

eloquence; while the great truths that all parents are tyrants, that all religious people are hypocrites, and that disobedience to fathers and teachers is obedience to the nobler instincts of juvenile nature, are sedulously taught. Such stories as these develop all that is manly and lawless in our boys, and teach them lessons that cannot fail to be of immense service to them in whatever criminal career they may adopt.

There are a few old-fashioned people who denounce the new juvenile literature in unsparing terms, but that nearly all fathers approve of it is self-evident. They know that their boys are reading novels illustrative of the excellence of crime, but they make no effort to suppress that sort of literature, as they certainly would do did they disapprove of it. Nothing would be simpler than to drive those novels out of existence. All that it would be necessary to do would be to "Boycott" the newsdealers who keep them for sale. The truth evidently is that fathers either do not care what their boys read, or that they have no fault to find with "Jack Harkaway" and the "Boy Burglars." It cannot be that respectable gentlemen who dislike crime, profanity and vulgarity, willfully refuse to know what their boys are reading, or weakly hope that by some happy chance their reading will do them no harm.—*W. L. Alden, in Harper's Magazine for February.*

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

(OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.)

There is no time like the old time,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed,
And the birds of Spring-time sung.
The garden's brightest glories
By summer suns are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets,
The flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place,
Where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids,
On the splendours of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,
From the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us
That will look for us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend
That has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love
That we counted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling,
And we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us,
With the colours of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine
When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—
They shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—
Keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—
May heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—
God bless our loving wives!

AURORA BOREALIS.

Gassendi, a French philosopher, contemporary of Lord Bacon, first gave the classical name of Aurora Borealis. Others have called it Aurora Polaris, for there is also an Aurora Australis, similar phenomena being witnessed in the Antarctic regions. The Portuguese navigator, D'Ulloa, is the first who describes the Southern Lights, about 1743; and Captain Cook also beheld them in 1777. Sir James Ross, in his famous Antarctic exploring expedition, witnessed magnificent displays.

Many of the accounts in old chronicles and histories, describing armies in the sky meeting and contending with fiery spears and darts, sometimes attended with waves of blood, can only refer to unusual displays of the Aurora Borealis. Such references are frequent in the medieval chronicles. But before those days, Aristotle, Pliny, and other classical writers, alluded to the same mysterious lights. They were usually regarded as portents of evil foreboding. But the Shetland people called them "The Merry Dancers." The North American Indians thought they were the spirits of their departed people roaming through the spirit-world.

ONE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make in a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he "accom-

plished so much in his life." "My father told me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret, the magic word—*now*.

EMBER FLASHES.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. JACK.

After the holidays—what? we say as we settle down to quiet and comfort. The fire of our "great expectations" burns low: only a few flashes now and then from among the embers tell of the vital spark within. The children's toys are already broken; the paint has been worn off the doll, and Charles' wonderful gun-carriage is minus a wheel. But, what matter! They have had their day. To the housekeeper it is a trying time—for where has she more worlds to conquer? Turkey and mince-pies, with an added glory of plum-pudding, have demoralized the family, and she meditates how to bring them down to the level of a good bread pudding and a small roast. But this the cook-books do not teach, and it can only be learned by personal application. And here I would enter a plea for fruit; for there is no season of the year when it so materially affects the health of a family as during the latter months of winter. Give up half the pies and puddings, tired Christmas-worn housekeeper, and purchase a supply of juicy oranges, toothsome figs and raisins, which, with the plentiful and necessary apple, can be made up easily into healthful and appetizing desserts. I hope the day is not far distant when every farmer will lay in his stock of grapes, as well as other winter supplies, and thereby add to the health, and lessen the doctor's bills of his family. But my rambling pen must say "good-night."

"Cover the embers, and put out the light—
Toil comes with the morning, and rest with the night."

SENDING A VALENTINE.

I might begin, "The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or thus the boys all think is good:
"If you love me as I love you."

But,—seems to me,—a valentine
Is nicer, when you do not say
The same old thing that every one
Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night,
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.
That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease).
"Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."
It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this:

To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss.
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes;
The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone!

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to Mother!

—*Kate Kellogg, in St. Nicholas for February, 1882.*

A NEW POEM BY WHITTIER.

THE DEACON'S ADVICE TO THE SQUIRE RELATIVE TO
PROPERTY VALUATION.

The old Squire said, as he stood by his gate,
And his neighbour, the Deacon, went by,
"In spite of my bank stock, and real estate,
You are better off, Deacon, than I."

"We're both growing old, and the end's drawing near;
You have less of this world to resign,
But in Heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,
Will reckon up greater than mine."

"They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so poor,
I wish I could swap with you even,
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store
For the shillings and pence you have given."

"Well, Squire," said the Deacon, with shrewd common
sense,
While his eye had a twinkle of fun,
"Let your pounds take the way of my shillings and pence,
And the thing can be easily done."

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster with ever so many long petals of light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose colour. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water; while the opelet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunshine? But these

beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down among them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant that foolish little fishie touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms uncloset and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.—*Anon.*

NEWS GLEANINGS.

PHILADELPHIA paid \$23,220,000 for liquor last year, or \$1,000,000 more than for rent.

COPENHAGEN, in Denmark, has a population of 235,000, all of whom but 6,000 are Lutherans.

THE Lord Mayor of London advises the unemployed in that city to emigrate to Canada.

MR. BRADLAUGH has been again returned to Parliament for Northampton by a reduced majority.

It is said that Mr. Parnell has suffered a week's solitary confinement for attempting to bribe a turnkey to take out a letter.

THE amount in deposits in the British Post Office Savings Bank last year was \$8,000,000, or \$1,500,000 more than in 1880.

THE trials of the Russian Nihilists resulted in the sentence to death of ten of the prisoners as accomplices in the assassination of the Czar.

UNDER the "new departure" of the Trustees of the Prabody Fund the income is not almost entirely employed in the education of teachers.

TOBACCO dealers in Mississippi cannot sell tobacco to minors without the consent of their parents or guardians, if the bill passed by the House becomes a law.

THE Chinese merchants of San Francisco have sent a despatch to the Hong Kong Chinese merchants, urging them to stop Chinese emigration to San Francisco.

IN recent excavations at Pompeii, thirty skeletons were found, one of which was grasping to its breast a purse with gold, silver, and bronze coins and precious stones.

THE workmen in the Hudson river tunnel find that coffee is a more wholesome and continuing stimulant under the fearful pressure of the atmosphere, than ardent spirits.

ADVISED from the West Coast of Africa report that a ferryboat, while crossing the lagoon of the Lagos, capsized, and forty-seven of the sixty persons on board were drowned.

AN Algiers cablegram reports a battle between a battalion of French troops and a party of fifteen hundred insurgents, in which the former lost twelve men and the latter one hundred.

PRINCE MILAN, of Serbia, has, at the request of the Skuptschina or Parliament of that principality, consented to assume the kingly prerogative, and will hereafter be known as King Milan.

A DESPATCH from Omaha states that the belief is spreading throughout Utah that Brigham Young is not dead, but will appear in the flesh if the anti-Mormon movement becomes very general.

IT is estimated that there are 10,000,000 men under arms in Europe at the present time, and that the annual cost, direct and indirect, of the enormous forces is not less than \$2,840,000,000.

WHILE Andover, Princeton, and our other theological seminaries have sent less than 10 per cent. of their graduates as foreign missionaries, Oberlin has sent 19 per cent., and Hartford 24 per cent.

A NOVEL danger from electricity was lately experienced in Weehawken Tunnel, when a blast that was to be exploded by a battery was prematurely fired by a flash of lightning, seriously injuring six men.

A HERD of 11,000 sheep recently arrived at Lincoln, Nebraska, having occupied two years in its journey from Washington Territory. The stockmen, it is said, often consume three years in this trip.

IT was stated in the British House of Commons last week that 201 women have been assaulted, 56 men killed, 20,000 persons rendered homeless, and property of the value of \$80,000,000 destroyed in the anti-Jewish riots in Russia.

THE Empress of Germany is among the contributors of books to the library of the New York State Charities Aid Association, her present having been a collection of reports concerning volunteer relief work during the Franco-German War.

THE "Missionary Herald" says that since the Hawaiian kingdom has joined the Universal Postal Union, Natal in South Africa is the only field in the world occupied by the American Board to which letters cannot be sent at the rate of five cents a half ounce.

IN Edinburgh Mr. Moody has been endeavouring to raise \$50,000 for the erection of new buildings for one of the public charities and reformatories of that city. One gentleman proposed to sell the contents of his wine-cellar to a medical mission, and devote the proceeds to this purpose.

A PANAMA despatch states that Lima advices, dated Feb. 16th, report a battle between Chilean and Peruvian forces at Pucara, in which the Peruvians were defeated with considerable loss. Bolivia is said to be awaiting the evacuation of the districts of Tacna and Arica by the Chilean forces to wrest them from Peru.

IN addition to the floods and consequent loss of life and destruction of property on the Lower Mississippi, comes the news that Vermont and Massachusetts have suffered severely by reason of too much water. Some serious railroad accidents have occurred, the results of wash-outs, and the record of disaster is a long one.