

There was a cold, sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real, the result of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his wife, and would not purposely have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected result—this cruel reception of her presents, over which she had wrought patiently, in golden hope, for many days—this dashing to the earth of her brimful cup of joy, just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond young wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to her eyes, she turned away from her husband; and to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room, and going back to the chamber from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her face with her hands, sat down and strove with herself to be calm. But the shadow was too deep—the heart ached too heavily.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, to his surprise, that she was weeping, said, in a slightly reproving voice, "Why, bless me, not in tears! What a silly puss you are!—Why didn't you tell me you thought of making me a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't persuade me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to the parlor," he said, taking hold of her arm, and lifting her from the chair, "and sing a play for me. 'The Cream Waltz,' or 'The Tremolo,' or 'Dearest May,' or 'The Stilly Night,' are worth more to me than forty dressing-gowns, or a cargo of embroidered slippers."

Almost by force he led her back to the parlor, and placed her on the music stool. He selected a favorite piece and laid before her. But tears were in her eyes, and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skillful touches; but when she tried to take up the song, utterance failed, and sobs broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish I!" said the husband, in a vexed tone. "I am surprised at you." And he turned from the piano and walked across the room.

A little while the sad wife remained where she was thus left alone, and in partial anger. Then rising, she went slowly from the room—her husband not seeking to restrain her—and going back to her chamber, sat down in darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon

her spirit was very deep, and though the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before his beams had power to scatter the cloud that floated in love's horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, neighbor—are we not casting shadows daily on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces? We have given you two of life's true pictures, not a mirror, but a kadioscope. In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women, selfish or thoughtlessly—from design, weakness or ignorance—are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act, will cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, be forgetters of self and regards of others, and you will cast but few shadows along the path of life.—The true gentleman is always tender to the feelings of others, always watchful lest he would unintentionally injure, always thinking, when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be gentlemen, ladies, or in a word, what includes all excellencies, be Christians, for it is the Christian who casts fewest shadows of all.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

The London *Photographic News* has the following summary of the present state of knowledge on this interesting subject:—

The subject of spectrum analysis is still affording grounds for much scientific debate. It may be remembered that we have on more than one occasion pointed out that there was many reasons, experimental as well as theoretical, for concluding that the sweeping explanation of the cause of Fraunhofer's lines given by the German savans was, to say the least, open to great doubts. This opinion is now gradually gaining ground among scientific men. The Editor of the *Chemical News* has taken the same view as ourselves, and at the late meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society, Dr. W. A. Miller, in his lecture on the subject, urged the necessity of still considering the views of Kirchhoff and Bunsen as theoretical, there being many points which presented anomalous features. Some spectral lines, he said, were due to the incandescent metals, but others, undoubtedly, belonged to the atmosphere or to the different gases in which the ignition of the metal took place. The rise of temperature, too, evoked different lines

from the same substance. Chloride of lithium, in a Bunsen burner, gives a single crimson ray, in the hotter flame of hydrogen an additional orange ray appears; whilst the oxyhydrogen jet, or the voltaic arc, brings out a broad, brilliant blue band in addition, the same takes place with sodium and other metals. Fascinating as the German theory is, it must be remembered that it is still upon trial, and that it does not yet explain the facts known respecting the vapors of hydrogen, mercury, chlorine, bromine, sodium, or nitrogen. It was expected that spectral observations on the corona seen during the late solar eclipse on the 31st of December last would throw considerable light upon this obscure point. Up to the present moment, however, we have not heard what results were obtained. It will be remembered by our readers that, according to Kirchhoff's theory, that the sun consists of a central solid or liquid incandescent mass surrounded by luminous metallic vapors, the partial opacity of which occasioned the black lines of the spectrum—according to this theory, the light from the corona should proceed entirely from this incandescent metallic vapor and that in consequence of there being no more highly illuminated body behind it, the ordinary black lines ought to come out bright and luminous. This, if observed, would be one of the most startling results of the day, and would conclusively prove the truth of this beautiful theory, whilst the non-observance of such a reversal of the Fraunhofer line would seriously militate against the hypothesis.

No knowledge however profound, can constitute a teacher. A teacher must have knowledge, as an orator must have knowledge, as a builder must have materials; but as in choosing the builder of my house, I do not select the man who has the most materials in his yard, but I proceed to select him by reference to his skill, ingenuity and taste; and so also in testing an orator or a teacher, I satisfy myself that they fulfil the comparatively easy condition of possessing sufficient materials of knowledge with which to work. I look then to those high and noble qualities which are the characteristics of their peculiar calling. There were hundreds of men at Athens who knew more than Desmosthenes, many more that knew more, at Rome than Cicero; but there was but one Desmosthenes and one Cicero. —Lord Ashburton.