

HEARTH AND HOME.

BLUSHING.—Blushing, instead of being a criterion of guilt, is often a certain sign of innocence. Wicked, unfeeling, or impudent people never blush; yet nothing occasions deeper feelings of shame and distress than being caught in the fact by the eyes of a whole company. Everything is beautiful in its natural order. When a girl's cheeks are suffused with vermillion, she is lovely; but nothing can be more ridiculous than an old woman blushing.

ANGER.—Let us ever remember that passion has a direct tendency to trouble the understanding and darken the mind. The fumes, which arise from the heart boiling with anger, becloud reason. Nothing is in reality what it appears to be in that unhappy moment. Perhaps no two persons can differ more from each other than the same man differs from himself, when heated with anger, and when calm and composed. Correct conclusions are rarely arrived at under the influence of passion.

CHANGE.—The change of day and night—of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but, if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease, we regard life as a disgusting burden.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.—Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept the hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities, you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you cannot speak well of your neighbours, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbour may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practise kindness, even if it be but little each day. Learn something each, even if it be but to spell one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—True friendship says: "Let our friends prosper; let them go higher and be better than we are. If to us hearing is denied, and they have it, let us be thankful that they have it. If to us sight is denied, and they have it, let us be thankful that they have it. Let us be thankful for all the blessings that they receive." For, when one has identified himself with another, his feeling towards that other should be: "All that I have is thine; all that there is mine, and I am thine, and thou art mine"—and that through weal and through woe, to the end.

MOTHER AND SON.—There is no tie in the world more beautiful than that which binds a mother and a son grown old enough to be her protector. A daughter loves her mother, indeed; but she sees all her defects, as one woman always does see those of another. No doubt, with the unconscious arrogance of youth, she exaggerates them. But the son loves his mother with an ideal love—he sees her as a man sees a woman; that is to say, through a certain halo of mystery. Reverence is in his feeling for her, and at the same time a sense of her need of his care—he is at once her knight and her son. He is proud of her and fond of her at the same time. Her image is sacred in his mind. She may not be better than other women; but she seems so to him.

A HINT TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.—Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her and is proud of her and believes in her, that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness, that her face, to one at least, is the fairest face in all the world, that the heart which to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength and courage and sweetness and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom and sweeten and brighten in perpetual youth.

"IT IS NOT MINE."—It often happens that the very people most particular respecting their own things, are most wanton in their disregard on the property of others. Habits of neatness and economy are assuredly commendable, but they become mean when applied to one's individual use, and when the reflection "it is not mine" is looked upon as a release from care. This thought, on the contrary, should render the merest trifle important in our eyes. A truly benevolent heart and thinking mind dictate a desire to protect the right, reputation and pro-

perty even of a stranger. We like the man who goes back in the night to fling aside a stone against which he has hurt his foot, so that the next passer-by, whoever he may be, may be spared the same evil. It is a trifle, but springs from a good principle, and carried out into the great ramifications of society, may produce happiness incalculable.

AN EARNEST LIFE.—Earnestness does not always move with a clatter. There are other things in this world which are quite as pleasant and edifying as the rub-a-dub-dub of a snare drum. In fact, this kind of melody is not generally the highest kind of music. Have you never known a man bustling and officious, clamorous and loud, but who did not weigh heavy after all?—a thing very well understood by every one except just the man who might have profited by that piece of information. And have you never known a man quite and unostentatious and faithful, and who was a perpetual blessing—a golden man, deep souled and true, whose memory lingered long after he was gone, like light upon the hills after a gorgeous sunset? The shallow stream rattles along its course; but when it is met and drowned by the majestic tides rolling in from the sea, there is silence on the hills. In the great tide there is the power of more than a hundred rivulets, yet its coming is almost as quiet as the celestial forces that bring it. The tide flows down and shallow grows the stream, and again the empty chattering goes on. And this is what we wish to say, that things most potent, although demonstrative, as indeed they must be from their effects, are not necessarily noisy. A strong, earnest life need not make what some people are in the habit of calling "a fuss." It is better known by the lead that strikes than by the gun which sends it.

MARGINALIA.

Edmund Yates has bought the *London World*, which now yields him an income of £10,000, according to the always truthful reporter.

The British Admiralty have ordered the immediate construction of six steel corvettes to serve as cruisers in the Pacific and Chinese waters.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, it seems to be agreed, is the author of "Merey Philbrick's Choice." "H. H." is one of the cleverest writers in America.

ON the first of this month a new regulation of the British Board of Trade came into force, compelling every ship to carry inextinguishable lights adapted to be affixed to life buoys.

Mr. Rawdon Brown's valuable work on the social life of England at the time of Shakespeare's death will be published by a London society. It has been waiting twenty years for a publisher.

The number of French Marshals is limited to six in peace and twelve in war. Only four Generals are now holding that high rank: Baraguay d'Hiillers, Canrobert, McMahon, the President of the Republic, and Le Bonaf.

Bessie Turner is a waitress in a down-town restaurant, having lost a fine position as teacher by testifying for Plymouth Church, which, having no further use for her, leaves her to shirk for herself. And she seems to know how to do it.

Two Austrian sisters recently celebrated their golden wedding together. The elder, aged seventy-four, had her six children and thirty-six grandchildren about her, but the younger sister, aged seventy-two, has no children yet.

Said a woman speaker in a New Haven suffrage meeting, "Woman is in every respect the equal of man. Her reputation for heroic bravery—" at that point a mouse ran into sight, and the orator jumped on the table and screamed.

The term "grass widow" is said to be a corruption of "grace widow," a phrase applied to one who becomes a widow by grace or favor, not of necessity, as by death; and originated in the early ages of European civilization, when divorces were seldom granted by the church.

A dog, near Norfolk, Va., was taught to wait every day for a railroad train, catch a newspaper thrown out by the baggage master and carry it home. His master died several months ago, but he goes every day to get the newspaper, and gazes after the cars in apparent disappointment when nothing is thrown to him.

Bulgaria has on several occasions figured in history as the scene of "atrocities" no less horrible than those lately committed by the Bashibazouks. The Greek Emperor Basilus II. was nicknamed "Bulgaroktonos" because he ordered 15,000 Bulgarian prisoners to have their eyes put out, a few only being left with one eye in order that they might guide their fellow prisoners back to their homes.

A gentleman from Bordeaux is now in Paris soliciting from the Prefect of Police the authorization to try an invention for moving street-carriages by electricity. It is claimed that through the aid of a mechanism which will occupy no more space than the ordinary driver's seat, a speed of six kilometres per hour is obtained with power to draw four persons.

In the general sitting room of the Empress of Russia, her Majesty's seat is on a raised platform separated by a railing from the rest of the room, which has tables and chairs for a large number of ladies in waiting. The walls are covered with crimson damask, brightened by beautiful pictures. The most noticeable pieces of furniture, however, are tall folding screens of exquisite workmanship in colored glass, upon which are miniature scenes of royal history.

It is said that a novel which George Sand wrote some years ago will probably be published in a short time. The work is said to turn on the life and adventures of the student Staaps, who attempted to assassinate Napoleon after the battle of Essling, and who belonged to the Tugend-Bund, or Association of Virtue. That it should have been impossible to publish a book on such a subject under the Second Empire is easily conceived, nor would it have been popular, except among the Radicals, directly after the late war.

An innovation will be made in the plan of that section of the Exhibition building for 1878 which is to be devoted to the Fine Arts. A large space will be converted into a beautiful garden, a resting place, which the horticulturists of Paris will duly ornament. The place reserved for Fine Arts will, however, be very spacious, and have at least a third more room than was accorded for the same purpose in 1867. There will be eight sections—four for foreign works and four for the works of French artists, nearly all of whom are even now busily preparing for the all-important event.

Thirty years ago in California, men would flock in crowds to catch a glimpse of that rare spectacle, a woman. Early one morning it was noised about in the Canon Camp that a woman had arrived in the night. Everybody went to the camping ground, but only the hem of a calico dress was visible. "Fetch her out, we want to see her," said the rough miners to the husband. "My wife is sick," said he; "we have been robbed by the Indians, and we want rest." "Fetch her out," was the reply. She came to the door, they swung their hats, gave three cheers and a tiger, collected \$2,500 in gold, cheered again, and went home satisfied.

In the second part of Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," just published, an intimate friend of Lord Palmerston relates, how, shortly after the Queen and Prince Albert's visit to Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie, he one morning called upon Lord Palmerston to congratulate him upon their very successful visit to France, remarking: "What an extraordinary man the Emperor is!" "Yes," was the Premier's reply, "but we have a far greater and more extraordinary man nearer home. The Prince Consort would not have considered it right to obtain a throne as the Emperor has done; but, in regard to the possession of the soundest judgment, the highest intellect, and the most exalted qualities of mind, he is far superior to the Emperor."

VARIETIES.

"OLD PARIS."—One of the Paris correspondents writes:—"I have just paid a visit to an old building, half in ruins, which must have attracted the notice of many tourists on their way from the central part of Paris to the terminus of the Orleans line. This building almost opposite to the Arsenal, stands at the corner of the Quai de Celestine and the Rue Petit-Muse, and is a fragment of the ancient Hotel St. Paul, a Royal palace in which one King of France (Charles V.) was burnt to death during a masked ball. The palace, with its magnificent gardens, its vineyards, and its menagerie (there exist now two streets, the Rue du Beau-Travail and the Rue de la Menagerie, which remind one of where the two latter stood, extended from what is now the Faubourg St. Antoine to the Seine, and covered an immense surface of ground. The only remains of the palace are to be found in the building which occupies the corner of the Quai des Celestines, and which though every pane of glass is broken, contains a singular collection of books and furniture. In one room are several volumes of newspapers bound, and the coverings are half rotted by the rain which drips through the ceiling. The floor is littered with books, which appear to have been lying there for years, and which are ready to crumble into dust. In a bed-chamber are to be seen a gilt crown several specimens of minerals, pictures, literally crusted with dust, two or three rusty clocks, and a mass of hangings and curtains, which are falling to pieces. In a bedroom on the floor above are 50 or 60 dolls mounted upon wire springs, which to judge by their appearance, must at one time have been very elaborately attired. In the reception-rooms, the decaying furniture covers the floors, and one can hardly walk a yard without coming in the way of some object or other. Beds, tapestry, large mirrors, rare and precious cabinets, are lying about in almost artistic confusion. I believe that the reason of this is to be found in the fact that the property is, as we should say, in Chancery. During the siege of Paris the hotel was occupied by the National Guard. This building was to have been demolished to make way for the new Boulevard Henri IV.; but it has since been arranged that the latter shall be pierced in such a direction as to spare this interesting relic of old Paris."

SUCCESSORS.—Charles Dickens in 1851 wrote two letters to Mr. Eccles, the bookbinder, about some false book-backs with which he used to fill some spaces in his study at Tavistock House. We learn from a contemporary that the list of titles was as follows: "Five Minutes in China," 2 vols.; "Forty Winks at the Pyramids," 2 vols.; "Mr. Green's Overland Mail;" "Abner's Note on the Constitution;" "Captain Cook's Life of Savage;" "A Carpenter's Bench of Bishops;" "Tott's Universal Letter Writer," 2 vols.; "Orson's Art of Etiquette;" "Down-easter's Complete Calculator;" "History of the Middle Ages," 6 vols.; "Jonah's Account of

the Whale;" "Captain Parry's Virtues of Cold Tar;" "Kant's Eminent Humbugs," 10 vols. "Bowwowdom, a Poem;" "The Quarrelly Review," 4 vols.; "The Gunpowder Magazine," 4 vols.; "Steele, by the author of 'Jon';" "The Art of Cutting the Teeth;" "Malthus's Nursery Songs," 2 vols.; "Paxton's Bloomers," 3 vols.; "Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing," 3 vols.; "Heavyside's Conversations with Nobody," 3 vols.; "Commonplace Book of the Oldest Inhabitant," 2 vols.; "Growler's Gruffology, with Appendix," 4 vols.; "The Books of Moses and Sons," 2 vols.; "Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful;" "Teazer's Commentaries;" "King Henry the Eighth's Evidences of Christianity," 3 vols.; "Miss Biffin on Deportment;" "Morrison's Pills Progress," 2 vols.; "Lady Godiva on the Horse;" "Munchausen's Modern Miracles," 5 vols.; "Richardson's Show of Dramatic Literature," 6 vols.; "Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep" (as many volumes are required to fill up).

LITERARY GOSSIP.—Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., is going to edit a selection from Lord Macaulay's writings, to which he will append explanatory notes. The volume will be published by Messrs. Longmans. A correspondent writes:—"At a sale of pictures and curiosities at Hastings, on the 22nd ultimo, the pictures being of the 'pretty' class usually submitted to the casual connoisseurs of watering places, and possibly worth buying after Sydney Smith's canon, viz., 'Never give more for a painting than you deem the frame worth,' some undoubtedly genuine curiosities were offered for competition. Among these latter was a volume half filled with franks and autographs from personages more or less celebrated when George the Fourth and his immediate successor were kings. The attractive items in this volume were two short letters written by her present Majesty, one in the child-like large script of a beginner of the age of about six or seven, the other bears date after her accession to the Throne, and both are addressed to her aunt, the late Princess Sophia. The earlier of these two Royal autographs is so creditable to our Queen's well-known amiability of character that our readers may be pleased to read a transcript of it. It runs thus:—"How do you do, dear aunt? Do you love poor Vicky? Dearest aunt, this is a present for you, VICTORIA. I need hardly add that the original, in accordance with the custom of writers at so early an age, is innocent of punctuation.—*Athenaeum.*"

SCIENTIFIC.

A novel proposal has just been made to the Prefect of the Seine by two engineers, who propose to surround all public buildings with asphalt as a preservative from fire.

SOME of our most recent inventions were foreshadowed if not actually accomplished, upwards of 300 years ago. A Latin military book, published in Paris in 1535, contains illustrations of a revolving gun, revolving turrets for monitors, water beds for the wounded, divers supplied with air through tubes, and a diagram for a diving bell.

GERMAN anthropologists are agitating the problem whether the brunette population of that country entered it from Italy, or whether a large proportion of the early German blondes were an artificial production. It is known from Roman sources that the Germans manufactured a cosmetic for giving a yellow tinge to the hair, and the Elda describes the Goths as a dark-skinned people.

King George I. of Greece is preparing a book on the "Boes of Hymettus," and has made a collection of ninety different sorts of honey from various countries. He expects to prove that the famed honey of Hymettus was inferior to Danish honey. His Majesty has a special fondness for birds. Among others he has five trained magpies and a gigantic tame vulture named Mitinades, which he takes pride in stating were all trained by himself.

PERSONAL.

Lord Dufferin is to be the early recipient of two barrels of peat, in paper barrels, from Oswego.

Hon. Mr. Childers has arrived again on this side the Atlantic.

THE health of his Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec is worse, and fears are entertained that he will not recover.

It is rumored that before long Sir John Macdonald will receive another mark of the Queen's favor in being elevated to a higher branch of Knighthood.

Judge Moss decided at the Assize Court in Ottawa that the Local Legislature had no power to enforce an income tax on Dominion officers for municipal purposes.

A spirited contest is being conducted in Queen's County, P. E. I., for the seat in the Commons lately held by Mr. Laird. William Welsh is the Government candidate, and Hon. J. C. Pope the Opposition.

LITERARY.

Mr. Magahan, who wrote the book about Khiva, and has written the recent letters from Bulgaria which have appeared in the *London News*, was born in Toledo, O., of Irish parents.

THE death is announced of the Chevalier Pertz, for many years librarian to the Royal Library in Berlin, author of a "Life of Stein," and late editor of the *Monumenta Germanica*. He was brother-in-law to the late Sir Charles Lyell.

Frederick Mistral, the great Provençal poet, the author of the poem "Mirio," and President of the Society of Célèbres, has just married at Dijon, the marriage being the occasion of a meeting of the most illustrious adepts in the language and poetry of Provence. It was, according to an eye-witness, a curious thing to see living again the manners and customs of the old Kingdom of Arles, and hear these men of the South, imaginative, simple, and enthusiastic, singing in a primitive language which their most heroic efforts could hardly revive.