

THOUGHTS.

"The sun set in a sea of brilliant hues,
Crimson, and gold, and azure; one by one
I saw the colours blend and interfuse,
And follow down the pathway of the sun.
I almost wished with them to fade away
Over the distant edge, and die as they."

Thus spake my friend half lightly; but my heart
Shrank, trembling at the words with sudden dread.
"And when the time shall come for us to part,
Must each go on his way alone?" I said;
"And in that unknown country shall we meet,
Or seek each other with unrestful feet?"

Shall we love there, as here—what thinkest thou?"
He answered slowly with a thoughtful face;
"If from my nature could be taken now
All memories, passions, hopes, the love and grace
Which is of thee, and maketh up the whole,
'Twould leave the merest shadow of a soul."

But if our lives begin anew, 'twill be
As if we ne'er had lived." With blanched cheek
I answered, "Say not that, it frighteth me."
"Why," said he, smiling, "how art thou so weak?
Why fear or wonder? Let us live our best,
And to our Father's goodness leave the rest."

FOR EVERYBODY.

So Early In The Morning.

Baron Rothschild has inaugurated a new and agreeable fashion—in which his neighbours share—for being awakened; every morning at five o'clock a chorus of delightful French horns play in a part of his park in the Bois de Boulogne.

Floating Theatre.

A charming idea comes from Paris, that of a floating theatre, which is to roam from pier to pier along the River Seine, and must be delightfully cool in hot weather, besides affording great scope for water scenes. A real sensation header into real water would be something like an effect.

Royal Summering.

The German Crown Prince and Crown Princess will be accompanied during their stay in the Isle of Wight by their younger children only. The eldest two Princes will remain at Potsdam to continue their studies. The Imperial couple propose to spend six weeks at the Isle of Wight.

French "Whelps."

The Paris *Figaro* advocates the introduction of "whips" into the French Assembly. "These gentlemen," it explains, "are young members of Parliament, who pass their lives in tilburres, thrashing their horses, and driving about clubs, restaurants, drawing-rooms, and other places in search of the lazy and undutiful members of their party."

Prussian Steamship.

The great Prussian ship of war "Kaiser Wilhelm," which ran ashore at Wilhelmshafen, has become so hopelessly imbedded in the sand that it will cost more to get her out than she is worth, costly though this ironclad was. The Prussian Government is so disgusted that there is some talk of giving up Wilhelmshafen as a naval port, though a very large sum has been spent upon it.

Greenery.

The actress Mme. Brohan gave a dinner to several friends at her country residence near Versailles to fête her recent triumphs at Brussels. She suddenly fainted, and lay for a long time inanimate, when it was found that her green dress was the cause of her illness. On being supplied with a white robe she at once revived. In the country the trees alone have the privilege to remain in green.

The Universal Remedy.

Medical science in Holland claims to have discovered yet another remedial power of that beneficial substance, quinine. German physicians, who have used it for several years in their practice, say that quinine is a sovereign cure of small-pox, if administered in a pure state and at an early stage of the disease. It acts as a prompt antidote to the poison of the dread malady, but must be given in large doses.

A Chess Maxim.

A chess-player, in his enthusiasm for the game, in a recent work gives this pleasing anecdote of Louis the Sixth's appreciation of the game: "In an engagement in which Louis VI., King of France, was, a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of his horse, crying out, 'The King is taken.' 'No, sir,' replied Louis, lifting up his battle-axe, with which he clove his head in two; 'no, sir, a king is never taken, not even at chess.'"

Paris In Athens.

Who would have supposed twenty-two centuries back that cultured Greece would ever be indebted to barbaric Gaul for the promotion of learning? Nevertheless, in Athens they have just named a street Ambroise-Firmin Didot, after the celebrated Paris publisher, who has recently presented a printing press to the town of Nauplia. Thus do the countrymen of Voltaire and Renan repay the debt which they owe to the countrymen of Socrates and Plato.

A Farmer's Care For The "Wide, Wide, World."

A worthy farmer, not a hundred miles from Lochgoilhead, was greatly exercised last year regarding the safety of his hay crop. The weather, though often threatening, favoured his efforts till he succeeded in getting it safely gathered in, being in this respect more fortunate than several of his neighbours. After seeing the last wisp of straw round his stacks, he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air—"Noo, sin' I ha'e gotten my hay a' safe in, I think the warld would be greatly the better o' a guid shower."

A Studious Prince.

The French Prince Imperial is quietly and steadily pursuing his studies at the Royal Military Academy, applying himself diligently to his duties, apparently indifferent to the strife now prevailing at Versailles. He has recently been visiting the Royal Arsenal for purposes of study, and is always accompanied when walking abroad by Count Clary and other attendants. The Prince will probably finish his studies at the Academy at the close of the year.

Lacteal Deodorization.

An American inventor has produced a pail to destroy the peculiar odour of fresh-drawn milk. It is a tin pail, the bottom of which is perforated with one or two rows of holes three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. This pail is hung over the empty milk cans, and the milk poured in through a strainer. The fluid starts through the holes in streams, but before it falls a foot it is separated into drops, and is thoroughly purified of all offensive odours by the air, which is a good deodorizer.

Intervals Of Inspiration.

Writing about the late Professor Agassiz, several popular essayists have spoken in a semi-apologetic way of his unmethodical manner of working. The truth is that the great naturalist was a man of genius, and had alternately productive and non-productive moods, like all possessors of that great gift. In his hours of inspiration he did immortal work; but in the hours coming between his abilities were at their ebb, and to have tasked them for an equality with his best production would have been to produce what lesser men might have done better.

Permanent Lighting.

A chemical experimenter in St. Petersburg has discovered a new and beautiful means of popular illumination. Placing a pencil of charcoal in a glass tube not more than six inches long, exhausting the air from the tube, and hermetically sealing the latter, and then passing a current of electricity through the charcoal, he produces a light at once brilliant and soft, which will last for an indefinite period. As the charcoal is not perceptibly consumed in the process, and two hundred tubes, at considerable distances apart, can be kept splendidly luminous by a single electrical machine, the discoverer thinks that he can light a whole city at fabulously small cost.

A Royal Daughter's Memorial.

The Duke of Beaufort's tomb, which adjoined the tomb of the King of the Belgians in the south aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has been removed to the family estate in Gloucestershire. It was removed in twenty-one packages. Her Majesty has determined to erect in the vacuum a magnificent chapel and a monument in honour of her father, the Duke of Kent. This will necessitate the removal of the tomb of the King of the Belgians, which will be placed near the organ loft in the north aisle, beside the monument of Sir John Elley. The windows of the new chapel will be in stained glass to correspond with those in the immediate vicinity. The works are entrusted to the firm of Messrs. Poole & Co., of London.

Beautiful Venus.

The Venus of Milo controversy still continues in Paris as to whether that famous statue was originally an isolated figure, or formed part of a group. Endless documents have been brought forward, and the first letter sent by the Smyrna Consul respecting the statue has at length been discovered. It mentions that the remains of the left arm and hand holding an apple were found at the same time as the torso. In its next sitting the Académie des Beaux-Arts is to decide this important question from the fragments. It is thought that the form of the arm and hands points to the Venus being in a leaning position on the shoulder of some other figure at her left, probably Mars. The fragments of the arm, &c., are now placed in the same room as the Venus at the Louvre.

A Pestilential Girl.

A young woman, carrying a large bundle, lately missed the last ferry boat, and determined, nothing daunted, to take a long walk round by Portland Bridge. Of course, she met the inevitable young man, and of course he saluted her, and asked permission to escort her home. Her reply may be commended to all young women in similar circumstances. "Sir," said she, "I would not advise you to come near me unless you have had the small-pox. I am allowed out only in the evening, and am carrying a bundle of soiled linen from a patient." The young man had not time to be polite. He merely ejaculated, "Oh, Lord!" and, according to the local newspaper, nothing more was seen of him save and except his coat tails rapidly vanishing from sight in the gloom of the evening, and apparently moving in the direction of Portland Bridge.

Watering Places.

Dr. Trousseau observed of thermal stations, "As a principle, all watering places are good for persons in sound health provided they do not drink the water." It is not amiss to bear this in mind at a moment when so many sturdy invalids are preparing to set out on their usual annual pilgrimage. Perlet, the comedian, is an illustration in point. He found his solid flesh to be melting away, and his medical adviser ordered him to try the waters of the Pyrenees; on arriving the local doctor assured him the baths would make him stout in a few weeks. Perlet continued the course for some time, but found no change in his condition, when one morning in his bath he overheard a lady say to the same doctor, "I am not getting lean at all." "Be assured, madam, patience and confidence, the baths are renowned for making figures slim." Perlet at once quitted his bath, called for his bill, and returned to Paris.

Village Parties.

Village parties continue to be much in favour in France and England; nor can it be wondered at, for nothing can be prettier than the sight of a company of fascinating women dressed each in the national costume of her country. In a village dress, arms, feet, neck, body, hair, and eyes are all free, and thus it is that, being natural and untrammelled, ladies gain in ease of speech and manners. No wonder, then, that "village garden fêtes" are so popular. No other garden parties are given now. There is a positive rage for these "village fêtes."

Add to that, that "village games," "village dances," with "maypoles," "wheels of fortune," are all introduced into these novel entertainments, and with a romp in the hay it is delightful nonsensical, especially when the young men are set, while the ladies romp, to dig potatoes, pick strawberries, or to try and milk the cows for the necessary cream.

Hard On The Militia.

Some one was remarking to Lord Palmerston that England needed no standing army, because, if she were invaded, the people would rise as one man. He made answer, "Yes, and they would be knocked down as one man."

Love Of Country.

A Western stump orator, in the course of one of his speeches, remarked, "Gentlemen, if the Par-ty-fix Ocean wor an ink-stand, and the hull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearth wor a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it."

The Apparel Not Bespeaking The Man.

Every Frenchman has at present to graduate as a soldier; a young and well-known French marquis is now doing his duty as a private soldier. He arrived in Paris on furlough, and called on some lady relatives; the house porter informed him the ladies were out driving, but that the maid-servants were upstairs.

"Letting Him Down."

A witty popular auctioneer was selling some valuable pictures, amongst which was a painting representing an old baronial residence, when a rather forward well-known buyer, worth plenty of cash, pooh-poohed the picture, adding, "I assure you it is not a bit like the place." The auctioneer with great presence of mind replied, "Ah, sir, your opinion is of very little consequence. I don't think you can have seen this view of it, as you entered by the back door very likely."

Hard On The Piper.

A bagpiper of a regiment stationed at the Cape of Good Hope drank so much one night that he could not stand up, and in this situation his companions carried him out into the open air and laid him down to get cool and sober. He soon fell asleep, and a wild beast happening to come along, and thinking him dead, lifted him up and carried him off, expecting to have a good meal of him. The fellow on awakening was horror-struck to find himself in the power of a ferocious beast, who was making off to the mountains with him as fast as possible. But his fears brought him to his senses, and seizing his bagpipes, which hung about his neck, he sounded a terrible screech, at which the beast became as much frightened as the man was with his situation. The prey was dropped, and captor and captive, bowing politely, marched off in different directions.

An Ingenious Captain.

The "Belle," (Captain Hill), from New York to Port Chalmers, New Zealand, encountered terrific weather off Kerguelen Land, and shortly after the last tank of fresh water in the hold was opened and discovered to be as salt as the water alongside, one cause being attributed to the leakage in the decks during the heavy weather encountered; twenty gallons of good fresh water was all that was left. The vessel was then south of Tasmania, and the wind at north (a dead beat); her course was continued, and in this emergency the captain contrived and constructed a simple condenser from the galley fire, the steam of which led into a kerosene tin by means of a small pipe and part of the barrel of a Snider rifle. This means, however, not being sufficient, another pipe was attached to the tin, and led outside the galley into a small cask, whereby, with the assistance of spare spars for fuel, eight gallons of good water were made per day. By this simple method, well known, but which some forget to practise in the moment of need, Captain Hill saved his crew from want.

How To Get A Living.

There was once a rather needy laird who had a kirk preferment to fill up, while one of his nearest neighbours had a son ripe for church preferment, but whose ripeness was in some danger of turning to rottenness. Of the father it may be truly said, as Sir W. Scott said of Jupiter Carlyle, "a shrewd auld carle was he." The high contracting parties knew perfectly well what was to be done; how to put the articles of the treaty into binding and diplomatic form was the difficulty. "Coom ower to the hoose an' tak your kail after the kirk scalls," was the laird's hospitable invitation to his neighbour, and the invitation was accepted. "Ye'll hae heard that oor kirk's vacant," said the laird, when the toddy had fairly done its work. "Oo aye," said his guest, "and I'll wager you £400, laird, our Geordie disna get it." "Mack the wager £500, mon." "Done, laird." "Done," said the entertainer. The parish in question never had a more laborious respected gentleman filling its pulpit, or one who did more to raise it socially and morally.

Syntax And Marriage.

A spinster, writing on the marriage service, says: "Bad taste, bad grammar, and perjury may have their places, but a marriage service would not seem to be the place for them. 'I take thee to be my wedded wife (or husband)... to have and to hold' is an awkwardness for which only long inculcated reverence could feel so much theoretical respect as not to mar a matrimonial ecstasy. 'Till death us do part' is a dislocation in which the most devout church woman must feel a pang. The inquiry, 'who giveth this woman unto this man?' is, to say the least of it, an anachronism. 'I pronounce you man and wife' flavours somewhat of the tenement house pathos, as of a couple henceforth to say, 'My man is abroad to-day, or 'My woman is getting dinner.' 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' is a fiction so stupendous as to be more amusing than impressive. 'Do you promise to obey him and serve him? The woman shall say I will.' Herein we have the spectacle of a priest at the altar offering the most solemn vow to a woman who had not the least intention of keeping it; who will not keep it, if she has; and who ought not to keep it, whether she has or not. The church service was written in a bygone age, for a bygone type of society. Its real beauties cannot save it intact to the future. The marriage to be will demand a pledge for which this is neither speech nor language."