

academy of its own, and the Synod of New York did nothing. But the treatment received by the celebrated David Brainerd from Yale College did much to lead to the establishment of the College of New Jersey, afterwards generally known as Princeton College. In this movement four Presbyterian ministers, Jonathan Dickinson, John Pierson, Ebenezer Pemberton and Aaron Burr were the leaders. The first charter was obtained from John Hamilton, "President of his Majesty's Council and Commander-in-chief of the Province of New Jersey," and is dated October 22, 1746. The second charter, from Governor Belcher, was obtained Sept. 14, 1748, and after the achievement of American independence it was confirmed and renewed by the legislature of New Jersey. The college was opened in May, 1747, at Elizabethtown, now Elizabeth, under President Dickinson, who died August 7 in that year. It was then removed to Newark, N.J., and placed under the care of Rev. Aaron Burr. But at a meeting of the trustees May 15, 1751, it was offered to New Brunswick on certain conditions, but the people of that place failed to comply with the proposed terms. An offer proposed by Princeton was accepted, and the trustees Jan. 24, 1753, resolved to fix the college at what they called "the promised land at Princeton." The presidents of the college have been as follows: Jonathan Dickinson, 1747; Aaron Burr, 1748-1757; Jonathan Edwards, 1758; Samuel Davies, 1759-1761; Samuel Finley, 1761-1766; John Witherspoon, 1768-1794; Samuel Stanhope Smith, 1795-1812; Ashbel Green, 1812-1822; James Carnahan, 1822-1854; John Maclean, 1854-1868; James McCosh, 1868-1888; Francis Landey Patton, 1888.

The Handbook, from which we have already quoted, says:

"The administration of the first five presidents, Dickinson, Burr, Edwards, Davies and Finley, accordingly belongs to the colonial period. The sixth president, Witherspoon, ends the colonial period, and carries Princeton through the trying times of the Revolution, and the founding of our national life. The next four presidents, Smith, Green, Carnahan and Maclean, carry the history of the college down through what may be called the first great period of our national history, that is to the close of the civil war. The period since the civil war, or contemporary Princeton, is represented by the administrations of Presidents McCosh and Patton. Princeton is thus identified with the three periods of American history—the colonial, the revolutionary and the national."

Arrangements have been in progress for some time for celebrating the 150th anniversary of the first charter, Oct. 20, 21 and 22, which will no doubt be largely attended by graduates from all parts of the United States and by many invited guests. The institution made great advances in endowments, new buildings, the extension of studies, and increase in the numbers of students during the twenty years of the presidency of Dr. McCosh. No less than three millions of dollars were given to the college in that time, and Dr. Patton, the present president, has demonstrated his competency for the high position he holds.

The sure way to kill religion is to live it only in the eyes of men. Humanity, gentleness, love, joy, peace, patience, all require the quiet shade.—*London Christian*.

HOW THE CZAR TRAVELS.

The Czar's train is a very complete affair. It is painted brown, and consists of twelve huge saloon cars. There are two carriages for luggage and servants, one furnished as a perfect kitchen with complete cooking ranges, ice-cellar and wine-cellar, etc. Another carriage is fitted out as a kitchen, but on a smaller scale and less elaborate. The Czar and Czarina have each of them a complete carriage for bedroom, there is also a drawing-room car, and another fitted out as a cabinet for the Czar. The Ministers and higher officials who accompany the monarch are provided with two carriages, one as a bedroom the other as a sitting-room. These carriages are all most elaborately fitted out. The upholstery is of a most luxurious description. A simpler carriage is placed at the disposal of the minor officials—the secretaries, subalterns, imperial messengers and others. The heating arrangements are perfect, either steam or hot water can be used, and in summer, when the weather is more than usually warm, there are tanks of water on top of the Imperial carriages which can be used for cooling purposes. Ten smiths and carpenters accompany the train, and in addition to the ordinary engine-drivers and stokers, there are two master engineers who are always Russians, whose duty it is to watch the action of the machinery and keep an eye on the engine-drivers.

ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

Every man who has read Shakespeare knows that it was this immortal dramatist who enriched our everyday language with such trite sayings as "This is the short and long of it," "The head and front of my offending," "All is not gold that glitters," "As merry as the day is long," "They laugh that win," "A Daniel come to judgment," "The near in blood, the nearer bloody," "More honored in the breach than in the observance," "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," "Brevity is the soul of wit," "Murder will out," "Use every man after his desert," "An old man is twice a child," "The observed of all observers," and innumerable others of a similar nature.

The true saying, "Knowledge is power," we owe to Lord Bacon, while it was the poet Cowper who told us that "variety is the very spice of life." "Not much the worse for wear," we owe to the same writer.

To the Laureate Poet Dryden we owe not a few of our best sayings, among which might be mentioned "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Through thick and thin," and "Men are but children of a larger growth."

A not very well known author of the sixteenth century, Thomas Cusane, was the originator of the sayings, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," "Look ere you leap," and "Better late than never."

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs" was first used by our countryman, Oliver Goldsmith, perhaps in reply to the question of his predecessor, Thomas Murnan, who asked: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," came from the pen of Nathaniel Lee.

Our Young Folks.

HER GRANDPA.

My gran'pa is a funny man,
He's Scotch as he can be;
I tries to teach him all I can,
But he can't talk like me;
I've told him forty thousand times,
But tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon."
An' calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me 'most every day,
And rides me on his knee;
He took me to a picnic once,
And dressed up just like me.
He says I am a "bonnie bairn,"
And kisses me, and when,
I asks him why he can't talk right,
He says, "I dinna ken."

But me an' him has lots of fun.
He's such a funny man;
I dance for him and brush his hair,
And loves him all I can.
I calls him Anjrew (that's his name).
And he says I can't talk,
And then he puts my plaidie on
And takes me for a walk.
I tells him forty thousand times,
But tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon."
An' calls a house a "hoose."

—Charles D. Stewart.

JACK THE SOLDIER.

"Can't do it. It's against orders. I'm a soldier now," said one newsboy to another.

"Yes, you look like a soldier!" was the mocking reply.

"I am, though, all the same," and Jack straightened himself and looked steadily into Jim's eyes. "Jesus is my Captain, and I'm going to do everything on the square after this, 'cause He says so."

"That won't last long," said Jim. "Just wait till you're in bad luck and awful hungry, and you'll hook something fast enough."

"No; my Captain says, 'Don't steal,' and I won't. What I can't earn I'll go without, and if I'm likely to steal any time, I'll just call to Him. He's always watchin' to see if any of His soldiers need help, and He's ready with it as soon as they ask for it. He'll help me to do anything He's told me to do."

Wise Jack! He had learned the secret of a happy, useful Christian life.

SPONGES.

When you use your sponge, do you ever ask yourself where it came from, whether it grew or was made? The sponge is a collection of animals, really, which lay eggs that hatch and increase the size of the sponges. The best sponges are found in the Mediterranean. They used to be caught by naked divers, and even with harpoons; but they have grown scarcer, and are now caught in deep waters that require expert divers in divers' suits. Sponges are found in the Pacific Ocean, the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean.

The Greeks are said to be the best divers in the world. A glass is placed at the end of a large tube. The boat engaged in sponge-fishing passes slowly over the ground while an expert watches the bottom through the large tube, the glass of which is beneath the surface. The water is so clear that the bottom can be seen at a great depth. When the sponges are discovered, the divers put on their suits and go to the bottom, and the sponges are brought to the surface.

In the waters of the West Indies the sponges are secured in comparatively shallow water. A box or bucket is used, with a pane of glass inserted in the bottom. The sponge-fisher puts his face into this, and when he discovers sponges brings

them to the surface with a hook. The large woolly sponge, as you would imagine, is called a sheep sponge.

All sponges have to be prepared for market. As taken from the water they are unfit for use, and must be cleaned, and bleached to some extent. The very white, hard sponges are over-treated, and not as good as those cleaned without so free a use of acid. The best sponges are found in the deepest waters.

KATIE'S BUTTERFLIES.

When Katie saw Ben's rare collection of insects, she wanted to have some of her own, says an exchange.

"There's lots of butterflies in our garden," she said. "Great yellow ones, with spotted wings; golden-brown ones, with scarlet stripes; and pretty white ones, which shine like silver."

The next day Katie ran into mamma's room, her little fingers tightly closed over the brown head of a splendid specimen. Her blue eyes were full of horror.

"Oh-h-h! I can never do it, mamma, I never can. See it squirm and kick. It don't want to die, dear little thing. God gave it its life, same's He gave me mine. I don't want any frame of insects—never!" she cried, sobbing in mamma's arms. That was the first and last butterfly that our Katie caught, and she thinks that only cruel folks can kill them.

What do you think about it?

A KIND HEART.

It was a bright morning early in summer. Ex-Mayor Sichel descended the brown-stone steps of his mansion, on an up-town square, and started down the street toward his office. As he walked slowly along he noticed in front of him a very pretty young lady. She was dressed according to the latest fashion, and went tripping along with her head held high in the air, in a manner befitting a young queen. As the venerable ex-mayor looked at her fine array and watched her top-lofty manner, he could not but wonder if she took as much pains with the inward adornment of her heart as she did with the outward decoration of her body.

Presently an old man came up the street, pushing a wheelbarrow. Just before he reached the young lady he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house, but each time he failed; the gate would swing back before he could get through with the wheelbarrow.

"Wait a moment," said our stylish miss: "I'll hold the gate open." And reaching out a hand incased in a pearl-colored glove, she held the gate until the old man and his wheelbarrow had passed in. Then she nodded and smiled in response to his thanks, while our ex-mayor thought that her handsome clothes were not a bit too fine for a body that carried such a beautiful spirit.

BOYS IN GREENLAND.

Greenland boys are great egg collectors. As soon as the gulls and other birds that nest in the far north appear in the spring, the work begins. No boy who has not practised a great deal at climbing the rough mountain-sides and creeping over the glaciers is allowed to venture on the perilous task. But at fifteen, and even before, a Greenland boy is as strong of limb, as fearless of heart, and as cool of head as any steeple-climber. —*Ex.*