of the wonders of this new American wonderland.

Dizzy Heights.

A French journal contains the following statement of the height of the different highest spires and monuments on the globe:

	Feet.
Towers of the Cathedral of Cologne.....	480
Spire of the Cathedral at Rouen.....	460
Tower of St. Nicholas, Hamburg.....	433
Cupola of St. Peter's at Rome.....	429
Pyramid of Cheops.....	426
Cathedral of St. Stephen's, Vienna.....	411
St. Martin's, Landshut, Bavaria.....	399
Cathedral of Fribourg, Baden.....	375
Spire of the Cathedral of Antwerp.....	370
Dome of St. Mary's, Florence.....	367
St. Paul's, at London.....	364
Dome of the Cathedral at Milan.....	327
Cathedral of Magdeburg.....	311
Tower of Rathaus, Berlin.....	264
Trinity Church, New York.....	258
The Pantheon, at Paris.....	240
Notre Dame, at Paris.....	204
The Washington monument is to be.....	609

COLOGNE'S GREAT CATHEDRAL.

A Building Which Cost About \$10,000,000.

NEW YORK, September 16.—A Berlin dispatch to the London Times, says: By a cabinet order the emperor has appointed the 15th of October as the date for the ceremonies of consecration and opening of the lately finished Cologne cathedral, when his majesty and most members of his house will honor the occasion by their presence. The date appropriately selected is the birthday of Frederick William IV., the emperor's deceased brother, to whose piety and love of art was due the resumption of the architectural labors, which were so auspiciously brought to an end about two weeks ago.

Curiosity, of course, is busy conjecturing whether the ejected archbishop will appear with all his clergy in their robes of office, but in any case the ceremony will be dignified and imposing, as recording the triumph of German perseverance and German art.

Viewed from a financial point, the noble edifice represents an enormous amount of capital. It is calculated that the sums applied to its completion since 1871 from public and private sources must amount to about 18,000,000 marks, which, added to the previous outlay, will give a grand total of 40,000,000 or over £2,000,000.

In point of altitude, too, the towers of the cathedral are unequalled by any in the world, being 160 metres high, their closest competitor being the spire of the St. Nicholas church, in Hamburg, being 144 metres. Then comes St. Peter's, in Rome, with 143; the Strasburg Minster, 142; the Cheops Pyramid, 137; St. Stephen's, in Vienna, 135; Freiburg, in Baden, 125; Antwerp Cathedral, 123; Florence, 119; St. Paul's, London, 111; Magdeburg Cathedral, 103; Berlin Town hall tower, 88; so that the Cologne Cathedral is nearly twice as high as the last named imposing edifice.

CUSTOMS OF JAVA.—In Batavia, the capital of Java, the houses, which are as white as snow, are placed two or three hundred feet from the streets, the intervening space being filled with trees, literally covered with birds and every variety of plants and decorated. Every house has a piazza in front, flowers, with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps, bird cages, &c., while rocking chairs, lounges, &c., of the nicest description, furnish luxurious accommodation for the families who sit here mornings and evenings. At night the city is one blaze of light from the lamps. All the hotels have grounds eight or ten acres in extent around them, covered with fine shade trees, fountains, flower gardens, &c. Meals are served up in about the same style as at a first-class hotel in the United States, although the habits of living are quite different. At daylight, coffee and tea are taken to the guests' rooms, and again at eight o'clock, with light refreshments. At twelve, breakfast is served, and at seven dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready day night. No business is done in the middle of the day on account of the heat. The nights are delightful; the birds are singing all night.

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

A high heat opens the grain of steel and prevents refining.

Palestine Pottery.

The Biblical descriptions of pottery are singularly applicative to the present process of manufacture. Now, in this nineteenth century, the potter sits at his frame and turns the wheel with his foot. Or, as we read in the Apocrypha: "So doth the potter, sitting at his work and turning the wheel about with his feet; he fashioneth the clay with his arm." The potter had a heap of the prepared clay near him and a pot of water by his side. Taking a lump in his hand he placed it on the top of the wheel, which revolves horizontally, and smoothed it into a low cone, like the upper end of a sugar loaf; then thrusting his thumb into the top of it, he opened a hole down through the center, and this he constantly widened by pressing the edges of the revolving cone between his hands. As it enlarged and became thinner, he gave it whatever shape he pleased, with the utmost ease and expedition.

It is evident, from numerous expressions in the Bible, that the potter's vessel was the synonym of utter fragility; and to say, as David does, that Zion's King would dash his enemies into pieces like a potter's vessel was to threaten with ruinous and remediless destruction.

We, who are accustomed to strong stoneware of considerable value, can scarcely appreciate some of these Biblical references, but for Palestine they are still as appropriate and forcible as ever. Arab jars are so thin and frail that they are literally dashed to shivers by the slightest strokes. Water jars are often broken by merely putting them down upon the floor; and the servant frequently returns from the fountain empty handed, having had all his jars dashed to atoms by some irregular behavior of the donkey.

POINTED QUESTIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in its place that once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough that fell at your feet to-day?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem, and cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing, that you crushed with a hasty blow?
Can you put the petals back on the rose? If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk, and show me the ripened wheat?
You think that these questions are trifling, dear. Let me ask you another one: Can a hasty word ever be unsaid, or a deed unkind undone? —Selected.

Chaucer received a pitcher of wine every day, from the cellar of Edward III.

In the seventeenth century, on the continent, boots were never worn without spurs.

RELATIVE AGE OF ANIMALS.

The average age of cats is fifteen years; of squirrels and hares, seven to eight years; a bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or fifteen; lions are long lived, the one known by the name of Pompey living to the age of seventy. Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great Elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription, 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of twenty, and the rhinoceros, to the age of twenty-nine; a horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but the average is twenty-five or thirty; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed ten; cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104; ravens have frequently reached the age of 100; swans have been known to live to the age of 300. Mr. Malerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.

Queer Names of Postoffices.

Four postoffices in the United States have only two letters in their names: They are Ok, Oz, Ai and Po. The lightest town is Pound, in Wise county, Va. The town that holds the least is Gill, in Franklin county, Mass. Two hundred and forty postoffices begin with Rock, 42 with Stone, 106 with Sand, 68 with Clay, and 15 with Mud. One hundred and thirty-five are Cedar, 124 Pine, 216 Oak, 25 Chestnut, 100 Maple, 36 Locust, 61 Elm, 28 Apple, 38 Hickory, 27 Poplar, and 10 Spruce. Two are Poor, and 106 Rich; 81 are High, and 72 Low; 113 are Big, and 106 are Little; 11 are Short, and 106 Long; 42 Upper, and 24 Lower; 16 Great, and 3 Small. Eight are Hot, and 38 Cold; 13 Wet, and 41 Dry; 47 Clear, and 15 Muddy. One is Violet, while 65 are Blue, 230 Green, 27 Yellow, 42 Orange, 123 Red, 300 White, 105 Black, and 36 Gray. Two hundred begin with Spring, 28 with Summer, 39 with Fall, and 17 with Winter. More than a hundred offices, such as Ada, Ida, Uri, Ayr, and the like, have but three letters to their names.—Golden Days.

The Origin of the Irish Potato.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: A bet that the common or Irish potato was first discovered in Virginia, taken from there to Ireland, cultivated, and brought back in an improved state, thus making it a natural product of America.

It bet that the common or Irish potato is a native of Ireland, and was introduced into this country from there. Who wins?
Neither wins. Sir Walter Raleigh took the potato to England from Virginia in 1596, but it had been carried to Spain from quite years before that, and taken from Spain to Italy, where it was a common article of food before Raleigh found it in Virginia. It was sent to Flanders from Italy. Its occurrence in Virginia, it is thought, was due to a recent introduction by the Spaniards. There is no proof that it was in cultivation by the aborigines of this country or those of Mexico. It grows wild to day in Peru and Chili, and elsewhere.

An English horticulturist, who is a careful observer of insect life, has noticed that honey-bees rarely go near those flowers which bumble-bees seem to like best.

It is noted to Langwith and Savary, and eight for the joys that are put; there is something in store for the morning, so thinking and bright is the last.

THE END OF THE WAY.

The following beautiful lines were written by a young lady, an invalid for many years:

My life is a wearisome journey,
I'm sick with the dust and the heat,
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am journeying,
Will more than my trials repay,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward
I often am longing for rest,
But He, who appoints me my pathway,
Knows what is needful and best;
I know in His word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such,
By-and-by I shall see Him and praise Him,
In the city of unending day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of my way.

When the last feeble steps have been taken
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels,
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day;
Yea, the toils of the road seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home,
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour himself has said, come,
So when I'm weary in body,
And sinking in spirit, I say,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;
There are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint;
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

TRUST.

A picture memory brings to me:
I look across the years, and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read his works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand;
That pain itself for good was planned,
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That as my mother dealt with me,
So with his children dealeth he.



Is that Loveliest not Knoweliest
not God, for God is Love.

I John 4:8

A Happy Conceit.

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came),
And standing at its Father's feet,
And gazing in his face
It said, in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the pains Thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said, "Forget me not."

—Gabriel Era.

Words of Strength.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou else wert blind.

[Frederick Schiller.

"Oh, hallowed day when Christ was born,
Bringing sweetest peace to every soul;
From land of snow to land of sun
Best love from our Christened souls."

"Give and forget; the world would be lonely,
With passion a wild even as left to reform;
If the flames were once kindled the chilling winds only
For the child's game no card for feet of a storm."



BLACK PEARLS.

The Berlin papers state that an exceedingly valuable black pearl, belonging to the jewels of the British crown, and which was stolen more than a century and a half ago, was lately discovered at Pesh, and secured on behalf of the Queen. It seems that some months ago a dirty-looking fellow presented this pearl for sale to a jeweler in the Herrenstrasse, who referred him to Bieder-mann, the court jeweler at Vienna. The latter had no sooner seen the jewel than he called in the police and gave him into custody. It was then ascertained that the fellow told the truth when he asserted that he knew not the real value of the pearl, which had been pawned to him for twenty florins by a man of the name of Gyuni. The latter turned out to have been in former times a personal servant to Count Batthyany, by whom he had been presented with the pearl, then set on a gold pin. The count seems never to have been aware of its value, but subsequent inquiries led to its identification as one of a set of three black pearls, the finest ever known, which were stolen from Windsor in 1728. The price paid for it on behalf of the Queen is said to have been close on ten thousand dollars.

The value assigned to this particular black pearl is due not simply to its color and size, but in part to the historic interest attaching to it. Supposing it to have been really what it is believed to have been, a fancy price might be expected for it, and its recovery is a remarkable and interesting fact. A contemporary says: "In reference to the recent discovery in Vienna of a valuable black pearl, supposed to have been one of three of the same color that formerly adorned the English crown, the Banff correspondent of the Aberdeen Free Press states that a gentleman there had shown him a black pearl of rare value and beauty that had been brought to this country a good many years ago from South America by a shipmaster. The pearl is oval-shaped, and is about the size of a small pea; and, although jet black, it has a polish of great brilliancy. It has been cut slightly on one of the sides, as if it had been previously placed in setting."

Black pearls are really not very uncommon; they are found in the Gulf of Panama and in Western Australia, and rise in value from five to fifty dollars a grain. It appears that inferior-colored pearls are sometimes dyed black or russet-brown and sent into the market; but the absence of the true oriental tint and lustre is so marked that only a very inexperienced eye can be deceived by them. The famous necklace of the Empress Eugenie consisting of a row of matchless black pearls, realized the large sum of twenty thousand dollars after the removal of the pearl forming the snap, which was subsequently sold for one thousand guineas, to form the centre of a bracelet. In the manufacture of the imitation black pearls, hematite, an important iron ore, is frequently used.

Pink pearls, when large, command exceptional prices. They are found in the rivers of South America and in the Bahama islands, and vary in value according to their quality, shape, and size, the price ranging from a dollar and a quarter to thirty dollars per grain. This kind of pearl is apt to have an irregularity of form which unfits it for use as a personal ornament. It is imitated in pale pink coral, cut and finished for the purpose; but the counterfeits fail to present the peculiar green which distinguishes those that are genuine.—*Art Amateur.*

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

Amber, and Where It Comes From.

Young Folks' Rural.

Amber is a hard, almost transparent resin, found in but few places. In the German Ocean is an island commonly known as Basilia. A long time ago, after severe storms, there were large quantities of amber washed up along the shore, and by the inhabitants gathered and used as fuel. The substance has existed for ages, but is disappearing. It is a fossilized vegetable gum, from trees that stood in forests in epochs of the past, as the vegetation that formed the coal now being mined in various places. The Greeks regarded it with superstition, as did the Romans, who believed it to be possessed of a soul. At

the present time there is a bed of amber being worked in a mine near the coast of Prussia. This bed is about fifty feet below the surface, while one hundred feet beneath this bed is another vein of it. On the coast of the Baltic Sea, in Prussia, near Memel, it is found, and also at a point northeast of Konigsberg. Its demand comes principally from Mohammedan countries, as the demand for ginseng comes principally from China, where it is used as a tonic. In the olden time, amber, was declared by the Teutonic Court to belong exclusively to royalty, and the sale of it for a long time paid the court expenses. Kings guarded it and its digging by stringent laws, death being the penalty for seeking or digging it except for the use of royalty. Armed guards patrolled the coast for miles, and if a guard, a peasant or servant was found to have stolen even the smallest piece, the penalty was death on the gallows, kept up for years on purpose to strike terror and to punish those who would dare disregard the fiat of the law. For the past eighty years those who search for it pay the Prussian government for the privilege of obtaining it. Taking a piece of it without permission is punished with imprisonment, while the penalty attaching to trespass follows those who dare to walk within certain limits of the beach, along which it is found after storms have washed it up from the depths of the sea, where the action of the waves loosens it from the earth that had formed over it ages ago, and which is distributed by the mighty mass of water. Those who obtain it along the coast wade into the sea after a storm while the water is yet rough, and gather it in nets, or as it comes with the loose sea-weed. The "cream of the waves" is carried to places on the shore where women and children hunt carefully for the pieces of amber, delivering each piece found to the superintendent or agent of the government. The yield varies from a quarter of a million to three quarters of a million dollars' worth per year. That found deep under ground is the best. It is used for necklaces, jewelry, mouthpieces for pipes, etc., and its price is governed by its quality and size. A piece that weighs a pound is considered quite a prize, while a piece fifteen pounds in weight would bring \$6,000 or \$7,000. The largest piece yet found is in a museum in Berlin, and weighs thirteen and a half pounds. Amber throws out so much electricity when being worked that men cannot long work at one piece without being thrown into spasms. It is found in clay beds in a few places in the United States. At times specimens are found in which flies, bugs, mosquitoes, etc., have been caught, and are entombed as prisoners—held there for thousands of years.

How the Ancients Engraved Gems.

[Harper's Magazine.]

We must remain as yet some little in doubt as to the methods employed by old artists to perfect these miracles of taste. We have, however, the absolute certainty that these ancient masters were familiar with the diamond, and that their best work was made by using this, the hardest of all substances, as a tool. A splintered fragment of the diamond served as a scraping tool, and they were well acquainted with the drill. Prehistoric man worked a drill at the very commencement of his existence. A Phœnician gem—a lion attacking a bull—shows how the drill was used. A number of circular depressions are found in the gem, which mark the extremities of the figures. This was done not only for the sake of effect, but to show the artist the limit of his work as to depth. After the holes were sunk the artist united the various portions of his work by scratching. Now, the use of the diamond point or splinter, fixed in an iron socket, allowed a certain flexibility of handling, which our modern process of gem engraving do not permit. To-day the work is done by means of a minute rotating disk of copper, which is whetted with oil and diamond dust. On the least application of the substance to be cut to the disk, it is the disk which bites into the stone. The difference in manipulation is, then, that to-day it is the stone which goes to the tool, and not, as in olden times, the tool to the stone. It is more convenient, then, in 1879, to bring the cart to the horse. It can now be readily understood why, in modern work, time and labor being spared (the art conception not entering for the present into the subject) why this work of to-day is far inferior to the art of the past. It is purely a mechanical process now, for a rotating disk will no more draw lines which have feeling than will photographing processes paint pictures. It has been stated that we are not entirely acquainted with the methods employed by the old glyptic artists. This becomes quite evident from this fact, that their best work seems to have been both cut and polished at one and the same time. To-day we have no tool, no substance, which will accomplish this double feat. Mr. King, dwelling on the diamond point, says its extensive use is the great distinction between the antique and modern work.

A Curious Fact.

Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large bridges of the world. A constant succession of sound waves, especially such as come from the playing of a good band, will excite the wires to vibration. At first the vibrations are very slight, but they will increase as the sound waves continue to come. The principal reason why bands are not allowed to play while crossing certain bridges, the suspension bridge at Niagara, for instance, is that if followed by processions of any kind they will keep step with the music, and this regular step would cause the wires to vibrate. At the suspension bridge military companies are not allowed to march across in regular step, but break ranks. The regular trotting gait of a large dog across a suspension bridge is more dangerous to a bridge than a heavily loaded wagon drawn by a team of large horses.

A German Emperor took for his motto "Bitter place are good man have a crown of bad man"

Where There are no Sunsets.

The following is Congressman Cox's description of a scene at the North Cape: "Here in the uppermost point in Europe and at this midsummer season there is no sunset! Bring burial weeds and sable plume, for there is no sunset! Lift the funeral song of woe and tell through the land that sunset is no more, and yet I live! And must I now be disenchanted? Do I live, and is sunset no more? Do I see a country where the sun is going down, amid a *mise en scene* equal, if not superior, to that Ohio evening years ago, which I tried to portray with my poor pen, and yet it does not go down? Was it not enough that for ten long days there was no night for us, and that the sun by gliding and glowing in the north without any respite had disturbed our customary experiences? The reaction might be too sudden. The failure of the old orb to set might—well, there is no telling the cataleptic and other dire consequences. But here was the patent fact; here were clouds and lights; all the hues of the prism in splendid display and yet no sunset after all! Midnight, and yet light all aglow! No gas, no candles, no stars, no moon—only the fiery orb and his traveling clouds of glory.

"But is not the sun all-sufficient without other fires? If he stays up and sets not, what more can the human heart desire? What wonder that oriental mind clothed the sun with the majesty of divinity, and that the Magi saluted his coming with worship, as the source of life? What wonder that his beams evoked music from Memnon? Is he not the creator of health, and the great benefactor? And we have found a land where he will not rest."

SWEET MINDED WOMEN.—So great is the influence of a sweet minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sickness and sorrow for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her hand works wonders in the feverish child. A few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn-out with the pressure of business, and feels irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We are all wearied with combatting with the realities of life. The rough school boy dies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in the mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large troubles, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one may go on with instances of the influence a sweet minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

When a man dies, people inquire what property he has left behind him. Angels will ask what good deeds he has sent before him.

Without a belief in personal immortality, religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.

He who would amass virtues, leaving out the guardian virtue humility, is like a man who leaves a precious dust exposed to the wind.

Believe, and if thy faith be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief.

Nothing does so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools that are not.

Temporal afflictions hide those eternal blessings to which they lead, as temporal enjoyments often cover those eternal evils which they procure.



Blessed is the man that Feareth the Lord, that
Delighteth greatly in His Commandments.

—Ps. 112: 1.

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A GOLDEN RULE FOR AVOIDING SIN.

"Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

When you think, when you speak, when you read, when you write,
When you sing, when you walk, when you seek for delight;

To be kept from all evil, at home and abroad,
Live *always*, as under "the eye of the Lord."

COMPANY OF THE BIBLE.

By opening the Bible we may at any time walk in the garden of Eden with Adam; sit in the ark with Noah; share the hospitality or witness the faith of Abraham; ascend the mount of God with Moses; unite in the secret devotions of David, or listen to the eloquent and impassioned address of Paul. Nay, more, we may here converse with Him who spake as never man spake; participate with the spirits of the just made perfect, in the employment and happiness of heaven; and enjoy sweet communion with the Father of our spirits through his Son Jesus Christ.

It is in our power as we would, where we would, to be as good as the angels, and as holy as the saints.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of another's faults
Pray don't forget your own.
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we should look at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, who has not?
The old as well as young,
Perhaps we may, for ought we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And one that works full well.
I try my own defects to cure
Ere I of others tell.
And though I hope sometime to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know.
Remember curses sometimes like
Our chickens, 'roost at home,"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

The Mignonette and the Oak.

I marked a child—a pretty child,
A gentle blue-eyed thing;
She sowed the scented mignonette
One sunny day in spring;
And while the tiny grains she sowed
The stream of thought thus sweetly flowed;

"On th's dear bed the dew shall fall,
And yon bright sun shall shine;
'Twill spring and grow and bloom then;
And it will all be mine!"
And the fair thing laughed in childish glee
To think what a harvest hers should be.

I saw a man an scorn plant
Upon the hillside bare;
No spreading branch, no shading rock
Lent friendly shelter there;
And thus as o'er the spot he bow'd
I heard him, for he thought aloud.

"Fruit thing! ere glossy leaf shall grace
Thy wide and sturdy bough,
I may be laid amid the dead
As low as thou art now;
Yet wilt thou rise in rugged strength
And crown this barren height at length."

Each had a hope; the childish heart
Look'd to a summer's joy;
The manly thought, strong and mature,
Looks to the future.
Each trusts to nature's genial power;
He wants a forest, she a flower.

Who sows the seeds of heavenly truth,
And doubts Almighty power?
Will years less surely bring the oak,
Than months the summer flower?
Then sow, although no fruit you see,
God, "in due time," will raise the tree,

THE slightest thing we do sends a thrill vibrating along the endless chain of cause and effect to the utmost limit of time, through the whole grand machine of future existence. Man dies, but not one of his acts ever dies. Each is perpetuated and prolonged forever by interminable results, affecting some being in every age to come.



WOMAN'S WORK

Darning little stockings for restless little feet;
Washing little faces to keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons, teaching catechism;
Praying for salvation from heresy and schism;

Sewing on the buttons, overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word others' lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridget, and coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company, and reading recent books;

Burying out of sight her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine on other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded and healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward through dangers dark and thick;

Leading little children, and blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful how God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside, content with what she hath;
Letting fall her own tears, where only God can see,
Wiping off another's with tender sympathy.
Learning by experience, teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway, golden, pearly, ample.

Fastly cometh silence, a day of deep repose—
Her locks smoothly braided, upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently upon the marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace upon the forehead meek.

Pale hands softly folded, the kindly pulses still;
The lips know no smiling, the noble heart no thrill.
Her couch needs no smoothing, she craveth for no care;

Love's tenderest entreaty wakes no responses there
Fresh grave in the valley—tears, bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson that life may not forget.
Face forever hidden, race forever run—
"Dust to dust," a voice saith, and woman's work

Calling the Angels In.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime droff is o'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,
As the patriarch sat at the open door
Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry a while in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

—Margaret J. Preston in Baldwin's Monthly.

Tribute to Women.

The following beautiful tribute to women was written several years ago. It occurs in a tale of touching interest, entitled, "The Broken Heart"—its author, Dr. F. J. Stratton:

"Oh the priceless value of the love of a pure woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honor confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with his skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time can not mar its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; bolts and bars cannot limit its progress, it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of the loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hands loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heavenly influence should cast into forgetfulness remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains."

THESE MYSTIC GLEAMS.

What is this life? and what its aim?
What is its end to be?
Where do we go, or whence we came?

Say who can answer me?
Is this the first—the opening strife?
Or have I lived before?
Is death the germ of other life,
Beyond this mundane shore?
If I, ere this, have ever known
A life of consciousness,
O tell me where the memory's flown,
Or use of it to this?
I sometimes have—or think I have—
An inner consciousness,
Like light-glints on a passing wave,
Of other life ere this;
They come, and go, with lightning speed,
And scarcely leave a line
On memory's page that I can read,
Or trace I can divine.
Perhaps the time may come at last
When I can read the whole—
The present volume and the past—
That's written on my soul.

—Hartford Times.

MANY people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.—Jeremy Taylor.

Where Tin Ores are Found.

Tin is one of the earliest metals known, which is contrary to what, not many years ago, was the general opinion of scientific men. The researches, however, which within the last twenty years have been instituted with regard to the earliest races inhabiting Europe, have conclusively shown that weapons and implements of bronze (an alloy of tin and copper), were probably the metallic articles earliest in use, after those composed of copper alone, and before the introduction of iron. In the curious "lake dwellings," discovered in Switzerland, not only bronze implements, but bars of pure tin varying from four to twenty per cent. being the most common. The principal present sources of tin are, first, Cornwall, where it is now almost exclusively produced from the mines, instead of washing or "stream works;" second, Saxony or Bohemia, in small quantities, and exclusively from mines; third, Banes and other islands of the Malay Archipelago, the Malay Peninsula, as well as parts of Hindostan and Burmah; all the productions from those (now furnishing the greater part of tin commerce) now generally known as "Straits tin," being derived from stream works, fourth, New South Wales, Queensland, and other parts of Australia, together with Tasmania, Spain, Bolivar and Mexico, also furnish (or have lately done so) some portion of the tin commerce; also Greenland, Japan, Finland, Siberia, Iceland and Madagascar.

Origin of Names in the Week.

In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to northern antiquities, they have representations of the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived. From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world. The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands. Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week is dedicated to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valient prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars above his head, holding a sceptre in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a bow in his left. Seater, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.—*Philadelphia Saturday Night*.

Several of the French newspapers publish extracts from a paper by M. A. Milne-Edwards, the eminent naturalist, on the gorilla in the Jardin des Plantes. He has made a long-continued study of this ape, and the description he gave of him was very much the reverse of favorable. The chimpanzee and orang-outang were, he declared, in comparison with the gorilla, models of sweetness and amiability. He never gave his keeper the least mark of affection; he never permitted himself to be touched without manifesting the utmost repugnance to the familiarity, and, in general, abate was the return he made for a caress. He would not play with the other apes nor tolerate them in his neighborhood. M. Milne-Edwards concluded by ranking the gorilla in point of intelligence, a long way below any of the other anthropoid apes. The gorilla has recently died—killed, one wag says, by M. Milne-Edwards's article.

The Antiquity of Glass.

Saturday Review.

The oldest specimen of glass bearing anything like a date is a little moulded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed as more than 2,000 years B. C. glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film or varnish of glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads, possibly of the first dynasty. It cannot be doubted that the story preserved by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians, is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. That the modern art of glass-blowing was known long before is certain from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obliterated scenes in a chamber of the tomb at Thy, at Sakkara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologists, to give it a date in years.

SACRED MOUNTAINS.

1. Mount Ararat, the mount upon which the ark of Noah rested, and which overlooked the graves of a ruined world. 2. Mount Moriah, the mount upon which Abraham offered up his son Isaac; where, afterward, Solomon built the temple. 3. Mount Sinai, the mount upon which the law was given to Moses. 4. Mount Her, the mount upon which Aaron died. 5. Mount Pisgah, the mount upon which Moses died. 6. Mount Horeb, the mount where Moses saw the burning bush, and where Elijah fled from the face of Jezebel. 7. Mount Carmel, where fire came down and consumed the sacrifice of Elijah, and where he slew the prophets of Baal; and from the summit of which he prayed for rain, and was answered. 8. Mount Lebanon, the mount noted for its great and beautiful cedars, etc. 9. Mount Zion—the literal Mount Zion was one of the hills on which Jerusalem was built, and stood near Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up his son Isaac. 10. Mount Tabor, the mount upon which Christ was transfigured. 11. Mount Olivet, the mount where our Savior prayed, being in agony, and saying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," etc. 12. Mount Calvary, the mount where our Savior was crucified.

This last mount in the sacred category is not, however, least in importance to a ruined world. Isaiah 14: 22, "Look unto me and be saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." John 1: 29, "The next day, John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." John 3: 16, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*Church Union*.

Discovery of Silk and Satin.

The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the emperor of China, Hoang-ti, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has always been allotted in the gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree—called in Chinese the "golden tree"—and to the keeping of silk-worms. The first silk dress mentioned in history was made, not for a sovereign nor for a pretty woman, but for the monster in human shape, Helio-gabalus.

Persian monks who came to Constantinople revealed to the emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk, and gave him some silk-worms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. When the popes left Rome to settle at Avignon, France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians; and Louis XI established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabrics. Francis I founded the Lyons silk works, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II of France wore the first pair of silk hose ever made, at the wedding of his sister.

The word "satin," which in the original was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lustrous surface. The discovery of this particularly brilliant stuff was accidental. Octavio Mai, a silk-weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp, and put them to his mouth, which soon after he spat out. Later on, he found the little ball of silk on the floor of his workshop, and was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and, by using heat and certain mucilaginous preparations, succeeded in giving new lustre to his tissues.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things:
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees, they have terrible stings;
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.
Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may dash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal—
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal,
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

—California was ceded to the United States, May 21st, 1848.

Napoleon Bonaparte, was made King of Italy, March 31st, 1805.

Piterary.

OUGH.

While passing by the old horse trough,
I heard a hollow, hacking cough,
And, turning, met my neighbor Gough.

The wind was blowing raw and rough,
Said I, "Old fellow, rather tough!"
"Ah, yes," said he, "'tis tough enough!"

He limped along, perhaps a block,
Then said: "Sharp pains afflict my hough;
Would I were by some sunny lough;

"Or managing the well-yoked plough,
Or resting 'neath the rustling bough,
Lulled by the gently murmuring sough.

"But vain are all those wishes, though,"
Quoth he in accents sad and low;
"Alas, I fear my cake is dough!"

With pain I heard my old friend through,
And when at last we bade adieu,
I felt his fears would soon prove true.

—Baldwin's Monthly.

An educational journal thus describes the trouble a Frenchman had with the verb "break":

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. Du bois, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them so troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw your friend Mrs. Murkerson just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping, am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember, break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in our city—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her home alone?"

"No, she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do you say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly, it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

No, that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off?"

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard of that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news, no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A breaker, and a very fine young fellow. Good day."

So much for the verb "to break."

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

[These lines, which are truly a study for foreigners, are by Wentworth].

A pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair,
A hart I love with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To have a pair of pears,
Although a rake may take a rake
To tear away the fares.
Sol's rays raise rhyme, time razes all,
And through the whole holes wear.
A scribe in writing right may write
To Wright and still be wrong;
For write and rite are neither right
And don't to right belong.
Robertson is not Robert's son,
Nor did he rob Burt's son,
Yet Robert's son is Robin's son,
And everybody's son.
Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings.
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as other things.

The person lies who says he lies
When he is not reclining,
And when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline definitely.
Quails do not quat before a storm,
A bow will bow before it.
We cannot rein the rain at all,
No earthly power reigns o'er it.
The dyer dyes awhile, then dies—
To dye he's always trying.
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.
A son of Mars mars many a son,
All Days must have their days,
And ev'ry knight should pray each night
To Him who weighs his ways.
'Tis meet that man should mete out
meat
To feed one's fortune's sun.
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.
A lass! alas, is sometimes false,
Of faults a maid is made,
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though staid she is not stayed.
The springs shoot forth each spring,
And shoots shoot forward one and all
Though summer kills the flowers it
leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.
I would a story here commence,
But you must find it stale,
So we'll suppose that we have reached
The tail-end of our tale.

How to Say It.

Say "I would rather walk," and not
'I had rather walk."
Say "I doubt not but but I shall,
and not "I don't doubt but I shall.
Say "for you and me," and not "for
you and I."
Say "whether I be present or not,"
and not "present or no."
Say "not that I know," and not
"that I knew of."
Say "return it to me," and not "re-
turn it back to me."

A Few Verbal Errors.

The following examples of the more common errors in the use of words are taken from "The Verbalist," by Mr. Alfred Ayres:

Accord for give; as, "the information was accorded him."

Aggregate for irritate; to aggregate is to make worse.

Allude to for refer to or mention.

As for that; "not as I know," for "not that I know."

Avocation for vocation; a man's vocation is his business; avocations are things that occupy him incidentally.

Balance, for rest or remainder.

Character for reputation; one may have a good reputation, but a bad character, and the two words should never be confounded.

Dangerous, for danger; a sick man is sometimes most absurdly said to be dangerous, when it is only meant that the poor fellow is himself in danger—a very different thing.

Demean, for debase, disgrace or humble. To demean one's self is merely to behave one's self, whether well or ill.

Virt, for earth or loam.

Donate, for give.

Execute, for hang, as applied to the criminal. It is the sentence not the man that is executed.

Healthy for wholesome; an onion plant may be healthy, but when you pick an onion, there is no more healthiness or unhealthiness to that, although it may or may not be wholesome as an article of food.

Illy, for ill.

Inaugurate, for begin.

Kids, for kid gloves.

Learn, for teach.

Liabile, for likely or apt.

Loan, for lend.

Pants, for pantaloons, or (better still) trousers.

Partake for eat.

Plenty as an adjective, where plentiful is meant.

Real, for very; as "real nice," "real pretty."

Reside, for live; residence, for house.

Retire, for go to bed.

Seldom or ever, for seldom if ever, or seldom or never.

Some, for somewhat; "she is some better to-day."

Stop, for stay; "where are you stopping?" This is one of the vilest of Britishisms.

Summons (the noun), for summons (the verb).

Those kind of apples, for that kind.

Transpire, for occur.

Vulgar, for immodest or indecent.

Without for unless.

Say "I seldom see him," and not "that I seldom or ever see him."

Say "fewer friends," and not "less friends."

Say "if I mistake not," and not "if I am not mistaken."

Say "game is plentiful," and not "game is plenty."

Say "I am weak in comparison with you," and not "to you."

Say "it rains very fast," and not "very hard."

Say "in its primitive sense," and not "primary sense."

Say "he was noted for his violence, and not that 'he was a man notorious for violence."

Say "thus much is true," and not "this much is true."

SQUIBS.

FOUNDED ON A ROCK.—Frederick Cozzens tells the following anecdote of a sermon by an Irish priest. The priest was a learned and eloquent Irishman, with a strong brogue, and the national proclivity to "bulls." The sermon was from the text—"Upon this rock will I build my church." After portraying the vicissitudes of his church, the good father closed with a peroration, as follows:

"And now, me harers, the Catholic Church is like a stately ship retorning from a perilous voyage. All the waves and billows have tundered against her solid sides. The storms have beat upon her, lightnings have flashed, and tundurs rolled above her. Her sails have been rint by the gale; yet now she comes again into poort on aven kale, with ivery thril of sail stretched to a prosperous breeze, and all her flags and pennons flaunting in the air. And why, me harers, why is it that our noble ship, the Choorch, comes thus safely sailing into poort? It is because, me harers, *she is founded upon a rock.*"

THE mother of twin sons met one of the brothers in a field one morning:

"Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked the mother; "is it you or your brother?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired the lad, prudently.

"Because, if it's your brother, I will box your ears," answered the mother.

"It is not my brother, it is I," said the boy.

"Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it."

"No mother, I am wearing my own coat."

"Goodness gracious!" cried the mother, looking at him intently; "you are your brother, after all."

CHARLES MATHEWS, the comedian, was served by a green-grocer, named Berry, and generally settled his bill once a quarter. At one time, the account was sent in before it was due; and Mathews, laboring under the idea that his credit was doubted, said: "Here's a pretty mull, Berry. You have sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

A **TRAIN** was carrying a clergyman and five or six youths, who kept scoffing at religion, and telling disagreeable stories. The good man endured it all, simply remarking, as he got out, "We shall meet again, my children." "Why shall we meet again?" said the leader of the band. "Because I am a prison chaplain," was the reply.

A **GENTLEMAN**, at an eating saloon, asked the person next to him if he would please pass the mustard. "Sir," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter?" "Oh, no, sir," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

Customer.—"What did you think of the Bishop's sermon on Sunday, Mr. Wigsby?"

Barber.—"Well, really, sir there was a gent a-settin' in front o' me as 'ad his 'air parted that crooked I couldn't 'ear a word."

A **VEGETARIAN**, who was dodging an infuriated bull behind a tree, exclaimed: "You ungrateful beast, you toss a vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life! Is that the return you make?"

A **MICHIGAN** stump-speaker boldly announced, the other day, that "the country is drifting into arnica."

"Ough."

From the *Somerville Journal*.

The ploughboy whistled behind his plough,
For his lungs were sound and he had no cough;
He guided his team with a pliant bough
And watered it well at a wayside trough.

The toll was hard, for the land was rough—
It lay on the shores of a Scottish lough—
But his well-fed team was stout and tough,
And he plied his bough to flank and hough.

He ploughed all day, and the crow and chough
Flew around his head, though he oft cried shough,
But his plough at last struck a hidden sough
With a force that sent the share clear through.

Then the team took fright and ran off with the plough,
With the speed of the wind from the ploughboy,
though

He shouted, "Whoa!" and into a slough
It plunged where the mud was soft as dough.

The ploughboy wept, for the wreck was thorough;
He fled that night from the farm to the borough.

"Sir, the foreman wants some more!"—And our soul, pierced with that screaming, is awakened from its dreaming, and has lost the peaceful feeling that we ever had before; for the fancy will come o'er us, that each reader's face before us bears the horrid words—"We want a little more!"—Words, on the foreheads glaring, "Your 'funny' column needs a little more!"

"More Copy."

Once in autumn, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering o'er a memorandum book of items used before (book of scrawling head-notes, rather; items taking days to gather them, in hot and sultry weather, using up much time and leather)—pondered we those items o'er. While we canned them, slowly rocking, (through our mind queer ideas flocking,) came a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at the sanctum-door. "Sure that must be Jinks," we muttered—"Jinks that's knocking at our door—Jinks, the everlasting bore."

Ah, how well do we remind us, in the walls which then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us, all scattered o'er the floor. Thought we, "Jinks he wants to borrow some old newspapers to-morrow, and 'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks, the bore, by opening wide the door." Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before.

Bracing up our patience firmer, then, without another murmur, "Mr. Jinks," said we, "your pardon, your forgiveness we implore. But the fact is, we were reading of some curious proceeding, and thus it was, unheeding your loud knocking there before—" here we opened wide the door. But phancy, now, our pheelinks—for it wasn't Jinks, the bore—Jinks, nameless evermore! But the form that stood before us caused a trembling to come o'er us, and mem'ry quickly bore us back to days of yore—days when "items" were in plenty, and where'er this writer went he picked up interesting items by the score. 'Twas the form of him our "devil" in an attitude uncivil; and he thrust his head within the open door, with "The foreman's out o' copy, sir, and says he wants some more." Yes, like Alexander, wanted more!

Now, this "local" had already walked about till nearly dead; he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Market, and by-ways running off into the portions of the city both public and obscure; had examined store and cellar, and had questioned every "feller" whom he met, from door to door, if anything was stirring—any accident occurring—not published heretofore—and had met with no success; he would rather kinder guess he felt a little wicked at that ugly little bore, with the message from the foreman that he wanted "something more."

"Now, it's time you were departing, you sad scamp!" cried we, upstarting; "get you back into the office—office where you were before, or the words that you have spoken will soon get your bones all broken," (and we seized a cudgel, oaken, that was lying on the floor,) "take your hands out of your pockets and leave the sanctum door; tell the foreman there's no copy, you ugly little bore!" Quoth the devil, "Send him more."

And our devil, never sitting, still is fitting, still is fitting back and forth upon the landing just outside the sanctum door. Tears adown his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eye is beaming—and his voice is heard, still screaming.

A Melodramatic Meal.

The Style in Which a Distinguished Tragedian Ordered His Dinner.

[From the Cincinnati Times.]

Few tragedians these days carry the stilted mannerisms of the stage into ordinary intercourse in real life, as did many of the heavy histrionic heroes and heroines of the past. Goldsmith said of Garrick:

"On the stage he is natural, simple, affecting,

'Tis only when off the stage he is acting."

History tells us that the great Siddons was wont "to stab the potatoes" at meal time. Of our modern wowers of the tragic muse it is said that Lawrence Barrett is most prone in this regard to follow the example of his distinguished predecessors to such an extent that he orders his meals in blank verse. Such a scene as the following, a veracious chronicler tells, was witnessed at the Burnett House last week:

Eater obsequious waiter. Rattles dishes and shoots bill of fare at the great histrion in the customary style.

Waiter—Soup, sir?

Great Histrion—Aye, bring it me, And likewise fish, whose name Is but a synonym for azure depth. And then in haste procure for me a medicum of beef.

Waiter—Rare or well done?

G. H.—Let not the fires its carmine hue too much embrown, Nor from it let the bright red blood too freely flow,

Just done enough, my palate pleases best, Bring, too, the esculent endeared to sons of crashed Hibernia,

And with it, apples of Jerusalem stewed, And "Beacon street berries," that the vulgar name as beans.

And when thou hast this charge fulfilled, Bring me for dessert that mysterious thing That puzzled England's King; Whose bothered brain could ne'er surmise Just how the apple in the dough was put.

Then let me have a dark decoction Of that brown berry that the Arab loves.

Now mental hireling, haste thy tardy limbs, For hungered am I, and the craving which my inwards feel Must soon be satisfied.

They were raised here in Austin, but she did not know much about gardening; at the same time, she did not care to expose her ignorance to her husband. They had been married only a short time when he said: "Notice the asparagus is about ripe; don't you want to go out into the garden and get some?" She replied: "I'll tell you what we will do. We will go out together. You climb up and shake the tree, and I'll catch them in my apron as they fall."—*Texas Siftings*.

TRUE WISDOM.

President Webb, of Mississippi College, was interviewed by a young man who wanted to go to school. "Well," said the President, "what do you know?"

"Nothing," was the response.

"Well, you are just four years ahead of some of the other students. It takes them four years to learn what you know to start with. Your prospects are fine, sir."

A Bold Preacher.

The boldness of Samuel Davies will be illustrated by a single anecdote. When president of Princeton college, he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the institution. The king (George II.) had a curiosity to hear a preacher from "the wilds of America." He accordingly attended, and was so much struck with his commanding eloquence, that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the house, in such terms as these: "He is a wonderful man!" "Why, he beats my bishop?" etc. Davies observing that the king was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and, looking his majesty full in the face, gave him, in empathitic tone, the following rebuke: "When the lion roareth, let the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence." The king instantly shrank back in his seat, like a schoolboy who had been rapped on the head by his master, and remained quiet the remainder of the sermon. The next day the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guineas for the institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers: "He is an honest man—an honest man." Not one of his silken-bishops could have dared to give him such a rebuke.

Nonsense.

A minister had a negro in his family, One Sunday, when he was preaching, he happened to look in the pew where the negro was, and could hardly contain himself as he saw the negro, who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting, he said to the negro, "Tom, what were you doing in church?" "Taking notes, massa; all de gemmen take notes." "Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought his notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all the time you preaching it."

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

"I should like to discuss the tariff question with you."

"I have got four reasons for not discussing the tariff question with you."

"What are those reasons?"

"Well, in the first place, I am a perfect ignoramus on the subject, and in the second place you don't know half as much about the tariff as I do, and thirdly, if you did know anything on the subject, you have not got sense enough to express yourself intelligibly, and in the fourth place such discussion creates unfriendly sentiment."

It took four men to separate them.

Apt at Rhyming.

Wit is sometimes worth money, but it is quite essential to have a good natured customer to deal with. When Allen Ramsay, the great Scotch poet began life he was so poor that he could not meet his first half-year's rent. After it became due he met his landlord and explained his circumstances, and expressed his distress at his failure to meet his obligation. The jolly landlord was quite kind to him, and said as he was a lad of some genius, he would give him a chance to cancel his debt without a shilling. "If," said the creditor, "you'll give me a rhyming answer to four questions in as many minutes, I'll quit the rent altogether." Allen said he would try. The questions were, "What does God love? What does the devil love? What does the world love? What do I love?" Ramsay wrote:

"God loves man when he refrains from sin;
The devil loves man when he persists therein;
The world loves man when riches on him flow,
And you'd love me could I pay you what I owe!"

"The rent is paid," said the farmer, giving the ingenious tenant a hearty slap on the shoulder.

Eating a Peach.

A little girl's first experience in eating a peach: "I've eaten it, cloth and all, mamma; now what shall I do with the bone?"

Solid Comfort.

Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort cums an old shu."

Absent Mindedness.

It is said that Lord Dudley, noted for his absent mindedness, once met Sidney Smith in the street and said: "Dine with me to-day, and I'll get Sidney Smith to meet you." Mr. Smith thanked him politely, but declined, because he was engaged to meet him elsewhere.

AN UGLY KING.—One day a peasant woman took a basket of eggs to the house where the royal party was lodged. At the door she met an individual who treated her politely, and on finding out her errand carried the basket to the kitchen, which done he returned with a handful of small coins. Emboldened by so much condescension the good woman mustered up courage to mention her great desire to see the King, Victor Emanuel. "Why, that's me!" said the person with whom she was speaking. She looked at him scrutinizingly; then, after some seconds of mute contemplation, she exclaimed: "Oh, no! you won't get me to believe that. Such a sweet and beautiful woman as the Queen would never have married a man *si beurt*." The King (for it was he) dismissed her with an extra piece of money, and proceeded in all haste to ask some peasants what was the meaning of *si beurt*. "So ugly!" was the reply. Victor Emanuel related this small incident with the greatest gusto.—*Temple Bar*.

Malapropos.

"CHARLES DICKENS once wrote to a friend: 'I have distinguished myself in two respects lately. I took a young lady unknown down to dinner, and talked to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And I expatiated to the member for Marylebone, Lord Permy—generally conceiving him to be an Irish member—on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representatives.'"

Two such mishaps in one evening were enough to reduce the most brilliant talker to the condition of the three "insides" of the London bound coach, who beguiled the tedium of the journey from Southampton by discussing the demerits of William Cobbett, until one of the party went so far as to assert that the object of their denunciations was a domestic tyrant, given to beating his wife; when, much to his dismay, the solitary lady passenger, who had hitherto been a silent listener, remarked: "Pardon me, sir; a kinder husband and father never breathed; and I ought to know, for I am William Cobbett's wife!"

Mr. Giles, of Virginia, and Judge Duval, of Maryland, members of Congress during Washington's administration, boarded at the house of a Mrs. Gibbon, whose daughters were well on in years, and remarkable for talkativeness. When Jefferson became President, Duval was Comptroller of the Treasury, and Giles a Senator. Meeting one day in Washington, they fell to chatting over old times, and the Senator asked the Comptroller if he knew what had become of "that cackling old maid, Jenny Gibbon."

"She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the unexpected reply.

Giles did not attempt to mend matters, as a certain Mr. Tuberville unwisely did. This unhappy blunderer resembled the Irish gentleman who complained that he could not open his mouth without putting his foot in it. Happening to observe to a fellow-guest at Dunraven Castle that the lady who had sat at his right hand at dinner was the ugliest woman he had ever beheld, the person addressed expressed his regret that he should think his wife so ill-looking.

"I have made a mistake," said the horrified Tuberville; "I meant the lady who sat on my left."

"Well, sir, she is my sister," was the response to the well-intentioned fib, bringing from the desperate connoisseur of beauty the frank avowal:

"It can't be helped, sir, then; for, if what you say be true, I confess I never saw such an ugly family in my life!"

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

Women love admiration on the part of others, and are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A man of fashion hates the rain because it deranges the set of his pantaloons; a woman of fashion hates it because it deranges her complexion.

When a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends about two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

A woman can sit in a theatre for three hours without getting all cramped up, eating the toothache, or becoming faint for want of fresh air; men can't.—*Exchange.*

Troubling a Postmaster.

Mexico Leader.

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the postoffice last Saturday, and yelled out:

"Anything for the Wattses?"

George Poteet, our polite postmaster, replied: "No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Watts?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ace Watts?"

"No."

"Anything for Bill Watts?"

"No, sir."

"Anything for Tom Watts?"

"No, nothing."

"Anything for 'Fool Joe' Watts?"

"No, nor Dick Watts, Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized, or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said:

"Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts?"

A GENTLEMAN was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

THE following story comes from a school in the Midlands, says the *London Standard*: The master told the boys of the third class to write a short essay on Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarreled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then he said, 'I suppose you are the niggers?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'"

"HOME is the one thing sweet on earth. But home is built not of stones, but of hearts."

In the Original Tongue.

A story is told of a minister who was a candidate in a rural district of Northern Pennsylvania. He had been advised that the display of more erudition would help him into the favor of his hearers. But his education had been neglected, and it was only by drawing upon the knowledge of the Welsh tongue, which he had been taught as a child, that he hoped to properly impress his congregation. At different points in his sermon he remarked that the Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, as the case might be, was much more expressive than the English translation, and then he would give a few sentences of Welsh. Everything was going along smoothly, and the minister, as he approached the end of his sermon, thought he would give them just one more taste of the dead languages. "I am about to read you," said he, "another passage on this subject. But it is another of those passages that have been altered in the translation, and I will read it to you in the Chaldaic, in which it was written." He was just about to give them a little more Welsh, when, casting his eye over the congregation, he saw seated near the door a jolly-looking man, who was holding his sides tight to keep from bursting with laughter. The minister took in the situation in an instant. Here was a man in the church who understood Welsh, and was laughing at the trick that had been played upon the congregation. But not a feature in the minister's face changed. Fixing his eye straight upon the laughing man, just as the congregation thought he was about to give the Chaldaic version, he said again in Welsh: "For God's sake, my friend, don't say a word about this until I have a chance to talk with you." The congregation went home satisfied that they had listened to one of the most learned of sermons; the laughing man never told the story, and the minister was soon settled over the church, the people believing that a minister who could read the scripture in half a dozen languages was just the man for them.

Evolution and Development.

[Merchant-Traveler.]

Johnny and his father had been having a difficulty in the woodshed, owing to some disrespectful remarks made by Johnny respecting his sire.

"Now, sir," said the father, hanging the strap up, "has your opinion of your father changed?"

"Yes, it has," sobbed Johnny.

"Well, sir, what is it now?"

"Wy—wy—I think any man that'll jump on a fellow so much littler than he is a coward and dasn't take it up. Why don't you tackle somebody nearer your size?"

The old man grabbed for the strap, but the boy slipped out, and this Summer he is a candidate for the legislature.

THE most absent-minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when it was between his teeth, nor the one who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on a peg; no! but the man who put his umbrella to bed and went and stood behind the door.

WALK IN LOVE, AS
CHRIST ALSO HATH LOVED US.

1844 v. 2



BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Tho' tolling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubtless blessed with content and health,
Untried by lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lowly thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep
Brings sleeping draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows its aching head.
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus enfold
And yield a treasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside comforts come—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow with heaven's decree
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

LOVE is a flame which burns in heaven,
and whose soft reflections radiate to us.
Two worlds are opened, two lives given to
it. It is by love that we double our being;
it is by love that we approach God.—*Aime*

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day—
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.

And so, methought, 't will quickly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more—
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

UNDER THE SEA.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

Deep down, deep down in the ocean's heart,
There is silence and calm and peace,
Though its waves are tossed to foam-white fleeces,
Though it rage and wall and beat and roar,
And dash against the unheeding shore,
Tho' it open its hungry and cruel lips,
To the tiny crafts and the great white ships,
Yet down, deep down in the ocean's heart,
Is a wonderful, mystical underflow,
And gentle currents run to and fro,
A fair domain where tempests cease,
And there is silence and calm and peace,
Deep down, deep down in the ocean's heart.

Deep down, deep down, in the human heart,
Is a wonderful country, sweet and strange;
Though far and sadly the feet may range,
Though the hand work evil, tho' storms of sin,
Break on the beauty of life, and win,
Yet down in the depths of the human heart,
In the stoniest heart that ever beat,
Is that wonderful country fair and sweet.
In the sinfulness heart is that one fair spot,
That the dear God knows but the world sees not,
Where the soul in secret its God doth meet.
In that country, mystical, strange and dim,
Hope singeth ever her deathless hymn.
Sweet winds blow softly over isles of balm,
And Peace is there with her brow of calm,
And love hath blessings in her palm,
Deep down, deep down in the human heart.

FORGIVE.

Lord, make us with each other live,
As we would live in heaven;
And learn each other to forgive,
As we would be forgiven.

Casting Our Care.

BY LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

With pleading eye and broken toy
My child stands at my knee;
"You mend it, mother; I have tried;
It is too hard for me."
Ah, me! if but our wayward hearts
Would learn the lesson sweet,
And to the pitying Father bring
Each trial that we meet,
And cease our fretting by the way
O'er what we fail to understand,
Nor strive with puny strength till fain
To yield all things into his hand—
Teach, then, dear Lord, our steadfast faith
To cast our care on thee,
Confessing, with confiding heart,
"It is too hard for me."

HASTENING ON.

For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall cover all the earth,
Its ancient splendor fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

THE DUNE MADE IN THE BATTLE.

About a hundred and sixty years ago a lady was confined in one of the dungeons of the Bastille. It was no new thing for her to be in prison, for she had spent many years in captivity in various parts of France. And what was her crime? Religion. She loved her saviour and had laid herself at His feet, to live for him, and, if need be to die for him. Her name was Madam Guyon.

While in her lonely dungeon she composed a good many hymns. A Little Bird I Am, was one of them. She was not allowed paper or pen, but she committed her lines to memory, and often sung them to herself, and when at last she was released from prison, she wrote them down on paper:

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee.

Naught have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And, He whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Then hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless,
And though my notes were e'er so rude
Thou wouldst not hear the less,
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My hearts' are at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of my soul.

O! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore;
Whose providence I love;
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

A Beautiful Poem.

E. W. W. Atlanta, Ga.: Please publish a short poem written by the late P. S. Worsley, a truly English poet, on the fly-leaf of his translation of the Iliad, and presented to General Robert E. Lee.

The poem is as follows:

"The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue.
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen—thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tears—but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time—
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Rise round thee—but in truth be strong;
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's pen, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone to me
Hymn well the great confederate south,
Virginia first, and Lee!"

FRIENDSHIP.

One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next disappointed in him. It will be so to the end, and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect; nor are you, and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy, if you are too sharp in seeing them.

The title of Mr. Longfellow's last contribution to the Atlantic is "Mad River in the White Mountains." It is a dialogue between a traveller and the mountain stream, the man questioning, the river replying, and at last giving its history thus—

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I, at first resembling
A little child, that all alone
Came venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
Thrush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Implying and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeking.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;
The mills are tired of waiting.

What is a Year!

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
Of life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream;
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of time's old iron heart,
As tireless now and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of time's old broken wheel,
Or but a page upon the book
Which death most shortly seal,
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From time's old nostrils blown;
As rushing onward o'er the earth
We hear his weary moan;
'Tis like a bubble on the wave
Or dew upon the lawn,
As transient as the mist of morn
Beneath the summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft changing scene;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on
White hills and valleys green;
Next Summer's prime succeeds the spring
With flowers everywhere;
Then comes old winter-death and all
Must find their level there.

THE SEED.

The farmer planted a seed,
A little, dry black seed;
And off he went to other work—
For the farmer was never known to shirk,
And cared for what he had need.

The night came with its dew—
The cool and silent dew;
The dawn came and the day,
And the farmer worked away
At labors not a few.

Home from his work one day—
One glowing summer day—
His children showed him a perfect flower;
It had burst in a bloom that very hour;
How, I can not say.

But I know if the smallest seed
In the soil of love be cast,
Both day and night will do their part;
And the sower who works with a trusting heart
Will find the flower at last.

THE LETTER D.

Words commencing with the letter D, all more or less antagonistic to man's happiness: The primeval curse commenced with D—"Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Disobedience, doubt, delay, distress, depression danger, demented, desolate, dread, dire, darkness, detraction, drear, doleful, dependence, decay, dismal, distortion, deformed, dishonor, destruction, disdain, delusion, deception, destiny, disease, deaf, dumb, desperation, discontent, disloyal, dissatisfaction, despicable, delinquency, drowning, damaging, delirium, disorder, dejected, deplorable, defenceless, defamation, degrading, degenerate, devious, destitution, defeat, destroy, downward, decline, dismay, debt, disgrace, defraud, defaulter, duns, despoil, discord, despair, drunkenness, dissipation, dissolute, dice, disappointment, disaster, despondency, derangement, duel, deserted, divorced, decide, deist, duty, deceased, departed, death, doom, devil, damnation.—Visitor Contributor.

PATAGONIA.

Patagonia is a very attractive country. Its climate is of the coldest, its men are of the tallest, and its women of the ugliest specimens of the human race. Its mice are likewise gigantic, and the natives display an ineradicable propensity to tell lies. This delightful country is destined to become very important, in consequence of the recent discovery of gold therein. From the Cordilleras to the Atlantic, from the Santa Cruz to Terra del Fuego, the country teems with gold.

VALUE OF SMILES.

Some people go through life with a frown, a scowl, or a gloom in their countenance. The very sight of them is chilling and repulsive. Others wear a cheerful expression, and thus lighten and bless all around them. The value of a smile is beyond estimate. It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and repenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight.

ALL IS VANITY.

What are riches? But a bubble.
What is fame? But toil and trouble.
What is genius? 'Tis a spark
That soon grows dark.

What is beauty? But a flower.
What is love? An April shower.
What is friendship? 'Tis the fly
Just born to die.

What are honors? Empty spoil.
What is learning? Labor, toil.
What is youth? An unspun thread;
And how soon shied!

What is language? Empty breath,
What is age? Herald of death.
What is time? One moment see
Forerunner of Eternity.

The Difference.

Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and, by writing a poem on it, make it worth \$5,000. That's Genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write fewer words on a similar sheet and make it worth \$50,000,000. That's Capital. And the United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "Eagle Bird" and "Twenty Dollars." That's Money. The mechanic can take the material worth fifty dollars and make it into a watch worth \$100. That's Business. A lady can purchase a comfortable bonnet for \$10, but prefers to pay \$100 for one, because it is more stylish. That's Foolishness. The ditch-digger works ten hours a day, and shovels out three or four tons of earth for one dollar. That's Labor.—*Richmond State.*

NEW DEFINITIONS.

Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper and, by writing a poem on it, make it worth \$5,000. That's Genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write fewer words on a similar sheet and make it worth \$50,000,000. That is Capital. And the United States Government can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "Eagle-bird" and "Twenty Dollars." That's Money. The mechanic can take the material worth \$5 and make it into a watch worth \$100. That's Skill. The merchant can take an article worth 25 cents and sell it to you for \$1.00. That's Business. A lady can purchase a comfortable bonnet for \$10, but prefers to pay \$200 for one, because it is more stylish. That's Foolishness. The ditch-digger works ten hours a day and shovels out three or four tons of earth for \$1. That's Labor.—

How Evangeline was Composed.

"Evangeline," Longfellow's immortal poem, is said to owe its origin to the following circumstance: Dining with Hawthorne and another friend from Salem, one day, after dinner, the friend said: "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based upon a legend of Arcadia, and still current there, a legend of a girl who in the dispersion of the Arcadians was separated from her lover and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital when both were old." Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this Hawthorne assented, and moreover promised not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. And so we have "Evangeline" in beautiful hexameters—a poem that will hold its place in literature while true affection lasts.

How They Traveled in the Good Old Time.

In the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles II. of England was established the first turnpike-road where toll was taken, which intersected the counties of Hertford, Cambridge and Huntingdon. Until the middle of the middle of the eighteenth century, however, most of the merchandise conveyed from place to place was transported on pack-horses through short distances. Between distant places a cart was used, a pack-horse not being able to transport a sufficient quantity of goods to pay the cost of the journey. The common carrier between Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required a fortnight for his journey, going and returning. In 1678 a coach for passengers between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles, was drawn by six horses, and the journey to and fro was completed in six days. In 1750 the coach took thirty-six hours to the journey. In 1849 the same route was made, by a route three miles longer, in one hour and a half!

In the year 1763 there was but one stage-coach between Edinburgh and London. This started once a month from each of these cities. It took a fortnight to perform the journey.

In 1835 seven coaches started daily between London and Edinburgh, which performed the journey in less than forty-eight hours.

In 1763 the number of passengers by the coaches between London and Edinburgh could not have exceeded about twenty-five monthly. In 1835 the coaches conveyed about 140 passengers daily.

Until the close of the last century, the internal transport of goods in England was performed by wagon, and was so expensive as to exclude every object except manufactured articles and such as, being of light weight and small bulk in proportion to their value, would allow a high rate of transport. Thus the charge from London to Leeds was at the rate of £18 a ton, being 131d. per ton per mile. Between Liverpool and Manchester it was 40s. a ton, or 15d. per ton per mile. Between Liverpool and Manchester it was 40s. a ton, or 15d. per ton per mile. Heavy articles, such as coal and other materials, could only be available for commerce where their position favored transport by sea, and, consequently, many of the richest districts of the kingdom remained unproductive.

The Origin of Dixie.

From the Oakland Times.

On a Saturday night in 1859, when Dan Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels, New York, Dan Bryant came to him and said: "Dan, can't you get us up a 'walk around' I want something new and lively for Monday night." I went to work, and by Sunday afternoon he had the words commencing "I wish I was in Dixie." This expression was not Southern, but appeared among the circus people of the North. In early fall, when nipping frosts would overtake the tented wanderers, the boys would think of the warmth of the South, and the common expression would be, "Well, I wish I was in Dixie." This gave the catch-line, and the rest of the song was original. On Monday morning it was rehearsed and highly commended, and at night a crowded house caught up the refrain and half of them went home singing Dixie. The song became the rage, and W. W. Newcomb's Buckley's Minstrels and others gave Dan \$5 each for the privilege of using it. Mr. Welles wrote to Emmett to secure the copyright; but, without waiting for a reply, published it with words by a Mr. Peters. Pand of New York secured it from Emmett for \$600; but Welles sold thousands of copies without giving him a nickel. Not only was Emmett robbed of the profits of his song, but the authorship of it was disputed. Will S. Hayes claimed it as his own. Ford brought the matter before a music publishers' convention, and settled the authorship; but Dan reaped no benefit from this tardy justice.

The Vatican.

This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length and 1,000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 1160, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1305, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than 70 years.

But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, an event, which had been so earnestly prayed for by poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforth considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after another, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually encircled it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest depository in the world.

The library of the Vatican was commenced 1400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Bo romeo, and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles.

The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome; with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description.

When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the richness of the Vatican. It will ever be held in veneration by the student, the artist and the scholar. Raphael and Michael Angelo are enthroned there, and their throne will be as enduring as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of their worshippers.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The Washington monument, now 414 feet high, is visible at a distance of miles from the city. The blocks of white marble of which the obelisk is composed are of all sizes and qualities, and come from all parts of the world. Among some of the most interesting are a block from Wm. Tell's chapel on lake Lucerne, erected in 1388, one from the ruined palace of Hannibal at Carthage, a large white marble from a temple erected by Augustus on the Nile, a massive block from Russia, and finely chiseled stones from Braddock's Field, Bunker Hill, Vesuvius, the Buddhist pile of Stam, the temple of Esculapius in the isle of Paros, and from other places of interest in every country under the sun.

Not Generally Known.

Keys were originally made of wood, and the earliest form was a simple crook similar to the common picklock. The ancient keys are mostly of bronze, and of remarkable shape, the shaft terminating on one side by the wards, on the other by a ring. Keys of this description were presented by husbands to wives, and were returned again upon divorce or separation.

Hats were first made by a Swiss at Paris, 1404 A. D. They are mentioned in history at the period when Charles VII. made his triumphal entry into Rouen, in 1449. He wore a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a rich plume of feathers. It is from this reign that hats and caps are dated, which henceforth began to take place of the chaperons and hoods that had been worn before in France. Previous to the year 1510 the men and women of England wore close-knit woolen caps.

The custom of crowning the poets originated among the Greeks, and was adopted by the Romans during the empire. It was revived in the twelfth century by the emperor of Germany, who invented the title of poet laureate. The French had royal poets, but no laureates. The title existed in Spain, but little is known of those who bore it. The tradition concerning the laureate in England is that Edward III., in 1367, emulating the crowning of Petrarch at Rome, in 1341, granted the office to Chaucer with a yearly pension. In 1630 the laureate was made a patent office. From that time there has been a regular succession of laureates.

Until the close of the eighteenth century the finest muslins in use were imported from India. The earliest mention of cotton among the classic nations of antiquity is by Herodotus, who speaks of it by the name of tree-wool, which name it still bears in German and several other continental languages. Cotton was not known in Egypt until about 500 years before Christ. Then it appears probable that it was imported, for all the cloths found enveloping the mummies of earlier ages have proved on examination to be linen. Cotton cloths are mentioned as having been imported into London in 1596, the knowledge of both the culture and manufacture having probably been conveyed there by the Moors and other Mohammedan nations. The former were the means of first bringing this manufacture into Europe.

BARON STEIN'S EPITAPH.

His nay was nay, without recall;
His yea was yea, and powerful all;
He gave His yea with careful heed,
His thoughts and words were well agreed;
His word, His bond and seal.

—Men spend their lives in anticipations or determining to be vastly happy at some period when they have time. But the present has an advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future ones are not yet come. We may lay in a stock of pleasures as we would a stock of luxuries, but if we defer the tasting of them too long we shall find that both are soured by age.

Our little home, my darling,
Oh, whatever wind may blow,
The south with its quiver of sunbeams,
The north with its flakes of snow,
Our little home, my dearest,
Is under the dear Lord's care,
And we fear no ill nor sorrow,
Lovingly sheltered there.

ANCIENT WONDERS.

Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty-six miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which was seventy-five feet thick, and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof. It was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is four hundred and eighty-one feet in height, and eight hundred and fifty-three feet on the sides. The base covers eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles around, contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of £10,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles around.

The Royal Mummies.

Among the royal mummies recently discovered in Egypt, with all the mortuary appendages and inscriptions, are the bodies of Thutmes III. and Rameses II. Think of it. Here is the body, in an excellent state of preservation, of Thutmes, the monarch who erected the obelisk that is now set up on the Thames embankment in London, and of Rameses, the monarch whose name and fame are perpetuated in the inscriptions on that monument. The account of the discovery says that "even the flowers and garlands which were placed in their coffins may be seen encircling the masks which cover the faces of the deceased just as they were left by the mourners over three thousand years ago."

This great collection was found in a gallery two hundred feet long, "filled with relics of the Thebian dynasties"—relics that had been removed from their regular resting places in tombs and temples by the priests, and concealed in this secret subterranean gallery to preserve them against the sacrilege of some foreign invader. Included in the discovery are 3,700 mortuary statues, bearing royal car-touches and inscriptions, fifteen enormous wigs, and above all, a vast leather tent "in a truly wonderful state of preservation." It is covered with hieroglyphs most carefully embroidered in red, green, and yellow leather; the colors are quite fresh and bright, and the whole workmanship is described as beautiful. But more interesting and valuable than all the rest was a discovery of papyrus—at least it might be so presumed, for they had not yet been unrolled. Four of these papyrus were found in a secret gallery, hewn in the solid rock of the cliffs of the Lybian Mountains. The papyrus are all in a perfect state of preservation. The largest is about sixteen inches wide, and its length, when unrolled is estimated from one hundred to one hundred and forty feet, and it is elegantly colored and illuminated. Great interest is manifested to know the contents of these ancient creeds and what light they may throw on the hitherto undiscovered secrets of the world.—*Boston*

Rudact.

Wurtemberg.

The house of Wurtemberg, it is said, derives its name from the following legend: A poor burgher fell in love with the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and, as the two young people saw no prospect of obtaining the imperial consent to the union, they fled together into Suabia, where they bought a small piece of land, and established an inn. It stood at the foot of a mountain, and its possessor therefore went by the name of "Wirt am Berg" or the "Landlord at the Mountain." One day the Emperor was traveling to Frankfort, and stopped on his way at his daughter's house without recognizing her. She knew him directly, and persuaded her husband to make himself known to the Emperor, and to beg his forgiveness. Accordingly, taking their little son, they all fell at his feet, entreating his pardon, which he willingly granted. Moreover, the Emperor created his son-in-law a Duke; but in memory of this occurrence he was to keep his name "Wirt am Berg," which subsequently became Wurtemberg.

The Great Wall of China.

[London News.]

The great wall of China was measured in many places by Mr. Unthank, an American engineer, lately engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurements give the height at eighteen feet and a width on top of fifteen feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower twenty-four feet square and from twenty to twenty-five feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made two hundred years before the time of Christ. In building this immense stone fence to keep out the Tartars the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For thirteen hundred miles that wall goes over plain and mountain, and every foot of the foundation is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure solid masonry. In some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank, or cañons, or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of 1,000 feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the wall runs to the water's edge, and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the wall are breastworks or defences, facing in and out, so the defending forces can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to the enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or cost of this wall is beyond human skill. So far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasses anything in the ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it.

Trading in Japan.

The Japanese are the politest nation of Asia. Even tradesmen, though sharp, are Chesterfields, according to a recent traveler in Japan. He says: "If you wish to buy an article, don't ask its price, but that of several other things, working indifferently round to it. Perhaps the vender says ten yen; you laugh as if you very much amused, and say two yen. He laughs derisively, but quite good-naturedly, and you lay it down, whereupon he says eight yen; you laugh again and walk about, on which he looks amazed and says seven yen; you say, carelessly, three yen. He looks sad. You move as if to leave, when most likely he clasps his hands, looks jubilant, and says *yuroshi*, which means three yen, which possibly is far more than it is worth to him. If the sellers were sour and glum, this process would be unbearable; but they are as smiling and pleasant as people can be."

Leaning Towers.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of the Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire. Being between seventy and eighty feet high, it is eleven feet out of perpendicular. The castle of which the tower forms a part was built about 1221, and the canting of the tower is said to have been caused by an explosion of hot liquid metal used by the occupants of the castle to pour on the heads of their enemies at a siege which took place in 1226. There are also leaning towers at Bridgenorth Castle, in Shropshire, and at Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire both caused by the use of gunpowder during the civil war between King Charles and his parliament. Of churches with crooked spires, the most noteworthy is the famous one at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. It leans six feet toward the south, and four feet four inches toward the west, and its height is 230 feet. So peculiar is the distorted appearance of this steeple that it is said to appear to be falling toward the spectator from whatever point he approaches it. There are several traditions extant respecting this singular architectural deformity. One is that the builder, a native of Chesterfield, having agreed to erect a church, did so, finishing the tower without adding a spire. The authorities of the town, not being satisfied with the structure, appealed to the Attorney-General, who gave his opinion that the spire was as much a part of the church as the tower, and that consequently the builder must finish his contract by its addition. The subject was, however, fully discussed at a meeting of the Institute of British Architects in January, 1855, and it was ascertained that the oak planks on which the framework on which the spires rest, are much decayed on one side, which is sufficient to cause the divergence from the perpendicular. The timbers also have the appearance of having been used in a green and unsound condition. The action of the sun upon the spire would therefore cause it to become crooked, and this may account for its distortion without attributing it to design.

Some of Ole Bull's Tricks.

Ole Bull, who undoubtedly was a remarkable violinist, was certainly not one of the great classical *serieux* style, but rather one of the sensational effect school, not entirely free from tricks which Robert Macaire baptised "plaguea." The above alluded to illegitimate effects were in some instances by him exaggerated, with a result which greatly pleased American galleries; and more than once, when he had diminished his tone to a nearly inaudible pianissimo, did he continue the attitude, as if he was playing, but actually having drawn off the bow entirely from the violin, holding it in the air and producing no tone whatever; while his audience, in raptures at the softness of his really inaudible sighs, made ear trumpets of their hands and bent forward, eager to catch the sound which did not exist. Ole Bull, as if suddenly awakening from a trance, seemed to come to, and bowed to the enraptured audience. Another of his inventions, with which at first he astonished even the learned violinists at Vienna, was the facility with which he played four-stringed chords, which he did by cutting the usually bowed bridge quite straight. That he did not succeed in blinding great men like Spohr, who spoke his mind very decidedly against him, is not to be wondered at.

The Ruined City.

A Sketch of Alexandria. Its Ancient Renown and Modern Importance.

Alexander the Great, sought to found a city after the destruction of Tyre, and in 332 B. C. and selected the site of Alexandria because of its excellent position for trade. It is twelve miles west of the western Nile, and between the Mediterranean sea and Lake Mareotis. The city grew rapidly and soon became the great center of Eastern commerce. The Ptolemies succeeded Alexandria, and under them it contained as many as 50,000 thousand free inhabitants and as many slaves. It became the center of learning, and schools of Grecian philosophy flourished there. Magnificent monuments were erected, among them the Pharos, the Museum, and the Temple of Serapis, and there were gorgeous palaces and public buildings.

Julius Caesar besieged and took the city in 48 B. C. and eighteen years later Augustus made it an imperial city; it now began a new season of prosperity, continuing until the establishment of the seat of empire at Constantinople. The catacombs, public baths, Pompey's Pillar, with the Roman city wall, were erected during this period. In the year 215, the Roman Emperor Caracalla visited the city and ordered a general massacre, and under the rule of Gallienus a famine swept off half of the population. In 273, an insurrection resulted in the destruction of the great library in the museum. In 296, another insurrection ended in a general slaughter and in 363 an earthquake destroyed 50,000 people. The Persians captured the city in 616 and surrendered it to the Arabs in 641. It then contained 400 palaces, 400 theatres, 4,000 public baths and 12,000 gardens.

From this time it rapidly decayed, and its population and trade diminished. Cairo took its place as the chief city of Egypt. It finally sank so low that in 1777 its population. Since then the city has been rebuilt and again raised to importance. It resembled an Italian city and had large streets, well paved, lighted with gas and abounding with fine residences. The great promenade of Mehemet Ali or Franks Square, where the massacre of June 11 began, was the central point of the city. Railways connected the city with Cairo, 150 miles distant, and with the Suez Canal. The city was a great central point for passengers, as all the steamers to and from India the Mediterranean and the Levant, all stopped there. Among the prominent buildings was the palace of the Khedive, at Ras-el-Tin, the large naval arsenal, the naval and military hospitals, the custom house, tribunal of commerce, Italian college and the various schools. The Turkish quarter was irregular, but the European quarter had many good streets and fine houses. The city has two quarters, one east and west of Pharos. The former has a break water mole and two quays. The city was supplied with water from the Nile, and was the seat of several large government and other manufactories. The principal exports were corn, cotton, wool, gums, rice, date, sugar, cotton seed, wheat, beans, sunna and hides. The principal imports were woolen and silk goods, hardware and machinery, with timber, coal, petroleum, drugs and other products.

SCOTLAND.

Scotland, with the natural drawbacks of unpropitious climate, unfruitful soil, rugged and profileless mountains, holds her own in the competitions of the world in a perfectly wonderful manner—taking as its direct opposite the favored clime of Mexico, with its silver mines, its eternal springs, the sunshine and its vegetation, we find that the rugged land of the North sends to different nations more productions, both of its soil and its arts, than the favored territory of the South, with all its vast proportions. Scotland helps to feed London from her flocks, to her sons the world is indebted for the most powerful and obedient forces in the practical application of steam, and at this day, while Great Britain builds a larger number of iron steamships than all the other nations of Europe put together, half of the work is done by the little country of Scotland.

Macaulay's Memory.

Ben Jonson won from his admiring contemporaries the epithet of "rare"—chiefly, if I remember aright, from his powers of memory. But Ben's powers were small compared with those of Macaulay, who recited the greater part of the Lay of the Last Minstrel after reading it for the first time. He used to say, and he was by no means a boastful man, that if by any chance, all the existing copies of Milton were to be destroyed, he thought he could replace the first six books of Paradise Lost from memory. "He seemed," said his friend Milman, "to have read everything; and to remember all that he had read." I have seen a letter of the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell to a friend, entreating him to ask "Mr. Macaulay, who knows everything" for some piece of information.

"Macaulay," said Sydney Smith, "can you recite the list of Popes?"

"No," confessed Macaulay, "I get confused with the Johns and Gregories."

"Well," said Hallam, who was present, "can you manage the Archbishops of Canterbury?"

"The Archbishops of Canterbury!" was the disdainful reply, "any fool can recite his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards."

And he began, from Howley back to Pole, when his hearers declared themselves satisfied.

The love of truth and real desire of improvement, ought to be only motives of augmentation; and, where these are sincere, no difficulty can be made of embracing the truth as soon as it is perceived.

The Bridge of Sighs.

The Bridge of Sighs, which has been made famous by Byron in "Childe Harold," is in Venice. Criminals were conveyed across the bridge to hear their sentence, and from there led to their execution; from this it derives its melancholy but appropriate name. It may be explained that the Ducal Palace is connected on the east side by this bridge with the prisons. Ruskin says of it, that the bridge is "a work of no merit, and of late period, owing the interest it possesses chiefly to its pretty name and the ignorant sentimentalism of Byron." Howells speaks of it as "That pathetic swindle, the Bridge of Sighs;" and a traveler writing of it says that the sighing company that crossed it must have been made up of "housebreakers, cut-purses, knaves and murderers," and the name was given to it "by the people from that opulence of compassion which enables the Italians to pity even rascality in difficulties." Nevertheless, Byron thus sings of it:

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the waves her structures rise,
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, thronged on her hundred isles.

THE STORY OF THE EDELWEISS.

On one the hand of misfortune fell,
And they led him away to a prison cell.
He met in the street a little child,
And she looked up in his face and smiled.
She saw that to prison his pathway led,
And "God be with you," she softly said.
"God!" with a scornful laugh cried he;
"Who is this God that we never see?"
"There is none. Yet you believe as true
This tale they have told. Well, I pity you."
"I need no pity," she bravely said;
"'Tis you who have need of mine instead,
"For a dreary life and a desolate heart
Is that in which God can have no part."
She took from her basket a little flower;
"It may seem like a friend in a lonely hour,"
And she put in his hand an Edelweiss
She had dug that day under mountain skies.
The prisoner faced his cell of stone
But somehow he seemed not to be alone.
In the grated window his Edelweiss
Turned ever its face to the far-off skies,
Reached out to the sunshine its little hands,
And longed for the air of the mountain-lands.
He watched the leaves of the plant unfold,
And this is the story the Edelweiss told:

"There is God on the hills where my life began,
The God of the flower, and the God of man.
"He gave us life, and we live because
He rules all things with his changeless laws.
"He is here with us in this prison cell.
Oh, this dear God loveth his own so well!
"Ever I turn to the wide, free skies,
So near to the home of the Edelweiss,
"And ever I long for the cool, sweet air
That blew like a blessing about me there;
"So a longing stirs in your breast always
For the heart's true home on the hills of day.
"Blows round you sometimes in ways of earth,
The airs of the land where your soul had birth."
"Can a flower be wiser than man?" cried he;
"Has this brought a message from God to me?"
Then he bowed his face on his hands and said:
"God of the living, and God of the dead,
"God of this flower, and God of me,
Lead me out of my darkness up to thee."
He felt his doubts and his yearnings cease;
His heart was flooded with sudden peace.
"There is a God!" and his face was bright,
And his heart, like the Edelweiss, turned to the light.
When they opened the door of his cell, one day,
And said he was free to go his way,
He bore with him from his prison cell
The flower that had lived its mission well.
"Your God and mine is the same," said he;
"You shall share the freedom that comes to me."
And back to the hills, and its own dear skies,
He tenderly bore the Edelweiss.
And he knelt to kiss the flower, and say
These good-bye words, ere he went his way:
"You have led me from darkness into the light,"
And the heart of the flower was glad that night.

—EDEN E. REXFORD.

Three things to do—think,
live and act.

Three things to govern—your temper, tongue and
conduct.

Three things to cherish—virtue, wisdom and good-
ness.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and
affection.

Three things to contend for—honor, country and
friends.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and in-
gratitude.

Three things to teach—truth, industry and con-
tentment.

Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and
gracefulness.

Three things to like—cordiality, goodness and
cheerfulness.—Sel.



Thou, God, Seest Me.

Gen. 16: 13.

Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies,—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—TENNYSON.

BE STILL.

BY ALICE CARY.

Come, bring me wild pinks from the valleys,
Ablaze with the fire of the sun—
No poor little pitiful hills
That speak of a life that is done!

And open the windows, to lighten
The wearisome chamber of pain—
The eyes of my darling will brighten
To see the green hill-tops again.

Choose tunes with a lullaby flowing,
And sing through the watches you keep;
Be soft with your coming and going—
Be soft! she is falling asleep.

Ah! What would my life be without her?
Pray God that I never may know?
Dear friends, as you gather about her,
Be low with your weeping—be low.

Sing slower, sing softer and slower!
Her sweet cheek is losing its red;
Sing low—aye, sing lower and lower—
Be still! oh, be still! she is dead.

AT EVENING.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks,
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints—O, rest is sweet,
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts,
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for thy coming—when the light departs,
But evening brings us home!

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without thy lamp we know not where we are—
At evening bring us home!

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts
thicken.
O thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night—our tardy footsteps quicken.
At evening bring us home!

To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Savior
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. —Sel.

A Lovely Legend.

A century since in the North of Europe stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanting window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year upon the days when, for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face, which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon this face they said, "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this."

In the great cathedral of the ages—the temple being builded for an habitation of God—we shall all learn sometime that love's work is the grandest of all.—*J. L. Russell.*

SONGS FROM THE GERMAN.

Morning Song.

Wake up, dear little child of mine,
The morning sun begins to shine,
And run across the sky to say,
"Good little children, it is day."

O, welcome, welcome, lovely light,
That drives away the dreary night;
Shine down and make our hearts as gay
And bright as sunshine all the day!

Evening Song.

Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep;
God the Father thee will keep;
Quickly now thy eyelids close,
Softly, peacefully repose.

All without, in winds of night,
Sway the lilies tall and white;
Far above thee, to and fro,
Move the angels white as snow.

Come, ye angels, bright and blest,
Soothe my little one to rest;
Sway his heart and move his mind,
As the lilies in the wind.

Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep;
God the Father thee will keep;
For His angel guards shall spread
Shel'ring wings above thy bed.

—*Emma A. Sinclair.*

A CHINESE maxim says:—"We require four things of woman. That virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hand."

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and light.

A Pretty German Custom.

There is a beautiful custom among the Germans of having chorals played from the church towers at regular hours of the day. It is said they first derived the idea from the Arabs, who at certain hours of the day and night are called to prayers by the long wailing cry of the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques. When I first heard this music in Stuttgart, coming as it appeared to me from heaven, I was puzzled to know its object and the sources whence it came. I gazed above and around me, but I failed to detect its source. The beautiful melody, softened by distance, was floating in the air. It was like the invisible heavenly choir that enraptured St. Cecelia. A few days afterward, happening to be in the same neighborhood, and at the same hour of the day, I was more fortunate in my discoveries. I again heard the music from above, its pealing notes coming to me from some far distance like the strains of a church organ. Near me was the Stifts Kirche, an old church built in 1308, which had attached to it an immense octagon tower rising up to a height of nearly 200 feet. Encircling this near the top is a balcony, on which I at last espied the authors of the strange music. Several men with brass instruments were perched on that giddy height playing sacred music. When they had finished one piece they moved to another position on the balcony and played a different tune. Four selections in all were played, one toward each point of the compass. On making inquiries afterward I found that this playing from the church tower had been in practice for more than 100 years. A German lady, "once upon a time," belonging to one of the noble families, bequeathed a sum of money, the income of which was ever after to be devoted to paying the expenses of this religious observance. The clause in her will stated that chorals or selections of sacred music were to be played from this church tower twice a day, punctually every morning at the rising of the sun, and also from half past 11 to 12 at noon. The musicians for their services are paid 2 marks (50 cents) a day each—a mark for the morning and a mark for the noon service—which, for walking up and down that long flight of steps, in addition to playing several pieces of church music, is a small enough remuneration. Chorals are also played from another of the church towers in Stuttgart by a brass band, and also from church towers in Ludwigsburg, Rosenstein, Friederichshafen, near Stuttgart, and in others of the very old German cities and towns.—*Springfield Republican.*

NEVER give way to melancholy; nothing encroaches more; I fight against it vigorously. One great remedy is to take short views of life. Are you happy now! Are you likely to you remain so till evening, or next week or next month, or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by a distant misery which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it? For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your now making.—*Sidney Smith.*

Over the Wires.

I hear a faint low singing,
Like the sound of distant choirs;
'Tis a message gleefully winging
Over the telegraph wires.
And what are the glad wires humming
As they stretch in the sunlight away?
"I am coming, coming, coming—
I am coming home to-day!"

And now I hear a sobbing,
Like some soul sitting alone,
With a heart that is wearily throbbing,
And lips that can only moan.
Oh! what are the sad wires sighing
As they reach through the darkness of night?
"He is dying, dying, dying—
Come on the wings of light!"

The titillation of laughter
Next falls upon my ear,
And a burst of mad mirth after,
Like the sound of a distant cheer.
And what is the gleeful story
That the round wires spread afar?
"Our Nine is crowned with glory—
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Oh, what are the wires relating,
Morning and noon, and night?"
"The market is fluctuating!"
Report of the Senate fight?"
"Cashier X—a defaulter!"
"Arrest a man named Brown!"
"Jones died to-night by the halter!"
"Whent went suddenly down!"
"Dead!" "Born!" "Going!" "Coming!"
"Deluge!" and "Drought" and "Fires!"
Singing, and sobbing, and humming
Over the telegraph wires.

Baltimore Sun.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MARILOUSE MITCHELL.

Women's right it is to listen
To the woes of aching hearts,
And to soothe the wounds, all bleeding,
Made by envy's cruel darts.

And the arrows, tipped with poison,
From the slanderer's venom'd tongue,
May by her be plucked more gently
From the victim they have stung.

Hers the right to counsel wisely
Sons and daughters, young in years,
And to teach them duly, kindly,
How to bear the world's cold sneers.

And the right, with smiles of virtue,
Oblivious to win some tender youth—
Ere too late—from sin's dark abyss,
Back into the paths of truth.

O'er a fallen sister's sorrows,
Hers the right to shed a tear,
And to place a wreath of flowers
On the pauper's lonely bier.

Hers the right to fill an angel's
Place beside the couch of woe,
And to bathe the brow, all fevered,
Be that brow on friend or foe.

Hers the right to smile when others
Murmur "life is filled with care,"
And to whisper "trust thy Saviour,
He for thee thy cross will bear."

'Tis woman's right, with love, to win
Sparkling crown and scepter'd throne,
Crown and throne of priceless value,
Affection's wreath—a happy home.

MITCHELL'S MILLS, ELMORE CO., ALA., Dec. 11, '80.

LIFE'S SECRET.

O Life, so rich, so poor, so high, so low,
Who of thy priceless treasures bears the key?
Is't Wealth or Pleasure? Mid hushed revelry,
A myriad weary voices echo: "No!"
Or Power? See Julius' blood, by Brutus shed:
Look where a Tzar draws treason-haunted breath;
Ask her, who, crownless, mourns in imperial dead,
Is't Knowledge? With its birth, life's bane has
come;
Or song? Could song cheer Milton's darkened
home.
Byron's mad exile, Burns' too early death?
Is't Art or Fame? Was Raphael scraph-eyed,
Or century-living Titan satisfied?
Who yet abide? Faith, Hope and Love, these three;
Faith finds, Hope keeps, Love turns life's master-
key.
—H. Hartshorne.

Our Dead.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit there!

The Bivouac of the Dead.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few,
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are sprang,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarm;
No braying horn, or screaming life,
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill the fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe;
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was Victory or Death!

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the plying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resort
Along the heedless air,
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That glides your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.



Our Fallen Heroes.

THE BLUE AND THE GREY.

Let us smooth from our foreheads the sadness;
'Tis over—thank Heaven; therefore

Let us hide now with garments of friendship
The sack cloth and ashes of war.

Not a word of the past! It has perished—
Gone down in its sadness and gloom,
Yet because it so proudly was cherished
Shall we sigh out our lives at its tomb?

“Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the laurels the Blue,
And under the willows the Grey.”

But the beauty and honor undaunted
Still steadfast and stern as can be
By the laurels a Lincoln has planted,
By the hopes that were buried with Lee;

Let us join in sweet concord together
O'er the graves of the brave and the true,
And ring out our voice to Heaven
In the song of the “Red White and Blue.”

“Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the roses the Blue,
And under the lillies the Grey.”

'Twas well to bring garlands of flowers—
Pale lillies and violets blue,
And strew them over our heroes
That sleep under the sod and the dew,
At the sound of the bells' sad tolling,
With banners and measured tread,
To join in the Heavenly mission
In wreathing the graves of our dead.

“Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the violets the Blue,
And under the daisies the Grey.”

THE older I grow—and now I stand on the
brink of eternity—the more comes back to
me that sentence in the Catechism which I
learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper
its meaning becomes—“What is the chief
end of man?—To glorify God and enjoy him
forever.”—Carlyle.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that banner! for 'tis weary,
'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary
Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it;
And there's not a sword to save it;
And there's no one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn to brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

Take the banner down, 'tis tattered;
Broken at its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts have scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it;
Now must fold it with a sigh.

Furl that banner! furl it sadly;
Once ten thousand bailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it would forever wave—
Swore that foreman's sword could never
Hearts like their's entwined dis sever,
Till that flag would float forever,
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hand that grasped it,
And the hands that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds are wailing,
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust,
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down through ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner! softly, slowly;
Treat it gently it is holy—
For it droops above the dead,
Touch it not—unfurl it never,
Let it lay there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

GROWING.

Let me, then, be always growing,
Never, never standing still—
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and thy most blessed will;
Till I reach thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace.

The
SAVIOUR LIVES.





ORIGINATED
AT
NEW YORK

WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER.



BY C. O. THOMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and golden-haired Willie
Knelt down to his evening prayer.
He'd been thinking all day—now don't call him silly—
Of old Santa Claus driving a pair
Of the cunningest reindeer, with toys, a big sleigh full,
And smiles on his broad face bewitching and playful,
Swooping down through the keen snowy air.

And while "Now I lay me" he whispered, in fancy
He saw the bright vision again.
Toys, reindeer, old Santa Claus, all at a glance he
Recalled as he ended; and then,
With troops of glad hopes through his little brain flocking,
He prayed, "And let Santa Claus fill my stockings
Just as full as he can. Amen."

Jumping quick into bed, the dear little fellow
In a jiffy was sound asleep,
When, lo! all at once a light, soft and mellow,
Began through the chamber to creep.
But Willie saw nothing save piles of nice candies,
Drums, trumpets, tin soldiers, and queer jack-a-dandies,
That danced through his slumbers deep.

Yet still, when the beautiful light, like a glory,
Fell full on his face as he dreamed,
He saw from the fire-place, as in the old story,
Dear Santa Claus come—so it seemed;
And he laughed—in his sleep—as the funny old chappie,
So round and so rosy, so jolly and happy,
Upon him with gentle smile beamed.

But when, with a wink, the dear, merry old fellow,
With hair and long beard white as wool,
All sorts of nice things—red, green, blue, and yellow—
Began from his pockets to pull,
Willie woke from sheer joy, and, behold! it was morning.
And there hung his stockings, the chimney adorning,
And *Some One* had crammed them chock-full.

DECEMBER 23, 1885.

those who had enjoyed his services, making his ordination to the full work of the ministry.

After a thorough and very satisfactory examination, presbytery ordained him, when near three-score, and sent him to work in this county, where he is doing a most excellent and acceptable service.

Although he had not taken a regular literary nor theological course, yet presbytery readily ordained him under the extraordinary clause," and every one approves it; and here, suffer the remark, all that the advocates of lowering our standard for the ministry could hope to realize, under their proposed change, and without altering the Standards.

Besides the field left vacant by Mr. Jones's death, there are other important fields in this section for evangelistic work. This is all, and in all, a very promising field of labor—white to the harvest. Who will come to it? If any one desires further information, they may inquire of Rev. D. L. Buttolph, D. D., Marietta, Ga.; or Mr. R. B. McArver, Coosa, Ga.; or Mr. John Jones, Dirt Town, Ga.

Besides these fields there are other important vacancies in Cherokee Presbytery, viz., Cartersville church, at Cartersville, Ga.; Euharlee church, Euharlee, Ga.; Cave Spring, at Cave Spring. Rev. J. E. Jones at Cedarton, Ga., or Dr. Buttolph, will give information. A.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

For the Christian Observer.

A CARD.

A member of our Southern Presbyterian Church, whose annual subscription for years past to the cause of Foreign Missions has been \$100, and who has this year already contributed \$175, proposes to be one of 140 persons to make a special Christmas offering of \$100 each, to pay

Inglis, Esq., Treasurer, P. O. Box 131, Baltimore, and I will let them hear through the papers of each week, as to how the work is getting on.

Dec. 17. J. N. CRAIG, Sec.

For the Christian Observer.

REV. JOSEPH MORTON SCOTT.

About four weeks ago, it was mentioned in the papers of our Church, that the Rev. J. M. Scott, of Point Pleasant, W. Va., was critically ill. Fears were expressed that the sickness might be unto death. Those fears have been realized. He is not, for God has taken him.

It is not proposed to give a sketch of his life, nor to offer an estimate of his character and his work. This must be done by other hands. And, among those who knew him intimately, and loved him, there will doubtless be found many who can speak of him in these respects, so far as is needful. It will suffice to say that Mr. Scott was known in the Southern Presbyterian Church as an earnest, devoted, and able minister of the gospel. His work for Christ was done chiefly in Kentucky and Missouri. In those regions he is much respected and loved for his work's sake. He had taken charge of the church at Point Pleasant, only about two years ago. There, after the bonds of affection had grown strong between the pastor and his kind and devoted people, he was called to his rest. Mr. Scott died at 1 o'clock A. M., Nov. 27.

To make this statement is a sad but incumbent duty:—to describe his last sickness and his death, is a pleasure and a solemn privilege.

It is true that the writer experiences a degree of timidity in attempting to record the scenes of that sick room. They are scenes fraught with the experience of God's presence and his grace. There is a simple power, a solemn grandeur in the facts of that closing life, that are found only where the Christian life is lived.

either the Southern Methodist or the Southern Baptist Church; and not only this, but more than any Presbyterian Church on the continent. We are aware that the conditions of mission work are so varied that it is not safe to infer much from a statistical comparison like this; but we may be allowed to say one thing. It is our constant aim and endeavor that from the office in Baltimore, to our remotest mission station, self-denial, economy and frugality shall be the order of our work.

For the Christian Observer.

FROM A COLUMBIA DIRECTOR.

Dear Sirs.—The ingeniousness and sweet simplicity of the editorial in the *Southern Presbyterian* of last week, on the action of the Board of Directors of the Columbia Seminary, is most refreshing. The way in which the agitation in the Church may be instantly and effectually quieted is for the Church just to leave (Dr. Woodrow) alone. Let him teach what he pleases under authority of the Synods, or without their authority, and all is well!

Certainly. It takes two to make a quarrel, and the shortest and quickest way out of a war is for one of the belligerents to withdraw, and you have peace at once. Wonderful discovery. It beats arbitration all hollow. The surprise of all surprises is that the idea never struck the dull faculties of the two great armies who maintained a deadly struggle during the four years civil war. The fact is it is equal to the great discovery of how the principle of non contradiction may be established between science and the Bible respecting Adam's body and organic dust.

What signifies error, heresy, or anything else, compared with "calm" in the Church. We have only to leave him alone in the enjoyment of his stipend and in the enjoyment of his great discovery, and "all is well."

Now, sirs, the resolution asking Dr. Woodrow if he would conform his instructions to the expressed wishes of the Synods and Dr. Woodrow's reply, that

THE poem below first appeared a number of years ago in the Tullahoma (Tenn.) Independent. It was written and furnished that paper by "Biondine," a daughter of Mrs. Virginia French, of Tennessee, and a young school-girl at the time:

THE OLD COAT OF GRAY.

BY "BLONDINE."

It lies there alone; it is rusted and faded,
With a patch on the elbow, a hole in the side;
But we think of the brave boy who wore it, and ever
Look on it with pleasure, and touch it with pride.
A history clings to it; over and over,
We see a proud youth hurried on to the fray,
With his form like the oak, and his eye like the eagle's;
How gallant he rode in the ranks of "the Gray!"
It is rough, it is worn, it is tattered in places,
But I love it the more for the story it bears—
A story of courage in struggle with sorrow;
And a heart that bore bravely its burden of cares;
It is ragged and dusty, but all it was shining
In silkiest sheen when he bore it away,
And his smile was as bright as the glad summer morning
When he sprang to his place in the ranks of "the Gray."
There's a rip in the sleeve, and the collar is tattered,
The buttons all gone with their glitter and gold;
'Tis a thing of the past, and we reverently lay it
Away with the treasures and relics of old;
As the gifts of love, solemn, sweet and outspoken,
And cherished as leaves from a long vanished day,
We will keep the old jacket for the sake of the loved one
Who rode in the van in the ranks of "the Gray."
Shot through with a bullet—right here in the shoulder,
And down there the pocket is splintered and soiled,
Ah, more! see the lining is stained and discolored:
Yes—blood-drops the texture have stiffened and soiled;
It came when he rode at the head of the column,
Charging down in the battle one deadliest day,
When squadrons of foemen were broken asunder,
And victory rode with the ranks of "the Gray."
Its memory is sweetness and sorrow commingled,
To me it is precious—more precious than gold;
In the tent and the shot holes a volume is written,
In the stains of the lining is agony told;
That was twelve years ago, when in life's sunny morning,
He rode with his comrades down into the fray,
And the old coat he wore, and the good sword he wielded
Were all that came back from the ranks of "the Gray."
And it lies there alone; I will reverence it ever—
The patch on the elbow; the hole in the side;
For a gallant heart never breathed than the loved one
Who wore it in honor and soldierly pride;
Let me brush off the dust from its tatters and tarnish,
Let me fold it up closely and lay it away—
It is all that is left of the loved and the lost one
Who fought for the right in the ranks of "the Gray."

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
True as the truest that wore it—
Brave as the bravest, he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay,
Triumphant waved our flag one day,
He fell in the front before it.
Firm as the firmest, where duty led,
He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest, he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red,
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.
On the trampled breast of the battle plain,
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain,
(His mother screams they will meet again,
The fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child asleep—he nestled.
In the solemn shades of the woods that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there—and the hot tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept;
(The mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him.)
A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother—
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone:
There is not a name, there is not a stone—
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is sown,
But his memory lives in the ether.

Rev. A. J. Ryan in Boston Pilot.

By Mrs. C. A. Ball. In memoriam of our loved and lost cause and our martyred dead; "outnumbered, not outbraved." Written expressly for the Charleston Daily News. Charleston: Joseph Walker, Agt., Stationer and Printer, 129 Meeting street, 1869.

THE JACKET OF GRAY.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.
Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band,
Who rose in defense of our dear Southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it? the jacket of gray.
His fond mother blessed him and looked up above,
Commanding to heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was her's, mortal tongue can not say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray.
But her country had called, and she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy in the jacket of gray.
Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the sounds of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.
Ah! vain, all, all vain were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the red battle-field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.
His young comrades found him, and tenderly bore
The cold lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.
Ah! spotted and tattered, and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robes the jacket of gray.
We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And 'graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest tribute our sad hearts could pay,
He never disgraced the jacket of gray.
Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

NATIONAL NOTES.

Decoration Day.

Below is a heretofore unpublished poem of Longfellow, taken from the *Atlantic* for June;

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms!
Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubting beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

'Tis eve! one brightly beaming star
Shines from the eastern heavens afar,
To light the footsteps of the brave,
Slow marching to a comrade's grave.

The northern wind has sunk to sleep,
The sweet south breathes, as, low and deep,
The martial clang is heard, the tread
Of those who bear the silent dead.

And whose the form, all stark and cold,
Thus ready for the loosened mould—
Thus stretched upon so rude a bier?
Thine, soldier, thine—the volunteer!

Poor volunteer! the shot, the blow,
Of fell disease hath laid him low—
And few his early loss deplore—
His battle done, his journey o'er.

Alas! no fond wife's arms caressed,
His cheeks no tender mother pressed,
No pitying soul was by his side,
As, lonely in his tent, he died.

He died—the volunteer—at noon;
At evening came the small platoon;
And soon they'll leave him to his rest,
With sods upon his manly breast.

Hark to their fire! his only knell,
More solemn than the passing bell;
For, ah! it tells a spirit down
Without a prayer or sigh—alone!

His deeds and fate shall fade away,
Forgotten since his dying day;
And never on the roll of fame
Shall be inscribed his humble name.

Alas! like him, how many more,
Lie cold on Rio Grande's shore;
How many green, unnoted graves
Are bordered by those turbid waves.

Sleep, soldier, sleep—from sorrow free,
And sin and strife—'tis well with thee—
'Tis well; though not a single tear
Lament the buried volunteer.

[New Orleans Delta, Feb. 13, 1848.

The song birds of the South shall sing,
From forest grand and flowery stem,
And gentlest waters, murmuring,
Unite to hymn their requiem.
And spring will deck their hallowed bed
With types of resurrection's day,
And silent tears the night hath shed,
The morning's beam will kiss away.

Those heroes rest in solemn fame
On every field where Freedom bled;
And shall we let the torch of shame
Fall like a blight upon our dead?
No, wretch! We scorn thy hatred now,
And hush thy shame from pole to pole;
The brutes are better far than thou,
And brasts would blush to own thy soul.

"Dishonored graves!" Take back the lie
That's breathed by more than human hate,
Lest, Aeneas-like, you die,
Not less degrading of his fate.
Our Spartan women bow in dust
Around their country's broken shrine;
True—as their cause was right and just
Pure—as their deeds have been divine.

Their angel hand the wounded cheered—
Did all that woman ever dares—
When wealth and homes had disappeared
They gave their tears, and smiles, and prayers;
They proudly gave their jewels up
For all they loved—as worthless toys;
Drank to the dregs the bitter cup
To feed our sick and starving boys.

Their glorious flag on high no more
Is borne by that unconquered band;
'Tis furled. Upon the "silent shore"
Its banner still around it stand.
No more beneath its folds shall meet
The armies of immortal Lee;
The rolling of their drums' last beat
Is echoing in eternity.

[For the Richmond Whig, July, 1863.]
KODES' BRIGADE.

[BY LARRY LEE—"W. P. C."]

Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,
 Down by the valley 'mid jarrings of night,
 Down by the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond
 The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight;
 Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
 To the sepulchred chambers yet never disarmed—
 Down by the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond,
 Marched the bold warriors of Rodas' Brigade.
 See ye the fires and flashes still leaping,
 See ye the tempest and jettings of storm,
 See ye the banners of proud Alabama
 In front of her columns move as easily on?
 Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade,
 Riding on winds through forests of sounds;
 Hear ye the booming adown the red valley?
 Career unobscured his swarthy old wounds.

Twelfth Mississippi, I saw your brave column
 Run through the channels of river and dead;
 Twelfth Alabama, why weep your old war-horse?
 He died as he wished, in the gear at your head.
 Seven Flags, ye will tell on the pages of glory
 How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath
 your shades;
 How the sons of Virginia fought in the red valley,
 And fell in the columns of Rodas' Brigade.
 Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels;
 Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain;
 Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers—
 Weep, for they never can come back again.
 But know ye that victory, the shrine of the noble,
 Enriches the houses of death newly made,
 And know ye that freedom, the shrine of the mighty,
 Shines forth on the banners of Rodas' Brigade.
 Daughters of Southland, come bring ye bright
 flowers:
 Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave;
 Bring ye the emblems of freedom and victory;
 Bring ye the emblems of death and the grave;
 Bring ye some motto-buff for a hero;
 Bring ye exiles that never will fade;
 Come to the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond,
 And crown the young chieftain who led his
 brigade.

In the poem sent us by Mrs. Rodas the
 word *night* at the end of second line, first
 verse, reads *light*.

Second line, second verse, reads:

"Hear ye the peltings and beating of storm."

Sixth line, second verse, reads:

"As it floats through the air 'mid the torrent of
 sands."

Seventh line, third verse, reads:

"How leads of Virginia."

Fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth lines of
 fourth verse read:

"Deep ye, but know what a halo of glory
 Enriches each chamber of death newly made,
 And know ye, that victory the shrine of the
 mighty,
 Stands forth on the banners of Rodas' Brigade."

The third word, *the*, in third and fourth
 lines of fifth verse reads *some*, and *emblem*,
 as used in the place in copy we print, reads in
 the singular, *emblem*, in copy Mrs. Gen. Rodas
 sends us. With the exceptions noted words
 and lines in both copies sent us are the same.

To the Memory of the Late Hon. Geo. S. Houston.

The old Mountain Eagle has winged his last flight.
 All his labors and sorrows are ended:
 The brave heart, whose valor ne'er failed in the
 fight,
 To the will of its Maker has bended.

While fighting for liberty, home, and the right,
 He let nothing but his zeal overwhelm;
 When shadows of night gathered thick on his sight,
 He met death with his hand on the helm.

With sorrowful hands they have made him a grave
 Where the birds will sing dirges above him,
 They've laid him away like a true hearted brave,
 In the land of the people that love him.

He'll need not the pages of history's lore,
 To hand down his fame or his glory,
 In the hearts of the people 'twill live evermore
 Like an old and a beautiful story.

O, men of the Southland, your causes are great
 For loving your fair land o' bowers;
 For the noble and true, from the camp and the
 State,
 Are lying full thick 'neath her flowers.

RALPH BERTHOE.

"HE WHO DIED AT AZAN."

The Springfield *Republican* says: "The beautiful
 poem, called then 'Not Dead but Risen,' which was
 read at the memorial service of the late Mr. Bowles,
 attracted wide attention, and its publication was fol-
 lowed by enquiry and discussion as to its authorship.
 This was finally rightly attributed to Edwin Arnold,
 an English barrister (we believe) who has written but
 little, but that little of singular beauty and perfect-
 ness. Mr. Arnold describes the lines as a paraphrase
 from certain Arabic verses quoted in Pulgrave's *Travels*
 in Arabia. Mr. Arnold is an authority in Sanskrit
 literature, and has made occasional essays in other
 Oriental fields." The following is the poem:

After Death in Arabia.

He who died at Azan sends
 This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
 Pale and white and cold as snow;
 And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
 Weeping at the feet and head.
 I can see your falling tears,
 I can hear your sighs and prayers;
 Yet I smile and whisper this—
 "I am not the thing you kiss:
 Cease your tears and let it lie;
 It was mine, it is not 'I'."

Sweet friends! What the women lave,
 For its last bed of the grave,
 Is a hut which I am quitting,
 Is a garment no more fitting,
 Is a cage, from which at last,
 Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
 Love the inmate, not the room—
 The weaver, not the garb—the plume
 Of the falcon, not the bars
 Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye:
 What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a wistful tear.
 'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
 Out of which the pearl has gone:
 The shell is broken—it lies there;
 The pearl, the all, the soul, is here,
 'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of his treasury,
 A mind that loved him; let it lie!
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
 Now thy world is understood;
 Now the long, long wonder ends!
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss, instead,
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
 By such light as shines for you;
 But in the light ye cannot see
 Of unfilled felicity—
 In enlarging paradise
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell friends! Yet not farewell;
 Where I am, ye too shall dwell;
 I am gone before your face,
 A moment's time, a little space;
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught,
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
 Sunshine still must follow rain;
 Only not at death—for death,

Now I know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
 Viewed from Allah's throne above;
 Be ye stout of heart, and come
 Bravely onward to your home!

La Allah, illa Allah! Yea!
 Thou Love divine! Thou Love away!

He that died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

"God sends the soul, and took the face;
 We heard the thoughts, and not the voice;
 In heaven the featured wear no grace,
 Save that which named the spirit's name;
 And only they are truly seen
 Whose lives on earth have noble been."



Men of America.

The greatest man, "take him for all," of the last hundred years, was George Washington, an American.

The greatest metaphysician was Jonathan Edwards, an American.

The greatest natural philosopher was Benjamin Franklin, an American.

The greatest of living sculptors is Hiram Powers, an American.

The greatest writer of law, in the English language, for the present century, was Judge Story, an American.

The greatest orators that ever lived were Clay, Calhoun and Webster, all Americans.

The greatest of living historians are George Bancroft, and Wm. H. Prescott, both Americans.

The greatest ornithologist is Jno. Audubon, an American.

There has been no English writer in the present age whose works have been marked with more humor, more refinement, or more grace than those of Washington Irving, an American.

The greatest lexicographer and philosopher since the time of Johnson, was Noah Webster, an American.

The inventors, whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of happiness to mankind in the last century, were Godfrey, Fitch, Fulton and Whitney, all Americans.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

If fifty persons should be asked to name the most prosaic and uninteresting character in American history, forty-nine would probably select John Quincy Adams. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, General Jackson, his contemporaries, one and all, were picturesque, were leaders of men, had ardent followers and vehement opponents. Enemies, indeed, Adams had in abundance, and savage ones, but friends and followers he had none. Many generations, however, passed away before there came people who could see that the Cavalier had not usurped all the picturesqueness of his age, but that the grim and austere Puritans, our forefathers, also had their share of this quality.

A like justice will be done to Mr. Adams. He will never become attractive, but posterity will not hate him as so many of his own generation did; while his rigid, uncompromising adherence to duty, his courage, independence and constancy, his pure patriotism, his rare political integrity, his industry and great acquirements, his clear common sense and keen logic, will in time be generally appreciated, as they were on rare occasions only during his lifetime.

Only when his own motives were traduced, or his own actions were attacked, did he show the latent heat within him; then, indeed, he blazed forth fiercely and consumingly. He was not a great orator, but he had a terrible power of sarcasm, a keen, unerring logic. He feared no man, no body of men; he was of a truly wonderful courage, moral, mental and physical; he could stand absolutely alone in face of vast odds, with as tranquil a fearlessness as could have been felt by the most distant and obscure camp followers in the opposing forces. All he wished was to feel assured what was right; and, from the moment when he had determined this, neither fear nor favor nor thought for his own interests could move him one hair's breadth.—*International Review.*

Lady Washington.

In some "Memoirs" found in a very old library we read that Mrs. Washington was in her day a lady wielding the same sort of a scepter as the Empress Eugenie did in hers, and that the Princess of Wales does now. She was queen of fashion of her time, and the cut of her silks, the flow of her laces, indicated the proper method to all her coterie of friends, and from thence it circled to the outer world. Even in the early days of the republic, according to this authority, women dressed in rich fabrics, and expensive accessories to the toilet were considered necessary. When Thomas Jefferson was Minister to France, he took enough interest in his women folks to send home to them from Paris white satin slippers, long gloves, lace slips and other pretty things. In one of his letters he gives a parental caution against extravagance, but urges his daughters to always keep themselves dressed as ladies.



THE "GOD-LIKE" WEBSTER.

Webster, Choate and Sumner.

Thirty years ago, when a student at Amherst College, I remember going over with several of my classmates to Northampton, where Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were the opposing lawyers in the great Oliver Smith will case. I shall never forget the impression made by the great contrast between the manner and gesticulation of these two distinguished pleaders in their closing arguments. The court-room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the immense interest involved, together with the high reputation of the opposing counsel, combined to excite the attention and interest of all to a remarkable degree. Webster's gestures, as well as his words, were comparatively few, but weighty, massive, the very embodiment of dignity and conscious strength. Most of the time during his half-hour argument, he stood perfectly motionless, his body slightly bent forward, and his hands behind his back. Choate spoke for nearly two hours, in a manner the very counterpart of Webster's, and yet equally appropriate to the speaker's individuality. He was all alert, every vein swelled to fullness, every muscle at its utmost tension. He advanced toward the jury and retreated. He rose on tiptoe, and several times in his excitement seemed to spring up entirely off his feet. He ran his long, nervous fingers through his dark hair, and anon shook them in the air above his head with so swift a motion that they seemed to run into each other like the spokes on a spinning-wheel. His plea lasted two hours. The day was hot, and when he had concluded he sank into the arms of attendants in a state of perfect exhaustion and was borne out into the lobby like a corpse. The excitement in the court room was intense, but Webster's calm, stern logic carried the day over Choate's brilliant and fiery rhetoric. The verdict was for Webster and the will.

One word concerning the gesticulations of Charles Sumner. He was always dignified and self-possessed, and in his movements, as well as words, always conveyed the idea of deliberation and scholarly culture rather than of that spontaneous warmth and impulsive feeling which is most apt to stir emotion in a hearer. But he had one gesture which he used not often, but always once or twice in his great speeches, which never failed to send the blood thrilling to my temples; and I noticed that it had a similar effect on many others. He raised his hand higher and higher, with appropriate gesticulation, while building a climax, and when he came to cap it, he rose on tip-toe and thrust his hand up into the air with great force and with a look of exultant triumph. It was magnificent. It fitted the subject and the man.—(Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.)

A Visit to Henry Clay's Tomb.

Here we visited Ashland Farm, the home of the "Great Harry of the West." All of that once magnificent farm (except a portion owned by James Clay and on which he now resides) was bought by the State of Kentucky. A portion has been set apart for an Agricultural and Mechanical School. The old residence, on account of its dilapidated condition, has been rebuilt by one of his sons on the same model. A good many of the trees planted by the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Clay as ornaments to the grounds have been cut down and carried away. He is buried in one of the most elevated spots in the Lexington Cemetery. The State of Kentucky has erected over his remains a very imposing monument of granite and marble, cut from its own quarries. In the basement of the monument, through a glass door, is seen his tomb, on which is inscribed one of those eloquent sentences, taken from one of his speeches in Congress, in which he calls on God to bear him witness to the purity of his motives and the absence of any desire for self-aggrandizement that prompted his advocacy of the pending measure before Congress.—Lexington (Ky.) Cor. Macon Telegraph.



OUR HEROIC DEAD.

A king once said of a prince struck down:
 "Taller he seems in death!
 And this speech holds true, for now as then
 'Tis after death that we measure men,
 And as mists of the past are rolled away,
 Our heroes, who died in their tattered gray,
 Grow taller and greater in all their parts
 'Till they fill our minds as they fill our
 hearts,
 And for those who lament there is this be-
 lief:
 That glory sits by the side of grief."
 —J. BARRON HOPE.



OLD HOME AND SHOP OF ANDREW JOHNSON, IN EAST TENNESSEE.

The Hair of the Presidents.

In the patent office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the government and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. A friend of the writer says that while examining some of those objects of curiosity, nothing struck him so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair taken from the heads of different chief magistrates, from Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals whose names are familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth, and free from any mixture. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse and a yellowish gray in color.

The hair of General Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of General Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of General Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he had a plentiful crop.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that since Pierce's time no one has thought of preserving the hair of his successors. There are vacancies in the case, but there is no hair (or was not a short time since) either of Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield or Arthur, for the inspection of futurity.

During their occupancy of the presidential chair, Buchanan's hair was nearly a pure white; that of Lincoln's dark and wiry, liberally sprinkled with silver threads; Johnson's was iron gray—in youth his hair was coal black and very luxuriant; Grant's was dark and coarse; Hayes' sandy and mixed with white; Garfield's a beautiful auburn, while that of Arthur is brown and wavy.

The Twenty-first President.

Chester A. Arthur is the twenty-first President of the United States, his twenty predecessors having been in office during a period of ninety-one and a half years. Of these, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Grant each served eight years. The next longest term was that of Lincoln, who was elected for two terms, but served but four years, one month and eleven days. Seven Presidents—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan and Hayes—each served four years. Seven others served fractional terms, of which that of John Tyler was longest, being three years and eleven months. The next was Andrew Johnson's, continuing three years, ten months and nineteen days. Mr. Fillmore's was two years, eight months and twenty-five days; Taylor's, one year, three months, and five days; Garfield's six months and fifteen days; and Harrison's, which was shortest of all, beginning on the 4th of March, 1841, and closing by his death on the 4th of the following April—just one month.

Live to-day as though sure eternity is your boon to-morrow.

TWO POEMS.

The Favorites of Lincoln and Garfield.

The favorite poems of Lincoln and Garfield inspire a mournful and permanent interest. The authors of both are unknown. Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, writes that, while engaged in painting Lincoln's picture at the White House, he was alone one evening with the President in his room, when he said: "There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterward saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain." Here is the poem:

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade;
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall die.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised her
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the King that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wall from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Shall follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the palaces of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Garfield's favorite poem, which we give below, has a lofty tone not unlike that of Lincoln's. It would be a dull soul who could read it without taking inspiration and comfort from it:

HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night dr. we 'round these
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing;
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And noon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

CONGRESSIONAL SUICIDES.

There have been a number of members of Congress who have committed suicide.

Haywood Chauncy Riddle shot himself through the head, in Tennessee, about 1875. He was undoubtedly insane.

James Blair, a Representative from South Carolina, blew out his brains at a boarding-house on Capitol Hill, April 1, 1834.

Felix McConnell, a member from Alabama, committed suicide, in a fit of delirium, at the St. Charles Hotel, Washington, by stabbing himself and then cutting his throat, Sept. 10, 1846.

Representative James Ashmore, from South Carolina, blew out his brains at Sardis, Miss., Dec. 6, 1861.

Elijah Hise, Representative in the Fortieth Congress, committed suicide at Russellville, Ky., May 8, 1876.

John White, Representative from Kentucky, committed suicide at Richmond, Ky., Sept. 27, 1845.

James G. Wilson, United States Senator from New Jersey, threw himself from his house, in a fit of delirium, in 1832, and was killed.

William Ramsey, Representative from Pennsylvania, committed suicide at Barnum's Hotel, in Baltimore, by shooting himself through the eye with a pistol, about 1840.

John Ewing, of Indiana, was found dead in his room at Vincennes in 1839, and on his table the following epitaph:

Here lies a man who loved his friends,
His God, his country, and Vincennes.

Representative Alfred B. White, of Ohio, committed suicide by taking poison on the grave of his two children, at Columbus, Aug. 1, 1865. He was charged with improper acts in connection with cotton speculations.

James Henry Lane, United States Senator from Kansas, committed suicide at Fort Leavenworth, about 1866.

Presidential Handwriting.

Abraham Lincoln wrote a very small hand. Gen. Grant's can easily be read. The handwriting of Andrew Johnson was large and labored.

John Tyler and James A. Garfield were the best writers among the Presidents. Franklin Pierce was the worst writer of all the Presidents.

The handwriting of William Henry Harrison was classic.

James K. Polk made a signature which looked like copper-plate.

The handwriting of Rutherford B. Hayes could not be counterfeited as he never made the same letter the same way twice.—*Brooklyn Press*.

James S. Johnson, Representative from Kentucky, committed suicide while suffering from ill-health, at Owensboro, Ky., Feb. 12, 1873.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

A number of Congressmen and ex-Congressmen have met with accidental deaths.

Clement L. Vallandigham died from the accidental discharge of a pistol in 1870, while arguing a murder case at Lebanon, Ohio.

Robert Young, United States Senator from Indiana, was killed by a railroad train while walking on the track, at Indianapolis, Nov. 14, 1856.

Abraham B. Venable, United States Senator from Virginia, perished in the burning of the Richmond Theater, Dec. 21, 1811.

James Martin, Representative from South Carolina, was drowned on the passage from New Orleans to Galveston, Nov. 15, 1857. He was the founder of the *Southern Quarterly Review*.

Josiah Stoddard Johnson, Senator from Louisiana, died May 19, 1843, from the effect of an explosion of gunpowder on a steam packet on the Red river.

Charles J. Julian, Senator from Delaware, died Oct. 17, 1862, from injuries received while experimenting with a rifle-cannon which he had invented.

HOMICIDES.

There have been members of Congress who have killed men not on the field of honor.

Henry Daniels, from Virginia, shot his brother-in-law at Mount Sterling, Ky., in 1845, as the result of a quarrel.

Daniel Sickles killed Philip Barton Key, Feb. 28, 1859.

Richard Weightman, a Delegate from New Mexico in the Thirty-second Congress, killed a Santa Fe trader with the same knife with which he cut a cadet comrade at West Point—an act for which he was expelled from West Point.

Political Tragedies.

The disputes of party leaders for the last three-quarters of a century in the old states would make a wonderful volume, but those of New York would surpass all others. As I recur to the bitter contest between Burr and Hamilton, I find how many others have flowed from that early example, and how strangely history repeats itself. There was a period in the history of New York filled with duels produced by these conflicts. From 1797 to 1801, and from 1801 to 1804, the utmost violence marked the politics of New York. Not only ink but blood was freely shed by both parties. I count a dozen serious duels in that interval of eight years. The rivals were Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, but long before the first was killed by the bullet of the latter, there were other fatal affairs. In 1798 Mr. Henderson killed Mr. Jones in New York city for writing a political squib. Jefferson and Burr were both Democrats, and in 1800 both received the same number of votes for president, and some of the federalists, eager to defeat their ablest foe, Jefferson, were disposed to throw their electoral votes for Burr, but Alexander Hamilton, the federal leader, bitterly opposed that alternative, and no doubt his opposition to that scheme led to his death at the hands of Burr, less than four years after. "I trust," wrote Hamilton, "New England will not so far lose its head as to fall into this snare, there is no doubt that upon every permanent and virtuous calculation Jefferson is to be preferred. He is by far not so dangerous a man, and he has pretensions to character. As to Burr, there is nothing in his favor. His private character is not defended by his most partial friends. He is bankrupt beyond redemption, except by the plunder of his country." And Jefferson was elected over Burr. Then began the reign of the Democrats in New York, and other duels. First, the death of Philip Hamilton, the eldest son of the great financier, Alexander Hamilton, in 1802, in a political duel with a Democrat named Eacker; then the quarrel between Cheetham, the Jefferson editor, and Coleman, the Hamilton editor, which resulted in the duel which ended in Coleman's death. This was followed by the fierce conflict between De Witt Clinton, afterward governor of New York, a Federalist, and John Swartwout, a Democrat, and a friend of Burr. They fired five shots, and Swartwout was terribly wounded. This followed by a challenge from De Witt Clinton to Senator Dayton of New Jersey, afterward arranged, and this by another duel between Robert Swartwout, in which Richard Riker was severely wounded.

Matters were shaping for the mortal combat between Burr and Hamilton. Jefferson was nominated for reelection as president in 1804, but Burr was defeated for vice-president, and Governor Clinton selected as the Democratic candidate in his place. Indignant at this new outrage on his pride, and failing to get the regular Democratic nomination for governor of New York, Burr ran as stump candidate for that office against Morgan Lewis, regular Democratic candidate. Hamilton was fierce in his hostility to Burr, and Burr was badly defeated in the same year that saw Jefferson chosen president a second time. There is no doubt that from this moment Burr resolved to fight Hamilton. The latter had been unsparing in his assaults upon his rival, and Burr, hearing of these comments, sent him a challenge, and refused all compromise but an abject apology. This was refused by Hamilton, and on the 11th of July, 1804, they fought at Weehawken, near New York, and Hamilton was killed, leaving a widow and seven children, his beautiful daughter Angelica, made a maniac by the fearful tragedy. Such is the skeleton of New York politics over three quarters of a century ago. The future, if less tragical, has not been less quarrelsome. Both parties have been almost equally afflicted by able and ambitious rivals. George Clinton, De Witt Clinton, Governor Morris, the Livingstons, the Van Rensselaers, the Hoffmans, the Wrights, the Van Burens, the Dickinsons, the Swards, Weeds, Talmadges, the Jays and the Marceys have been on both sides of various factions in the Democratic, Federal, Whig, Anti-masonic and Republican parties.

TRUE AND FALSE.

A gem is a gem
Though it lies in the dust,
Though every by-passer
Should give it a thrust;
Though hidden awhile,
Still its virtues shall shine,
Till it suddenly gleams
With a glory divine.

Sand is but sand
Though the wind, passing by
Should bear it above
To the stars of the sky;
But tried by the truth
And the testings of fame,
Forgotten it falls
To the soil whence it came.

Though obscurity trample
And tread upon worth,
It will steadily rise
From the trammels of earth;
Though change's vagaries
The worthless advance,
It will flee in dismay
At truth's conquering glance.
—Geo. Birdseye, in *Detroit Free Press*.

The EVERLASTING MEMORIAL

BY BONAR.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won,
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers it came from are closed up
and gone;
So would I be to this world's weary travellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its seasons,
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown,
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper—
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken;
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truths I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed I shall still be remembered;
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

The motto of Dr. Cuyler ought to be written in letters of gold—"No one was ever lost on a straight road." It is the crooked road that leads men to trouble. Honesty in business makes a soft bed to sleep on. A dying man, referring to his property, said, "It is not much, but there is not a dirty shilling in it." Men have made piles of money, but how much dirty money will judgment find in it? Is your money clean money? "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." The man that cheats and defrauds and takes short cuts will sooner or later come to grief, and he ought to.—*Selected*.

GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Washington's remains were deposited in their present resting place at Mount Vernon, Va., in 1837.

Beneath the Unitarian Church, Quincy, Mass., may be found the remains of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, second and sixth Presidents respectively.

Jefferson lies buried in a thick growth of woods to the right of a road leading from Charlottesville, Va., to Monticello.

Madison's grave is in the center of a large level field at Montpelier, Va. The region around is one of great natural beauty.

Monroe is buried on a beautiful site in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

General Jackson is buried at the Hermitage, his famous house, on the Lebanon pike, eleven miles from Nashville, Tenn.

Van Buren sleeps in the little village cemetery of Kinderhook, Columbia county, N. Y.

Harrison's grave is situated at North Bend, Ind., a few yards from the track of the I., C. & L. R. R., where it enters the tunnel. No monument or inscription tells the story of the life of the hero of Tippecanoe.

John Tyler's grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., is also unmarked, save by a juniper and two magnolia trees.

The remains of the eleventh President, James K. Polk, lie buried in a beautiful spot at the corner of Vine and Union streets, Nashville, Tenn.

The remains of Zachary Taylor, after three removals, repose now in a public spot in the beautiful cemetery at Frankfort, Ky., where they are in company with many illustrious dead.

Millard Fillmore, the second accidental President, lies buried in a beautiful site in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pierce lies buried in the old cemetery at Concord, N. H., in company with the founders of Concord.

Buchanan lies buried in an attractive spot in Woodward Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pa., on the banks of the Conestoga.

Lincoln is buried at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., and his resting-place is marked by probably one of the most magnificent memorials in the United States.

The grave of Johnson, the third accidental President, is at Greenville, Tenn., and is marked by a fine granite arch.

General Garfield's remains are interred on a slope of Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, overlooking Lake Erie, and subscriptions have already been started for the erection of a fitting monument to his memory.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

It is not news to mention that "Mr. Stephens of Georgia is dead. The telegraph sent that message to the ends of its wires, March 4th, an eventful day in the history of this country.

A well known author visited Niagara, intending to write a description of the great cataract, but on nearing the place he was overcome by the scene, and his account was brief. He felt himself as a child again, and he penned, what he had never done before, that "There is a God."



*Yours Truly,
Alexander H. Stephens.*

This figure as an illustration of how the writer feels over the bier of Alexander H. Stephens, is not exaggerated. Considered both physically and intellectually Mr. Stephens was a prodigy more worthy of fame than any of his fellows. In contemplating the character we have the most indisputable testimony of God in man.

He once told the writer that he hardly remembered the time that he expected to live longer than two years. Yet notwithstanding his frailty and poverty, he had a *will power* whereby he achieved distinction early in life,

and during about half his three score and ten years he was in the public service, as State and National Legislator, then second in authority in the Confederate government, and last of all, as Executive of his native State. He so battled with poverty as to be enabled to contribute largely towards the education of fifty young men before the war and more than half as many afterward.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair;"



"Let her rest, sweetly rest,
Her life work is done,
The conflict is ended,
The glory begun;
So ripe for the kingdom, so longing for home,
On earth's dreary shore no longer to roam,
Let her rest."

THE LATE SENATOR HILL.

THE HON. BENJAMIN H. HILL, late United States Senator from Georgia, died on the 10th inst., at Atlanta, of cancer, after a lingering and painful illness, borne with heroic fortitude. Mr. HILL was born in Jasper County, Georgia, in 1823. He received a classical education, graduated at the Athens University in 1844, and immediately began the study of law. The following year he was admitted to the bar, and soon attained a lucrative practice. In 1851, and again in 1859, Mr. HILL was elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature. He joined in the secession movement in the South, and became a member of the Confederate Senate. In 1875 he was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress to fill a vacancy, and was re-elected at the close of his term. He soon resigned, having been chosen to represent his State in the United States Senate.

FALLEN!—RISEN!

ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR HILL, OF GEORGIA.

I.

Fallen! Fallen!
The stateliest Oak on the hill-side,
Has crashed to the quivering lea,
While the echoes by field, and hill tide,
Roll down to the troubled sea;
Or rise, till the Heavens awaken,
And their startled spaces afar,
Would seem by the tumult shaken,
Which follows a bursting star!
Ah, me!
How low is the crown of the giant Tree!
How fallen! fallen! fallen!

II.

The Eagle that soared thro' the azure,
By a God-like will possessed,
With truth as the grand emblazure
Of his proud, puissant crest,
In his loftiest flight was haunted
By the shadow of blasting Blight,
And saw—but with eyes undaunted—
His noonday change to night,
From the beckoning sun,
To the web Death's ebony loom had spun,
The woven glooms of a place of tombs.
He hath fallen, fallen, fallen!

III.

Yet, what if the Oak, in thunder
Be hurled from his Mountain hope,
To perish in darkness, under
Its savage and sullen slope,
And what if the dumb, dead Eagle,
Unchallenged by gleam or gust,
No longer enthroned and regal,
Lies prone in the pulseless dust,
Cold, Cold,
In the deepening fold of the frozen mould,
Fallen! fallen! fallen!

IV.

To the soil of a realm enchanted,
Shall the germ of the withered Tree
By invisible hands transplanted,
Re-bloom on a deathless lea,
O'er the height of the hills of Adenn
Shall the re-plumed Eagle soar,
With the lustre of eyes unfading,
And a wing that shall droop no more!

Ah! cease your wailing—cease,
From the flame of his torture—prison—
From the foe of his hopeless Blight,
From the anguish of day, and the doom of
night,
From the vulture-beak, whose dart
Flashed over his fainting heart,
The spirit ye loved has gained release!
Release! Release!
To the Central calms, to the golden Palms,
Whose shadowy glories quiver
In the depths of the Sacred river,
To the Christ of Christ, to the perfect Peace,
He has risen, risen, risen!
—Paul Hamilton Hayne



DIXIE FOREVER.

At the State Confederate reunion in Missouri a motion to rewrite "Dixie" almost caused a riot, and was unanimously voted down.

What! change the words of "Dixie,"
The good old song we sang
When leaden bullets marked the time,
And silver bugles rang?
The lines that find an echo
In every southern heart,
The strains that melt our very souls
Until the tear-drops start?

You might as well make over,
In something strange and new,
The prayer we heaped at mother's knee
When fell the evening dew.
The moth to dust and powder
Has turned the coat of gray,
But "Dixie" lives on every lip,
The southern "Marseilles."

"Away down south in Dixie!"
Calls up a vision bright
Of moonlight where the Suwannee flows
And cotton fields by night;
And rows of tall palm-trees
Against the starlit sky;
And oh! to live in Dixie land,
In Dixie land to die!

Beneath the starry ensign
That high above our heads
Its splendor to the morning breeze
In fadeless beauty spreads:
The banner from whose glories
The south no more shall sever,
I take my stand in Dixie land,
For "Dixie's" words forever.

—Miss J. Jones

FUEL IT.

Long ago the great post-priest wrote of the flag of the lost cause:

"Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it; it is best."

I heartily agree with Father Ryan and the Grand Army of the Republic men that a public display of the dear old Stars and Bars does no good. Let us forget it in public and cherish it only in our hearts. We are now one country, one people, one flag.

"Furl that banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops where heroes rest,
Though 'twill live in song and story,
For their deeds of deathless glory,
Furl it, fold it; it is best."

Yet we who fought under that flag may be forgiven if we wish that in death its folds should lie upon our breasts.

My life, my pride, my bride,
Cover me deep and let me lie
With that blood-washed emblem of days
gone by,
In my lonely grave to bide.

PRIVATE.

Fifth Georgia Cavalry, Wheeler's Corps.

An Incident in Payne's Career.

A writer in the *Southern World* says that a warm friendship subsisted between John Ross, the celebrated chief of the Cherokees, and John Howard Payne. Payne was staying with Ross in a miserable cabin in Georgia where Ross had sought a refuge at a time when the Cherokees were ordered to quit Georgia. A militia party arrested them, and they started for Milledgeville one drenching night, Payne on a horse led by a soldier who presently began humming "Home Sweet Home." "Well, I certainly never expected to hear that under such circumstances," said Payne. "Do you know who wrote the words?" "No, do you?" quoth the militiaman. "I did." "Oh, you did. Well, then, go ahead and repeat them, or I'll bounce you off that horse and lead you instead of him." Payne repeated them with feeling, and then sang them. The man in command was much impressed, and said the composer of such a song should if he could help it, never go to prison. Arrived at Milledgeville, they were, much to their surprise, discharged after examination and Ross said he entirely attributed this leniency to "Home, Sweet Home."

COMING HOME AT LAST.

[Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.]

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own,
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be!

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Never had one of his own,
Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And whosoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And who e'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown;
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own!

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine.
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

BY THE SEA.

Slowly, steadily, under the moon,
Swings the tide, in its old time way;
Never too late, never too soon—
And the morning and evening make the day.

Slowly, steadily over the sands
And over the rock to fall and flow,
And this wave has touched a dead man's hands,
And that one has seen a face we know.

They have borne the good ship on her way,
Or buried her deep from love and light;
And yet, as they sink at our feet to-day,
Ah, who shall interpret their message right?

For their separate voices of grief and cheer
Are blended, at last, in one solemn tone;
And only this song of the waves I hear—
"For ever and ever His will be done."

Slowly, steadily, to and fro,
Swings our life in its weary way;
Now at its ebb, now at its flow,
And the evening and morning make the day.

Sorrow and happiness, peace and strife,
Fear and rejoicing, its moments know;
How, from the cords of such a life,
Can the clear music of heaven flow?

Yet to the ear of God its swells,
And to the blessed around the throne,
Sweeter than chimes of Sabbath bells—
"For ever and ever His will be done."
[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

GREAT MEN'S STUPIDITIES.

Sir Isaac Newton constructed a house for his cats. For the convenience of the cat he cut a large hole for entrance, for the equal convenience of the kitten he cut a smaller one, and it was not until his attention was called to it that he realized the fact, which one would suppose might be self-evident to the feeblest understanding, that the large hole would have served for both. The author of the "Principia," one of the grandest works of human intellect, failed to perceive that a kitten could go through a hole made for a cat. Richard Brinsley Sheridan hired a suburban villa, and two days later received a visit from a friend, who was told to climb the fence in order to enter the house. "But why not open the gate?" the friend inquired. "Because I can't untie the string." "Why don't you cut it, then?" Sheridan looked at him in amazement, drew his knife, cut the rope, walked through the gate, and, turning around, kicked the gate off the hinges. "If you love me, kick me in the same fashion," he remarked to his friend. The most brilliant wit of his time, the dramatist who could unravel the most intricate complications in stage situations, had climbed a fence for two days for lack of the stroke of a penknife. A few years ago one of our famous men was found dead under circumstances which gave rise to suspicion of suicide. One of his acquaintances remarked: "He was certainly crazy. One evening I called upon him and found him trying to write a letter. I could hardly see my way across the room. He complained that his eyesight must be failing, as it was hard for him to follow the lines upon the paper. In surprise, I turned up the gas. His look of astonishment as he looked at the light, at me, at the letter, and at the light again, was something impossible to describe. Of course he was crazy. If he hadn't been, he would have turned up the gas himself." So easily do we reach our conclusions; so easily do we take things for granted. Yet Sir Isaac Newton was never supposed to be "out of his mind," and Sheridan was never suspected of being a lunatic. The gas jet simply served to throw more light on the stupidity of a sensible man, instead of proving by its feeble glimmer the corresponding feebleness of his intellect. Nothing is more constantly and completely surprising than these apparent lapses of intelligence in persons whose intellect

is acknowledged to be superior to the average. From a fool we expect foolishness, and seldom have we reason to complain of disappointment. From the wise we expect wisdom, though we sometimes fail to find it. It is said that it is only the fool who learns no wisdom from experience, but the foolishness of sensible people is generally of a kind which experience can in no way modify. It is occasional, variable, unexpected, of a peculiar quality, admits no argument from precedent, gives no basis for calculation. Probably by contrast and incongruity its effect is heightened, and it seems more senseless than ordinary dullness because it is inevitably compared with the usual mental brilliancy. We learn from the entertaining "Letters of Gustave Flaubert" that he had prepared a dictionary of the stupid sayings of great men, and the volume is a unique and amusing one. It was the illustrious Napoleon III. who made the profound observation: "The wealth of a country depends on its general prosperity." The famous Havin wrote, as if giving utterance to a most valuable philosophical statement: "As soon as a Frenchman crosses the frontier he finds himself on foreign soil." Emerson says: "Men who have commanded great armies and taken great cities, who have made laws for an empire, or proclaimed the greatest discoveries in science, have sometimes shown the utmost idiocy in connection with the commonest affairs of life."—*Phrenological Journal*.

Cleveland's Birthday.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—President Cleveland is to-day celebrating his forty-ninth birthday. Only one other President ever celebrated a forty-ninth birthday in the White House. This one was President Grant, who celebrated his forty-seventh and forty-eighth, as well as his forty-ninth, birthdays there. Only three other Presidents entered the White House this side of fifty years of age. They were Grant, Garfield and Pierce, and the last two mentioned were past the forty-ninth milestone when they took the oath of office. President Grant came to the office even a little younger than President Cleveland. He was forty-six years, ten months and seven days old when he assumed its duties. President Cleveland was forty-seven years, eleven months and sixteen days of age when he entered the office. Thirteen of the Presidents were in the fifties when they entered the White House—Taylor, Polk and Fillmore, 50; Arthur, 51; Lincoln, Hays and Van Buren, 55; Washington and Johnson, 57; Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and J. Q. Adams, 58. Five were past sixty at their inauguration—John Adams 62; Andrew Jackson, 62 at his first inauguration; Harrison, 68; Taylor 65; Buchanan, 66.

To be seemingly, or actually, indifferent to things which are awesome or appalling, is not always a mark of high courage or of mental strength. Such indifference may be the result of an apathetic or stolid disposition, while, on the other hand, true heroes and martyrs may suffer keenly from apprehension of the

HISTORICAL CORNER.

In this corner we will always give you some facts of history. Sometimes it will be the history of the men of the Bible, sometimes not. In this number we will tell you something of English history. Perhaps the best way to begin the study of English history is to learn the names of the kings and queens of that nation. Some one has arranged them in rhyme so as to make them easily committed to memory.

THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next, Henry the Third,
Edwards, one two and three;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys, we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess:
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles, too.
Next Jamie the Second
Ascended the throne,
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William, all passed,
And Victoria came—
Pray God she's the last.

ENGLISH KINGS—HOW THEY DIED.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.
William Rufus died the death of the poor stag he hunted.

Henry I. died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion died by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how; but it is said from chagrin, which we suppose is another name for a dose of hellebore.

Edward III. is said to have died a natural death.

Edward I. is also said to have died of a "natural sickness."

Edward II. was barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own wife and her paramour.

Edward IV. died of dotage; and Richard II. of starvation—the very reverse of George IV.

Henry IV. is said to have died of "fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces was a very common complaint.

Henry V. is said to have died of a "painful affliction prematurely." This is a courtly term for getting rid of a king.

Henry VI. died in prison, by means then known only to his jailor and now only to heaven.

Edward V. was strangled in the tower by his uncle Richard III.

Richard III. was killed in battle.

Henry VI. wasted away as a miser ought to.

Henry VII. died of carbuncles, fat and fury.

Edward IV. died of a decline.

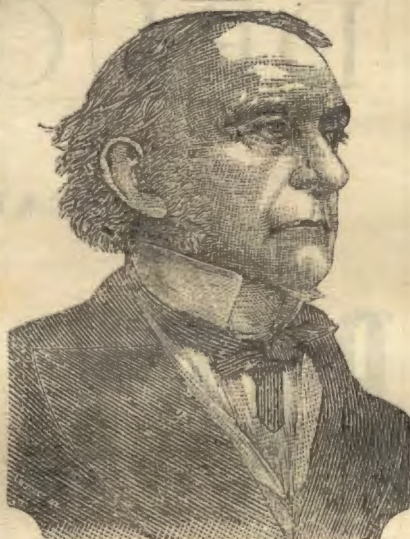
Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart.

Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James I. died of drinking and the effects of vice.

THE EMPIRE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—The Queen of Great Britain is now sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands. She waves her hand, and 500,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head, and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth, and 120,000,000 of human beings feel the slightest pressure of her foot. Come, all ye conquerors, and kneel before the Queen of Great Britain, and acknowledge the superior extent of her dependent provinces, her subjugated kingdoms, and her vanquished empires! The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy. The Roman empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so extensive. The Arabian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused.

NOTABLE PERSONS.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE,
The Prime Minister of England.

The Disraeli Family.

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's son Isaac was born at Ellfield in 1776. In 1802 he married a Jewish lady of great beauty and remarkable accomplishments, Miss Maria Basevi, the sister of Joshua Basevi, an eminent architect. Two years later his eldest son, Benjamin, the present Lord Beaconsfield, was born at Ellfield, England. The family of Disraeli is as ancient as many of the noblest houses of Great Britain. In the fifteenth century, the ancestors of the present Premier were settled in Spain, where they were powerful and wealthy merchants, but whence toward the close of that century, they were driven by the persecutions of the Inquisition to seek refuge in the territories of the Venetian Republic. "There," says Lord Beaconsfield, in his preface to his father's works, "grateful to the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials and guarded them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of D'Israeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family—in order that their race might be forever recognized." The family prospered in Venice as they had prospered in Spain, and in 1745 Benjamin Disraeli retired from business and settled at Enfield.

ANOTHER YEAR GONE.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken
As they once did for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
And the heart and soul grow older
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us;
"Every year;
You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old pleasures, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And the morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter
Every year.

BRITAIN'S RULERS.

The Kings and Queens of Engl
Length of the Reigns of the Se
Houses.

The Norman line began with William the Conqueror; then came in succession the houses of Plantagenet, Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart, the Commonwealth, Stuart-Orange, Stuart and Hanover. William the Conqueror was the sixth sovereign of Normandy. Henry II., the first of the Plantagenets, was the son of Matilda of Scotland, a direct descendant of Edmund II., surnamed Ironside, who was the son and successor of Ethelred II., born in 989, and King of the Anglo-Saxons in 1016. Henry IV., as the last of the Plantagenets (Richard II.) left no children, was the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III., and of Blanche, daughter and heiress of Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, great-grandson of Henry III. Edward IV., the first of the House of York, was descended from the fifth son of Edward III., as the Lancastrian Kings had descended from the fourth son of the same sovereign. Henry VII., the first of the Tudors, was a descendant of Henry V. James I. of England, and VI. of Scotland, was the son of Lord Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots, and his right to the succession rested on his descent from Henry VII., through his great-grandmother, Margaret. Charles II. was the second child among six of Charles I., and started anew the Stuart line at the restoration. Mary, who with William of Orange, ruled Britain, was a Stuart, as was also Anne, "the good Queen." George I., of the House of Hanover, was descended on his mother's side from James I. The following will show the length of the reigns of the several houses:

	Years.
The Norman line.....	1066-1154
Plantagenet.....	1154-1399
Lancaster.....	1399-1461
York.....	1461-1485
Tudor.....	1485-1603
Stuart.....	1603-1649
Commonwealth.....	1649-1660
Stuart.....	1660-1688
Stuart-Orange.....	1688-1702
Stuart.....	1702-1714
Hanover.....	1714

The following will show at a glance the rulers. There were often a number of Queens, and, as the space is limited, only the actual rulers' names are given:

Norman—	Tudor—
William.....1066-1087	Mary.....1552-1558
Wm. Rufus...1087-1100	Elizabeth.....1558-1603
Henry I.....1100-1135	Stuart—
Stephen.....1135-1154	James I.....1603-1625
Plantagenet—	Charles I.....1625-1649
Henry II.....1154-1189	Commonwealth—
Richard I.....1189-1199	Parliamentary
John.....1199-1216	Executive.....1649-1653
Henry III.....1216-1272	Protectorate.....1653-1660
Edward I.....1272-1307	Stuart—
Edward II.....1307-1327	Charles II.....1660-1685
Edward III.....1327-1377	James II.....1685-1688
Richard II.....1377-1399	Stuart-Orange—
Lancaster—	William and
Henry IV.....1399-1413	Mary.....1688-1694
Henry V.....1413-1422	William III.....1694-1702
Henry VI.....1422-1461	Stuart—
York—	Anne.....1702-1714
Edward IV.....1461-1483	Hanover—
Edward V.....1483-1483	George I.....1714-1727
Richard III.....1483-1485	George II.....1727-1760
Tudor—	George III.....1760-1820
Henry VII.....1485-1509	George IV.....1820-1830
Henry VIII.....1509-1547	William IV.....1830-1837
Edward VI.....1547-1553	Victoria.....1837

Powers of the British Queen.

The Queen alone can create a peer, baronet, or knight, and confer privileges on private persons. She alone can erect corporations, and raise and regulate fleets and armies, though under such restrictions relating to appropriation and expenditure of money as make it impossible for her to exercise her power to the detriment of English liberty. She is the head of the Church; she convenes and dissolves all ecclesiastical synods and convocations, and nominates to vacant bishoprics and other Church offices. She sends ambassadors to foreign States, receives ambassadors at home, makes treaties and alliances, and declares war and peace, though her power in these respects also is in a large degree limited by the power of Parliament to enact or reject such laws as may be necessary to make it effective.

Previous to the Revolution of 1688 the Government of England was mainly carried on by virtue of what was called the royal prerogative; that is, by the King in person, with the advice of ministers appointed by himself, who were only responsible to their Sovereign for their management of public affairs. One of the results, however, of that revolution was the transfer of the power of the State from the Crown to the House of Commons. Instead of a Government by prerogative, there was then established a Government by Parliament, from whom all laws must emanate, requiring only the approval of the Crown as a condition of their enactment.

As is well known, the Queen appoints her own advisers, irrespective of the wishes or approval of Parliament, and though popularly the Ministry is supposed to possess the whole executive power, no important measure is presented by them to the consideration of Parliament through the channel of the Ministry, and Parliament may originate and pass acts at its pleasure, subject to the constitutional right of the Queen to nullify them by her veto. The Queen can convene Parliament and terminate its sessions at will.

There have been but two instances in which the Lords and Commons have met by their own authority, namely, previous to the restoration of Charles II., and at the Revolution in 1688. There is one contingency, however, upon which, under authority of law, Parliament may meet without summons. It was provided in the reign of Anne that in case there should be no Parliament in being at the time of the demise of the Crown, then "the last preceding Parliament shall immediately convene and sit at Westminster, as if the said Parliament had never been dissolved." Such a Parliament, however, by a statute in the reign of George III., can only continue in existence for six months, if not sooner dissolved.

This, then, is the power of the Queen. She may, with the advice of her Ministers alone, assemble, prorogue, and dissolve Parliament, declare war, confirm or disallow the acts of Colonial Legislatures, give effect to treaties, extend the term of patents, grant charters of incorporation to companies or municipal bodies, create ecclesiastical districts, regulate the

Board of Admiralty, and make appointments to offices in the various departments of State, create new offices and define the qualifications of persons to fill the same, and declare the periods at which certain acts of Parliament, the operation of which has been left to the Queen and Council, shall be enforced. With regard to the expenditure of money, it is expressly provided in the act of settlement, to which reference has been made, that money levied for the use of the Crown without grant of Parliament is illegal. The Crown is entirely dependent upon Parliament for its revenues.—W. T. Davis, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Thoughts of a Queen.

Elizabeth, the young Queen of Roumania, speaks admirably six languages, and is a clever, handsome and kindly woman. Suffering has made her tender. Her great grief is the loss of her only child, a beautiful and gentle little girl, only four years old. The Queen keeps an album, in which she writes down her stray thoughts, and a continental journalist has copied some of them. Here is one queenly sentiment: "Life is an art in which too many remain only diletantes. To become a master one must pour out one's life-blood." Again: "White hairs are the crests of foam which cover the sea after the tempest." "Sleep is a generous thief; he gives to vigor what he takes from time." "If you could throw as an alms to those who would use it well the time that you fritter away, how many beggars would become rich!" "Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it and it smiles upon you." There is a keen satire in the following: "The world never forgives our talents, our successes, our friends, nor our pleasures. It only forgives our death. Nay, it does not always pardon that."

S. B. S., Auburn, Ala.: Please give the poem beginning "There is a time we know not when," and state the author's name.

The poem is from the pen of Dr. Addison Alexander, and it was a great favorite with a former generation. The whole poem is as follows:

There is a time we know not when,

A point we know not where,

That marks the destiny of men

To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,

That crosses every path:

The hidden boundary between

God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,

To die as if by stealth;

It does not quench the beaming eye,

Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,

The spirits light and gay,

That which is pleasing still may please

And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set

Indelibly a mark,

Unseen by man, for man as yet,

Is blind and in the dark.

Oh, where is this mysterious borne

By which our path is crossed;

Beyond which God himself hath sworn

That he goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?

How long will God forbear?

Where does hope end, and where begin

The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent—

Ye that from God depart,

While it is called today repent,

And harden not your heart.

Unhappy Queens.

We say "happy as a queen," while, in reality, the majority of queens have been very unhappy. Many a royal lady can cry out, as did poor Marie Antoinette, when looking at her white locks, "bleached by sorrow." The diadem often rests upon an aching brow; and the purple covers many a form that would willingly exchange the velvet and ermine for the white robes of a last, long, quiet sleep.

"Alas!" exclaimed Mary, Queen of Scots, on finding herself within the grasp of her oppressors, "I am not yet five-and-twenty!" Not yet five-and-twenty, and how much sorrow had been experienced in those years! Married to the Dauphin of France when but sixteen years of age, she was a widow in a very short time. She was devotedly fond of her young husband, nursing him tenderly when sick, and mourning him deeply when he died. The moment she landed in Scotland, from France, a religious persecution assailed her. Educated a Roman Catholic, she desired to hold to her faith, which was not an acceptable one to the people of Scotland. She made a proclamation that she did not intend to disturb the religion established in her realm; but this did not save her from much unhappiness, and many a tear did the staunch old reformer, Knox, cause her to shed. She married Lord Darnley, who met with a tragic death, and whom she loved despite his evil ways and bad temper. She detested the Earl of Bothwell, and was, yet, drawn into the plot which made her his wife. Her nobles rose against her, and she was imprisoned in Lochleven castle. Her succeeding years, until she fell into the hands of Elizabeth, is a history of captivity, flight, and poverty. Then came the end, when, looking from behind her prison bars, she broke forth with the pathetic cry, "Perio!" I perish. Nineteen long years of captivity were ended by death, and the beautiful but unfortunate queen laid her head on the block, and amid the groans and tears of the bystanders, it was severed from the body.

Annie Boleyn, amid all the glitter of the court, was an unhappy queen. Henry VIII. her tyrant husband, was as eager to rid himself of her as he had been to marry her. Jane Seymour soon supplanted her in the king's affections, and, upon the first pretext, she was arrested and sent to the Tower. Her execution soon followed; and when Henry heard the booming of the gun telling that Annie was dead, "Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, "the deed is done!" and the next day married Jane Seymour.

A very unhappy queen was Maria Theresa, the neglected wife of Louis XIV. of France. He had loved the beautiful Mary Mancini, although he wedded the Infanta Maria Theresa. The truth burst upon the unhappy wife that there were others far dearer to her husband than she was; and amid the splendor and festivities of the court, one heart was ever sad, one heart ever bleeding. Showering costly gifts upon his favorites, devoting himself to them in the very presence of his wife. For twenty years Louis continued to insult and grieve his queen. Devotedly fond of him, she bore his conduct in silence, until death took her away, leaving him free to pursue his guilty course.

The sad story of Queen Caroline, of England, is familiar to us. The regal life of the Empress of the French, Eugenie, was not without its thorns; and the story of Queen Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England, and wife of Christian, King of Denmark and Norway, is a very sad one. These are but a few of the long list of unhappy queens; and should satisfy us that the most exalted station is frequently the most miserable; that the diadem, to the head that wears it, is sometimes an aching crown of thorns.

NAPOLEON'S PARENTS.

The family of Bonapartes were of pure Italian race; there was not a drop of French blood in any of them. Their ancestors had come from the main-land in the early history of Corsica, and their names are found in the remote annals of Ajaccio. Carlo Bonaparte was a poor gentleman of excellent breeding and character, who married in his youth a young and romantic girl named Letizia Ramolino, who followed him in his campaigns up to the moment of the birth of Napoleon. It is impossible to say how much the history of Europe owes to the high heart and indomitable spirit of this soldierly woman. She never relinquished her authority in her family. When all her children were princes and potentates, she was still the severe, stern Madame More. The beauty and grace of Josephine Bonaparte never conquered her; the sweet Tyrolean prettiness of Maria Louise won from her only a sort of contemptuous indulgence. When her mighty son ruled the continent, she was the only human being whose chidings he regarded or endured. She was faithful in her rebukes while the sun shone, and when calamity came, her undaunted spirit was still true and devoted to the fallen. Her provincial habit of economy stood her in good stead in her vigorous old age; she was rich when the Empire had passed away, and her grandchildren needed her aid. It must have been from her that Napoleon took his extraordinary character, for Carlo Bonaparte, though a brave soldier and an ardent patriot in his youth, was of an easy and genial temper, inclined to take the world as he found it, and not to insist too much on having it go in his especial way. After the cause of Corsican liberty was lost by the success of the French arms, he accepted the situation without regret, and becoming intimate with the conquerors, he placed as many of his family as possible on the French pension list. His sons Napoleon and Louis were given scholarships at Brienne and at Autun, and his eldest daughter, Elise, entered the royal institution at St. Cyr. While yet in the prime of life, he died of the same deadly disease which was to finish Napoleon's days at St. Helena; and the heroic mother, her responsibilities becoming still heavier by this blow, lived for eight years longer amid the confusion and civil tumult which had become chronic in Corsica; and then, after the capture of the island by the English in 1793, she made her escape with her children to Marseilles, where she lived several years in great penury.—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

State Nicknames.

Cut this out and paste in your hat to have handy, when anyone asks what different states are called:

Alabama, Cotton State.
Arkansas, Bear State.
California, Golden State.
Colorado, Centennial State.
Connecticut, Nutmeg State.
Delaware, Blue Hen State.
Florida, Peninsula State.
Georgia, Cracker State.
Illinois, Sucker State.
Iowa, Hawkeye State.
Indiana, Hoosier State.
Kansas, Sunflower State.
Kentucky, Blue Grass State.
Louisiana, Pelican State.
Maine, Pine Tree State.
Maryland, Old Line State.
Massachusetts, Bay State.
Michigan, Wolverine State.
Minnesota, Stub Toe State.
Nebraska, Black Water State.
New Hampshire, Granite State.
Nevada, Blackwater State.
New Jersey, Jersey State.
New York, Empire State.
North Carolina, Old North State.
North Dakota, Flitchtail State.
Oklahoma, Sooner State.
Ohio, Buckeye State.
Oregon, Beaver State.
Pennsylvania, Keystone State.
Rhode Island, Little Rody.
South Carolina, Palmetto State.
South Dakota, Swings Cat State.
Tennessee, big Bend State.
Texas, Lone Star State.
Vermont, Green Mountain State.
Virginia, The Old Dominion.
Washington, Chenook State.
West Virginia, The Handle.
Wisconsin, Badger State.

"Perform today's duties,
And pray today's prayers,
Enjoy today's beauties,
And bear today's cares.

"To God bring thy sorrows,
From Him take thy rest,
With Him leave thy morrows,
And thou shalt be blest."

NOTABLE PERSONS.



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

The Man Who Made the Suez Canal.

At the present time M. de Lesseps is in Egypt anxiously guarding the interest of the Suez Canal. He is understood to have engaged the promise of Arabi Pasha that he will not be a party to its damage or destruction, and has published on behalf of the Suez Canal Company a declaration made by a great number of Bedouin chiefs that they will destroy the canal unless the British retire from the occupation of Egypt. The strength of this declaration lies in the fact that other nations beside the British have an interest in the canal. While that of the United Kingdom is the greatest, their's is not less real because inferior in magnitude. On the other hand, England's defense of the canal against the Bedouin's would be a service rendered to all the leading commercial countries, and it may be doubted whether the canal is really in danger of destruction with such a force at hand as that representing several nations interested in its safety, now in Egypt and in Egyptian waters. M. de Lesseps' anxiety for the safety of the canal, the greatest work of his life, is natural, but it may be questioned whether his essentially unfriendly attitude towards England is the right one to take in order to insure it.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles in 1805, the son of Jean Baptiste Barthelemy, Baron de Lesseps. When twenty years old he was appointed attache to the French consulate in Lisbon. He was afterwards engaged in the Commercial Department of the Ministration of Foreign Affairs. In 1828 he was attache to the Consul-General at Tunis, and in 1831 was made Consul to Alexandria. In his thirty fifth year he was made Consul at Rotterdam, and in 1839 negotiated in behalf of French commerce with the Spanish Government. The same year he was transferred to the Consulate at Barcelona. In 1844 he returned again to Alexandria, but was speedily reap-

pointed to Barcelona. French Minister at Court of Madrid in the last days of the reign of Louis Philippe, he returned to Paris after the revolution in which that monarch fell, and was sent by the Republican Government to represent France at Rome, then under a government headed by Mazzini. His commission to negotiate for the construction of the Suez Canal was given in 1854, but not until 1856 was the Campagne International formed for this purpose. The years between then and 1864 were spent in collecting money for his great project and in the overcoming of other difficulties than the financial one; but in July, 1864, the final and favorable decision of Napoleon III was gained and work on the canal fairly begun. It was opened in 1869, the year witnessing the completion of perhaps the greatest piece of engineering of modern times and the highest triumph of the indefatigable man who had constructed it.

M. de Lesseps is a well preserved old man, good-looking and fascinating in discourse. He has visited the United States, and is personally acquainted with many of our public men.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie's Mother.

The marriage of her daughter with the late Emperor Napoleon III. is the Countess de Montijo's chief claim upon the attention of the newspapers. Otherwise probably the lady would have died and been buried with little foreign notice of these mournful events. She went to Paris with two pretty daughters thirty-five years ago, and though living quietly, became the subject of the following note entered at Police Headquarters by one of the Paris detectives: "There is staying at No. 45 Rue St. Antoine, in a rather shabby apartment, on the third floor, a Mme. de Montijo, who professes to be the wife of a Spanish grandee. Her style of living is modest and she receives no visits from ladies; but three or four times a week a number of gentlemen, principally foreigners, come and pass the evening with her and play cards. It is presumable that they are attracted as much by the beauty of Mme. de Montijo's daughters as by the wish to gamble." On the border of this note the Prefect of Police wrote: "Find out whether Mme. Montijo is really the wife of a nobleman;" and on a document appended to it was the return: "Mme. de Montijo is really what she professes to be, the wife of the Count of that name, but the pair were virtually divorced three years after marriage, and the Countess professes to live on her jointure of ten thousand francs a year."

Five years afterward the marriage of the Countess's eldest daughter to the rich Spanish Duke of Alba brought wealth to her family; for it is reported that the Duke gave the old lady one hundred thousand francs a year on condition that she should stay away from Spain. She returned to Paris with the fascinating Eugenie, set up an establishment of considerable splendor, became a guest at President Louis Napoleon's receptions and a protracted visitor at his suburban palaces; and succeeded in keeping Eugenie presumably heart-whole until Napoleon got ready to lay siege to the little fortress. In order to facilitate operations she said to him one day, in effect: "Your attentions to my dear child are so marked and have become so remarked upon that really, Mr. President, I think we shall have to make our departure from our adopted and beloved Paris. We shall be forced, I fear, to make the sacrifice; unless, unless,—" "My dear Countess," interrupted substantially, the smitten Nephew of his Uncle, "don't say another word. I understand you perfectly. Pray give me until to-morrow." Forthwith he acquainted his Cabinet with his intention to marry Mlle. Montijo. He objected that the lady was not his equalsocially. He replied that he would have her anyhow. About a week afterward he was proclaimed Emperor; and about two months afterward he was bound to the beautiful Eugenie by both civil and ecclesiastical ceremonies, the latter in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. During the Empire the Countess lived as became an Emperor's mother-in-law; and when Napoleon fell at Sedan she retired gracefully to Spain. Her widowed and childless daughter, after a long and trying journey from Chislehurst, reached Madrid too late to bid her farewell. The dead Countess was the daughter of a Mr. Kirkpatrick, once an English consul at Malaga. Her husband was the youngest son of the Count of Montijo, who subsequently became his father's heir. Like her daughters, she was beautiful in her prime, and was victorious through beauty.—(N. Y. Post.

OUIDA.

Her Name, Fortune, Dwelling, Appearance, Habits, and Disposition.

From the Philadelphia Press.

FLORENCE, April 8.—Louisa de la Ramee is of French extraction, her grandfather having been a Frenchman; but she is English on both sides of the house, having been born at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, forty-three years ago. The story runs that her father and mother, being inharmontious in their domestic relations, separated during her girlhood—he coming to the Continent, and she remaining in England. Ouida's youth was passed in various countries, so that she may be said to have no particular nationality. She speaks fluently French, Italian, and German, as well as her native tongue, and writes those foreign languages with facility.

If Ouida's books (she derived her penname from the childish pronunciation by her little niece, of her first name, which is Louisa de la Ramee) are not quite appreciated by the critics, they are appreciated by her publishers, for they sell largely and rapidly. Her first novel, "Held in Bondage," brought her, I understand, \$3,000, and she now gets at least \$10,000 for every new work in three volumes that she writes. She has grown so popular within the last eight or ten years that she can make very favorable terms with publishers, and she never neglects it. It is said, her own interests, "Moths" and "Friendship" have been exceedingly profitable, yielding her to date, respectively, \$14,000 and \$15,000, and are still in demand.

She is reported to have made from \$250,000 to \$300,000 by her writings, and her money has been so well invested that her income is estimated at \$15,000 a year, considered very large in Italy. When to this is added her annual earnings by the pen, it is not strange that she is counted here as very rich.

The celebrated authoress lives in a handsome villa outside the gates, furnished and decorated handsomely and expensively. It is full of pictures, engravings, statuettes, bronzes, books, and all sorts of bric-a-brac, for which she has great fondness and fine taste. If she has little love of her own kind, she loves dogs, horses, cats, birds, and animals generally, having in her house many pets. She often says that they are neither ridiculous nor ungrateful, and that to call a man a dog, as most men are constituted, is a compliment; that he seldom merits, she drives out daily, when the weather is pleasant, and is usually accompanied by two or three dogs.

Everybody in and about Florence knows her by sight. She is a rather striking figure, being tall and well formed, and having a strong, memorable face, with light eyes and an abundance of yellow hair. She dresses handsomely and expensively but in an unconventional manner, and not always in good taste. At times she is overloaded with color and ornaments, and then, again, she is simple in attire to a point of severity. It would seem that she enjoys attracting attention and making a sensation, although she pretends otherwise. An American artist here calls her a feminine imitator of Byron, for whom she cherishes an enthusiastic admiration. She also adores Heinrich Heine and Leopardi, which shows that the bent of her mind is romance and mysticism. In fact, most of her literary tastes are what would be denominated unhealthy. Her views of life are not cheerful, and her countenance is generally marred by an expression of unamiability. What has made her bitter nobody knows. It is due partly to temperament and partly to circumstances. Her early life has probably been such as to sour her. Moreover, she is an idealist, and, consequently, doomed to disappointment in all her relations with the world.

The poor are very much attached to Ouida, which is natural, as she is very kind to them personally and pecuniarily. She gives freely and largely in charity, and she is said never to hear of a case of indigence and suffering which she does not try to relieve. On the whole, she appears to be a strong, earnest, generous, honorable, pure-minded woman, whose faults are mostly on the surface. She believes she does much good by exposing the weaknesses and meannesses and vices of society, and by presenting patterns of men and women who put the common creatures of life to shame. She travels a good deal, spending six or seven months here, and the rest of the year in France and England. She has a few friends who are devoted to her, and for them and to them she is goodness itself. With all her talents and success she is discontented, and is, inwardly, a solitary and unsatisfied soul.

The Story of Godiva.

A. G. R., Henderson, N. C.: Can you please publish for us Tennyson's poem describing Lady Godiva's sacrifice to save her town?

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of the wheel
O'er down the past; not only we that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry; for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he
trode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax they
starve!"

Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?" "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
Then filled at the diamond in her ear;
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Beau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides, among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, doors shut and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclosed the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like the summer moon
Half dilt in cloud; anon she shook her head
And shivered the rippled ringlets to her knees;
Unclosed herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapped
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
She rode she forth, clothed on with chastity;
The deep air listened 'round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheeks flame; her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and over head
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared, but she
Noted through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall,
Then rode she back, clothed in white chastity,
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she that knew not, passed; and all at once
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless
noon

Was crashed and hammered from a hundred
towers

One after one; but even then she gained
Her tower, whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

When our great poet was nine years
old, his master wanted him to write a
composition. Little Henry, like all
children, shrank from the undertaking.
His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may
take your slate and go out behind the
school-house, and there you can find
something to write about, and then you
can tell what it is, what it is for, and
what is to be done with it, and that will
be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out.
He went behind Mr. Finney's barn,
which chanced to be near, and seeing a
fine turnip growing up, he thought he
knew what that was, what it was for,
and what would be done with it.

A half-hour had been allowed Henry
for his first undertaking in writing com-
positions. In a half-hour he carried in
his work, all accomplished, and the mas-
ter is said to have been affected almost
to tears when he saw what little Henry
had done in that short time:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew;
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

Longfellow's Finest Sonnet.

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door.
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him
more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the thought we
know."

GOD'S LIGHTHOUSES.

BY LOU J. BRANCHAMP.



H sailor, far out on the sea,
Where the winds bent thy bark
to and fro,

Dost thou fear in the dark some dread rock
May send thee and thine down below?
Have faith, over yon stands the tower,
And the keeper tolls up the dark way,
And at last he has lit the great lamp
And thy vessel steers safe in the bay.
O, soul, far adrift on life's sea,
Are the waves of thy guilt mounting high?
Does the darkness of sin strike a chill to thine
heart
And no light come to thee from the sky?
Have faith, though the thunders roll loud
From the stern king's dread faraway camp,
Over yon stands the lighthouse of God,
And He knows when to light up the lamp,
A storm but makes sweeter the air,
And a dark night precedes the bright day.
For every high wave of our guilt
There is calm in God's Penitent Bay;
And all along sin's darkened shore,
E'en where gathers death's heaviest damps,
Stand the stately lighthouses of God,
And He knows when to light up the lamps.
Hamilton, O.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

We do not know what shall be on the morrow;
but God does. We do not know the hearts of men;
but he does. We cannot control the winds, or the
waves; but he can. We cannot guide ourselves, or
keep ourselves, or save ourselves; but he can do it.
He sees the end from the beginning. He rules the
universe in wisdom and in power, and he loves and
pities and blesses us, his creatures. Let us trust in
him with all our hearts, and he will never leave us
nor forsake us.

"Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That the everlasting God, the Lord,
The Creator of the ends of the earth,
Fainteth not, nor is weary?
There is no searching of his understanding.
He giveth power to the faint,
And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.
Even the youth shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall;
But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run and not be weary,
And they shall walk, and not faint."



"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

The following metrical arrangement of the books of the Bible, from the Christian at Work, will help children, especially, to remember their respective localities in the Bible:

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers too,
Followed by Deuteronomy;
Joshua and Judges rule the land,
Ruth pleads a sheaf with trembling hand,
Samuel, and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther the beautiful mourner show;
Job speaks in signs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.
Ecclesiastes next come on,
And the sweet song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then,
With Lamentations, takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres,
Swell Joel's, Amos', Obadiah's
Next, Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
And softly Habakkuk finds room,
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls,
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Record the Life of God's dear Son.
The Apostles' Acts are next disclosed,
And Paul's Epistle, for Rome composed.
Two other letters to Corinth sent,
Are followed by one, Galatia meant,
One also is sent to Ephesus,
And one to Philippi, one to Colosse,
Then, Thessalonians, Timothy and Titus come on,
Together with the letter to Philemon.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE.

The following Bible curiosities are said to have been gained by a study of the good book by the Prince of Granada, heir apparent to the Spanish throne, during his thirty-three years' imprisonment at the Place of Scullia Prison, Madrid:

In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times; the word Jehovah, 6,855 times; and the word reverence but once, and that in the ninth verse of the One Hundred and Eleventh Psalm. The eighth verse of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest verse. The thirty-fifth verse, eleventh chapter of St. John, is the shortest. In the One Hundred and Seventh Psalm, four verses are alike—the eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first. Each verse of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and the nineteenth chapter of II. Kings are alike. The word girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the third verse and third chapter of Joel. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible is the Twenty-third Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are John iv. 2; John vi. 37; Matthew xi. 28; and Psalms xxxvii. 4. The first verse of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new converts. All who flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfection should learn the sixth chapter of Matthew. All humanity should learn the sixth chapter of St. Luke from the twentieth verse to its ending.

The Epistle to the Hebrews now comes in view,
Which shows the Old Testament fulfilled in the New.

New follow Epistles from James, Peter and John,
In numbers reverse, of three, two and one.
And now, at the close, is the Epistle of Jude,
With John's Revealed Vision, which, in Patmos he viewed.

THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD.

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's
door,
And heard the anvil ring its vesper
chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years
of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers
so?"
"Just one," he answered; then, with
twinkling eye—
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you
know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's
word

For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire,
was heard,

The anvil is unworn—the hammers
gone.

—The Current.

THE DEPTH OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible is assailed and criticised as never before. Yet there never was an era in which it was so generally read and studied as it now is. Never was it more influential than now, and those who study it the most carefully, daily find in its pages that which they have not mastered. An anecdote of the late Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, illustrates this fact:

Dr. Breckinridge once said to a friend, "I suppose that there is no book written on any subject, or in any language, that I could not master in one year, if I should set myself about it."

"But I have made the Bible a special study for thirty-four years, and I never open it that I do not discover something new. It reminds me of the great firmament. Penetrate as far as you may, with

the aid of the most powerful glass that the ingenuity of man has produced, and still there is something beyond."

*The Bible mentions Cross 37 times
And Crown 80 times*

Abraham and Lot.

GENESIS—CHAPTER XIII.

On the green crest that overlooked the vale
Of Jordan westward, Abraham and Lot
Stood and communed, as each with kindling eye
Scanned the fair landscape. 'Neath the mellowing
sun
Of Palestine, in glorious beauty, lay
The valley, "as the garden of the Lord."
Through leagues of rolling verdure and bright
flowers
Dallied the Jordan on its silver path,
The noon-tide o'er its waters shimmering.
Far as the eye could sweep, the boundless wealth
Of peace and quiet and fertility
Slept like a flood of glory o'er the scene.

Then Abram to his kinsman: "Let there be
Peace 'twixt our households, for we brethren are;
Lest watchful heathen that surround us say—
What do Jehovah's followers more than we?
And thus His name be scandalized and shamed.
This goodly land—our final heritage—
Men now we hold by deed direct from heaven.
Look thou abroad o'er all the wide domain
And make thy choice; if to the right thou turn,
Then to the left will I:—if to the left
Best pleaseth thee, then to the right I go,
That there be peace between us evermore."

And Lot, whose greed o'erpowered the courtesy
Of deference to age and dignity,
Cast longing eyes where eastward rolled the sea
Of verdure, to the dim horizon's bound.
"There will I dwell!"—his sad resolve; nor long
His venerable kinsman he delayed
To leave; then turning with his earthly all,
He "pitched his tent toward Sodom."

Look again
When years have wrought their changes, and the
germs
Of selfishness in fruitage have matured.
Ah! would ye know the kin of Abram now?
His visitants are angels, but they come
From wrath to burn anon to drag him forth,
Half willing and regretful, with the few
Who share his fears; while all else in a storm
Of heaven-unkindled fire is lost forever.

Down thro' the ages lives the patriarch,
Noble, unselfish and magnanimous,
In memory immortal. Lot survives,
Sample of nature wherein faith dilute
With worldliness, avails indeed to save,
But never to ennoble or illumine.

E. W. B. CANNING.

Stockbridge, April, 1879.

Chinese Geographical Names.

A few definitions of Chinese geographical prefixes and suffixes may be of service in elucidating the nomenclature of current war news. First, prefixes: Ta, as in Taku, means great and slao, as in Siao-Ping-Thou, means small. Pei or pe, nan, tung and si are, respectively, north, south, east and west. Thus, the Pgi-Ho is the North River, etc. Shang and hai are upper and lower. Pai, hei and whang are white, black and yellow. Suffixes are more numerous and familiar. Klang, ho, tchuan, ula, muren and tchu each and all mean river. Thus, Yalu Klang and Liao Ho are simply Yalu River and Liao River. Shui, kou, tshuan, khl, gol, and ussa are unfamiliar terms, meaning a brook or small river. Hu, nor and omo mean lake, as in the well-known Lor Nor and Kosso Gol. Po, tse and tien mean a small lake or swamp, or a town situated near such a place. Hai means sea; thus, Whang-Hai is the Yellow Sea, Tung-Hai is the Eastern Sea and Nan-Hai is the Southern Sea. Tao, and sometimes shan, means island, but shan more often means a mountain range. Ling is a pass over a mountain range.—Boston Transcript.

THE BUSH BURNING BUT NOT CONSUMED.

BY W. A. M.

The angel of the burning bush was "The God of Abraham." This was then another of those "symbolic manifestations which prepared the way for the appearance of the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." But what special significance did it possess to Moses on this occasion? It was undoubtedly to him a symbol of the present condition and future destiny of Israel. The bush burning yet unconsumed, told him of God's people in Egypt enduring severe fiery trials yet preserved through him who dwelt with them even in their bondage. This made the vision ever after a source of encouragement and support to Moses. For, at the close of life, when giving his farewell blessings to the tribes, his richest benediction upon the sons of Joseph was to wish for them "the goodwill of him that dwelt in the bush."

The "Burning Bush" is the official and time-honored symbol of the Presbyterian Church. Our fathers of the Reformation, in the day of their sore straits, sufferings, and persecutions, chose as their motto the representation of the burning bush with the words of the old Latin Bible round about it as its scroll, "*Nec tamen consumebatur*," yet it was not consumed. To this symbol the history of our Church has been strangely and nobly true. This symbol, more perhaps than any other, has been dyed in blood, not in the blood of our Church's enemies, but the blood of her own anguish. The Presbyterian more than any other has been the Church of martyrdom; trampled in her struggles for the freedom of man's mind; trampled but rising again, "burning, but not consumed." She has been justly called the mother of freedom—the freedom of the soul of man; fighting ever for this—that Jesus Christ, and he only, is Lord of man's conscience, and King and Head of his Church. This great truth is growing to day, growing in Methodism, in Congregationalism, and in Evangelical Episcopacy, and we care not under what name it grows. Thank God that the truth so often crushed to earth has risen again and is flourishing. But it ought not to be forgotten by what Church's bloodshed and sweat of anguish the seed of this truth was sown. Those Waldensian heroes, in whose honor Milton sang, and who, amid their Italian hills, "kept God's truth so pure of old," before there was any "Reformation" elsewhere in Europe—they were Presbyterians; and their motto was the bush burning in the wilderness. Those Huguenot men who saved France, and whom France to France's endless

loss and shame, crushed down in blood on the day of St. Bartholomew—they also were Presbyterians, the men of the burning bush. They who from Germany and Puritan England, and the Scotland of the Covenant, saved the world's liberties—they, too, were the Church of the Burning Bush. Where in modern history has there been heroism or martyrdom for principle like this? God's holiness, God's sovereignty, God's redemption of man through Christ's atonement, God's exclusive right to control man's conscience—these are the truths to make men heroes—a family tree with God's glory on each branch, "a bush burning," but by God's power and love upheld and "not consumed."—*Canada Presbyterian*.

THE PARTING HOUR.

There's something in the parting hour
Will chill the warmest heart;
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it to my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be—
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or black frontier,
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that
dares
In all of humankind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to her husband's home
With doubtings and with tears;
But does not hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find
But this—the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind?

Have you a friend—a comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet converse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will—
Oh, take it not unkind
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind!

God wills it so, and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful
are
Than all the rest who stay;
And when at last poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death, resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?
—Edward Pollock.

When each day of toil is over,
And tired nature's pulse is still;
When the bees have left the clover,
And the light has left the hill;
When the maiden moon is climbing
Step by step her golden stair,
When the evening bells are chiming,
Then we wonder who doth care.

Who doth care if hearts are breaking,
Or a life is crushed and sad;
Or the road the soul is taking,
Whether it be good or bad?
Who doth care if we should suffer,
Suffer as we watch and wait
For a loved one in the shadow,
For a hand upon the gate?

When this life of toil is over,
And our throbbing hearts are still;
When the bees have left the clover,
And the twilight's left the hill;
When we sleep beneath the flowers,
In their beauty, rich and rare;
Hearts that never have been ours,
Will they know or will they care?
—Will D. Muir.



"Bread shall be given thee ;" "HE SMOTE THE ROCK THAT THE WATERS GUSHED OUT." thy waters shall be sure."

" I've found a glad hosanna
 For every woe and wail,
 A handful of sweet manna
 When grapes from Eschol fail.
 I've found a Rock of Ages
 When desert wells were dry ;
 And after weary stages,
 I've found an Elim nigh."

LIGHT FROM HEBREW PROPER NAMES.

BY PROFESSOR H. B. SMITH, D.D.

We are accustomed to name every child soon after he comes into the world, and to choose a name according to our own fancy without reference to its meaning. By far the largest number of people in this country are probably ignorant that proper names have any meaning. Names are with us so many labels, and no more significant than if we called one man A and another X. Yet we regard such a label as indispensable.

In the lower stages of society a name is not thought a necessity until the child is old enough to show some peculiarities, and then he receives a descriptive name. The names of our western Indians seem to be of this kind—as "Old-man-afraid-of-his-horses." When the custom of naming infants is introduced, the names chosen are significant either of some quality already shown by the child, or of the parent's aspiration for it. As every child is beautiful to its mother, we cannot wonder to find the Romans calling their daughters Amabilia, which we have contracted to Mabel, and which means lovely or lovable, or Clara (bright), and their sons Pius, or Felix, or Constans.

Nearly all nations have liked to recognize God in some way when naming their children. Marcus was a boy dedicated to the god Mars. Theodore and Dorothea both mean God's gift. The Arabs go farthest, perhaps, of any modern people in this custom. A very common name in the East, as we know from the Arabian Nights, is Abd-allah, which means Servant-of-God. One of the stories in that fascinating book is about Shems-ed-din and Nour-ed-din. The former name means Sun-of-religion, and the latter Light-of-religion. One of the caliphs of the line of Haroun-ar-Rashid, was called Mostasem-bi'llah, which means Taking-refuge-with-God. If such names seem strange to us, we may remember that the Puritans used such names as Thankful, Mercy, and Patience, while a well-known name in the time of Cromwell was Praise-God.

Even a careless reader of the Bible will discover that Hebrew proper names have a meaning, for the names are often brought into connection with the events that suggested them; or we have the thought of the father or mother told us. Hannah called her son Heard-of-God (Samuel), because he was the answer to her prayer. Moses called one of his sons Eliezer (My-God-is-help, the same name is found elsewhere), and said, "The God of my father was my help and delivered me from the sword of Pharaoh." Sometimes a name was changed to make it more significant, as in the case related Numbers 13: 16, "Moses called Hoshea the son of Nun Jehoshua." The former name means salvation or deliverance, the latter means Jehovah-is-salvation. Moses wanted to strengthen the faith of his lieutenant and successor in God as the only source of deliverance.

"They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have
vanquished the demon that tempts us
within;
Who have held to their faith unswayed by
the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer,
rejoice, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, history! Who are life's victors? Un-
roll the long annals and say
Are they those whom the world called the
victors, who won the success of a day;
The martyrs of Nero? The Spartans who
fell at Thermopylae's trust,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or
Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

WHENCE THEY COME.

Long before Mr. Matthew Arnold lived and wrote, Dean Swift had sung the praises of the "Two noblest things—sweetness and light." It is Swift also who wrote that "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent," and who tells us, in his "Tale of a Tub," that "Bread is the staff of life." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," comes from the sonnets of Lord Brooke, and it was his friend and contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney, who coined the phrase, "My dear, my better-half." Humphry Gifford, a writer of the sixteenth century, has the following:

"I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade."

Bickerstaff, a playwright as seldom read as he is often quoted, is author of the prudent admonition that "Enough is as good as a feast," and of the indisputable assertion that "One cannot have one's cake and eat it too." From Home's "Douglass" comes the famous speech, "My name is Norval," familiar to the readers of Enfield's once celebrated but now forgotten "Speaker;" and in the same play is found the consolatory assurance that "Virtue is its own reward." "The almighty dollar" came to us from Washington Irving; and it was Beaumont and Fletcher who first taught us to speak of "money" as "the sinews of war." "How goes the enemy?" is a question often asked in the "Dramatist" of Reynolds; and "Pray, sir, what is your opinion of things in general?" is one of the "catchwords" of that impecunious sponger, Jeremy Diddler. From old Chaucer we learn that "Mordre wol out," and that it is wise to "Maken virtue of necessity." It is he, too, who wrote, "Yet in our athen cold is fire yreken," a passage which the poet Gray must, consciously or unconsciously, have had in memory when he penned the celebrated line, "Even in our ashes live the wonted fires." It is Gray also who speaks of "Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;" of "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" who warns us that "Favorites have no friends," and that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." It is the shy recluse Cowper who expresses his opinion that "God made the country, and man made the town," and who sings the praise of "Cups that cheer but not inebriate." The light-hearted Gay instructs us that "Life is a jest, and all things show it," and it is a part of his cheerful philosophy that "While there's life there's hope."—*Chambers' Journal*

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.—Ps. xvii. 5.

Though, by divine grace, I have been rescued from the paths of the destroyer, yet do I pray for sustaining grace, that I may be kept in the way of godliness that leads to heaven? While I labor to enter into God's rest, do I pray that He will keep me, and aid me in reliance on His strength, to be faithful to the end?

—The body of our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, we must labor for all that we ask.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

—Though in God's paths, we must pray to be kept in them; for we stand no longer than He may hold us, and go no further than He may carry, and uphold, and strengthen us. Do all that we can to stand, and then pray to be kept from falling, and by the grace of God we are safe!

—Lord! be mine the prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shed, O, shed them, Lord on me!—*Lytle*.

THE three reasons which a good woman presented for objecting to a preacher were striking ones. She said that in the first place he read his sermon; in the second place, he did not read it well; and in the third place it was not worth reading.



MARTIN LUTHER.

For the Christian Observer.

LUTHER'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. E. C. GORDON.

Amid all the ecclesiastical and national advantages which, during this anniversary of Luther's birth, will be signalized, we must not overlook the great lesson to be learned from his personal experience.

In consequence of his father's poverty and disposition, Luther's early days formed a long struggle against adverse circumstances. He studied first at Magdeburg, where, with other poor students, he begged his bread. From Magdeburg he was transferred to Eisenach. There he almost despaired of obtaining a livelihood until Ursula Cotta, moved with pity for the boy who sang sweet German songs before her door as he begged for bread, took him to her home and heart. In the house of the Cottas he not only made great progress in his studies, but also learned the truth which he has embalmed in the words: "There

is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman where piety dwells."

In 1501 he went to the University at Erfürth, where he prosecuted his studies with distinguished success. His father designed him for the law, but the sudden death of an intimate friend, and afterwards a terrific thunder-storm, so powerfully affected his heart and conscience, that he determined to seek in the immediate service of God the salvation of his soul. His father violently opposed this course, and for a time Martin yielded. At last impelled by the lash of conscience, he fled from the university to the neighboring Augustinian monastery. No visions of earthly glory beckoned him on. To find justification in God's sight was his sole object. Had the answer of the Church to his passionate questions on this subject been satisfactory, there would have been no reformation attempted by him.

Rome taught him, as she teaches now, that in order to be "just with God," a man must not only believe in Christ, but also keep the ten commandments of God and the six commandments of the Church; that justification comes by obedience, by fast and penance, by purgatorial fires. In consequence Luther's life at the monastery was an unceasing round of fast, penance and prayer. "Oh! my sins, my sins," he cried. He was often found at the foot of the altar, his hands clasped, his eyes streaming with tears, his heart bursting with anguish. All this to one of his sanguine and energetic nature formed a life of agony; all the more horrible because it brought no relief. When relief came, it came from another and an unexpected quarter.

In the convent was a book, bound with a chain. Luther had never seen but one other copy of it. It was a Bible. To it he constantly returned as a devout student, seeking to know the will of God. In it

he found a word which was as good seed: "The just shall live by his faith."

While in this attitude, the vicar-general of his order, John Staupitz, visited the convent and told him of the grace of God; taught him the Augustinian (Calvinistic) theology, gave him a Bible, urged him to study it, held up the sacrificial work of Christ and said: "Instead of torturing yourself on account of your sins, throw yourself into your Redeemer's arms. Trust him; trust in the righteousness of his life, in the atonement of his death."

These sublime truths at last brought peace to Luther's tortured soul. He learned "that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law."

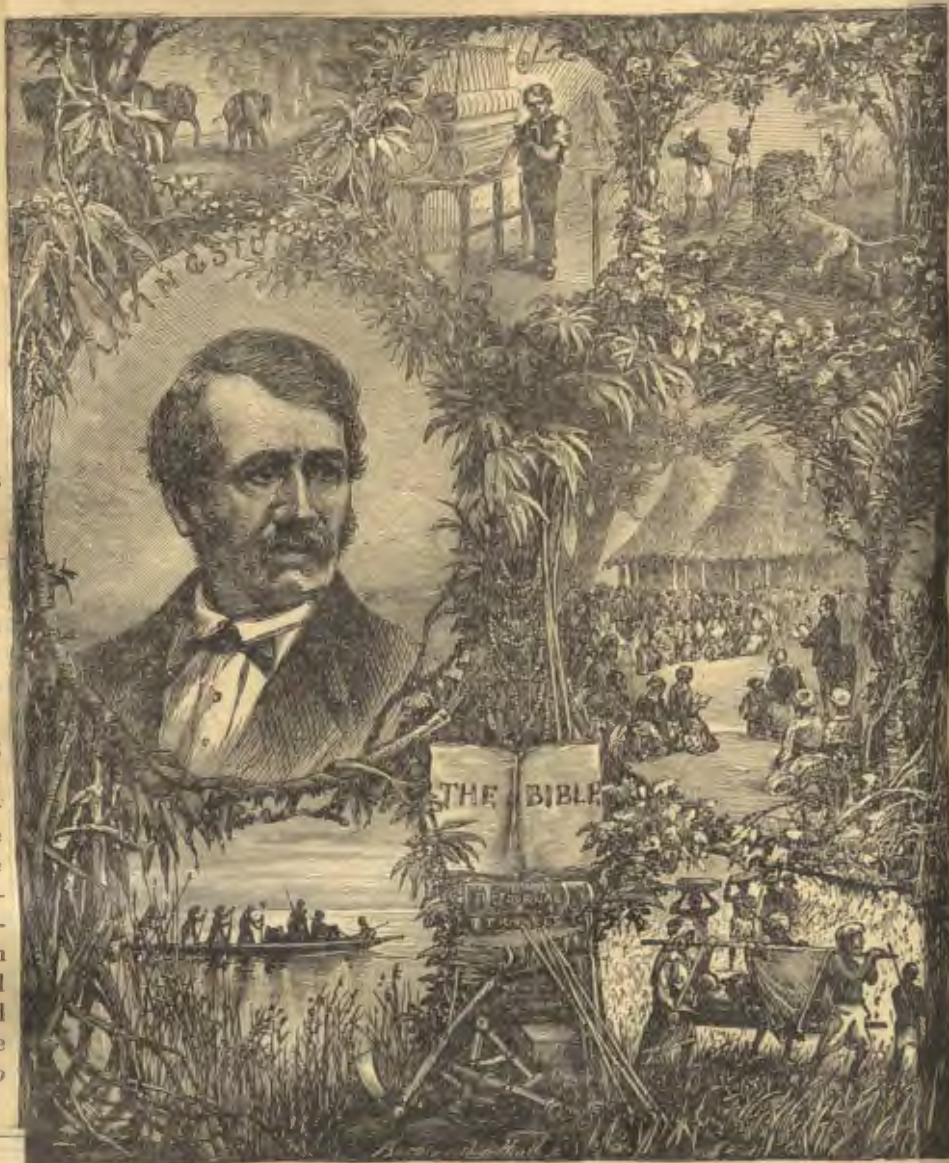
It thus appears that Luther fought the battle of the Reformation in his own heart, long before he was called on to contend with the power of an apostate Church. While others were seeking new realms in the sphere of letters and politics; while Columbus was marking out paths across unknown waters, opening up new continents to tempt the cupidity of the old world; while men were searching for gold or empire in America and India, this Augustinian hermit, turning aside from the things of earth, sought and found reconciliation with God; and having found the word of life, he set out, *not to destroy Rome, but to save the souls of men.*

HYMN.

As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can
boast
Just glisten and are gone.
Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father! may that holy Star,
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar,
To fill the world with light.

—William Cullen Bryant.

TWO CHRISTIAN HEROES.



THE CHRISTIAN'S SIGN-POST.

"The living saints and dead,
But one communion make."
"Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark even-tide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb."

FAITHFULNESS and sincerity are the highest things.—Confucius.

THE law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.—Geo. D. Boardman.

WITHOUT earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it depth of shadow.—Peter Bayne.

A DULL axe never loves grindstones, but a keen workman does; and he puts his tools on them in order that they may be sharp. And men do not like grinding; but they are dull for purposes which God designs to work out with them, and therefore he is grinding them.—Beecher.

LOVE, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope and charity for another being, perhaps but a creation of his imagination; still, it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving even in his imaginations.—Helps.



"Came North, and South, and East, and West,
Four sages to a mountain-crest,
Each pledged to search the world around
Until the wondrous well he found.

"Before a crag they made their seat,
Pure bubbling waters at their feet.
Said one, 'This well is small and mean,
Too petty for a village green!'
Another said, 'So small and dumb,
From earth's deep centre can it come?'
The third, 'This water seems not rare;
Not even bright, but pale as air!'
The fourth, 'Thick crowds I looked to see;
Where the true well is, these must be.'

"They rose and left the mountain crest,—
One North, one South, one East, one West.
O'er many seas and deserts wide
They wandered, thirsting till they died.

"The simple shepherds by the mountain dwell,
And dip their pitchers in the wondrous well."

"Whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life
freely."

THE CROSS.

Father, now
Before thee
I humbly bow
Low the knee.

And thank thee Lord, that thou has died for me;
That thou didst bear upon the accursed tree
My fearful load of sin upon thy head;
And that for me thy precious blood was shed—

And Lord,
I pray
Thy word
This day
May rest
Within
My breast.
And cry—
Lord, help
Thou me
To live
For thee;

And day by day to read thy word,
And know Thou art a saving Lord.

RELIGION is the tie that connects
man with his Creator, and holds him to
His throne. If that tie is sundered or
broken, he floats away a worthless atom
in the universe—its popular attractions
all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its
whole future nothing but darkness,
desolation and death.—*Daniel Webster.*

THE REFINER OF SILVER.

Some time since a few ladies, met together in Dublin to read the Scriptures, and make them the subject of conversation, were reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the "Fuller's soap" and the "refiner of silver" were the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ; while another observed there is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse:—"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." They agreed that possibly it might be so; and one of the ladies proposed to call on a silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and without telling the object of her errand, begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her.

"But, sir," she said, "do you sit while the work of refining is going on?"

"O yes, madam," replied the silversmith; "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver will be injured."

She saw at once the beauty, and comfort too, of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace; His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and His wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of your head are all numbered. As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete, by seeing his own image reflected in the silver. Beautiful figure! When Christ shall see His own image in His people, His work of purifying will be accomplished.

The Great Refiner.

"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

'Tis sweet to feel that he who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies,
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal too destroy.

'Tis good to think how well he knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal to which it goes;
And that with skill and care,
He'll take it from the fire when fit,
For his own hand to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to know that he,
The piece he has begun,
Will not forsake, till he can see,
To prove the work well done,
An image, by its brightness shown,
The perfect image of his own.

Then Great Refiner! sit thou by,
Thy promise to fulfil;
Moved by the hand, beneath Thine eye,
And melted at Thy will,
O, may the work forever shine,
Reflecting beauty pure as Thine.

Republished by request.

CHISEL WORK.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
And day by day
He is clipping whate'er environs
The form, away:
Which, under his skilful cutting,
He means shall be
Wrought silently out to beauty
Of such degree
Of faultless and full perfection,
That angel eyes
Shall look on the finished labor
With new surprise,
That even his boundless patience
Could grave his own
Features, upon such fractured
And stubborn stone.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel;
He knows just where
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblance that he is carving;
Nor will he let
One delicate stroke too many,
Or few, be set
On forehead, or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending—and where the hardest
The blow should fall,
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder his hand from making
The work divine.

With tools of thy choosing, Master,
I pray thee, then,
Strike just as thou wilt; as often,
And where, and when
The vehement stroke is needed.
I will not mind,
If only thy chipping chisel
Shall leave behind
Such marks of thy wondrous working
And loving skill,
Clear carven on aspect, stature,
And face, as well—
When discipline's ends are over—
Have all sufficed
To mould me into the likeness
And form of Christ.

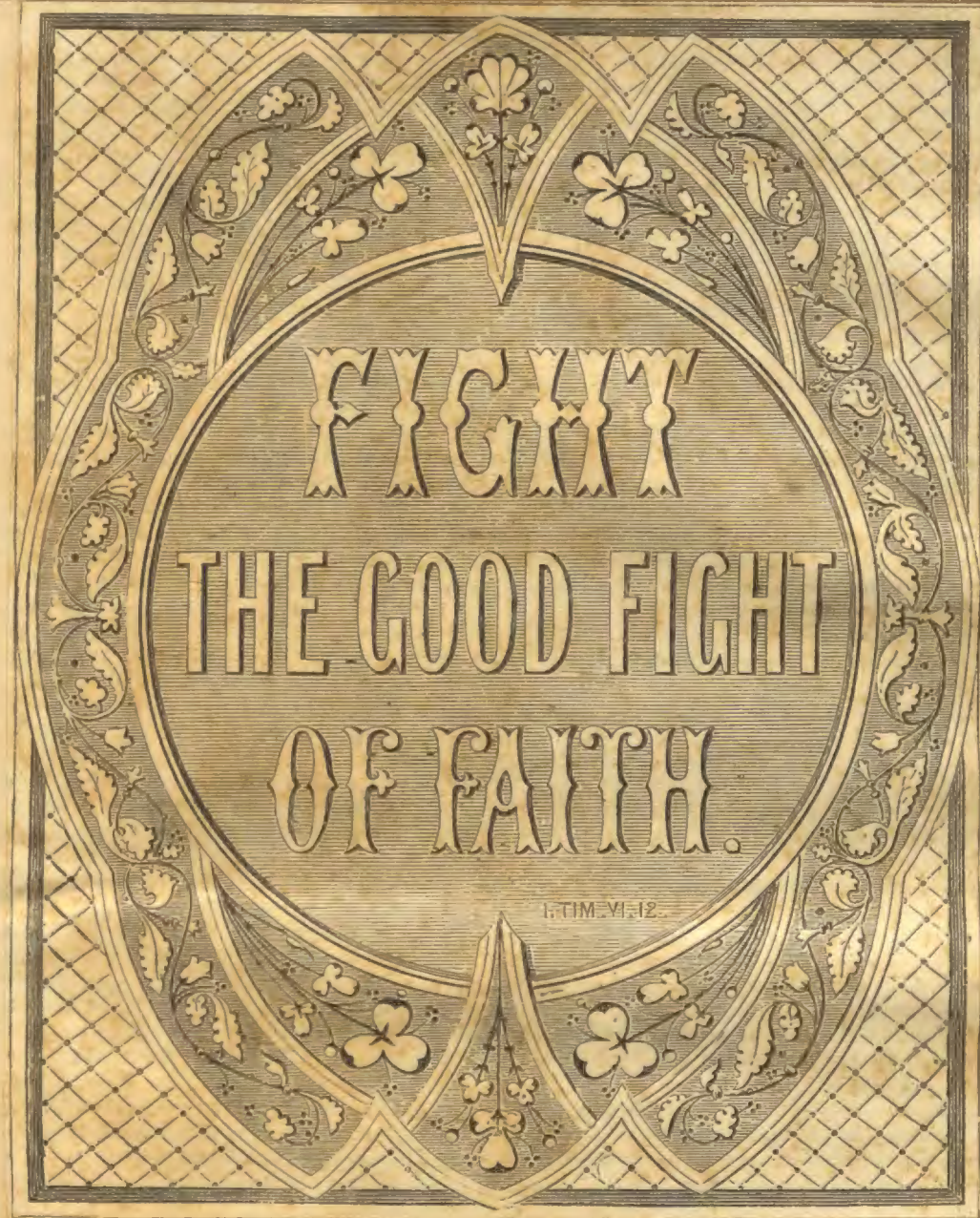
FAITH AND WORKS.

No answer comes to those who pray,
And idly stand
And wait for stones to roll away
At God's command.

He will not break the binding cords
Upon us laid,
If we depend on pleading words,
And do not aid.

When hands are idle, words are vain
To move the stone;
An aiding angel would disdain
To work alone.

But he who prayeth, and is strong
In faith and deed,
And toleth earnestly, ere long,
He will succeed.



"He the true ruler and conqueror, he the smacking
of his race,
Who wreath his arm for life's combat,
And looked the strong world in the face."

"Firing trials make golden Christians;
if the furnace be seven times hotter, it is to
make us seven times better"

"God sees our hearts as we see faces."

ST. MATTHEW.

Once, on the loved sea-shore
Of favored Galilee,
The Master walking stopped and spake
These two words, "Follow me."
And Matthew hearing, rose
And followed Christ thenceforth;
And all the gain of this poor world
He left, as nothing worth.

Now, for the seat he left
Christ giveth him a throne,
And riches of eternal life
For all he lost atone.
So plenteous, Lord, Thy gift
To every one shall be,
Who, counting this world nothing worth,
Doth only follow Thee.

DEATH OF THE TWELVE.

Matthew suffered martyrdom with a sword at a city of Ethiopia.

Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been dragged through the streets.

Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.

John was put into a chaldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterward banished to the Isle of Patmos, and died, it is thought, at home, naturally.

Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downward.

James, the Greater, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James, the Less, was cast from a lofty pinnacle of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hieropolis, Phrygia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive.

Andrew was bound to the cross, from which he preached to his persecutors until he died.

Thomas was run through the body with a lance, in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows, probably in Persia.

Mathias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Barnabas, of the Gentiles, was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonicæ.

Paul was beheaded at Rome by Nero.

The Apostle's Creed.

This is the oldest symbol of the Christian Church. It is quite short, and yet very comprehensive. It is the most generally received confession of Christendom, and is the badge of the disciples of Christ. In its repetition, God the Father, as the Creator, God the Son, as the Redeemer, and God the Holy Ghost, as the Sanctifier, are acknowledged as the objects of faith; and the forgiveness of sins, a religious home in the church on earth, a spiritual communion with the saints who compose it, a glorious resurrection after death, and everlasting life in heaven are confessed as the end and reward of faith.

The primitive Christians repeated the Apostle's Creed every Lord's day in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. In the fifth century this custom was introduced into the ordinary service, and its observance became quite general. Luther repeated it every morning and evening in his private devotions, recommended the practice to all Christians, made it a part of his order of worship in the form of the creed hymn, and its repetition, in one form or the other, has prevailed in the Lutheran Church ever since, as well as in many other Protestant churches.—

AN ALPHABET.

Art thou weary, near despairing,
Bow'd at times with care and grief,
Conscious of thy weakness; sharing
Darksome doubts: while no relief,
Even from the source of blessing,
Finds its way thy heart to cheer?
Go on, straight to Jesus pressing,
Helpless soul, thy strength is near!
In the work that lies before thee
Jesus takes the greatest part:
Keep on with the "good old story,"
Labor on with willing heart!
Mindful of the night approaching
Now, while it is called to-day,
On—combat with doubts encroaching,
Push along thy heavenward way!
Quench, with water from the fountain,
They shall fall when faith appears;
Use thy talents for the Savior,
Visit oft the Throne of Grace;
Watch! and see that thy behavior
Xeels in the Christian Race!
Yearn for souls—on Christ depending,
Zeal for Him—means life unending.

HOW GOD USES LITTLE THINGS.

A nut once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed he drew some things from his pocket and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bedroom, but stepped on the nut, which, breaking, cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled. Who would say that all this was mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside that nut, or the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.

SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.

Tears are the strength of all women.
Gratitude is the memory of the heart.
Common sense is not a common thing.
Antiquity is the aristocracy of history.
Every philosopher is cousin to the atheist.

The cleverest of all devils is opportunity.

Heaven made virtue; man the appearance.

A delicate thought is a flower of the mind.

Superstition is a foolish fear of the Deity.

He who tries to prove much, proves nothing.

Wisdom is to the soul, what health is to the body.

He who knows his incapacity, knows something.

We are never as happy, nor as unhappy as we fancy.

"IF THOU BE GLORIFIED."

I would not have the restless will

That hurries to and fro,

Seeking for some great thing to do,

Some wondrous thing to know;

I would be guided as a child,

And led where'er I go.

I ask Thee for the daily strength

To none that ask denied,

A mind to blend with outward life

While keeping by Thy side;

Content to fill a little space;

If Thou be glorified.

THREE APPEARINGS.

"UNTO them that look for Him SHALL HE APPEAR the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. ix. 28).

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, THEN SHALL YE ALSO APPEAR WITH HIM IN GLORY" (Col. iii. 4).

"Where shall THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPEAR" (1 Pet. iv. 18).

Christ did not send,

But came Himself to save;

The ransom price He did not lend,

But gave.

Christ died, the Shepherd for the Sheep;

We only fall asleep.

*the most dangerous wrong
step is the first step.*

—Franklin.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

My times are in Thy hand!

I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me;
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.

All weakness, I
On Him rely,

Who fixed the earth and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand!

Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or winter snows,
Sickness or buoyant health—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,

'Tis for the best—I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand!

Should friendship pure illumine,
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a Friend
Till time shall end

Unchangeably the same. In Thee all beauties
blend.

My times are in Thy hand!

Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee; this only pray,
That by Thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to Thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome Thee,

Whene'er Thou comest to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand!

Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden or slow my soul's release,
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ, my Friend.
If He be nigh,
Howe'er I die,

'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in Thy hand!

To Thee I can intrust
My slumbering clay, till Thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand.
Awaking from the dust,
Beholding Thee,
What bliss 'twill be

With all Thy saints to spend eternity!

To spend eternity

In heaven's unclouded light!
From sorrow, sin and frailty free,
Beholding and resembling Thee.
O, too transporting sight!

Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear!

Haste, haste, my Lord, and soon transport me
there.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the
counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful,
But his delight is in the law of the Lord,
And in his law doth he meditate day and
night.

Selected for the Christian Observer

CHILD, I WILL TAKE THY HAND.

Answer to "Father, Take My Hand."

The way is dark, my child! but leads to
light,

I would not always have thee walk by
sight;

My dealings now thou canst not under-
stand.

I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,

And through the gloom,

Lead safely home,

My child.

The day goes fast, my child, but is the
night

Darker to me than day? In me is light;
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy
hand,

And through the night,

Lead up to light

My child.

The way is long, my child! but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee,
And thou shalt know at last, when thou
shalt stand

Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight,

Lead to Heaven's gate

My child.

The path is rough, my child, but oh! how
sweet

Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that
land

To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,

And safe and blest,

With me shall rest

My child.

The throng is great, my child, but at thy
side

Thy Father walks; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee, will thy foes com-
mand

To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,

And through the throng,

Lead safe along,

My child.

The cross is heavy, child; yet there is One
Who bore a heavier for thee. My son,
My well beloved, for Him, bear thine; and
stand

With him at last; and from thy Father's
hand

Thy cross laid down.

Receive thy crown,

My child.

Without and Within.

I plucked an apple from off a tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see—
The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light,
The dew had freshened it night by night,
And high on the firmest bough it grew,
Where the win' so! heaven about it blew,
And while the month's were soft and young
The wild birds circled and soared and sung;
There, in the storm and calm and shine,
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from the tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see.

How could I guess, 'neath that daintiest rind,
That the core of bitterness I hoped to find—
The innermost hidden heart of the bliss
Which dew and winds and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and by night
Was black with mildew and bitter with blight;
Golden and rosy and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within?
Ah! never again with toil and pain
Will I strive the utmost bough to gain—
Though its wind-swung apples are fair to see;
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the times go by—
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh;
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away;
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done,

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow,

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way,
Little by little the Right has away;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up near the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

Mother, Home and Heaven.

The sounds that fall on the mortal ear,
As dew drops pure at even,
That soothe the breast or start the tear,
Are mother, home and heaven.

A mother—sweetest name on earth—
We hush it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy.

A home—that paradise below—
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Where hallowed joys perennial flow
By calm, sequestered bowers.

And heaven—that port of endless peace,
The heaven of the soul
When life's corroding cares shall cease,
Like sweeping waves to roll.

O weep not, then, though cruel time
The chain of love has riven;
To every link, in yonder clime,
Reunion shall be given.

Oh, fall they not on mortal ear,
As dew drops pure at even,
To soothe the breast, or start the tear,
A mother, home and heaven!

A NEW-YEAR'S ACROSTIC.

H appy is every one] that retains wisdom,
Prov. iii, 18.
A bstain from all appearance of evil,
1 Thess. v, 22.
P onder the path of thy feet,
Prov. iv, 26.
P ray one for another,
James v, 16.
Y ield yourself unto God,
Romans vi, 13.
N ew things do I declare,
Isaiah xlii, 9.
E nter not into the path of the wicked,
Prov. iv, 14.
W atch and pray,
Matthew xxvi, 41,
Y ear of my redeemed is come
Isaiah lxi, 4.
E very word of God is pure,
Prov. xxx, 5.
A bhor that which is evil,
Romans xli, 9.
R ejoice in the Lord always,
Philippians iv, 4.

"Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent I am found
Like tinkling brass an empty sound.

Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love."

In man's most dark extremity
Of succor dawns from Heaven
—Scott.

That Boy

A BOY should be kept in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole until he is 21 years of age."

Thus Mark Twain.

Which, of course, was an exaggeration for the sake of humor.

A boy is a boy. He always will be a boy until he is a man. He cannot help being a boy all the time and everywhere. You can't put a man's head on his shoulders.

Oh, I know! He comes home from school, drives in the front door like a catapult, raises an Indian warwhoop, throws his books on a chair and his cap in a corner and dives into the depths of a couch.

Whew!

How the protest fly: "Don't." "Don't yell so." "Don't crush the cushions." "Don't come in with such dirty shoes." "Don't be so careless with your cap." Don't—don't—don't!

Whereat the boy, who has come home heartful of boisterous gladness, is disappointed. He grows sullen and savage. Slamming the door behind him he goes out with a grievance against his home folks—to the street, where he finds better company.

The boy is rough and clamorous. He is built that way on purpose. If he is to be a man he must be full of vitality—with a vent.

The boy prides himself on his roughness. It is his natural mode of expressing himself. What seem to you to be faults seem to him virtues. The only way, for instance, the boy knows how to show his love for his sister is to tease her, though he would die for her.

What must be the effect of nagging such a boy?

Under his jacket are keen sensibilities. He hides them under a mantle of rough exterior. Constant warfare on the part of his household frets and hurts him to the core of his being.

In order to "get even" he is likely to go wrong.

There is a better way. Be gentle with the kid. You may be able to lead him, but you cannot drive him—successfully. If you do force him you will get only sullen obedience from him—and inward hostility.

Appeal to his sense of manliness. He has a lot of it in him. He will gratefully respond.

Give him a task to do or an errand. Make him tired. That will take the whoop out of him.

And when he does a job and does it well, thank him. That warms his heart.

A Church or a Circus

The trustees of a church in Chicago have asked the pastor to resign because they say he is too old.

The preacher is 60.

Having given 25 of the best years of his life—the very heart of his manhood—he is to be turned out like an old horse.

Moreover, the trustees are quoted as saying: "What we need is a hustling young business fellow who can raise money and who can attract attention by his sermons."

Ah, the thing is plain!

What these trustees want is a church where money comes in, a church of influence and prestige.

Their idea of a church is a successful plant—artistic music that will attract critical people, sensational preaching that will excite the comments of the press and bring the crowds.

And, mind you, in all this programme there is no iota of Christianity, or, if so, it is merely incidental.

If a church is anything more than an ethical society or a club or a lodge it is a divine institution organized for a particular purpose.

The real church is set for the cultivation of spiritual life and for the saving of the souls of men. All else is incidental.

An expensive building may be all right—if it shall minister to spiritual uses.

Excellent music is good—if it does not degenerate into mere entertainment purposes.

Strong preaching, eloquent preaching is necessary—if it is gospel preaching.

But when a so-called church puts the main emphasis on an imposing building, or high priced music that is more intellectual than heartfelt, or oratory that is merely fetching, or social gifts and graces, to the neglect of the stirring of the spiritual depths of men's souls, why—

That church ought to go out of the church business and go into the theatrical business. Or, better still—

It should go into the circus business.

Men and women can get music at the concerts, oratory from the lecture platform, society where they choose. They go to church for another purpose.

The old Chicago preacher was turned off because he would not run an opera house.

Overcome

There's the Wright brothers.

When those boys were running their little bicycle repair shop in Dayton, O., and were making experiments along the line of aerial flights the croakers said: "Invent a machine heavier than air that will fly? It can't be done."

It was done.

And it was done by overcoming obstacles that others believed to be insurmountable.

When Cyrus Field proposed to lay a path for intelligence on the bottom of the ocean the mockers derided what they called his folly. Field put his fortune into cable factories and built a great vessel for laying the cables. And when the line broke and people said, "I told you so," he grappled the ends and tied them together to stay.

The impossible was achieved.

When Whitney proposed to build the cotton gin wiseacres shook their heads. "Impossible. The fiber of the plant is too short. You can't do it." But Whitney built his machine and wrote over it, "Cotton is king."

"Talk over a wire?" sneered the knockers when they heard about Bell's invention of the telephone. "Talk without a wire?" said the disbelievers when told of wireless telegraphy.

Some persons must be converted, it seems, like the Apostle Paul, by being struck by lightning.

There's the Gunnison tunnel. The Gunnison River was on the wrong side of the Rocky mountains. A daring government engineer proposed to bore a hole through the mountain and divert the stream.

"W-e-a-t!" said the skeptics.

Not long ago President Taft touched a key out in the arid valley on the other side, and the Gunnison river flowed through the tunnel.

Man was made to overcome things.

Overcome!

It is a great word. It marks the difference between success and failure.

Overcome! It is the touchstone of progress. It is the keynote of the New Testament. "Overcome and you shall have a crown of life."

You must overcome things because you are the stronger, or you must be overcome because they are stronger than you.

Will you overcome or be overcome?

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

The Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shore of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.

"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry World,
"And walk with me this way;
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand, at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way to endless death,
And your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World, with a kindly air,
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
While mine is flowery and smooth;
Your lot is sad with reproach and toll,
But in circles of joy I move:
My path, you can see, is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
And the old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low:

"Your dress is too simple to suit my taste,
I have gold and pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling world,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church, with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the world gave in their place
Beautiful satins and fashionable silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell,
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old
World,
"I'll build you one like mine;
With kitchen for feasting, and parlor for play,
And furniture ever so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her daughters met frequently there,
Shining in purple and gold.
And fair and festival—frolics untold,
Were held in the place of prayer;
And maidens bewitching as sirens of old,
With worldly graces rare,
Invented the very cunningest tricks,
Untrammelled by gospel or laws,
To beguile and amuse and win from the world
Some help for the righteous cause.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"
Then the Church looked back with a sigh and longed
To gather the children in;
But some were off at the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play;
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
As she quietly went her way.

Then the sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm,
Merely indulging in innocent sports;"
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the world;
While millions and millions of precious souls
To the horrible gulf were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World, with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales;
Which I do not like them to hear."

"They talk of judgment, fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite;
I will send you some of a better stamp,
Brilliant, and gay, and fast;
Who will show you how people may live as they list,
And go to heaven at last."

"The Father is merciful, great and good,
Loving and tender and kind;
Do you think he would take one child to heaven,
And leave the rest behind?"

"Go train your preachers up to the times,
Adopt the stylish way;
Entertainment is what we ask of you,
And only that will pay."

So she called for pleasing and gay divines,
Gifted, and great, and learned,
And the plain old men that preached the Cross
Were out of her pulpits turned.

Then Mammon came in and supported the Church,
Renting a prominent pew;
And preaching and singing and floral display,
Proclaimed a period new.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
Though the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?"

"And afar to the heathen in foreign land
Your thoughts need never roam;
The Father of mercies will care for them—
Let charity begin at home."

"Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine;
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine."

"My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."

Then the Church held tightly the strings of her
purse,
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away;
I will do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by;
Her mission treasures beggarly plead,
And Jesus' commands were in vain;
While half of the millions for whom he died
Had never heard his name.

And they of the Church and they of the World
Walked closely, hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I am rich and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."

And the sly World heard her, and laughed in his
sleeve,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church has fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

Then the Angel drew near the mercy seat,
And whispered in sighs her name;
And the saints their anthems of raptures hushed,
And covered their heads with shame.

And a voice came down through the hush of
heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne;
"I know thy works, and what thou hast said,
And how thou hast not known
That thou art poor, and naked, and blind,
With pride and ruin enthralled,
The expectant Bride of a heavenly Groom,
Now the harlot of the World!"

"Thou hast ceased to watch for that Blessed Hope,
And hast fallen from zeal and grace;
So now, alas, I must cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."

WHEAT AND TARES.

"Growing together, wheat and tares,
Clustering thick and green,
Fanned by the gentle summer air,
Under one sky serene!
Over them both the sunlight falls!
Over them both the rain;
Till the angels come, when the Master calls,
To garner the golden grain."

"Growing together, side by side,
Both shall the reapers meet!
Tares, aloft in their scornful pride,
Bowing heads of the wheat.
Swift and sure, o'er the waving plain,
The sickle sharp shall fly,
And the precious wheat, the abundant grain,
Shall be harvested in the sky."

"But ah! for the tares! For them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast!
Blind them and burn! said the blessed Lord,
They shall leave the wheat at last!
Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished so freely all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat."

"Where shall the reapers look for us,
When the day of days shall come?
Solemn the thought! with grandeur fraught,
Of that wondrous Harvest Home!
Jesus! Oh grant, when thine angels come,
And reap the fields for thee,
We may be gathered safely home,
Where thy precious wheat shall be!"

—Selected from a S. S. concert exercise by Marion West.

GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.

A discovery of some interest has recently been made at Gaza, in the old mosque of that city, which was once a Jewish synagogue. But on one of the marble columns of this mosque is a beautifully executed model of the golden candlestick of the temple. It resembles very much the one on the arch of Titus at Rome; only this one is surrounded with a wreath, as if trimmed for some festive occasion, perhaps the feast of tabernacles. It has the seven branches, with candles burning in the sockets. The knife of sacrifice hangs from one of the branches, and some other instrument from another branch on the opposite side. The name of Rabbi Hanna, son of Yoseph—John, the son of Joseph—in old Hebrew is inscribed below on the same column.

Mardi Gras.

B. C. S., Cusseta, Ala.: I am a small boy, but a daily reader of your interesting paper. If your space will allow, please give me a short history of mardi gras, its origin, etc.

Mardi gras is the Tuesday preceding Lent. In Roman Catholic countries the faithful upon the eve of entering Lent were indulged with permission to give themselves up to festive enjoyment. The form of this festivity is generally a carnival which is celebrated with more pomp in Rome, Venice, Paris and New Orleans than anywhere else. It probably had its origin in the saturnalia of pagan Rome modified by the early Christians into a feast during the several days preceding the great fast of forty days supposed to have been instituted by the bishop of Rome before the middle of the second century. Mardi gras means "Fat Tuesday." In Paris its celebration was first permitted in masks by the regent duke of Orleans. In this country it has never had a foothold except in New Orleans.

Of mines, the highest in the world is the silver mine of Potosi, in the Andes of Peru, which is stated as being 11,367 feet above the level of the sea; and the deepest mine is the salt mine of Neusalswerk, Westphalia, which is said to be 2,050 feet below the sea.

WHY POPES CHANGE THEIR NAMES.

It is a fact generally known that monks and nuns on assuming their vows, and popes on ascending the pontifical throne, usually change their names. The reason of this change in the case of the popes is a superstitious belief that unless this is done the new pontiff will not live long. The custom has prevailed since it was inaugurated in 956 by Octavian Conti, who assumed the name and title of John XII. Julius Menici would have made a breach had he been permitted, but his friends prevailed upon him to take the name of Clement, he being the seventh pope to bear that name. Thirty-two years later, in 1775, Marcellus Servius was elected, and insisted upon retaining his own name. As Marcellus II., therefore, he ascended the throne on the 7th of April. He was a young man and in robust health, and yet he lived but twenty-one days after his elevation. Since that time no pope has ventured to offend against the tradition. It is a little singular that while the name of John has been a favorite one, no less than twenty-one popes having chosen it, none have chosen it since the death of John XXII., in 1416. The first pope bearing the name of Pius took the position in 142, and the name did not reappear after his death till 1458.

The Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

ROME, May 15.—The Gerarchia Catholica is a sort of directory of the Catholic Church. It is due from the publishers early in the year, but the appearance of the present issue has been delayed in order to include the important nominations and appointments that have been made recently. The Gerarchia contains a complete list of the dignitaries, both high and small, of the church throughout the world.

This book was published first at the beginning of the last century, under the pontificate of Clement XI. The publication is commonly known and spoken of in Rome, not by its proper title, but as *Il Cracos*, a name derived from the fact that it had its origin in a newspaper printed as early as 1716 by one Giovanni Francesces Chracas.

The present number gives a list of the 263 Popes, ending as follows:

Joachim Pecci, born in Carpineto, March 2, 1810, elected February, 20, 1878, and crowned March 3, is now in his 73d year and in the fifth year of his pontificate.

The Sacred College is now composed of 65 Cardinals. There are consequently five vacancies, of which only four remain to be filled, since the name of one new Cardinal is reserved *in pectore*—that is to say, has been determined upon but not yet published.

The oldest member of the Sacred College is Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux; he is 87. The youngest is Cardinal Zigliari, only 49, a learned Dominican supposed to be the

greatest Thomist living. The nationalities of the Sacred College are as follows:

Italians.....	34	Portuguese.....	2
French.....	9	Irish.....	1
German.....	5	Polish.....	1
Spanish.....	4	Belgian.....	1
English.....	3	Turkish.....	1
Hungarian.....	3	American.....	1

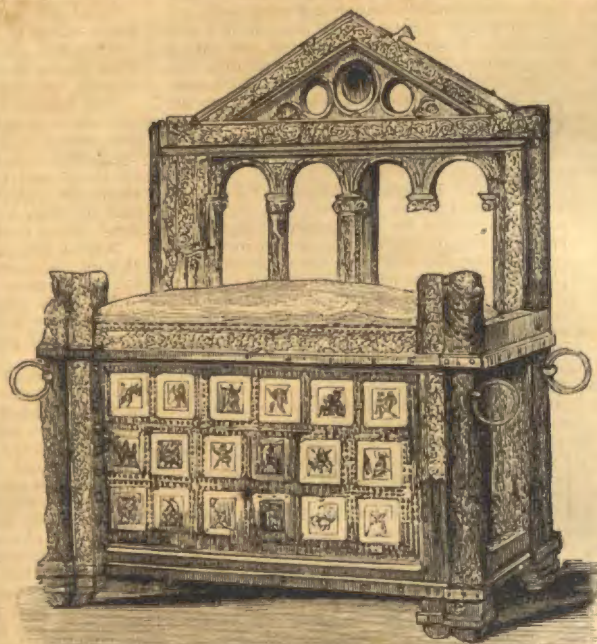
The tallest Cardinal is Howard, the shortest Jacobini, Secretary of State. The fattest is Bartolini, the thinnest McCloskey. All agree that the most learned is Bilio, possibly the future Pope. The greatest orator is Alimonda, the greatest student Pitra, the greatest linguist Haynald. Ten Cardinals have been selected out of religious communities, fifty-five from the secular clergy. The aggregate age of the members of the Sacred College is 3,390 years, which gives an average of a little over 52 years.

Of the 65 Cardinals, 6 are of the order of Bishops, 46 of the order of Priests and 13 of the order of Deacons. Only one Cardinal is now living who was created as far back as Gregory XVI., Cardinal Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague. He is fourteen years younger than Donnet, but has been a Cardinal ten years longer. There are 43 Cardinals of Pío Nono's creation, and 21 created by the present Pope. Since Leo XIII was crowned, 20 Cardinals have died, averaging five yearly.

It seems only yesterday since Archbishop McCloskey was made a Cardinal; yet he stands already in the first quarter of the college in regard to age of creation.

Of the nine patriarchal sees of the Catholic Church, that of Constantinople is vacant, while the others are filled. The Latin rite has all over the world 149 archiepiscopal sees, and the Oriental rite has 27. There are 568 Bishops of the Latin rite; 47 of the Oriental.

Figures corrected to April 1 of the present year show that throughout the world the Catholic Church has a hierarchy composed of 1289 prelates having jurisdiction. In this number are not included the Vicar-Generals of the dioceses nor the honorary Monsignori. During his pontificate, Leo XIII. has erected five archiepiscopal sees, 15 episcopal sees, 7 apostolic vicarates, and 3 apostolic prefectures. The ordinary denomination of some sees *in partibus infidelium* has been dropped this year. For example, Archbishop Corrigan, Coadjutor of New York, who last year was known as Archbishop of Petra, *in partibus*, is mentioned this year as Archbishop of the titular see of Petra, *the in partibus* being dropped altogether. The Pope has taken this step because many of those ancient sees are no longer inhabited by infidels, but by Christians.



Ancient Roman Chair, with Ivory Carvings, known as St. Peter's Chair.

Among the ancient specimens of ivory carving is one preserved at Rome and known as St. Peter's Chair, being popularly believed to have been used on some occasion, if not habitually, by that apostle. The chair is not all of ivory, but carved plaques of that substance are inserted in it, as shown in our engraving, which gives its present condition, and the arrangement of the carvings. These represent the labors of Hercules, and are certainly of the era of Augustus; in fact, one of the best and earliest specimens of Roman ivory-work.

Another celebrated relic in ivory was executed about the middle of the sixth century; the throne or chair made for Maximian, archbishop of Ravenna from the year 546 to 556. This is now preserved among the treasures of the cathedral at Ravenna, and is engraved in the great book of Du Sommerard, and by Labarte in his handbook. The chair has a high back, round in shape, and is entirely covered with plaques of ivory, arranged in panels richly carved in high relief, with scenes from the gospels and with figures of saints. The plaques have borders with foliated ornaments—birds and animals, flowers and fruits, filling the intermediate spaces. Du Sommerard names amongst the most remarkable subjects, the Annunciation, the adoration of the wise men, the flight into Egypt, and the baptism of our Lord.

Sir Digby Wyatt says that this chair, having always been carefully preserved as a holy relic, has fortunately escaped destruction and desecration; and, but for the beautiful tint with which time has invested it, would wear an aspect little different

from that which it originally presented in the lifetime of the illustrious prelate for whom it was made. This valuable object could scarcely have been all wrought at one time, as Doctor Kugler distinctly traces in it the handling of three different artists, who could scarcely have all lived at the same period. Some of the plates resemble diptychs. Thus, the series portraying the history of Joseph in Egypt is quite classical; another, and less able artist in the same style, provided the plates for the back, and in one set of five single figures the Greek artificer stands apparent. The simplest explanation appears to be that the throne was made up by the last-mentioned artist out of materials provided for him, and that what was wanting to make it entire was supplied by him.

JANUARY.

Janus am I; oldest of potentates;
Forward I look and backward, and below—
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow;
I chase the willow from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

The Number Seven.

Subsidiary. Addition. Alas! Why is the number seven supposed to possess a mystic power?

The mystic power supposed by the credulous to belong to the number seven is due to the ancient belief that it is a holy number. This sanctity was no doubt given to it primarily by the Moslem narrative of the division of the week into seven days, the last of which was a day of rest, set apart and chosen for that purpose by deity itself. That the ancient Hebrews regarded the number as possessed of some mysterious, sacred quality is plain from its use as recorded in the scriptural narrative. There were seven days in creation, seven weeks between the Passover and Pentecost, seven days allowed to fast, and the same number to the ceremonies of purification, seven victims were offered as sacrifice on special occasions, the seventh was the sabbatical year, and seven times seven was the year preceding the year of jubilee. The use of the symbolical number in the Apocalypse is something remarkable, the seven churches of Asia, the seven golden candlesticks, the seven stars, seven spirits before the throne, the book with seven seals, etc. The mystical meaning ascribed to this number was not peculiar to the Hebrews, however; it also prevailed among the Persians, the ancient Hindoos, the Greeks, and the Romans. Thence the superstition filtered down through the ages till the present time. That there were seven wise men of Greece, seven wonders of the world, seven graces, and so on. Ancient astronomy had but seven planets, the Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Saturn, Jupiter and Venus, and the seven modes of alchemy were supposed to correspond with these, gold, silver, iron, quick silver, lead, tin and copper; but modern discoveries in astronomy and chemistry interfered rather awkwardly with this very effective combination. In fact, the enlightenment of modern times has shown to plainly the absurdity of superstitions concerning numbers that none but the credulous are now influenced by them.

"Somebody's Darling"

Reader, Clayton, Cal. Please give place in your columns to "Somebody's Darling."

The following is the poem requested by our correspondent:

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward and the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Seen to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.
Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould;
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now;
Somebody's darling is still and cold.
Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer, hush soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand had rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair.
Baptized in their waves of light?
God knows best he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart lured him in there;
Somebody waited his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay.
Somebody clung to his parting hand,
Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart,
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here."

The Proud Character.

The chief and common companion of pride is ignorance. Our pride feeds itself by dwelling upon the possession of some ornament which we believe to be extraordinarily brilliant. But did we see the precious jewels which adorn many others in like circumstances, we should shun to wear ours, and meekly set ourselves to increase our store of grace. When a savage points proudly to the glass beads that adorn his neck, or a schoolboy plumes himself upon being able to spell a common word, we cannot help laughing at their foolish ignorance. One day, when sitting in an express train, I noticed a swallow flying along, now far ahead, now far behind, making flying circles round the train. "I wonder," thought I, "what the little creature would say if it described the impression which our highly-prized invention must make upon it. It must be amused at the huge engine, with the puffing chimney, and all the snorting, whistling, hissing, and rattling, while it, without the slightest noise or effort, but only with a pair of tiny wings, which one might put into his waistcoat pocket, accomplishes a speed of from eighty to ninety miles an hour. Surely we have not yet learned all the art of locomotion, even with our 6,000 years' study and trying."

AN OLD TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

It is a pleasure to look back and see how certain great minds of early days gave heed to the need of temperance principles, weighing carefully the pros and cons of a cause that has now become the issue of the hour. In an old almanac of the year 1837 is found the following:

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health and happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction, that should the people of the United States, and especially all young men, discountenance entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world.

(Signed)

JAMES MADISON,
ANDREW JACKSON,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

There are widely different methods of expressing the same emotions. An Oriental shows his reverence for a sacred place, or a sacred presence, by baring his feet, while he keeps his head covered. An Occidental, on the other hand, when he would exhibit reverence, bares his head, while he keeps his feet covered. The spirit is the same in both cases; and the custom is conformed to the traditions of the people indulging it. Again, there are those, in the West, in not in the East, who, as a matter of principle, keep both head and feet covered, before their fellows, and in any place of worship; although they are not lacking in the spirit of true reverence. These customs are not without their value, if they are not without their meaning. As an expression of a right spirit, they are noteworthy and important. But they may be so exaggerated, or so perverted, as to lose all fair signification. For a gentleman to bare his head by lifting his hat in the presence of a lady, as he passes her on the street, is a token of respect for her womanhood.

Curiosities of the Bible.

The books of the Old Testament, 39.
The chapters in the Old Testament, 929.
Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.
Words in the Old Testament, 592,430.
Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,
100,
The books in the New Testament, 27.
The chapters in the New Testament, 260.
Verses in the New Testament, 7,959.
Words in the New Testament, 181.

Letters in the New Testament, 838,
380.

The Apocrypha has chapters, 183.
The Apocrypha has verses, 7,081.
The Apocrypha has words, 152,185.
The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm cxvii.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times.

The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 10,004 times.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job 29.

The middle verse of the Old Testament is 2 Chronicles, 22d chapter, 17th verse.

The shortest verse in the Old Testament is I. Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse.

The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther, 8th chapter, 9th verse.

The middle book of the New Testament is 2 Thessalonians.

The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans, 13th and 14th.

The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts, 17th chapter and 17th verse.

The shortest verse in the New Testament is John, 11th chapter, 35th verse.



Where your treasure
is, there will your heart
be also.

Matt. 6: 21.

I have seen a stately mansion hold care, envy, passion, and crime; and I have seen the four walls of a log cabin hold love and faith and the sweetest content that is known on earth.

A lovely gown will often conceal the imperfections of a poor figure; but it can never soften a coarse face, or put modesty upon lips that are naturally bold.

There is such a thing as a look cutting more keenly than a knife, and a word hurting more cruelly than a blow.

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as Croesus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel-trap,
As ugly as sin,
As dead as a door-nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
As firm as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a goose,
As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

REVERENCE IN PRAYER.

Be reverent in prayer. However assured you may be of your filial relationship to God, never forget that your loving, pitying and merciful Father is the Lord God Almighty. "Holy and reverent is his name." Some good people grow so familiar with the Divine Majesty in their prayers, they speak to him as an equal. They seem to be so much at their ease in approaching his throne, that their language is that of literal boldness. Though on their knees they are not reverent, but so free and easy in speech as to be almost rollicking. Such familiarity is without warrant in all the encouragements to pray, and in all the examples of prayer in the Bible. In coming to the "throne high and lifted up," let us, like the seraphim, cover ourselves with humility, and then worship him who is "holy, the Lord of hosts."—Methodist Protestant.

*Life's fairest things are those which
seem*

*The best is that of which one
dreams — Whittier.*

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

Man—a bubble on an ocean's rolling wave.

Life—a gem of light, extinguished by the grave.

Fame—a meteor dazzling with its distant glare.

Pleasure—a gleam of sunshine passing away.

Love—a morning stream whose memory gilds the day.

Faith—an anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

Hope—a lone star beaming o'er the barren heath.

Charity—a stream meandering from the fount of love.

Bible—a guide to realms of endless joy above.

Religion—a key which opens wide the gates of Heaven.

Death—a knife by which the ties of life are riven.

Earth—a desert through which pilgrims wend their way.

Grave—a home of rest which ends life's weary day.

Resurrection—a sudden awakening from a quiet dream.

Heaven—a land of joy, of light and love supreme.

CLASSIFICATION OF ROSES.

The gloria rose—for the religious.

The moss rose—for married ladies.

The pink rose—for young matrons.

The damask rose—for mashed balls.

The wild rose—for men about town.

The golden yellow rose—for the rich.

The Marechal Niel rose—for soldiers.

The Jacqueminot rose—for gentlemen.

The rose of Sharon—for heirs to an estate.

The dog rose—for dudes. The blush rose—for brides.

The thorn rose—for scolds. The tea rose—for old maids.

The prairie rose—for settlers. The hedge rose—for the poor.

The cabbage rose—for tailors. The Banksia rose—for bankers.

The button rose—for bachelors. The white rose for young ladies.

The Martha Washington rose—for presidents.—Mail and Express.

All Are Great Monarchs.

The King of Sweden is the greatest poet, the Emperor of Germany the greatest soldier, the Emperor of Austria the greatest linguist, the King of Bavaria the greatest musician, the King of Saxony the greatest scholar, the King of Italy the greatest hunter, the King of Belgium the best dancer, and the Czar of Russia the greatest smoker, among the sovereigns of Europe.

The Proper Definition.

There are plenty of people who can not, or do not, distinguish between the words Israelite, Hebrew and Jew. "Our broad national destination," says the Hebrew Journal, "gave us the name Israelite in the time of our ancient greatness, a greatness to which all people may at some time in the long future rise, and then we may again, together with all God-fearing people, adopt the name of Israelite. Before our ancestors were, in a national sense, Israelite, they were Hebrews—a name which was, and is to-day, a rare distinction. The word Jew is a narrow name in use for our separate religious distinction. Nothing could be plainer to us. Hebrew refers to the race, Israelite to the nation, Jew to the religion."

He Didn't Know French.

The gentleman from the west pulled himself up to the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said sternly, "there's nothing on this I want."

"Ain't there nothing as you would like for dinner, sir?" inquired the waiter politely.

"Have you got any sine qua non?"

The waiter gasped.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Got any bon nuts?"

"No, sir."

"Got any semper idem?"

"No, sir, we hain't."

"Got any jeu desprit?"

"No, sir, not a one."

"Got any tempus fugit?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"Got any soiree dansants?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was edging off.

"Got any sine die?"

"We hain't, sir."

"Got any a pluribus unum?"

The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

"Seems like I heard ob dat, sir," and he rushed out to the kitchen, only to return empty handed.

"We ain't got none, sir," he said, in a tone of disappointment.

"Got any mal de mer?"

"No-o, sir."

The waiter was going to pieces fast.

The gentleman from the west was as serene as a May morning.

"Got any vice versa?" he inquired again.

The waiter could only shake his head.

"Not Well, maybe you've got some bacon and cabbage and a corn dodger?"

"Deed we has, sir," exclaimed the waiter in a tone of the utmost relief, and he fairly flew out to the kitchen.—Detroit Free Press.

Little Johnnie on the Cat.

A cat has four legs, except the one I saw at the dime museum. Some are so homely that I don't see what their owners were about when they selected the ones that weren't to be drowned. I wouldn't keep a cat around the house only my dog seems to like one to play with. Ma says a cat is company. All I know is that ours seems to have plenty of company on the back fence. We never caught so many mice in the trap as since we had the cat. Teacher said the ancients used to worship old cats, and she kept me in because I asked her if she wasn't sorry she didn't live in those days. This is what I know about a cat. What I don't know is when she is going to scratch.—Christian Advocate.

BILL ARP SURPRISED.

The Wonderful Things Children Are Now Taught at School.

I never knew how it was that a chicken could sleep on the roost without falling off, or how it could hold on to it in a storm, but they told me that when a bird sat down the tendons in the legs closed up the toes tight around the limb, and the bird or the chicken couldn't let go if it wanted to without rising to a perpendicular. The chicken stealers know that and will always push at the chicken before they pull him off the roost. I reckon that must be so for I notice now that when a chicken is walking along the toes close up every time the leg is raised. I am learning a heap from these children. I reckon they can tell me why a cow gets up behind and a horse gets up before, and how many eggs a bat lays, and why a whippoorwill can't set across a limb, and why a bean vine climbs round a pole one way and a hop vine the other, and what the dew claws are on a dog's hind legs for. Maybe they know how it is that when a horse eats grass the grass makes hair, and when a sheep eats grass it turns to wool, and when a goose eats grass it turns to feathers. There is a reason for everything in nature and this generation is finding it out. One would think from the way these school children talk about hygiene and what to eat and what not to eat and how to cook it that there was no need for anybody to die if they would conform to science. And it is a fact that life can be prolonged in this way and I am glad the children have such books to study.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Father, to thee I commit
My safety and my all;
In humble worship at thy feet,
Upon thy name I call.

My country save, strengthen their arms,
Who battle for the right.
May they stand firm mid war's alarm
And triumph in thy might.

Thy providence has been my shield
Through dangers that are passed.
Oh, let it still protection yield
As long as danger last.

This day the battle's fearful sound
May burst above my head,
And, host contending, strew the ground
With dying and with dead.

This day, perchance, ah! who can tell!
I may be with the killed;
The battle's roar my funeral knell,
My grave the battle-field.

Then let Thy spirit hover near
Through this, and every day,
And lead me that I may not fear
To wait death's darksome way.

Father, I ask Thy special care,
Of loved ones far away.
My cherished wife, and children dear,
Oh, keep them near to Thee!

And should these loved ones in their grief,
Widowed and orphaned cry,
Oh, grant their troubled hearts relief,
And wipe each tearful eye.

And when life's battle's all are o'er,
And all its tumults cease,
Our happy union, Lord, restore,
In heaven's eternal peace.

—H. T. D.

Christian Advocate, Feb. 1, 1901.

BLISS' LAST HYMN.

[The last Verses Written by the Evangelist who perished at the Ashtabula bridge.]

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils my eyes,
And o'er each step on my onward way
He makes new scenes arise;
And every joy he sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

Chorus—Where he may lead I'll follow,
My trust in him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, "He knows, he knows."

One step I see before me;
'Tis all I need to see;
The light of heaven more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee,
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving "Follow me."

O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know.
He holds me with his own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In him who loves me so.

So on I go, not knowing,
I would not, if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

WASHINGTON LETTER SOLD.

\$1,150 Paid At Sale of Harold Pelree Collection.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

A letter signed by George and Martha Washington brought \$1,150 at the sale of Harold Pelree's library, in Davis & Harvey's book auction rooms. The name of the purchaser, a New York collector, was not divulged. He was styled "James," and it was said that was his Christian name.

The letter, which brought the highest price of any object offered at the sale, was one of condolence to Tobias Lear, and is said to be the only letter in existence signed both by George and Martha Washington. It was written on two pages and was dated Philadelphia, March 30, 1796. It ran as follows:

My Dear Sir—Your former letters, prepared as for the stroke, which that of the 25th instant announced; but it has fallen heavily notwithstanding.

It is in the nature of humanity to mourn for the loss of our friends; and the more we loved them, the more poignant is our grief. It is part of the precepts of religion and philosophy to consider the dispensations of Providence as wise, immutable, uncontrollable. Of course it is our duty to submit with as little repining as the sensibility of our natures is capable of to all its decrees. But nature will, notwithstanding, indulge for a while, its sorrows.

To say how much we loved and esteemed our departed friend is unnecessary. She is now no more. But she must be happy, because her virtue has a claim to it.

As you talked of coming to this place on business, let us press you to do so. The same room that serves Mr. Dandridge and Washington is large enough to receive a bed also for you; and, it is useless to add, we shall be glad of your company. The change may be serviceable to you, and if our wishes were of any avail they would induce you to make your stay here as long as your convenience would permit.

At all times, and under all circumstances, we are, and ever shall remain, your sincere, affectionate friends.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
M. WASHINGTON.

Mr. Tobias Lear.

These beautiful lines were read in the Veteran, and because found on an Alabama soldier, we print in these columns.

A Mother's Sorrow.

The following beautiful lines were found on the body of a young soldier belonging to one of the Alabama regiments in General Lee's army: I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blooming.

And the summer sends kisses to beautiful May;
O to see the rich treasure the spring is bestowing,
And think my boy Willie enlisted today!

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While Robby, the four-year-old, watched for the coming
Of father adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;
And Robby grew weary of watching, and started
Alone on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year, and this afternoon, sitting
At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting
To recollect Willie was twenty today;
And that, standing beside him this soft Mayday morning,
The sun making gold of each lock that I stroke,
I saw in his sweet eye and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke.

"Dear mother, you know how these Northmen are crowding;
They will trample the rights of the South in the dust.
The bars are all fire, and they wish I were going—
He stopped, but his eyes said: "O, say if I must."

I smiled on my boy, though my heart it seemed breaking;
My eyes filled with tears as I turned them away;
I answered him: "Willie, 'tis well you are waking;
Go do as your father would bid you today."

I sit on the window and see the flags flying,
And dreamily list to the roll of the drum,
And smother the pain in my heart that is lying,
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

And if he should fall, his young life has been given
For freedom's sweet sake; and for me, I will pray
Once more, with my Harry and Robby in heaven,
To meet the dead boy that enlisted today.

MEDITATIONS BY THE WAY.

Advice is a piece of luxury thoroughly enjoyed by the one who gives it.
Truth is seldom spoken to kings and women.

A self-conscious man is sometimes one who is aware of his worth; a conceited man is generally one who is not aware of his unworthiness.

Many people make a noise for the simple reason that, like drums, they are empty. Many others who think themselves deep are only hollow.

Nothing is less common than common sense.—Exchange.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY

Each line of the following poem is said to be a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America, and is the result of laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present, says the Minneapolis Tribune. The number of each line refers to its author below:

- 1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
- 2—Life's a short summer, man's a flower;
- 3—By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
- 4—The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh.
- 5—To be is better far than not to be.
- 6—Though all man's life may seem tragedy;
- 7—But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.
- 8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
- 9—Your fate is but the common fate of all,
- 10—Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.
- 11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
- 12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar cure;
- 13—Custom does not often reason overrule.
- 14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool;
- 15—Live well, how long or short permit, to heaven,
- 16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
- 17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
- 18—Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
- 19—Then keep each passion down, however, dear,
- 20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear;
- 21—Her sensual sneers, let faithless pleasure lay,
- 22—With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
- 23—Sour not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
- 24—The masters grow of all we must despise.
- 25—Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem;
- 26—Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.
- 27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
- 28—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
- 29—What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
- 30—Only destructive to the grave and great.
- 31—What's all the gaudy glitters of a crown?
- 32—The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.
- 33—How long we live not years, but actions tell;
- 34—That men live twice who live the first life well.
- 35—Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
- 36—When Christian worship yet not comprehend.
- 37—The trust that's given guard; and to yourself be just;
- 38—For live we how we can, yet die we must.

1. Young; 2. Dr. Johnson; 3. Pope; 4. Prior; 5. Sewall; 6. Spencer; 7. Daniel; 8. Sir Walter Raleigh; 9. Longfellow; 10. Southwell; 11. Cosgrove; 12. Churchill; 13. Rochester; 14. Armstrong; 15. Milton; 16. Bailey; 17. Trench; 18. Somerville; 19. Thompson; 20. Bryant; 21. Smollet; 22. Crabbe; 23. Massinger; 24. Crowley; 25. Beattie; 26. Cowper; 27. Sir Walter Davant; 28. Gray; 29. Willis; 30. Addison; 31. Dryden; 32. Frances Quarles; 33. Watkins; 34. Herrick; 35. Mason; 36. Hill; 37. Dana; 38. Shakespeare.

Satan's Soliloquy.

"If it wasn't for wine," quoth the devil one night,
The traffic in souls would be woefully light;
If it wasn't for wine, for whiskey and beer,
How lonely I'd be in my kingdom down here!

When I planted the vine and coaxed it to grow,
When I taught the rich purple vintage to flow,
I knew that mankind in their folly would drink
Till into the depths of perdition they sink.

The preachers may scatter the gospel abroad,
As farmers cast seed o'er the plow-furrowed sod,
But what do I fear from the zealous divine,
So long as men quaff the ruby red wine.

So long as I see the gay glitter and glare
Of the barrooms' bright light I never despair;
For so long as men drink; so long as they spree
I know there'll be always a harvest for me.

If it wasn't for wine, for whisky or gin,
The parents of vice and the nurses of sin,
I think, like the Arab, I'd fold up my tent
And would hang up a sign that hell is for rent.

JAMES GARDNER.

Intemperance.

(The following lines were sent by a mother to her son. She could not have sent him anything better.)

Offspring of hell! by demons nursed,
Of all man's enemies the strongest, and
the worst.

Sure, Satan from his kingdom had thee
hurled,

To banish peace forever from this world.
Go count the stars in yonder sphere;

Attain with accuracy clear,
The grains of sand on which we tread—

Then measure out the ocean's bed:
Such knowledge were too high for man—

The eye divine alone may span.
But add as difficult and vain,

For human eye to ascertain
The ill, the agony intense,

Cause by that monster, Foul Intemper-
ance!

See her, who while the world is sleep-
ing,

Sits lonely in her chamber weeping!
No language to her feelings can give vent—

Her deep drawn sighs are but too elo-
quent;

And man, with all the powers his maker
gave,

Barriers his reason—and becomes a slave!
Oh ye, who call it a pleasure to partake

Of that which can, of gentleness, a sav-
age make—

Panace, ere ye raise the intoxicating bowl!
Retrieve your honor and regard your

soul.
Had I the power, to banish thee from

hence,
Then direst foe to man, Intemperance,

Metamorphs this world would wear another
face.

And peace would reign, unsullied by dis-
grace;

For I would chase thee, till the last star
had set.

And all thy horrors for eternity forget.

It makes one pause to reflect after read-
ing that burglars tried to rob Senator

Quay's bank.

A monument is to be erected over the grave of William Hurry, the man who rang the liberty bell when it announced to the world the signing of the Declaration of Independence. For many years no one knew where the ringer of the bell was buried, but about a year ago the sexton of Pine Street Presbyterian church, in looking about among the graves in the church-yard, found a dilapidated stone, half buried and covered with moss, which when uncovered, was found by the inscription to be the long sought grave of Hurry.

Funeral at 2 p. m.---Body Interred With Military Honors---Thousands of Per- sons From All Ranks of Life United to Honor the Dead Hero.

By Telegraph to the Star.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—With all the honors due his rank General Joseph Wheeler was buried in Arlington cemetery this afternoon.

The remains were followed from the capitol to the sleeping place of heroic dead among the Virginia hills by men who had fought under him in two wars and beneath two flags.

Behind the gun caisson on which the body was borne marched veterans of the Confederate army and of the Spanish-American war.

All morning the remains lay in state in St. Joseph's Episcopal church, where they were viewed by an almost continual stream of government officials, army and navy officers and plain citizens.

The body arrived from New York last night, accompanied by the immediate members of the family, and was escorted to the church by a detail of ten members of the United Spanish-American War Veterans in full uniform, under the command of Major Hodgson.

Throughout the night they kept a vigil beside the body, being relieved this morning by a smaller detail from the regular army.

At 10 a. m. the church doors were thrown open that the remains might be viewed by the waiting thousands. Across the top of the casket was laid the general's full dress uniform, hat and sword, and about it were arranged

a hundred or more beautiful floral tributes, among them being one sent by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was a representation of the Stars and Bars in roses, and bore the letter "U. D. C."

The funeral services, which were held at 2 p. m., were attended by President Roosevelt, several members of the cabinet and a large concourse of army and navy officers.

The impressive ritualistic services were conducted by Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, rector of St. Joseph's church, assisted by Rev. Ernest A. Stires, pastor of St. Thomas' church, New York city.

After the funeral services, the body was carried from the church to the draped caisson without by six non-commissioned officers of the United States army, passing between a double line of Confederate veterans.

The official escort to the cemetery consisted of a battalion of engineers, a squadron of cavalry with a band and a battery of field artillery.

A funeral service from the prescribed military ritual was held at the grave, followed by the firing of three volleys and the sounding of taps.

Among the organizations that participated in the funeral was Camp A, Wheeler Confederate cavalry, composed of men who had fought under the dead lieutenant general in the Civil war. They came to Washington from Atlanta in a special train, arriving last night.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR.

By John Edward Boys.

Too oft the flowers that deck the bier
 Had better brightened living eye,
 And eulogy,—that public tear,—
 Falleth, a distilled sophistry,
 O'er genius that deserved and sighed,
 Yet, being dead, is deified.

Our hearts are urns for ashes cold,
 But temples rare for quickened power;
 On monuments we lavish gold,
 Which, to the dead, had been a dower,
 And held them with us many years
 To charm to smiles or melt to tears.

Self-murdered Chatterton, and Keats,
 Whose gentle spirit contrasts fair
 Against the other's fiercer heats;
 Harvey and Austin, noble pair!
 Died, trite examples of the blind
 Injustice meted oft to mind.

Not always thus! Whom now we mourn
 Fell laurel-crowned, and full of years,
 Beloved and loving, honor-worn.
 The nation weeps! If Lamar hears
 The mingled sobs, to him 'tis sweet,
 That North and South like this should meet.

He ever sought the greatest good,
 The questioned let this aim defend;
 Conceived injustice he withstood,
 But fated, did his genius lend
 To expurgate the ills of schism,
 Scornful of dwarfing criticism.

As Judge,—half attribute divine,—
 His spirit ever mightier grew,
 Till clay no longer could confine:
 It upward to its Maker flew.
 'Tis but his mantle 'neath the sod,
 Just Lamar rests in peace with God.

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Just before his death General Wheeler imagined he was in battle and inquired when the firing was to begin. One of the nurses, to quiet his mind, suggested 9 o'clock, and thereupon the dying warrior uttered his last earthly words: "Let me know a minute before nine," he said, "so we can be fully prepared."

**Body to be Shrouded in
 Union and Confederate Flags**
 By Telegraph to The Star.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—While every detail of General Joseph Wheeler's funeral here on Monday will be in strict accordance with Southern sentiment the ceremony as a whole will breathe the famous soldier and statesman's cherished belief that sectionalism has been obliterated. The honorary escort will be led by the Confederate veterans association of Washington and New York and Camp A. Wheeler's Cavalry, of Atlanta. The funeral march will be a subdued strain from "Dixie."

The body will be buried in the old homestead of his idol Robert E. Lee in Arlington, Va., but across the casket will be draped the two flags of the Union and the Confederacy. The family wanted to bring the body home to Alabama, but at the urgent request of the Confederate Veterans Association here they finally decided upon Arlington.

By Telegraph to The Star.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—All arrangements were completed this afternoon for an imposing funeral service over the remains of General Joseph Wheeler in this city Monday afternoon.

Men who fought with Grant and Sherman will touch elbows with those who followed Lee and Jackson. Soldiers of the Spanish war will assist in the services.

The remains will arrive here Sunday night and lie in state at St. Johns Church from 10 until 2 o'clock Monday, at which time the cortege will move toward Arlington. The Confederate Veterans Association endeavored to have the remains placed in the plot set aside for Confederate veterans, but it has been announced that military authorities and the family will adhere to the original arrangements, and the remains will be buried on a pretty slope in front of the Lee mansion overlooking Washington.

**Forty Members of Camp Wheeler
 Attend Funeral at Arlington.**
 By Telegraph to The Star.

ATLANTA, Jan. 27.—Forty members of Camp Wheeler, Confederate Veterans of America, left here this evening for Arlington to attend the funeral of General Joseph Wheeler.

THE BIRTHDAY OF A STATE.

Something of Alabama's History Since She was Admitted to the Union Eighty- Four Years Ago.

On Monday, December 14th, Alabama will have completed the eighty-fourth year of its statehood, having been admitted into the union as a state on December 14, 1819. The event will be observed in the public schools throughout the state.

During eighty-four years the state witnessed a remarkable transformation. It has been converted from a wilderness into a land teeming with civilization. Men and money have come within its confines to develop the rich resources with which nature endowed this region, and thriving towns and great cities have been built, and a march of progress has been made. But an occasion of this kind excites public interest more in the matter of past history than present conditions.

Alabama's early history is filled with the romantic and the remarkable. The following summary of these earlier events is from a pamphlet issued by the state department of education:

Early History.

While the exploration of Garay under direct command of Pineda in 1529 may have touched the present territory of Alabama, the expedition of Pamphilo de Narvaez, 1528 to 1530, was probably the first to enter its forests. With confident certainty is the conclusion that the coastal region of our state was traversed by Cabeza de Vaca and three companions, the only survivors of the storm-racked vessels of De Narvaez.

A decade later, July 2, 1540, Hernando DeSoto led his Spanish cavaliers upon Alabama soil in what is now the county of Cherokee. Passing down the river valleys he found and vanquished the brave Tuscaloosa at Mauvilla on October 18, 1540—a battle pronounced the fiercest and greatest in the annals of Indian warfare. More than a hundred and fifty years of darkness then fell on the history of this section.

In 1702 Iberville settled Fort Louis de la Mobile at Twenty-seven Mile Bluff, on the Mobile river. Iberville died in 1706. A great river overflow submerged Fort Louis in 1709, and present site of Mobile, and removing to it his French and Indian subjects in 1711, he made it the capital of Louisiana, and there inaugurated his wonderful colonization schemes which have made his name revered.

In 1763 the treaty of Paris transferred to Great Britain the French possessions east of the Mississippi, excepting New Orleans and the Isle of Orleans, which were granted to Spain. Don Bernardo Galvez, the

constitution was framed, and on December 14, 1819, Alabama became a state in the union.

Statehood Resolution.

The following is the resolution passed by the congress of the United States on December 14, 1819, declaring Alabama a state:

"Whereas, In pursuance of an act of congress, passed on the second day of March, one thousand eight hundred and nineteen, entitled 'An act to enable the people of Alabama territory to form a constitution and state government, and for the admission of such state into the union, on an equal footing with the original states,' the people of the said territory did, on the second day of August, in the present year, by a convention called for that purpose, form for themselves a constitution and state government, which constitution and state government, so formed, is republican, and in conformity to the principles of the articles of compact between the original states and the people and states in the territory northwest of the river Ohio, passed on the thirteenth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, so far as the same have been extended to the said territory by the articles of agreement between the United States and the state of Georgia.

"Resolved by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, That the state of Alabama shall be one, and is hereby declared to be one of the United States of America, and admitted into the union on an equal footing with the original states, in all respects whatever."

Growth in Population.

The census reports of the United States tell in eloquent figures of the growth of Alabama since it has become a state. From a population of 127,901 in 1820, it has increased until in 1900 it had within its confines 1,823,697 people. The following is the showing of each census for Alabama since and including 1820:

Census of 1820	127,901
Census of 1830	309,527
Census of 1840	590,756
Census of 1850	771,623
Census of 1860	964,201
Census of 1870	996,992
Census of 1880	1,262,595
Census of 1890	1,513,017
Census of 1900	1,823,697

In other words, in 1900 Alabama had 1,700,797 more inhabitants than in 1820. The relatively small gain in population from 1860 to 1870 was due to the ravages of the civil war.

young Spanish governor of Louisiana, took Mobile from the British on March 14, 1780, and Pensacola on March 9, 1781.

The independence of her American colonies wrung from England her possessions down to 31 north latitude, and a year later England gave to Spain a warrant of Florida on which Spain claimed the territory to 32 degrees, 28 minutes north. This created a long contest between Spain and the United States for the territory between the two parallels. In 1813 General James Wilkinson captured Mobile, and transferred it permanently to the protection of the United States. The Creek war, beginning with the battle of Burnt Corn in 1813, left the bloody massacres of Forts Mims and Sinquefield, was broken by the battles at Holy Ground and Horse Shoe Bend, and decreed Indian removal to the west.

Then began the influx of immigrants. On March 1, 1817, congress divided the Mississippi territory, and two days later organized the territory of Alabama. William Wyatt Bibb, its first governor, convened the legislature at St. Stephens on January 19, 1818, and again on November 2, 1818. On March 2, 1819, congress passed the enabling act, which permitted the people of Alabama territory to prepare a constitution for its admission into the union. At Huntsville, the next temporary capital, the original

Early Officers.

The first governor of Alabama was William W. Bibb, of Autauga county, who had also been its territorial governor. He was inaugurated November 9, 1819, just before the territory became a state. The election had taken place in September preceding, Governor Bibb's opponent being Marmaduke Williams, of Tuscaloosa. History says that Bibb's majority was over 1,000, the total number of votes cast for both candidates being about 15,000. At the same election John Crowell was chosen representative in congress, the new state being entitled to but one congressman.

In October the general assembly, which had also been elected at this election, met at Huntsville, and set about organizing the state government. John W. Walker, of Madison, and William R. King, of Dallas, afterwards vice president of the United States, were elected as Alabama's first United States senators. As to the judiciary the first legislature divided the state into five judicial circuits, electing one judge for each. The general assembly also had power to choose one probate judge for each county, and this system remained in force as late as 1850. Circuit court was held in each county twice a year. The supreme court was first made up of the circuit judges sitting together.

The judges first chosen were Clem-

ent C. Clay, Richard Ellis, Reuben Saffold, Henry Y. Webb and A. E. Lipscomb. At the first session of the supreme court, held at Cahaba in 1820, Judge Clay was chosen chief justice. Before 1829 two more circuits were added, making seven in all.

In July, 1820, Governor W. W. Bibb, the first executive of the state, died at his home in Autauga county, and was succeeded by his brother, Thomas Bibb, then president of the state senate. He held office until his successor was elected and inaugurated in 1821.

The State's Governors.

The following is a list of Alabama's governors up to date:

William W. Bibb, of Autauga, from 1819 to July, 1820.

Thomas Bibb, of Limestone, from July, 1820, to 1821.

Israel Pickens, of Greene, from 1821 to 1825.

John Murphy, of Monroe, from 1825 to 1829.

Gabriel Moore, of Madison, from 1829 to 1831.

Samuel B. Moore, of Jackson, from March, 1831, to December, 1831.

John Gayle, of Greene, from 1831 to 1835.

Clement C. Clay, of Madison, from 1835 to July, 1837.

Hugh McVay, of Lauderdale, from July, 1837, to December, 1837.

Arthur P. Bagley, of Monroe, from 1837 to 1841.

Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Autauga, from 1841 to 1845.

Joshua L. Martin, of Tuscaloosa, from 1845 to 1847.

Reuben Chapman, of Madison, from 1847 to 1849.

Henry W. Collier, of Tuscaloosa, from 1849 to 1853.

John Anthony Winston, of Sumter, from 1853 to 1857.

Andrew B. Moore, of Perry, from 1857 to 1861.

John Gul Shorter, of Barbour, from 1861 to 1863.

Thomas H. Watts, of Montgomery, from 1863 to April, 1865.

There was then an interregnum of two months following the civil war, when Lewis E. Parsons, of Talladega, became governor by appointment of the president of the United States and exercised its powers from June, 1865, to December of the same year.

Robert M. Patton, of Lauderdale, from December, 1865, to July, 1868. Governor Patton held seven months longer than his term by permission of the military commander of the district.

William H. Smith, of Randolph, was appointed governor by an act of congress and held from July, 1868, to December, 1870.

Robert B. Lindsay, of Colbert, from 1870 to 1872.

David M. Lewis, of Madison, from 1872 to 1874.

George S. Houston, of Limestone, from 1874 to 1878.

Rufus W. Cobb, of Shelby, from 1878 to 1882.

Edward A. O'Neal, of Madison, from 1882 to 1886.

Thomas Seay, of Dale, from 1886 to 1890.

Thomas G. Jones, of Montgomery from 1890 to 1894.

William C. Oates, of Henry, from 1894 to 1896.

Joseph F. Johnston, of Jefferson, from 1896 to 1900.

William J. Samford, of Lee, from December 1, 1900, to June 11, 1901.

William D. Jelks, of Barbour, from June 11, 1901, to the present time.

Governor Jelks' term expires in January, 1907.

**THIRTEEN POPES WHO
BORE NAME OF LEO**

**The First Leo Reigned in the Fifth
Century for Twenty-One Years.**

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Only two or the popes have borne the surname of "The Great"—Leo I. and Gregory I. The former was elevated to the papacy in 440 A. D., and sat in the chair of Peter twenty-one years. Not much is known of his early life, but as the ruler of the church he was able and powerful and his published sermons and letters show him to have been a writer of unusual ability, especially for his times.

Leo II. was pope for nearly a year—682-683. He introduced holy water into the service and favored church music. A letter which he wrote in condemnation of the views of a former pontiff has often been quoted by those who contend against the idea of the infallibility of the pope.

Leo III. was pope for twenty-one years, from 759 to 816. Early in his pontificate unsuccessful rivals made an attempt upon his life, but in 800 A. D. he officiated in that great event, the coronation of Charlemagne, from which dated the now extinct holy Roman empire, and was, until his death, protected from his enemies in the church by that great ruler.

Leo IV. (847-855) repaired much of the damage done to the city of Rome by the Saracens and built and fortified the suburb that, because it was so long the residence of himself and his successors, came to be known as the Leonine City.

Leo V. was pope about a month in 903, a time when the church was rent by factions. He was expelled and died in prison.

Leo VI. became pope in 928 and reigned seven months, during which time part of the church recognized and obeyed a rival claimant.

Leo VII. was a zealous and pious man who had an uneventful reign of three years, from 936 to 939.

Leo VIII. presents the very rare instance of the election of a layman to the papacy. In 963 Emperor Otho the Great prevailed upon the Roman synod to depose John XII. and elect Leo, who at the time was not even a priest, but who was hurried through the necessary consecration and was installed. The church resented the emperor's interference and in his absence deposed his favorite, but Otho returned and forcibly reinstated him. He died in 965.

Leo IX. was a native of Alsace, well educated and of noble birth. Early in life his nobility gave him a high place in the church and when elected pope in 1049 he walked to Rome, arriving in the garb of a pilgrim. The first synod held by him re-enacted the law of the celibacy of the clergy and in other ways he favored severe church discipline. In 1053 he took the field at the head of an army of Italian and German volunteers in a campaign against the Normans, but was completely defeated and for some months held a prisoner. Soon after his return to Rome he died, in 1054.

Leo X.—Giovanni de Medici—son, of Lorenzo de Medici, known as the Magnificent, was destined for the church. He received the tonsure at 7 years of age and became a cardinal at 13, though not publicly recognized as such till some years older. Some years after the death of his father lessened his influence at Rome, but he proved to be a brilliant young man, able to take care of himself. After varying fortune he became pope in 1513 and administered affairs in a statesmanlike, diplomatic manner. He also encouraged art and literature, but it was his sanction of the "sale of indulgences" that called forth Luther in 1517, and thus precipitated the reformation. He died suddenly in 1523 and it was suspected that he was poisoned, but so far as known the suspicion was not well founded.

Leo X., another member of the de Medici family, became pope April 1, 1605, and died on the 27th of the same month.

Leo XII. served an uneventful pontificate of six years, from 1823 to 1829. He has been described as a man of simple tastes and laborious habits and generally moderate and tactful in his diplomatic relations with the powers of Europe.

Leo XIII. was elected pope February 20, 1878, and was publicly installed March 3 of that year, one day after the 68th anniversary of his birth. He became the 258th ruler of the church, the 257th successor of St. Peter. His able, progressive statesmanship, his personal simplicity of life earned for him the title of "The Peace Pope," but his vigor of mind and active administration had been not only marked by the absence of contentions and strife, but by the advancement of the cause of the church and a toleration of more liberal views and ideas than had characterized many of his predecessors.

**Intelligence of Birds.
(Our Dumb Animals.)**

The following is from the letters of Lady Mary Boyle, who was a witness of the fact and therefore can be relied upon:

One day, while walking with my mother (in London) over the bridge, we were attracted to a small, poor cottage by the exquisite singing of a thrush. The old couple who lived in it were very poor and their richest possession was the thrush which sang outside in a wicker cage. After listening for a few moments my mother asked if they would be willing to sell the thrush to her. The bargain was made, the double of the sum they named was paid by my mother, who sent a servant the next morning to claim her purchase. The cage was placed in a large and cheerful window in our dining room, but not a sound or a note came from the melancholy bird, which drooped and hung its head as if mourning. We fed, we coaxed, we whistled, but it remained silent, motionless and moping. My mother felt as much indignation as was consistent with her gentle nature. She was not suspicious, but it looked as if another bird had been palmed off upon us. She waited several days, when her patience was exhausted and she sent for the late owner. The door opened and my mother advanced to meet him, but no sooner did the old man make his appearance in the room than the bird leaped down from its perch, opened its wings and broke into so triumphant a song of joy that it seemed as if the whole room vibrated with the melody. "Why, my pretty lady," said the man, approaching the cage, "you know me, don't you?" and the thrush kept flapping its wings and moving from side to side, one might almost say dancing from joy. There was no doubt about it; it was the same bird that had charmed us in the lane at Wolsay, but, like the Hebrew captive, it could not sing its song in a strange land. "Take it back," my mother said. "I would not part such friends for all the world," and off together went the loving pair.

"Not a truth to art or science has been given,
But heads have ached for it,
And souls have toiled and striven."

THE BRAINS OF THE SOUTH.

A Southern Woman Discusses the Charge of Intellectual Inferiority.

From The New York Sun.

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: The oft-repeated assertion that the south always was and now is intellectually inferior to the north has induced me to make a careful investigation of the matter. The result furnishes an array of facts at once startling and convincing, that is, convincing to any one not hidebound by sectionalism and prejudice.

I do not pretend to cover the whole ground, but hope that the instances enumerated may tend to a settlement of the vexed question, or, at least, induce those who make such statements to consult history before giving them to the public.

The south, although in a numerical minority, controlled the general government for the first eighty years of its existence. Eight out of the thirteen presidents were from the south, four of them serving two terms.

Of twelve vice presidents four were from slave states. Under eleven administrations the south furnished fourteen secretaries of state, eleven secretaries of war, six secretaries of the treasury, nine secretaries of the navy and eight postmaster generals. Of fifty-five presidents pro tem. of the senate thirty-nine were from the south. Of thirty-one speakers of the house, twenty-two were southerners. Of five chief justices two of the most eminent were from the south. Of twenty-nine associate justices seventeen were from the south. Of twenty-one attorney generals fourteen hailed from this section.

"The first resolutions," says B. F. Warde, of Mississippi, "declaring the rights of the colonies to be free and independent were introduced in a southern legislature by a southern man. The first resolutions to the same effect were presented in the colonial congress by another southern man, and took form in the declaration of independence, under the matchless genius of still another southern man. A southern man led the patriot armies to victory and established the possibilities of the proudest nation on earth. A southern man was prime mover of the convention that framed the constitution. When the government had been created its organic law was still an unexplained book, a ponderous oar in unskilled hands. It was left for the greatest legal mind of the age, a southern chief justice, to analyze and stamp upon it the construction which will be accepted as long as the constitution is respected. A southern man framed the ordinance for the organization and government of the great northwestern territory, an instrument second only in importance to the constitution of the United States. A southern man was the author of the republican theory of popular government which prevailed during sixty years of our greatest prosperity, peace and happiness."

Of 185 foreign ministers, ninety-nine were southern men.

The south furnished the most brilliant officers in the revolutionary war and the war with Mexico. It was during the administration of a southern president that the war of 1812 was inaugurated and brought to a triumphant conclusion. The master spirits of the great struggle were such men as Clay, Calhoun, Monroe, Grundy, Lowndes and Crawford, while only five senators brist of the Delaware voted to sustain it. Florida was acquired from Spain and Louisiana from France by a southern president, through the skill and courage of a southern diplomatist. The pluck and patriotism of a southern president gained the independence of Texas and added New Mexico to the national domain, thus extending the boundary line to the Pacific and opening to the world the golden gates of California.

Coming down to more modern times, we find Matthew F. Maury, a southern man, holding the proud title of "Philosopher of the Seas." He it was who mapped out the geography of the seas, explained their secret phenomena, blazed out on the trackless ocean the shortest and safest highways for the commerce of the world, and by his wind and current charts and his sailing directions saved the United States millions of dollars annually in outgoing tonnage alone.

Where shall we find another Admiral Semmes, who, with a single ship swept from the seas the commerce of a great nation?

The medical records show that two of the greatest surgeons that the world has ever known were J. Marion Sims, of South Carolina and Ephraim McDowell, of Kentucky. The enlightened world recognizes them as leaders in the realm of surgery.

Another southerner, Judah P. Benjamin, went to England after the meridian of life, and became one of the queen's counselors and the leading jurist in that land of great lawyers, having on his docket at one time half of the appeal cases in the kingdom.

The first steamship sent across the Atlantic, May 20, 1819, was the Savannah, equipped and sent over by a few public-spirited and practical men of Savannah.

The first railroad in America was a short track in Broad street, Charleston, simply to demonstrate the idea.

The first canal in America was the Santee, in South Carolina.

The first patent for a steam plow was granted to Mr. Bellinger, of Barnwell, S. C.

The first fire alarm telegraph, patented by Mr. Gamewell, of South Carolina, was erected and tested in the city of Charleston.

It is a well established fact that Osgan Holmes, of South Carolina, and not Eli Whitney, was the inventor of the cotton gin.

Indigo, rice and cotton were first introduced and cultivated in the state of South Carolina.

South Carolina was the pioneer in silk culture. In the year 1755 Mrs. Pinckney, the same lady who ten years before had introduced the indigo plant, took with her to England a quantity of excellent silk, which she had raised and spun in the vicinity of Charleston, sufficient to make three complete dresses. One of these was presented to the princess dowager of Wales, and another to Lord Chesterfield. They were allowed to be equal to any ever imported.

The first use of tidewater to run heavy machinery was in South Carolina in 1763.

In 1785, this State Agricultural Society of South Carolina, was giving premiums for the best cotton seed oil and other oils produced in the state. Yet Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, stated recently that "a smart yankee went south after the war and taught the people the use of a hitherto useless product—cotton seed." Years before the war South Carolina had been shipping cotton seed oil to Italy by the thousand tons for the purpose of making the very salad oil that Mr. Atkinson probably used on his table.

The south revolutionized the navies of the world by building, in the harbor at Charleston, the first ironclad, the "floating battery." The "Stevens battery" first demonstrated the successful use of iron in land batteries. Torpedoes were also first used in Charleston harbor.

The first magazine gun, the Winchester rifle, was invented by a man from Chester, S. C., and offered to the state in 1860. Afterwards it was adopted by the United States army and called the Winchester rifle. This gun revolutionized the armies of the world and the very art and science of war.

If brains were at such a low ebb in the south, why did President Harrison and President Cleveland, in both of his administrations, place southern men in some of the most important cabinet and government offices?

Why has New York called to its largest banking houses and institutions of trust men from the sunny south?

Why is the literature of the south in demand by publishers? But I might go on ad infinitum. I could mention the grand phosphate industries, the product of a southern brain; the magnificent tea farms of Professor Shepherd, yielding the finest tea this side of Japan, and commanding the highest market price.

I could mention scores of southern boys and girls, who, even since the war, have carried off the first honors in northern colleges, military and naval academies, and shone conspicuously in art schools. Let this suffice to answer the question, "Is the southerner mentally inferior to the northerner?" And I will answer Mr. Hewitt's question, "Has the south ever produced another Clay or Calhoun?" by asking another: Has the north ever produced another Daniel Webster?

MRS. F. G. De FONTAINE.

There are 280,000,000 Mohammedans in the world, and their number is rapidly increasing.

French people always have their election days on Sundays.

The chance of two finger prints being alike is not one in 64,000,000,000.

South Dakota has one county that is four times as big as Rhode Island.

Russia has more holidays than any other European nation—86 in all. Austria comes next with 76.

Cast-iron, antimony, and bismuth all expand when they cool. Most other substances contract with cold.

A CLEAR STATEMENT.

As to the Place of Andrew Jackson's Birth.

The statement frequently appearing in the papers to the effect that Andrew Jackson's birthplace is several miles from the South Carolina line is erroneous. The site of the George McCamie old cabin, where Jackson was born and where the marker, erected by the Mecklenburg Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution, is now situated is only about 400 yards from the state line and on the North Carolina side. Jackson's parents lived several miles from the line until just a short while before his birth. When his father, Andrew Jackson, Sr., died at their North Carolina home, his mother a few days later started to her relatives in South Carolina. On her way she stopped to spend the night with her sister, Mrs. George McCamie, whose home was 400 yards from the state line on the North Carolina side, and Andrew Jackson, Jr., who later became the hero of New Orleans and the seventh president of the United States, was born that night in the George McCamie cabin. About three weeks later Mrs. Jackson was able to resume her journey to the home of other relatives in South Carolina, where Andrew Jackson spent his early boyhood days. The fact that he spent his infancy and early childhood in South Carolina gave rise to the impression that he was born in that state. These are the simple facts in the case as they have long been established beyond question in the community where Andrew Jackson first saw the light of day.

The English language is spoken by 115,000,000 people.

The average fleece of wool weighs six and a quarter pounds.

The Church of Christ, Scientist, now numbers 663 organizations.

The proportion of mules to horses in the United States is as one to seven.

Columbus was the son of a weaver and

Three Things.

1. Three things to admire :
Intellectual power, Dignity, Gracefulness.
2. Three things to love :
Courage, Gentleness, and Affection,
3. Three things to hate :
Cruelty, Arrogance, and Ingratitude.
4. Three things to delight in :
Frankness, Freedom, and Beauty.
5. Three things to wish for :
Health, Friends, and a Cheerful Spirit.
6. Three things to avoid :
Idleness, Loquacity, and Flippant Jest-
ing.
7. Three things to pray for :
Faith, Peace, and Purity of Heart.
8. Three things to contend for :
Honor, Country, and Friends.
9. Three things to govern :
Temper, Tongue, and Conduct.
10. Three things to think about :
Life, Death, and Eternity.

The Bonnie Blue Flag.

By Harry Macarthy.

We are a band of brothers, and native to
the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure,
blood and toll;
And when our rights were threatened, the
cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that
bears the single star!



BONNIE BLUE FLAG

(Chorus.)

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Southern Rights,
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that
bears a Single Star!

And here's to brave Virginia, the Old
Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at length has
link'd her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other
States prepare

Mr. President, the bonnie blue flag no longer reflects the light of the morning sun-
beam, or kisses with its silken folds the genial breezes of our southern clime. The
hands that waved it along the fiery crest of a hundred battle-fields, and the hearts
that for the love they bore it so often defied danger and death, no longer rally
around it. Another banner waves in triumph over its closed and prostrate folds,
but proud memories and glorious recollections cluster around it. Sir, I will refrain.
The South needs no eulogy. The faithful record of her achievements will encircle
her brow with glory bright and enduring as the diadem that crowns the night of
her cloudless skies. The scenes of Marathon and Platea have been re-enacted in
the New World without the beneficent results which flow from those battle-fields
of freedom, and our country lies prostrate at the feet of the conqueror. But dearer
to me is she in this the hour of her humiliation than was she in the days of her
pride and her power. Each blood-stained field, each track of devastation, each
new-made grave of her sons fallen in her defense, each mutilated form of the con-
federate soldier—her widow's tear, her orphan's cry—are but so many cords that
bind me to her in the hour of her desolation, and draw my affections closer around
my stricken country. When I raise my voice or lift my hand against her, may the
live thunder rive me where I stand! Though I be false in all else, I will be true to
her. Though all others may prove faithless, I will be faithful still. When in
obedience to the great command, "Dust to dust," my heart shall return to that
earth from which it sprang, it shall sink into her bosom with the proud conscious-
ness that it never knew one beat not in unison with the honor, the interests, the
glory of my country.

As long as the Union was faithful to her
trust,

Like friends and like brethren, kind were
we and just;

But now when Northern treachery at-
tempts our rights to mar,

We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made
the stand,

Then came from Alabama, who took her
by the hand;

Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and
Florida,

All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner
of the right;

Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the
fight;

Davis, our loved President, and Stephens,
statesman rare,

Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single Star.

Chorus.

To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a Single Star.

Chorus.

Then cheer, boys, raise the glorious shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now
have both gone out;

And let another rousing cheer for Tennes-
see be given,

The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag
has grown to be Eleven.

Chorus.

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we
are and brave,

Like patriots of old we'll fight, our her-
itage to save;

And rather than submit to shame, to die
we would prefer,

So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that
bears a Single Star.

(Chorus.)

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights,
Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has
gained the Eleventh Star.

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

(Published in answer to a query.)

I.
We're tenting tonight on the old camp
ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear!

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

II.
We've been tenting tonight on the old camp
ground,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us
the hand
And the fare that said good-bye.

Chorus.

III.
We are tired of the war on the old camp
ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave who've left their homes,
Others have been wounded long.

Chorus.

IV.
We've been fighting today on the old camp
ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying—
Many are in tears!

Chorus:
Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp ground.



EMPEROR WILLIAM.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

The following sweet poem has been in our columns before, but its republication is requested. To some it may be new, and those who know and love it will like to reread it.—[Eos.]

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—Dan. 12: 3.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.
Still on we went; my soul was rapt in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.
We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.
Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory his alone."
But fairer than all besides, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.
And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now.
And such thy bright reward had been if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

Thou wert not called that should'st tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.
I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto to this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me."
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY HON. G. W. DUNN.

God of battles, look in mercy
On thy chosen people, Israel,
As they go to meet the heathen,
In the dire impending conflict.
"Lord, if thou wilt give us victory
O'er our foes; then whatsoever
Greet me on my peaceful threshold,
Shall be sacred as an offering
Sending incense up to heaven."
Jephthah's vow was scarcely uttered
Ere he led his valiant comrades
Onward to a glorious victory
O'er the haughty sons of Ammon.
And in triumph home returning
He beholds his only daughter
Greeting him with sounding timbrels.
"O, my daughter," moaned he sadly,
As she kissed her weeping father,
"I have vowed a vow to heaven,
And my heart is bleeding, breaking!"

On the mountains, hoar and craggy,
Jephthah's daughter wandered, wailing.
Gloomy caverns caught the echoes.
Birds and wild beasts paused to listen
To her melancholy meanings.
Trusting in the coming Shiloh,
Once again she left the mountains,
Back returned to take her journey
To the promised heavenly Canaan.
Jephthah loosed her ransomed spirit,
And she sings among the angels.

Maids of Israel planted flowers
On the grave of Jephthah's daughter,
And they came each year and watered
With their tears, love's dear mementos.

RICHMOND, Mo., JULY, 1876.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life; and near and far
It thrills, with its deep and muffled sound.
As, tireless, the wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom,
In the light of day, and the midnight's gloom,
And the wheels are turning, early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click! there's a thread of love woven in;
Click, click! another of wrong and sin.
What a checkered thing this life will be,
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;
Or to-morrow! Who knoweth? Not thou, nor I;
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weavers, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know;
And soon the last thread shall be woven in—
God grant it be love, instead of sin.

Are we spinners of good in this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, O my friends, to spin
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

The personal household of Queen Victoria is composed of over a thousand persons, costing a sum of \$1,945,000. It consists of a Lord Steward, a Lord Chamberlain, a Master of the Horse, each with a salary of \$10,000; a Keeper of the Privy Purse, at \$11,000, with three assistants at \$3,000 each; a Treasurer, a Controller, a Vice Chamberlain, a Controller of Accounts, a Master of the Buckhounds, each at \$6,000 per annum; a Grand Falconer at \$6,000; an Usher of the Black Rod at \$10,000; a Mistress of the Robes at \$3,000; eight ladies of the bedchamber at \$2,500; ten bed-chamber women at \$1,500 each; ten maids of honor at \$1,500; fourteen equerries at \$3,500; eight pages of honor at \$750; eight lords in waiting at \$4,000; fourteen grooms in waiting at \$2,000; ten gentlemen ushers at \$400; ten sergeants-at-arms at a similar salary; a poet laureate (Lord Tennyson) at \$500 per annum; a painter-in-ordinary, a marine painter, a sculptor-in-ordinary, a surveyor of pictures, at \$1,000; an examiner of plays at \$3,000; a principal chef de cuisine at \$4,000 per annum; a principal cellar master at \$2,500; nine housekeepers, 130 housemaids; and, lastly, an official rat-catcher at Windsor, at a salary of \$80, and another for Buckingham Palace at \$60. All these payments, even down to the salary of the official rat-catchers, have to be submitted every year to the House of Commons.

Piterary.

For the Christian Observer.

TREES, SHADE AND REST On the Other Shore.

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."—*Dying words of Stonefall Jackson.*

BY REV. J. H. MARTIN.

The Christian warrior's work was done,
His task performed, his race was run.
He lay beside the stream of death,
And said, with his expiring breath,
While weeping friends that stood around
Were bowed with sorrow to the ground,
"Now let us cross the rolling tide,
And rest upon the other side."

Forgetful of the scenes behind,
With soul elate and hopeful mind,
While visions bright of heavenly rest
Sent thrills of rapture through his breast,
He gazed with fixed and steadfast eye
On that fair land and radiant sky.
"Let us," he said, "seek yonder shore,
And rest in peace for evermore."

The noise of battle and of war
To him has died, and rolled afar.
The chieftain does not heed the sound,
Whose echoes fill the air around.
The martial pomp, the grand array
Of armed hosts, have passed away.
His soul is bidding its adieu
To earth, while heaven appears in view.

Unblest with slumber sound and deep,
Arousing from his fitful sleep,
His sword he grasps not with the hand,
Nor gives the word of stern command.
To march, to charge, attack the foe,
Assault him with a stunning blow,
As he before had often done,
Ere yet the struggle was begun.

In his wild dreaming visions sweet
Of heavenly scenes his spirit greet.
He looks away from earth and time,
He gazes on a fairer clime,
Across a flood and just before,
He sees a green inviting shore,
With stately, verdant, blooming trees,
Fanned by a soft and cooling breeze.

Fatigued and weary of the strife,
The ills and woes of mortal life,
And longing for celestial peace,
He seeks from sin and death release,
And trusting in the Saviour's blood,
He speaks: "Now let us cross the flood,
And rest beneath the shady trees,
Where blows the cool, refreshing breeze."

The mighty hero's soul has fled,
And Jackson's numbered with the dead.
His spirit to congenial skies,
The bowers and groves of paradise,
Across the dark and gloomy river,
Has passed, and safely home forever,
He rests beneath the pleasant shade
Of blooming trees that never fade.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

The following beautiful poem will be familiar to many of our readers, but it will bear to be read again and again. It tells how a poor man and his wife refused the offer of a rich friend's comfortable provision, if they would give him one of their children.

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear, patient John who loves me yet,
As well as though my looks were jet;)—
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter:—'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this—"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band—
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hands down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her, not her."
We stopped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave
Bid us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not
thee."

The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—

I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!

Published by Request.

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously,
From the girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sung as little children sing,
Sung as sing the birds of June;
Fell the words like light leaves sown,
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

Felt her soul no need to hide,
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly,
Fell from lips untouched by care;
Dreaming not that each might be,
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now;
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as a storm-tossed bird,
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung them now;
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim;
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Tremblingly the voice and low,
Rose a sweet strain peacefully,
As a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing,
Who life's stormy paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing,
Who behold the promised rest.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above the coffin lid;
Underneath all peacefully,
All life's cares and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows' roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft, gray hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer;
Still! aye still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

TO JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT ELECT.

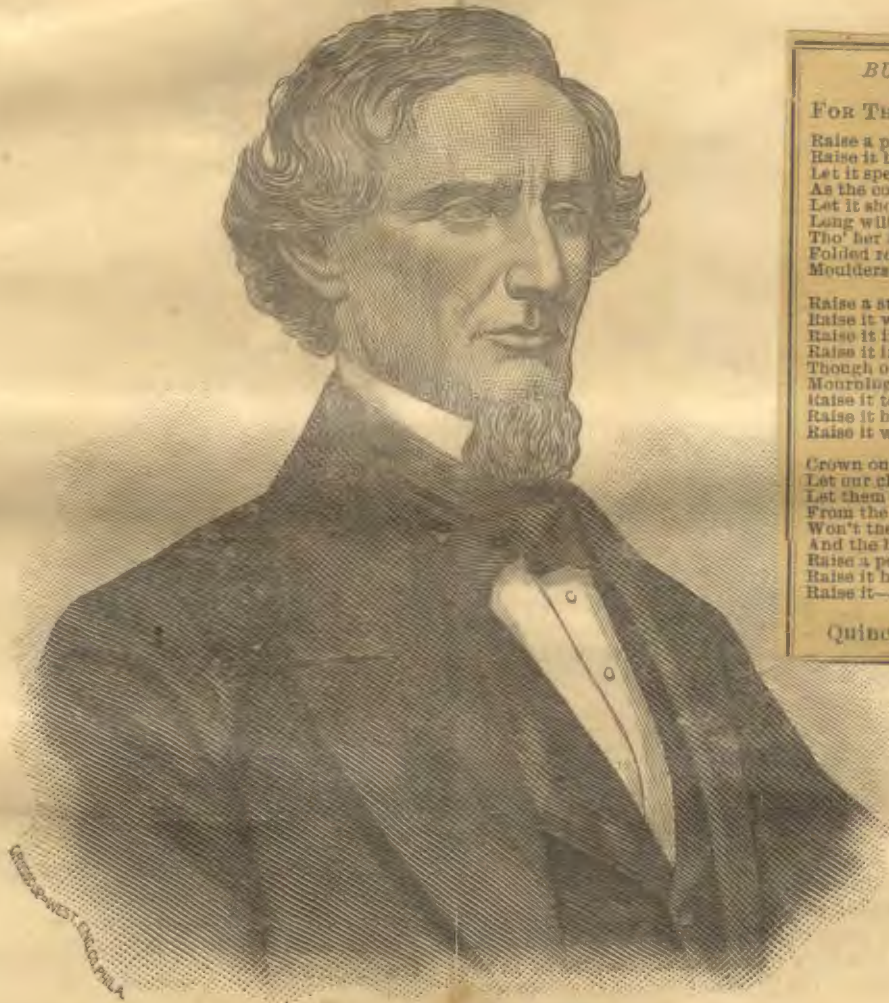
BY MAY.

Montgomery Daily Advertiser Feb. 23, 1861.
From the Charleston Mercury.

O Thou to whom a Nation's choice has given
The gravest interest of our southern land
In solemn trust; to guard with heart and hand
The sacred rights for which we have striven,
The chains that bound us are already riven,
Justice and Truth shall triumph over night!
O chosen Leader in the cause of Right!
In reverence come, before the God of Heaven,
And pledge thy life and honor to defend
Thy country's freedom till thy latest breath;
Willing for peace, yet shrinking not from death
In her cause. Far better die, than bend
To tyrant foes, who blind with wrath unjust,
Are fain to lay her glory in the dust!

Seek wisdom where none ever sought in vain,
To guide thy counsels and direct thy ways
Power to crush the wrong, and Truth to raise
Unstained, exalted, though it be through pain;
Till from the mountain to the eastern main,
Glad hymns of triumph echo through the skies!
Till fair Prosperity among us rise,
And Peace once more among our borders reign;
O patient heart! Thou shalt forever bear
The consciousness of right within thy breast;
Approved of God, and by thy country blest,
What guardian could be counted half so dear!
A People's confidence and love shall be
In life and death a crown of joy to thee!

THE CONFEDERATE



HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[The First and Last President of the Confederate States, as he appeared when inaugurated Feb. 18th, 1861.]

BUILD THE MONUMENT.

FOR THIS PAGE.

Raise a polished stone to Davis;
Raise it high where'er his grave is;
Let it speak the love we bore him,
As the countless years roll o'er him.
Let it show that Southern glory,
Long will live in shaft and story,
Tho' her flag, now torn and tattered,
Folded round its staff and battered
Moulders into dust.

Raise a stone of lasting marble;
Raise it where the mock-birds warble;
Raise it in the land he thought for;
Raise it in the land he fought for;
Though our soaring hopes were shattered,
Mourning still our dead and scattered,
Raise it to unsullied Davis;
Raise it high where'er his grave is;
Raise it with a sigh.

Crown our chief with lasting glory;
Let our children learn the story;
Let them catch the love we bore him
From the tomb that towers o'er him.
Won't the heart of any Southerner,
And the hand of every Southron,
Raise a polished stone to Davis?
Raise it high where'er his grave is?
Raise it—raise it high!

—T. Tuley Davenport.
Quincy, Miss.



ALABAMA STATE CAPITOL AT MONTGOMERY, ALSO FIRST CAPITOL
OF THE CONFEDERACY.

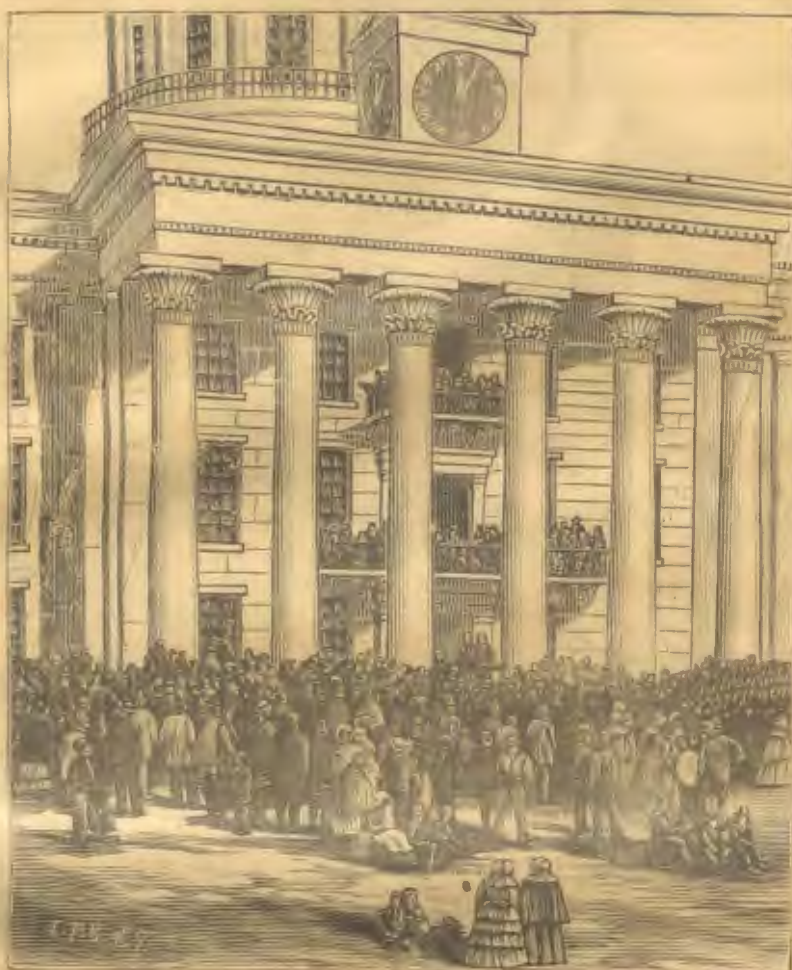


VIRGINIA STATE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND, ALSO SECOND CAPITOL
OF THE CONFEDERACY.



Alexander Stephens

First and Only Vice-President of the Confederate
States.



Bird's Eye View of the Inauguration.



RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.,
CALLED "THE WHITE HOUSE."

MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS' CABINET.

(See Names on Opposite Page.)



SOME OF THE LEADING



ROBERT E. LEE.

Proper to Celebrate R. E. Lee's Birthday.

No people can above ideals rise,
The characters we imitate comprise
Our estimate of what exalts the mind
And constitute men leaders of mankind.
True virtue, honor just, and courage strong,
Which to the justly honored great belong.
The south can boast sons courageous and bold;

Men, chivalrous, as were the knights of old,
In virtue perfect as this world can know;
And women pure as the untampered snow.
A priceless heritage, beyond all cost,
Their history; and let it not be lost.
Let generations following relate
Their deeds, and thus their fame perpetuate.

Preeminent, among the rest, we see
The name of him we honor, R. E. Lee.
All that was dear to southern heart and mind

Was in his matchless character combined;
His valor, patriotic, rose to tower
Above the mean ambitious love of power;
A soldier, scholar, gentleman, and more,—
A Christian—adding charm to all before;
Calm, fearless, when in battle's fury wild,
Yet kind and gentle as a little child;
In person stately, grand, commanding, tall;
God-like his princely form; Christ-like,
without.

No other general has e'er possessed
The virtues by his character expressed.
He fought in honor, while a chance still held;

Surrendered, when necessity compelled.
This record incidents long past relates;
A perfect union binds United States;
Yet, while we value virtue's high degree,
We'll cherish still the fame of R. E. Lee.
For this, there cannot be a better way
Than celebration of his own birthday.
Chattanooga, Tenn. DROOM.



JOSEPH E. JOHNSON.



STONEWALL JACKSON.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS.



LONGSTREET.



FORREST.



JOS. E. JOHNSON



MORGAN.



UNKNOWN.

By MAJOR CHAS. W. HUBNER.



OT till a Voice shall say
"It is the judgment day!
O, Earth, give up thy
dead!"—
Ah! not till this is said
Will it be ever known
Who here, around this
stone,
In death's sweet slumber
softly rest,
A wreath of roses on each
breast.

We only know that they,
With honor wore the gray—
Badge of eternal fame!
And in thy cause, O South!
Bore to the cannon's mouth
Thy crimson oriflamme,
And hailed its star-cross, waving free,
On many a field of victory!

For us they faced the foe—
Enough for us to know!
And though we carve "Unknown"
On this memorial stone,
We feel that Glory claims
For Fame no nobler names
Than theirs—these unknown sons of ours,
Whose dust we deck to-day with flowers.

Unknown—save unto God,
Sleep on beneath the sod,
O heroes of the Gray!
Sleep till the Judgment day;
When God shall call His own,
There will be none unknown:
For, from the ranks, distinct and clear,
You'll answer to the roll-call: "Here!"

ALABAMA'S BATTLE CRY.

BY MRS. L. D. MOORE, OF FLORENCE, ALA.

At "Scots who hae w!" Wallace bled,"
Montgomery Daily Advertiser, Jan. 12 1861.
Patriot sons of hero sires,
For your altars and your fires,
Rise! 'tis Liberty's pin,
And your native land.

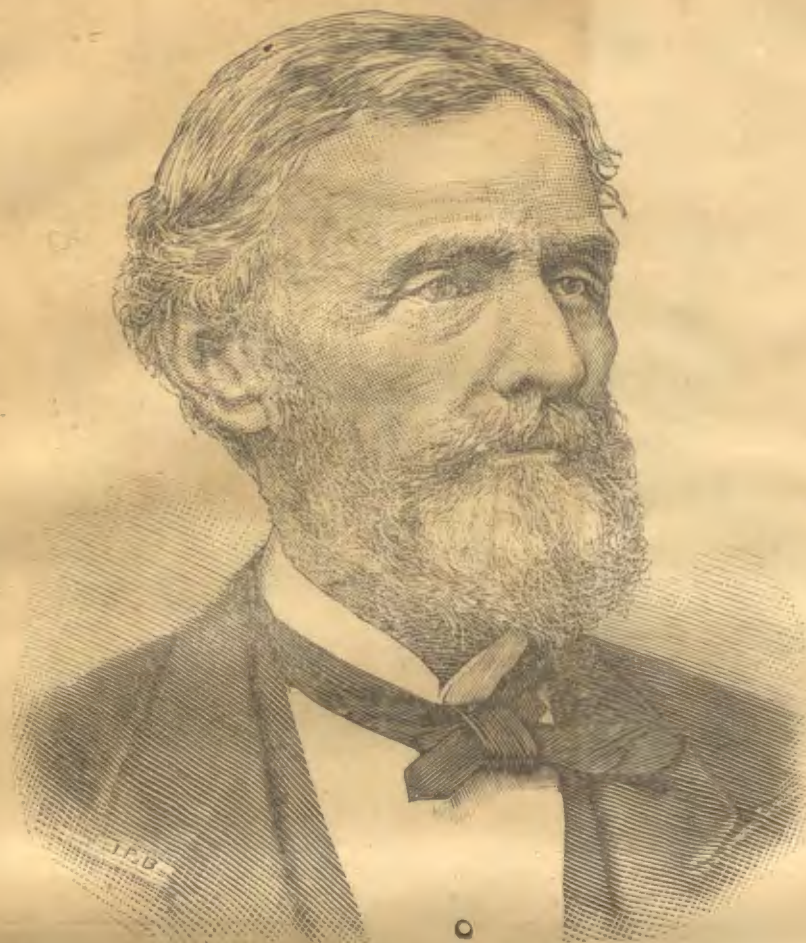
Sternly meet the advancing foe;
Lay the proud oppressor low;
Struggling Freedom never the blow,
Honor winds the brand.

He who would in evil hour,
Bid his country basely cower,
To a recreant's power,
Traitor be his name!

Who by death's, and terrors tossed,
Tame'd wait to count the cost,
Be his name forever lost,
To honor and to fame!

Father now—and woe befall,
Peaceful home and smiling,
Prattling babe and gentle bride,
Life and Liberty!

By the horrors we deplore,
By the hopes that proudly soar!
By the glorious deeds of yore!
Let us do or die!



HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS,

The first and last President of the Confederate States of America, as He appears on His visit at the Laying of the Monument, a quarter of a Century after His Inauguration.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Was born in Kentucky on June 3, 1808, and his father removed to Mississippi while the future leader of a revolution was yet a child. In 1828 he was graduated at West Point and served in the army for several years when he resigned to become a planter. In 1845 he was elected to Congress as a Democrat and left the hall of legislation to lead a Mississippi regiment to the Mexican war. He served through his war and won great distinction at the battle of Buena Vista, where he was wounded. Returning home he was appointed U. S. Senator to fill a vacancy. In 1853 President Pierce made him Secretary of War and he served in that capacity until the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan in 1857. He was then elected to the Senate of the U. S. and resigned from that body when Mississippi seceded from the Union. He was elected President of the newly-formed Confederate States and was inaugurated at Montgomery in Feb., 1862. With his career as President of the ill-starred Confederacy the whole world is familiar. For a time after the war the Southern people were somewhat disposed to look coldly on the leaders of the war and Mr. Davis shared the fate of all the balance. As time has worn on and the misfortunes of defeat have been forgotten and its bitterness gone, their love for him has revived. Mr. Davis's latest appearance in public was on April 28, at Montgomery, Ala., where he was invited to deliver a lecture on behalf of a monument to the confederate dead of Alabama, to be erected on Capitol Hill, in that city. He now lives at Beauvoir, his country seat on the Gulf of Mexico in the State of Mississippi.

A GRAND AND HEROIC POEM.

On the train that bore Mr. Davis and his party from Montgomery to Atlanta, a letter was handed to Mr. Davis, which he read long and earnestly. Handing it to Mayor Hillyer, he said:

"This is from Paul Hayne. It is a grand and heroic poem."

Mayor Hillyer then read as follows:

The sounds of the tumult have ceased to ring,
And the Battle's sun has set;
And here in peace of the new born spring,
We would fain forgive and forget.

Forget the rage of the hostile years,
And the scars of a wrong unshriven;
Forgive the torture that thrilled to tears
The angel's calm in heaven.

Forgive and forget? Yes; be it so
From the hills to the broad sea wave;
But mournful and low are the winds that blow
By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the spirit all thought
Of ill
In the midnight of grief held fast;
And yet, O brothers be loyal still
To the sacred and stainless Past!

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud,
From the waning mansion of Mars,
And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
And her eyes are misted stars!

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death,
"There is duty still to be done,
Tho' the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
And the battle been lost and won;"

And she points with a tremulous hand below,
To the wasted and worn array
Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow,
Of the grandeur that crowned "the Gray."

O, God! they come not as once they came
In the magical years of yore;
For the trenchant sword and the soul of flame,
Shall quiver and flash no more;—

Alas! for the broken and battered hosts;
Frail wrecks from a gory sea,
Tho' pale as a band from the realm of ghosts,
Salute them! they fought with Lee.

And gloried when dauntless Stonewall
Marched
Like a giant o'er field and flood,
When the bow of his splendid victories arched
The tempest whose rain is—blood.

Salute them! those wistful and sunken eyes
Flashed lightnings of sacred fire,
When the laughing blue of the southern skies
Was blasted with cloud and fire:—

Salute them! Their voices so faint to-day,
Were once the thunder of strife
In the storm of the hottest and wildest fray,
That ever has mocked at life!

Not vanquished, but crushed by a mystic fate,
Blind nations against them hurled,
By the selfish might, and the causeless Hate,
Of the banded and ruthless world:

Enough: all Fates are the servants of God:
And follow His guiding hand;—
We shall rise some day from the chaster's rod,
Shall waken, and—understand!

But hark, to the Past as she murmurs, "Come,
There's a duty still to be done,
Tho' mute is the drum, and the bugle dumb,
And the Battle is lost and won!"

No palace is here for the heroes' needs,
With its shining portals apart;—
Shall they find the peace of their "Invalids,"
O, South! in your grateful—heart?

A Refuge of welcome, with living halls,
And Love for its radiant dome,
'Till the music of death's reveille calls
The souls of the warriors—home!

THU three lessons all are the better for knowing—that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering one's self aright one helps others to do the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely.

PEOPLE don't believe in fairies nowadays; nevertheless, good spirits still exist, and help us, in our times of trouble, better even than the little people we used to read about. One of these household spirits is called Love.

For the Dispatch.]

"IN THAT GRAND COLUMN MARCHING."

BY WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

"Their spirits are in that grand column above, marching with unflinching steps."—Hon. Jefferson Davis, April 28th, 1886.

In that grand column marching,
The soldiers of the sky;
With laurels over-arching
When mute their ashes lie;

No earthly tocsin waking
Their slumberless repose;
No sound of carnage-breaking
The calm that ever grows.

Hear yet a mother's weeping
Above her hallowed dust,
Shall she ere weary keeping
The seals of such a trust?

A Niobe, bedewing
The sod her head hath pressed;
Again in memory viewing
The child upon her breast!

Oh friends and comrades gather;
'Tis not of conflict now;
But of the chaplet, rather,
To rest upon that brow;

I hear no bugles calling;
Grass grown are those red fields,
Where, with its bearer falling,
The stricken Banner yields.

The roll call is unheeded:
The tents are struck for aye;
And in the past receded
The once proud battle-cry.

"Was it a father—brother,
That thus ye ever mourn?
That thus from one to other
Are miseries borne?"

Back from Virginia's mountains;
Back from the Mexico shore;
"We mourn them all—as fondly
As in the hours of yore!"

In that grand column marching
They press forever on!
Around the camp-fires of the heart
They still with us are one.

In that array behold we
The last sweet minstrel now;
Furled in the flag whose woes he sung,
Bright beams his laurelled brow.

Priest at eternal altars,
A minstrel of the skies;
Rejoined with those he ever mourns,
At rest in paradise?

In that grand column marching
Soon shall the chieftain be;
The weary hand that held the helm
Beside the sword of Lee.

Thou Nestor of the mourners,
Rise—er thy sorrows rise!
No earthly arm shall stay the palm
That waits thee in the skies!

In that grand column marching,
Unbrokenly for aye,
The Great Commander marshals them
To deathless victory.

In that grand column marching
Unflinching be their tread;
As faithful as our hearts to-day
Keep vigil o'er the dead.

In that grand column marching,
Ye loved and lost farewell!
We crown with Duty's tenderest bloom
The red fields where ye fell.

Peace, heart that ever mourneth
O'er these, its treasures fled;
The voice to earth returneth—
"Thy treasures are not dead!"

In that grand column marching,
Bright spirits, now farewell!
With laurels over-arching
The flag, which, stricken, fell!

With paeons softly drowning
The requiem of the sigh,
And palms the victors crowning—
March on! March on for aye!

For the DISPATCH.

"THE MANTLE OF REGRET."

BY WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

We mourn not that they died in vain;
For martyrdom is glory too;
Our sorrow o'er the gallant slain
Is that of reminiscence true.

This is the MANTLE OF REGRET!
This is the pathos of the day;
Our hearts renew those memories yet,
Our tears commingle with their clay.

Let peace with teeming bounties reign,
And fairer visions of far days;
And yet those sepulchres remain;
What voice would still our farewell lays.

Though furled the banner—sheathed the blade,
The dust once loved is loved for aye,
This is their knightly accolade;
This is their well-won victory.

'Tis here we rest the pangs of thought;
Here, o'er their holy ashes, we
The fair memorial, fondly wrought,
Bequeath to ages yet to be.

Forget we all the rancor now,
The agony, the blood, the grief;
Yet well befits the martyr's brow
The mourner's farewell laurel leaf.

Yes! press the heart—sob firmly back,
And calmly wipe the tear-stained brow;
See, o'er the ages' pathless track,
Their names as luminous as now.

Bone of our bone!—paternal blood—
And souls that with our souls were one,
Here, where their last torn standards stood,
We write their epitaph: "WELL DONE!"

'Tis not of conquest or defeat,
Nor of contending passions now;
'Tis of the dead, and tribute meet
To rest upon their gallant brow.

Friends, comrades, spirits!—o'er the stream
Which ye have crossed—on whose far shore
We live again the tender dream—
We hail you blest forevermore!

Farewell! sweet Alabama, guard
Thy sacred treasury for aye;
Could hero ask more bright reward
Than this, their immortality?
April 28, 1886.

Kings Named John.

John I. of the "eastern empire" was poisoned by a servant; John IV. was deposed and had his eyes put out; John V. ruled only in name and lived in constant dread of assassins; John VI. was deposed and died in prison. One of the Swedish Johns was driven out of his kingdom by his subjects, and another was belittled and defeated at every turn. John I. of France had a short and disastrous reign, and John II. was a prisoner of the English for years. A long list of Johns have changed their titles when taking on kingly robes because of the superstition that a "John" ruler cannot be otherwise than unfortunate.

THE OLD COAT OF GRAY.

BY "BLONDINE."

[The poem below first appeared a number of years ago in the Tullahoma (Tenn.) *Independent*. It was written and furnished that paper by Blondine, a daughter of Mrs. Virginia French, of Tennessee, and a young school girl at the time:]

It lies there alone; it is rusted and faded,
With a patch on the elbow, a hole in the side;

But we think of the brave boy who wore it,
and ever

Look on it with pleasure and touch it
with pride.

A history clings to it, over and o'er,
We see a proud youth hurried on to the fray.

With his form like the oak, and his eyes
like the eagle's.

How gallant he rode in the ranks of the
Gray.

It is rough, it is worn, it is tattered in
places,

But I love it the more for the story it
bears—

A story of courage in struggling with sor-
row;

And a heart that bore bravely its burden
of cares,

It is rugged and dusty, but ah! it was shin-
ing

In silkiest sheen when he bore it away.

And his smile was as bright as the glad
summer morning

When he sprang to his place in the ranks
of the Gray.

There's a rip in the sleeve, and the collar
is tarnished,

The buttons all gone with their glitter
and gold,

'Tis a thing of the past, and we reverently
lay it

Away with the treasures and relics of
old,

As the gifts of love, solemn, sweet and out-
spoken,

And cherished as leaves from a long van-
ished day,

We will keep the old jacket for the sake of
the loved one

Who rode in the van of the ranks of the
Gray.

Shot through with a bullet right here in
the shoulder,

And down there the pocket is splintered
and soiled.

Ah, more! see the lining is stained and dis-
colored,

Yes—mood-drops the texture have stiff-
ened and soiled.

It came when he rode at the head of the
column,

Charging down in the battle one deadli-
est day,

When squadrons of foemen were broken
assunder,

And victory remained in the ranks of the
Gray.

Its memory is sweetness and sorrow com-
mingled,

To me it is precious—more precious than
gold,

In the rent and the shot holes a volume is
written,

In the stains of the lining is agony told.
That was twelve years ago, when in life's
sunny morning,

He rode with his comrades down into the
fray,

And the old coat he wore, and the good
sword he wielded

Were all that came back from the ranks
of the Gray.

And it lies there alone, I will reverence it
ever—

The patch on the elbow, the hole in the
side,

For a gallanter heart never breathed than
the loved one

Who wore it in honor and soldierly
pride.

Let me brush off the dust from its tatters
and tarnish,

Let me fold it up closely and lay it away,

It is all that is left of the loved and the
lost one

Who fought for the right in the ranks of
the Gray.

FATHER RYAN'S POEM "REST."

My feet are wearied, and my hands
are tired,

My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long de-
sired—

Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost
vain,

In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow, and never garner
grain,

In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to
bear,

But God knows best;

And I have prayed, but vain has
been my prayer,

For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never
reap

The autumn yield;

'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled
to weep

O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;

And so I sigh a weak and human
sigh,

For rest—for rest.

My way has wound around the desert
years,

And cares infest

My path, and through the flowing of
hot tears

I pine for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be
o'er;

Far, down the west

Life's sun is setting and I see the
shore

Where I shall rest.

[Written for the Courier-Journal.]
Lines to the Memory of Father Ryan,
the Poet-Priest.

Wandering down the aisle of years,
Thou hast sighed for rest—sweet rest—
And prayed with earnest voice—with tears
For rest, sweet rest—O! soul oppressed!

Doubly noble! Poet-priest!
Thy earnest, pleading voice was heard,
And thy soul in heaven doth feast—
Gladder thy song than that of bird.

Thou hast thy rest, O! noble soul!
Thy spirit fled, by earth oppressed,
And found a bright and welcome goal—
'Tis rest, sweet rest, 'tis rest, sweet rest.

Doubly noble! Poet-Priest!
Thy memory shall ever cling
In hearts whom fortune favored least—
Of thee they'll speak, thy praises sing.

As long as Time shall last, I ween,
Thy living words shall ne'er depart;
Thy name shall be an evergreen
In every loyal Southern heart.

O! soul oppressed! almost divine!
Now pulseless is thy throbbing breast;
Thy work is done—reward is thine.
Oppressed no more—thou hast sweet rest.

A. J. HAMILTON.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home.

To that land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

When the whole angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In that glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes; my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling, angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us to heaven,
Are the loved of long ago.
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their former friends to know.

Oh, ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Drop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harp strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE
COULD."

"She hath done what she could!"

On the Saviour's feet
The oil she hath poured,
So costly and sweet,

Unheeding the gaze of the wandering crowd,
Or the fury of judges who murmured aloud.

"She hath done what she could:"

With her hands so fair
She hath loosened the braids
Of her shining hair.

She hath wiped His feet with her tresses
bright,
While her dark eye glowed with a holy light.

"She hath done what she could:"

Yes, the little part
Was only a drop
From the brimming heart—

Was only a drop from the pure deep well
Of a love that was greater than utterance
can tell.

"She hath done what she could:"

Oh, weak heart, be strong!
Press onward, nor faint;
Though the strife be long;

Take courage—the whisper, when warfare is
past,

"She hath done what she could" will reward
thee at last.

M. E. H.

"The Gothic is as well as the Celtic ecclesiastical body in veneration the Middle Ages. The seat of the Druids gathering it, riding a golden steed to cut it and holding in spectral armations an oak covered with its green branches."

How Some Great Men Died.

Henry I. of gluttony.
Henry III. naturally.
Edward VI. of a decline.
Charles I. on the scaffold.
Richard III. was killed in battle.
Henry VIII. of carbuncles, fat and fury.
George III. as he had lived—a madman.
George IV. of gluttony and drunkenness.
Henry VII. wasted away, as a miser ought.
James I. of drinking and the effects of vice.
Charles II. suddenly, it is said of apoplexy.
Edward V. was strangled in the Tower by his uncle, Richard III.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stag which he hunted.
Henry II. of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

George I. from drunkenness, which his physicians politely called an apoplectic fit.

William III. of consumptive habits of body and from the stumbling of his horse.

Edward III. of doleage and Richard II. of starvation—the very reverse of George IV.

Henry VI. in prison by means known then only to his jailer, and now only known in heaven.

William the Conqueror from enormous fat, from drink and from the violence of his passions.

George II. died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God.

Richard, Cour de Lion, like the animal from which his heart was named, died by an arrow from an archer.

Edward II. was barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own wife and her paramour.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said from chagrin, which we suppose is another term for a dose of hellfire.

Henry V. is said to have died of a "painful affliction, prematurely." This is a courtly term for getting rid of a King.

Edward I. is also said to have died of a "natural sickness,"—a sickness which would puzzle all the college physicians to denominate.

Henry IV. is said to have died of "fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, began to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced to study Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Plutarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spellman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquary and lawyer.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few days before his death.

Ludovico Monaldeschi, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own time.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not commence his philosophical researches till he reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of *Æneid*, his most pleasing production.—*Sel.*

When I hear a grown man or woman say, "Once I had faith in men, now I have not," I am inclined to ask, "Who are you whom the world has disappointed? Have you not rather disappointed the world?"—*Thoreau.*

"Am not our darkest days the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Mercy, hovering near to bless?"

Holy Scrip-
to a remark
good book he
ed, "That was my
and I am in the habit
ing in it every day of my
re."

Rev. Dr. Thos. B. Craighead.

Dr. Craighead was the originator of Davidson Academy, incorporated 1775, and out of which grew the University of Nashville. In the early part of the present century, the doctor was suspended by the Presbytery of Transylvania, Ky., for his doctrinal teaching. Dr. Craighead and the General were warm, personal friends. The summer of 1824 found Dr. Craighead still under suspension, with very feeble health. Gen. Jackson, with other friends, desired that he should be restored to the ministry before his death. Having procured the requisite application for a called Presbytery of West Tennessee, the General sent it by one of his own servants on horseback, forty miles, with a letter written by himself, to Rev. Dr. Duncan Brown, the last Moderator. Presbytery was called and met in Nashville. Gen. Jackson was in attendance. The matter

Jackson rose to his feet, and in a very excited manner, said, "Can't the God that made fire, quench it? Can't the God that made the lion, shut his mouth?" and then, holding his hand heavenward, said, "The Bible is true, every word of it, sir, by the Eternal."

A SCOTCH SERMON.

The following is a textual division by Rev. Robert Shinn, of Kircaldy, the quaint Scotch preacher:

Quoting, on one occasion, the text from the 119th Psalm, "I will run the way of Thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart," he said:

"Well, David, what is your first resolution?"

"I will run."

"Run away, David; who hinders you? What is your next?"

"I will run the way of Thy commandments."

"Better run yet, David; what is your next?"

"I will run the way of Thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart."

"No thanks to you David; we could run as well as you with such help."

CONSCIENCE is a clock which in one man strikes aloud and gives

All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night.

By Lamar Fontaine, Second Virginia Cavalry.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and
fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and
then



"AND THINKS OF THE TWO ON THE LOW TRUNDLE-BED."

Will not count in the news of the
battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the
men—
Moaning out all alone, the death-
rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Where the soldiers lie peacefully
dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear
autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fires, are
gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night
wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is
creeping,
While the stars up above, with their
glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone
sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the
fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low
trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face, dark
and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children
asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven de-
fend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as
then,
That night when the love yet un-
spoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-
murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over
his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its
place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine
tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad
belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so
dreary.



"AND HIS LIFE-BLOOD IS EBBING AND SPLASHING."

Hark! was it the night wind that
rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously
flashing?
It looked like a rifle—ha! Mary, good-
by!
And his life-blood is ebbing and
splashing!

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of
the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

*The time of the Reforma Lion, or did it
descend to us as an ancient symbol of the
heavy days of Paganism?"*

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

BY M. L. DICKINSON.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for drowsing, but for fresher power
To bend to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun,
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Lend-a-Hand.

An Every-Day Creed

I believe in the efficacy of soap.
I believe that work is the best panacea
for most ills, especially those of the mind,
and that fresh air, exercise and sleep are
the best medicines for the body.

I believe in fun and laughter, both as
a tonic for the blues and as an outlet
for high spirits.

I believe in the beauty of flowers, sun-
sets and mountains; in the music of birds
and brooks.

I believe that there is a bright side to
everything, and that we would be more
aware of the good about us were our
hearts more responsive to its touch.

I believe in human kindness.

I believe that an ounce of frankness
and explanation is worth a pound of re-
pentance and forgiveness, and will often
prevent heartache and bitter misunder-
standing.

I believe in the simple life of the home,
free from formality and social conven-
tionality.

I believe in the hearty handshake, in
hospitality, comradeship, friendship, love.
—E. Stocking.

An Easter Greeting.

TO A FRIEND.

OUT of the cold hard earth the little flower spring;
From the dead chrysalis the butterfly takes wing;

Trees, bare and leafless, in tender green burst forth;
Warm breezes soon dispel the chill winds of the North.

Deep, in the dull, dark coal, the flaming fire hides;
Back of the heavy clouds the faithful sun abides;

Under the glittering ice, the steady waters flow;
'Neath cold exterior unchanging love will glow;

Over the gloomy cloud, the rainbow's promise shines;
Close round the broken stump, the clinging vine entwines;

After the dreary night the golden morning breaks;
Even from the darkest hour the heart some blessing takes;

All nature and all heaven breathe low, to hearts in strife,
"Peace, peace, there is no death; it is eternal life."

To every bruised heart, by grief and anguish torn,
Jesus brings healing sweet, this resurrection morn.

Child, through thy sorrows' night, look up, His message
hear;

God knows, and loves, and guides—Hope, and take comfort,
dear.

KATHRYN.



"I will tell the joyful story,
Good deeds done cannot be lost;
Here in time or there in glory
I shall be far outwitted the best."

"After the shower the tranquil sun;
 After the snow the emerald leaves
 Silver stars after the day is done,
 After the harvest, golden sheaves.
 After the clouds, the violet sky,
 After the tempest the lull of waves;
 Quiet woods when the winds go by;
 After the battle, peaceful graves.
 After the burden, the blissful mead;
 After the flight, the downy nest;
 After the furrow, the waking seed;
 After the shadowy river, rest."

The bloom upon the branch must die,
 Before the tree can bear;
 It is the truth that wakes the sigh,
 And hope that brings despair.

The sun that paints the flower to-day
 Will fade the flower to-morrow,
 The longest joys will pass away
 And end at last in sorrow.

The passing air by which we live
 Still bears our breath away,
 The hands which to us life & death give
 Prepared the bed of clay.

It is because all ties must part,
 That farewell words are spoken,
 It is the love that fills the heart,
 "By which the heart is broken."

A Spring Song

BY EVA ST. CLAIR CHAMPLIN

(Sung by a song-sparrow at my window
 in early morn.)

Sad heart, true heart,
 Wake and sing!
 Farewell, winter,
 Welcome, spring!
 Let thy sad thoughts,
 Doubts and fears
 Float away on
 Winter's tears.
 Sad heart, true heart,
 Wake and smile!
 I am singing
 All the while.
 Soon my mate will
 Flutter near,
 Coo and nestle,
 Spring is here!
 Leaves and flowers,
 Nests a-swing,
 Soul-filled joys
 Will summer bring.
 Sad heart, true heart,
 Wake and sing!
 Thy love, too, will
 Come in spring.
 True he is, though
 Far away,
 Silence cannot
 Dim love's day.
 In his heart your
 Image burns,
 Soon to you his
 Step returns.
 Sad heart, true heart,
 Wake and sing
 Till the banks and
 Bushes ring
 With the gladness
 Of the spring.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

THE RECENT DEATH OF ELIZA COOK,
THE ENGLISH POETESS.

Her Poems Are Familiar to Thousands
Who Have Associated Her Name with
Their Authorship—Text of the One That
Has Probably the Most Admirers.



LOVE it, I love it! and who shall
dare
To chide me for loving that old
arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted
prize;
I've bedewed it with tears; I've
embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to
my heart;

Not a tie will break; not a link will start.
Would you know the spell? A mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat, with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide
With Truth for my deed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to hush my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled!
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.



The White Chrysanthemum.

BY H. H.

The first light snow was falling fast;
My heart was filled with pain and grief;
I mourned o'er faith and friendship dead,
O'er faded flower and withered leaf.

Restless, I paced the garden wide,
Then felt of joy a sudden thrill—
For at my side, like veiled bride,
One snow-white flower was blooming still.

I raised the storm-bowed bended head;
Elastic sprung the slender form.
No rose of June on sunny bed
Outshone this blossom of the storm.

Teach me, I cried, thy cheerful faith,
Brave, patient flower who dares to bloom
On Winter's icy verge, and saith,
Give doubt no place, and fear no room.

I still will trust—"You may, you must"—
I heard, with joy and wonder dumb.
My parted love was faithful proved;
Thine augury true—Chrysanthemum.



NEW GIANT EXCELSIOR PANSIES.
JOHN LEWIS CHILDS CATALOGUE OF 1887.

PANSIES.

Fit emblems of a kingly race,
You bear your heads with regal grace,
Yet show withal a modest face,
O, royal purple pansies!

You turn my thoughts to childhood's hours;
We had a garden then of flowers,
Gay and bright with rosy bowers,
And beds of golden pansies.

O, we were happy children then
Roaming wild through wood and glen,
Baby-faces we called them then,
These blue and yellow pansies.

They were our mother's favorites too,
Royal purple, and brown and blue,
Velvety black and yellow too,
And dainty pure white pansies.

We have left the homestead many a year,
That garden's but a memory dear,
That comes before me bright and clear,
Whenever I see pansies.

Hilda B. Monty, in THE MAYFLOWER.

SMILES.

The thing that goes the farthest to-
ward making life worth while
That costs the least and does the best
is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart
that loves its fellow men
Will drive away the clouds of gloom
and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth, and goodness, too,
with many kindness blent—
Its worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.
There is no room for sadness when we
see a cheery smile—
It always has the same good look—its
never out of style;
It nerves us on to try again, when
failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are
good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest, for it is
merely lent;
It's worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.
A smile comes very easy—you can
wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can
squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover to the heart-
strings that will tug;
It always leaves an echo that is
like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand
what, by a smile is meant—
It's worth a million dollars and it
doesn't cost a cent.

CAPT. SCREWS'S TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN HEROINES.

At the Lee memorial exercises Tuesday night, Capt. B. H. Screws was especially happy in allusions to Southern womanhood during the great war.

Captain Screws spoke in part as follows:

"Ever glorious, immortal Lee; embodiment of Southern sentiment, of Southern honor and of Southern chivalry, we ne'er shall see his like again; but his memory is secure so long as it is nurtured by the splendid women of the South, and especially by that Spartan band of matrons and misses, now, alas, so rapidly passing away, who endured

those agonizing years of hope and despair, when war's frowning visage darkened the land, and who, like the women of Poland, in their country's darkest hours, tore the jewels from their delicate fingers and snowy necks, and tossed them into the famishing treasury of their country; or, having no jewels, but sons and brothers, sent them with Lee to fight their country's battles.

"From time immemorial, poets and painters have endeavored to portray the great deeds of noble women. Isabella, the patroness of Columbus; Maria Teresa, the vanquisher of Frederick the Great; Charlotte Corday, sending the dagger to the tyrant's heart; Joan of Arc, the martial heroine of all the ages; Mollie Pitcher, the brave artillerist of the old American Revolution, and Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton, and our own sweet Annie Wheeler, and others, are all embalmed in immortal song, perpetuated on canvass and in statuary, recorded in school books and histories, enshrined in the hearts of grateful millions, and deservedly so.

"But prejudiced and partisan history rarely mentions, and cruel school books never, a deed of female daring, patriotism and devotion as resplendent and inspiring as was ever recorded in all the chronicles of time. When the fearless North Alabama girl, in eager haste, without a moment's hesitation, sprang behind the great cavalry leader, guided him over the tortuous mountain, through the tangled ravine, beneath the galling fire of Federal sharpshooters, who lined the banks of Black Creek like Russian Cossacks, or, rather, like Indian runners, there was exhibited as noble an illustration of unalloyed, courageous devotion as that which has made the Maid of Saragosa famous for all time. Dixon, the brave Alabama boy going down beneath the waters of Charleston harbor after blowing up the Federal warship; Perry at Lake Erie, or Hobson at Santiago, were not so glorious as Emma Sanson on the ride with Forrest; and so long as the bright star on the flag of this Union answers to name 'Alabama,' so long as Alabama's proud sons and daughters glory and exult in the splendid galaxy of her illustrious names, that long shall the name of Emma Sanson, the characteristic Southern heroine, shine resplendently the richest jewel which glitters there. Among the Romans her statue would adorn the Pantheon.

"And this young Alabama woman was but a type of the women of her times, the world-famed rebel women of the South, who, though clad in homespun, were the most regal, the most beautiful, the truest and fairest that ever the sun shone on. Their unwavering loyalty

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The rich man lay on his velvet couch,
And dreamed of his silver and gold,
While the little girl lay on a bed of snow,
And murmured "So cold, so cold!"

The night wore on past the midnight hour,
And the drifting snow still fell;
And the earth seemed wrapped in a winding sheet,
That came like a funeral knell.

The night wore on and the morning came.
She lay at the rich man's door,
But her soul had fled to that realm above
Where there's home and bread for the poor.

during that stormy period yields not in splendor to the brightest chaplet that ever bloomed upon a warrior's brow.

"And now, may those of that immortal sisterhood who linger here yet awhile, may their successors—the fair Daughters of the Confederacy—may they be forever assured that their gentle, devoted, persistent remembrance of Lee and his followers, touches deeply and falls gratefully upon the hearts of the Confederate veterans, gratefully, even as the rays of the morning sun glisten through the dew drops which the sad night hath wept. So long as they are true to the memory of Lee and the storm-cradled nation that fell, they will be true to themselves, to their country, to their ancestors, and to their posterity."

Sayings of Sages.

We pardon as long as we love.
—Rochefoucauld.

In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longius.

The most effective coquetry is innocence.—Lamartine.

He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks.—Seldon.

The only medicine that does women more good than harm is dress.—Richter.

Without constancy there is neither, love, friendship nor virtue in the world.—Addison.

A lie always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—E. W. Rice.

God never wrought miracles to convince atheism because His ordinary works convince it.—Bacon.

Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good actions try to use ordinary situations.—Richter.

It is meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes; for who so firm that can not be seduced?—Shakespeare.

Children generally hate to be idle. All the care then should be that their busy humor should be constantly employed in something that is of use to them.—Locke.

Telephone invented 1881.
There are 2,750 languages.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
Chinese invented paper, 170 B. C.
Telescopes were invented in 1590.
Iron horseshoes were made in 431.
Man's heart beats 32,160 times a day.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
Hawks can fly 150 miles in one hour.
Light moves 187,000 miles per second.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.
Egyptian pottery dates from 2000 B. C.

THE HERMITAGE.

The Ladies' Hermitage Association was organized in 1889, and the State Legislature conveyed the house and twenty-five acres of ground, that they might preserve the property as a perpetual memorial to General Andrew Jackson. In the residence are the portraits and household furniture belonging to General Jackson, numbering four hundred pieces. These have been in the Hermitage nearly three-quarters of a century, and they speak of his life, and remind an



THE HOME OF "OLD HICKORY."

observer of the times and character of the great hero.

The Ladies' Hermitage Association has worked indefatigably to purchase these works, which are the property of Col. Andrew Jackson, and are now making a last final struggle to raise the purchase money, viz, \$17,500. They are making constant appeals to the public for this sum. Should they fail, the "Hermitage," the home of the old hero of New Orleans, will be dismantled. "The walls will testify, and empty rooms will speak, of the lack of appreciation of his countrymen. These historic works will be scattered throughout the country, their owners being compelled by financial necessity to part with them for a monied value, and the State of Tennessee and the 'Hermitage' itself will lose these beautiful mementos of the past."

The Association, in redeeming its trust to the State, have put a new roof upon the building, painted the exterior, refenced the twenty-five acres, and restored the old historic cabin from almost utter decay. Other minor improvements have exhausted their treasury as fast as the moneys were accumulated, but they do not despair of finally raising this money. They hold an option expiring July 1st, of this year.

Mrs. Judge Nathaniel Baxter President, and Mrs. Duncan R. Dorris, the Secretary, have worked with unremitting zeal for this cause.

INSCRIPTIONS AT THE TOMB.

On the shaft:

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.
Born March 16th, 1767. Died June 8th, 1845.

On a slab, placed there evidently by the General:

"Here lie the remains of MRS. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound but could not dishonor; even death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."



THE TOMB OF GENERAL AND MRS. JACKSON.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.



BY FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN, THE POET PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down—'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the vallent hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must unfurl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly—
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave,
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined disaveer,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

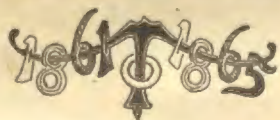
Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trilled and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must,
Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furl'd forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.



JEFFERSON DAVIS AT EIGHTY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was born in 1808, and lived 81 years.

By an
Old Johnnie.

Personal Recollections and Experiences in the Confederate Army,
By CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS.

FURL THAT
BANNER

Furl that banner, furl it slowly;
Treat it gently—for 'tis holy.
Touch it not—unfurl it never—
Let it droop thus furl'd forever



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY FRANCIS WILLARD.

In the spring of 1863 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue, and the other dressed in gray. As twilight fell, the bands of music on the Union side began to play the martial music, "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag;" and that challenge of music was taken up by those upon the other side, and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter and a more tender air, and slowly as he played it they joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished, there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air, so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished the sweet and holy melody, from the boys in gray there came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder."—*Selected.*

"THE only way to prepare for the next world is to do the thing God gave us to do in this world."

"ONLY A SOLDIER."

"Only a soldier," I heard them say—
 With a heavy brass arm and bay
 And a heavy iron sword—
 And we know that the horse's foot
 As the heavy march clods down the street,
 And the pile of the rubble-street
 Only a soldier, crushed in them—
 Once a father's, a husband's cry
 Toss from the soldier—
 Now a mother's cry for his return,
 Or a child's cry for his dear
 For her soldier brother's gone—
 "Only a soldier," I heard them say—
 Occasional and in the summer's air,
 For no one says—
 He's a good boy, or a deep sleep,
 And the soldier's heart is still
 Still waits on the home-row—
 "Only a soldier," I heard them say,
 And my face turned awfully white,
 The reason being—
 The soldier's heart is still
 To the home-row, and the home-row
 To the home-row, and the home-row
 Where sturdy men would grow,
 There would be no man's hand down
 To raise his head from the battle-ground—
 That he loved to say—
 "Tell me, soldier, how do you feel?"
 "Ask the humming-bird, and the bee, and the owl,
 When the Lord had made the day,
 At the moment of his death,
 But as he died, with his hands
 At the moment of his death,
 And was the Lord's hand
 Spread in colour, and the Lord's hand,
 And shells will be found
 A fever'd and was the Lord's hand,
 And slowly, calmly, and slowly down
 To the "fire" land,
 An army surgeon's hand
 (No angel tear-drops on his cheek,
 Holding the soldier's hand—
 The work is his, the work is his,
 Dew-drops but more than pale forehead,
 No shine in his hair,
 All hope is gone, all hope is gone,
 That work is his, the work is his,
 Dwelling with angels "no there,"
 And unknown, to be sent to rest,
 For he human, and he human,
 In the quiet earth,
 God, who notes the gentle sparrow's fall,
 Still, in the dead re-remembered, call
 To Heaven that soldier brave.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

How the Confederate Hero's Life Went Out.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death, Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst. He was silent for a moment and then said:

"It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added:

"You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour.

He replied: "O no! You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," said he, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informs me that you told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good,—very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heart-broken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her there was much he desired to tell, but he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Pemberton came into the room about 1 o'clock. General Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day."

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied:

"Thank God! they are very kind." Then he added: "It is the Lord's day, my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aids in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional lucid intervals of his mind would occur, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly." "Tell Major Hawks——" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward and slightly raising his hands he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross the river and rest
under the shade of the trees."

And then without a sign of struggle or pain his spirit passed away. Was death ever so sweet and peaceful?—Was ever rest so anticipated, or Heaven so revealed? —Detroit Free Press.

The following letter was written by Mrs. R. O. Fairer, of Flatonia, Tex., to Gov. S. W. T. Lanham, beseeching him to recommend in his next message to the state legislature, the appropriation of a suitable sum:

AN OPEN LETTER.

To His Excellency, Gov. S. W. T. Lanham, Austin, Tex.:

Galathea, Tex., Feb. 8.—As one of the state committee, appointed by the president of the Texas division of the Daughters of the Confederacy, I have written several letters to representatives and senators, and I now address this open letter to your excellency.

Our organization is anxious to secure from the present legislature of Texas an appropriation for a monument to be erected in Chickamanga park, to commemorate the memory of our Texas soldiers who are resting there after giving their lives in defense of constitutional and state's rights, and I appeal to you to give this subject due consideration and recommend in your next message to the legislature that an appropriation be made becoming the dignity of this proud state and the cause for which it is solicited. Although many of these soldiers were of the rank and file of the southern army, nevertheless they were marvelous in valor and the patient, uncompromising heroism with which they bore sacrifice and suffering, half clad amid cold, heat and hunger, entitles them to more than a passing word of praise from our historians, and lest we be called "stone worshippers" I will add that proper inscription will be prepared for this monument and inscribed thereon (if we should get it) which will record for posterity the story of the struggle and the stern courage of these noble sons of our Lone Star state.

I will quote from an address made in the Texas senate, as early as the year 1865, during reconstruction days, by Col. R. V. Cook, state senator from Colorado county, the occasion being a joint resolution to have Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's remains brought to Texas and interred.

He said in part:

Take Me Home.

Take me home to the place where I first
saw the light.
To the sweet sunny South take me home;
Where the mocking-bird sung me to rest
every night.
Ah! why was I tempted to roam?
I think with regret of the dear home I
left—
Of the warm hearts that shelter'd me
then—
Of the wife and the dear ones of whom I'm
hereft,
And I sigh for the old place again.

CHORUS.

Take me home to the place where my little
ones sleep.
Poor Massa lies buried close by;
O'er the graves of the lov'd ones I long to
weep,
And among them to rest when I die.

Take me home to the place where the
orange trees grow,
To my cot in the evergreen shade,
Where the flowers on the river's green
margin may blow
Their sweets on the banks where we
played.
The path to our cottage they say has grown
green,
And the place it's quite lonely around;
And I know that the smiles and the forms
I have seen
Now lie in the dark mossy ground.

CHORUS.

Take me home to the place where my little
ones sleep,
Poor Massa lies buried close by;
O'er the graves of the lov'd ones I long to
weep,
And among them to rest when I die.

Take me home—let me see what is left that
I knew;
Can it be that the old house is gone?
The dear friends of my childhood indeed
must be few,
And I must lament all alone.
But yet I'll return to the place of my birth,
Where my children have played at the
door,
Where they pulled the white blossoms that
garnished the earth,
Which will echo their footsteps no more.

CHORUS.

Take me home to the place where my little
ones sleep,
Poor Massa lies buried close by;
O'er the graves of the lov'd ones I long to
weep,
And among them to rest when I die.
—Music by Herman L. Schreiner.

"Fearless, honest and loyal to principles,
our hero died for what he thought was
right. We know his resting place and we
can recover his ashes. But, alas! thousands
and of his soldiers, the children of Texas,
will never sleep in her soil. Their graves
are upon the heights of Gettysburg, upon
the hills of the Susquehanna, by the banks
of the Potomac and by the side of the
Cumberland. They sleep in glory upon the
fields of Manassas and of Sharpsburg, of
Galnes' Mill and in the trenches of Rich-
mond and upon the shores of Vicksburg
and upon a hundred other historic fields
afar from the land of their love. Aye, but
let them sleep on in their glory!
"Posterity will do them justice. In the
ages that are to come when all the pas-
sions that now animate the bosom and
away the heart shall have passed away
with the present generation of men, and
when the teeming millions from the north
and south who are to inhabit, in future
centuries, the vast and fertile regions of
the Mississippi valley, shall recount, in
song and story, the glorious achievements
of their ancestry, and when they shall
dwell, with just pride, upon the renown
of their deeds, and when hoary age shall
tell to kindling youth the marvelous story
of a revolution, the like of which the sun
has never gazed upon in his 6,000 years of
created splendor—then, sir, it will be, that
our gallant dead shall live in the remem-
brance of mankind—then, sir, will posterity
raise and build a monument to perpetuate
their memory."

STORY OF AN EPITAPH.

Soon after the fall of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston
at the battle of Shiloh and the transfer of his remains
to New Orleans, a lady visiting the cemetery found
pinned to a rough board that rested on the temporary
tomb the following beautiful epitaph. It was written
in a delicate hand with a pencil, and the rain had
nearly obliterated the characters, but she made a
verbatim copy of the manuscript and sent it to one of
the New Orleans papers with the request that if pos-
sible the name of the author should be published.
This was gladly done, and the exquisite lines went
the rounds of the press of this country and England
as a model of English composition. Lord Palmerston
pronounced it "a modern classic, Ciceronian in its
language." Public curiosity being aroused, the auth-
orship was traced to John Dimitry, a young native of
New Orleans, and a son of Alexander Dimitry, who
before the war occupied a distinguished position in
the State Department at Washington. Young Dim-
itry, though only a boy, served in Johnston's army
at Shiloh, and on visiting New Orleans and the
grave of his dead chieftain wrote the lines on the in-
spiration of the moment and modestly pinned them
on the headboard as the only tribute he could offer.
When the question arose concerning the form of epi-
taph to be placed on the monument erected to the
memory of the dead Confederate General the com-
mittee of citizens in charge with one voice decided
upon this, and it is now inscribed upon the broad
panel at the base of the statue.—*Exchange.*

IN MEMORY.

Beyond this stone is laid,
For a season,
Albert Sidney Johnston,
A General in the Army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,
On the sixth day of April, A. D.,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;
A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all.
His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;
And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.
Not wholly understood was he while he lived;
But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure.
In his honor—impregnable;
In his simplicity—sublime.
No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion;
No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim
Than the dead soldier
Who sleeps here.
The cause for which he perished is lost—
The people for whom he fought are crushed—
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—
The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines,
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time, which,
Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.
In honor, now, our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him
Three commonwealths proudly claim him
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmix'd
with blame,
Have been, in all conjectures, true to themselves, their country
and their God.

Flags of a Nation that Fell.

No. 1



No. 2



COMPLIMENTS
OF

Confederate Veteran.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN at the end of 6 months has an unprecedented record.

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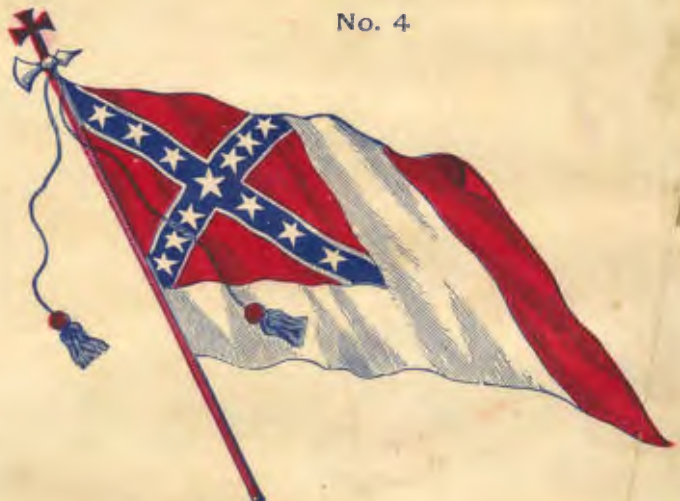
Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

BY S. A. CUNNINGHAM, AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

No. 3



No. 4



No. 1. The "Stars and Bars" was the first flag of the Confederate States and was adopted by the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Alabama.

No. 2. The "Battle Flag" was designed by Gen. Beauregard, adopted by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston after the first battle of Manassas, and afterward adopted by the Confederate Congress. The reason for its adoption was, that in battle the "Stars and Bars" was frequently mistaken for the "Stars and Stripes." It remained as the "Battle Flag" until the close of the war.

No. 3. On May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted this flag as the "National Flag."

No. 4. On March 4, 1865, the Confederate Congress adopted this design as the "National Flag" of the Confederate States, because the other, when limp, was too much like a flag of truce.



'Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west
The wind that blows, that wind is best.'

Roses and Lilies.

Roses for youth with its mad ambition,
Lilies for hopes that bloom into peace,
Roses for work with its promised fruition,
Lilies when toil and striving cease;
Waxen trumpet and velvet nest,
The rose or the lily, which is best?

Lilies when days slip in dreamy fashion,
Roses when moments are glad and gay,
Roses for hearts in the maelstrom of passion,
Lilies for breasts that are quiet for aye.
Snowy trumpet and crimson nest,
The rose or the lily, which is best?

