

fore, that in selecting them 'Van' must be guided by the letters.

"When I last wrote I had satisfied myself that he had learnt to regard the bringing of a card as a request, and that he could distinguish a card with the word 'food' on it from a plain one, while I believed that he could distinguish between a card with 'food' on it and one with 'out' on it. I have no doubt that he can distinguish between different words. For instance, when he is hungry he will bring a 'food' card time after time until he has had enough, and then he lies down quietly for a nap. Again, when I am going for a walk and invite him to come, he gladly responds by picking up the 'out' card and running triumphantly with it before me, to the front door. In the same way he knows the 'bone' card quite well. As regards water (which I spell phonetically so as not to confuse him unnecessarily), I keep a card always on the floor in my dressing-room, and whenever he is thirsty he goes off there, without any suggestion from me, and brings the card with perfect gravity. At the same time he is fond of a game, and if he is playful or excited will run about with any card. If through inadvertence he brings a card for something he does not want, when the corresponding object is shown him he seizes the card, takes it back again, and fetches the right one.

No one who has seen him look along a row of cards and select the right one can, I think, doubt that in bringing a card he feels that he is making a request, and that he can not only perfectly distinguish between one word and another, but also associate the word and the object.

"I do not say for a moment that 'Van' thus shows more intelligence than has been recorded in the case of other dogs, that is not my point; but it does seem to me that this method of instruction opens out a means by which dogs and other animals may be enabled to communicate with us more satisfactorily than hitherto."

"I am still continuing my observations, and am now considering the best mode of testing him in very simple arithmetic, but I wish I could induce others to co-operate, for I feel satisfied that the system would well repay more time and attention than I am myself able to give."

#### SPEED OF THOUGHT.

Many people have noticed the remarkable quickness of thought in dreaming, how a long story, with many details and extending over a great period of time, will flash through the mind in a few minutes, but they seldom have any means of even approximately measuring the quickness with which they sometimes dream. There is now going the rounds of the press a story purporting to tell the dream of a railway engineer, which, if true, affords a means of measurement, and the story itself has every appearance of being a genuine relation of experience. The engineer had been without sleep, and on duty for many hours, and at last fell asleep on his post. Then he dreamed quite an elaborate story of an accident resulting from a confusion of train orders; how he studied over the words of the dispatch, trying to make out their meaning, and then how his train coming into collision

with another, he was thrown into the air and dropped back into his seat in the cab with his hand on the throttle. At that instant consciousness returned, and he found that it was all a dream, and that although his train was travelling at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, it had gone only 250 feet while the dream was passing through his mind, this distance being fixed by the position of the train with respect to signal lights on the line. This is the interesting part of the story, for if these measurements are approximately correct, the dream occupied less than four seconds of time. —*Ledger.*

#### LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought with a nervous dread,  
Of the pile of clothes to be washed, and more  
Than a dozen of mouths to be fed.  
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,  
And the children to fix away  
To school, and milk to be skimmed and churned;  
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was wet as it could be;  
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides  
A loaf of cake for tea;  
And the day was hot, and her aching head  
Throbbled wearily as she said:  
"If maidens knew what good wives know,  
They would be in no haste to wed."

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"  
Called the farmer from the well;  
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,  
And his eyes half bashfully fell.  
"It was this," said he, and coming near,  
He kissed from her brow the frown;—  
"Twas this," said he, "that you were the best,  
And the dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife  
In a smiling absent way  
Sang snatches of tender little songs,  
She'd not sung for many a day.  
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes  
Were as white as the foam of the sea;  
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet,  
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath  
Tom Wood has run off to sea;  
He wouldn't, I know; if he only had  
As happy a home as we."  
The night came down and the good wife smiled  
To herself as she softly said:  
"'Tis so sweet to labour for those we love,  
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

#### SOLIDIFIED WHISKEY.

If it should be found practicable to turn out whiskey in the form of plugs like tobacco, it will completely revolutionize the business. The *Pittsburg Times* gives a long account of the discovery, and of Mr. Peterman, the German, who is announced as the discoverer. Numerous capitalists and syndicates of capitalists have applied for the purchase of the secret, but Peterman is holding off for higher bids. He refuses to let any sample leave his possession, but freely submits his whiskey to the practical tests of experts. No chemicals are used in the preparation of the spirits, and in no way is the flavour of the brands affected. Brandy, port, and gin are all treated in the same way. Should it be brought into use it will do away with all barrels and loss by leakage, for the whiskey cake can be shipped all over the continent in boxes, in bales, in crates, or even only protected from dust and dirt by matting. It could be turned out in any sizes, from a lozenge to a block of a ton. Think of it! We can soon quote whiskey by the ton, bale, or cord, and like coal in all sizes—broken egg, or nut! But the discoverer does not stop at the mere solidification, for not only can he solidify whiskey, but he makes it into any form desired. He can make it as red as

currant jelly and of like consistency; or he can turn you out whiskey in color, form and odor like unto a cheese or a Westphalia ham. In short there is not an article of commerce which cannot be successfully duplicated in solidified whiskey, so as to deceive the very elect of internal revenue officers.

The result of this may be interesting. Some good old deacon may catch the jim-jams from a steady diet of what he believes to be potatoes, boneless codfish and potted ham, but which in reality are concentrated stagger juice. And the village belle, slowly compressing her sweet lips on as she supposes, the toothsome caramel, may be imbibing potations of sherry wine in such generous drachms that she will finally consult mamma in affright to discover if possible what causes the blood to course with hitherto unknown swiftness through her veins.

As for the bar-rooms, they will be quite abolished inside of two years. There will be no need for tumblers and decanters and fancy bars. Temperance will be marvellously increased by it, for man is a social animal—the only social animal, practically—but with all his sociability he does not treat his friends and associates to postage stamps, or bread, or beef, or any article of everyday use, save and except liquor, be that liquor spirituous or merely temperance lemonade or soda. But abolish the drink, that is turn the liquor into a solid, and society will drop its treating usages that instant. And with the discontinuance of treating a fatal blow will be struck at drunkenness, for mostly all confirmed drunkards will tell you that their appetite was acquired, not by moderate drinking at home, but by the convivial glass at the gilded and mirrored bars. It is in a word, the drinks between drinks, that do the dirty business for most of them. Once the necessity of taking stimulants in a liquid form is obviated, men who require whiskey or gin or brandy or wine will buy it at their grocers' in plug, or globule, or lozenge form, and use it as we do now our tobacco—they will use it but will not abuse it. At least that is what is claimed for the new discovery. Time will soon tell whether there is anything in it or not.—*Bobcaygeon Independent.*

#### HOME QUESTIONS.

Your tempers; how are they? Do you become impatient under trial; fretful, when chided or crossed; angry, revengeful when injured, vain, when flattered; proud, when prospered; complaining, when chastened; unbelieving, when seemingly forsaken; unkind, when neglected; are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? Covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indulgence, of honour or ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud, lovers of your own selves? Beware! These are the sediments of the old nature. Nay, if they exist in you, in however small a degree, they are demonstrative that the old man of sin is not dead. It will be a sad mistake if you detect these evils within, and yet close your eyes to them and continue to make professions of holiness. These are not infirmities, they are indications of want of grace.—*Bishop Foster.*