

## MISCELLANEOUS.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.—*Mirabeau*.

A long distance telephone line in Spain, now under construction, from Madrid to Barcelona, and covering a route 500 miles long, will probably be completed in two or three months.

All is well as long as the sun shines and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purpose; but if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

During the year 1893 the people of Paris consumed 21,291 horses, 229 donkeys and 40 mules, the total amount of such meat sold in the markets of the French capital being set down in round numbers at 4,615 tons.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson has received the degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Pennsylvania. It was conferred at the same time upon Prof. John Fiske, William T. Harris and Governor Pattison.

A party is being organized in St. Augustine, Fla., to investigate the sulphur spring which has long been understood to exist off the coast of Florida, some two miles from the shore of Anastasia Island.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

If the seal of time were to be the signet of truth, there is no absurdity, oppression, or falsehood that might not be revived as gospel; while the gospel itself would want the more ancient warrant of paganism.—*Chutfield*.

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures.—*Fielding*.

The flower which blossoms to-day and is withered to-morrow—is it at all more actual than the colours of the rainbow? Or, rather are those less actual? Beauty is the most fleeting thing upon earth, yet immortal as the spirit from which it blooms.—*De Wette*.

A new postage stamp that is likely to become rare is being printed at the French Government stamp printing establishment in the Rue d'Hauteville, in Paris. The department has been commissioned to produce them for the African chief Menelik.—*London Daily News*.

Munkacsy has just completed a great picture, "The Dying Christ Upon the Cross," for the mortuary chapel of the late Count Julius Andrassy. It is said to be quite equal in depth of feeling and boldness of artistic conception to any previous work of the Hungarian master.

Remember that you are but an actor, acting whatever part the Master has ordained. It may be short or it may be long. If he wishes you to represent a poor man, do so heartily; if a cripple, or a magistrate, or a private man, in each case act your part with honor.—*Epictetus*

There must be something beyond man in this world. Even on attaining to his highest possibilities, he is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond, O deathless soul, like a sea-shell, moaning for the bosom of the ocean to which we belong!—*Chapin*.

If you lend a person any money, it becomes lost for any purpose as one's own. When you ask for it back again, you may find a friend made an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press still further, either you must part with that which you have intrusted, or else you must lose that friend.—*Plautus*.

Remember that some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life may still remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, though near the bottom of the cup may, as is said of the draught of the Roman of old, have at the very bottom, instead of dregs, most costly pearls.—*W. A. Newman*.

The citizens of Frederick, Ind., are trying to erect a monument to Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner." With the exception of the statue of Key in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, erected by the testamentary bounty of James Lick, the California millionaire, no memorial worthy of the name has yet been raised.

The highest cathedral tower in the world, that of Ulm, in Austria, can now be visited, the public being admitted to the interior, and the scaffolding having been removed from the exterior. It is taller than the Washington monument and the Pyramid of Khufu, at Ghizah. The Eiffel tower is the only building which surpasses it in height.

So far a sum of nearly £3,000,000 has been subscribed by the Chinese officials for the purpose of celebrating the 60th birthday of the Empress Dowager of China," says the *London Standard*, "but even this enormous sum is not deemed sufficient, and £12,000,000 more are called for to make the celebration upon what the advisers deem an appropriate scale."

Experiments made in India under the auspices of the health authorities at Calcutta indicate that cholera may be prevented by vaccination with anti-choleraic virus. In a village of 200 inhabitants 116 were inoculated with this virus. Out of ten cases of cholera in a recent epidemic in the village, resulting in seven deaths, every one of the persons affected was among those who had not been treated. This may not be conclusive, but it is very reassuring.—*Philadelphia Record*.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affection, for we cannot be guilty of it; but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost for want of being indifferent where we ought!—*Sir R. Steele*.

The second point of the Sorrentine peninsula is known as the Cape of Minerva, or more familiarly as the Campanella, from a tradition that a bell once hung in the beacon tower, just above the modern lighthouse. The Barbary pirates stole the bell one day, but a storm came up, and they were obliged to drop it overboard to lighten their felucca. It is still heard to ring at the bottom of the sea on St. John's eve, or, as some say, on the eve of Sant' Antonino. None of my crew have ever heard it, but they admit the fact reluctantly and with grave faces, as though it were rather a reproach to them.—*Marion Crawford, in The Century*.

## A GLASGOW MIRACLE.

A SCOTCH LASSIE RESCUED BY A CANADIAN.

Her Life Was Despaired of—Subject to Fainting Spells and Heart Trouble—Doctors Said Recovery Was Impossible—A Wonderful Story.

From the Glasgow Echo.

The case of "Little Nell," whose miraculous cure was reported in the newspapers, with a subsequent letter from the Rev. Samuel Harding, is but one in a series of similar cases in Glasgow. The latest is that of Miss Lizzie Duncan, a young woman who has been snatched back to life. She was in what is termed a "decline"—wasting away by inches before the eyes of her parents, and her sad condition seems to have been known to a number of people. Consequently when she was found to have escaped the threatened death, and to be, apparently, as well as anyone in Glasgow, a tremendous impetus was given to the prevalent talk, and an Echo reporter was directed to make a searching investigation, with the result that this strange story was entirely confirmed.

Arriving at 208 Stirling Road, the reporter was conducted into the presence of Mrs. Duncan by a rosy-cheeked young woman, who proved to be Miss Duncan, who looked in no way like an invalid.

"This is the lassie," said the mother. "Heaven knows that a miracle has been wrought upon her. Eighteen months ago Lizzie began to pine away. The color left her entirely, and she appeared to be as weak as water. One Sunday morning she said, 'Oh, mother, I canna rise to-day,' and before she had got out the words her whiteness became like that of a corpse, and she fell away into a faint. I sent for the doctor who said she had heart disease. When he saw her again she had grown worse and the doctor said, 'The poor lassie is very far through.' We expected that poor Lizzie would not live long. There was no color in her face. She was wasting away, her cheek bones sticking through as if they would break the skin. Her arms and legs were just bones. The doctor said, 'Lizzie may stand the winter, but if she does, that will be all.' One day, however, I chanced to read of several cases in which dying persons had been restored to life by a new scientific method—some pills, not like other medicine, but altogether of extraordinary virtue, called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I said to my husband, 'In the name of God let's try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' Well, before the first box was empty there was an improvement. She persevered and when she had finished her fifth box she was perfectly well, and there is not now a stronger young woman in the townhead of Glasgow, though at one time she was a living skeleton. You can ask any of the neighbors," said Mrs. Duncan in conclusion, "or any person in the street and they will confirm my story."

"I am stronger than ever I was in my life," added the daughter, "yet I can hardly describe how ill I was. I was certainly dying. I could neither go up nor down stairs; I was afraid to walk on account of the fluttering sensation at my heart. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as my mother has described, and they saved my life."

Miss Wood, the lady who drew the reporter's attention to the case, said that the parents had their daughter's photograph taken, for they thought that she would soon be sleeping in her grave. Lizzie once visited her, and was so weak that she had to carry her back to her house. "The change," said Miss Wood, in conclusion, "has been wonderful. She is now a sonsie lass, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been an instrument in God's own hands."

Aluminum is being tried in the saddletrees and stirrups of certain cavalry in the Soudan. The saving of weight thus effected amounts to about six and one-half pounds.