

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The 173rd anniversary meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was lately held under the Presidency of Lord Lyttelton. The receipts for the past year amounted to £110,259, being an increase on the receipts of the previous year.

The Bishop of Durham has received an address from the laymen of his diocese thanking him for his efforts to put down Ritualism. A guarantee fund of £7,200 was also presented to his lordship to meet the legal costs entailed upon him by his procedure.

A return made to the House of Commons shows that fifty persons admitted to the office of priest or deacon in the Church of England have executed deeds of relinquishment, and enrolled them in the High Court of Chancery, under the provisions of the Clerical Disabilities Act.

The Bishop of Manchester has given his approval to a project which has been mooted for building a new cathedral at Manchester at a cost of £500,000. The Bishop thinks that "there must be five hundred men—if necessary, there could be found as many more—who could, if they were so disposed, give £1,000 apiece to such an object, almost without missing it; and if their gift were distributed in instalments of £100 over the ten years which would probably be required to complete the building, the burden would be lighter still. I can only say for myself that I should be glad to be one of such contributors—if, at least, I am so long permitted to occupy my present position." His lordship thinks it probable that a really great scheme of this kind would attract to itself a much larger amount of liberal support than attempts to repair, or patch, or beautify the present building are likely to do.

The death is announced of the Rev. Henry Arthur Woodgate, B.D., rector of Belbroughton-with-Fairfield, Worcester-shire, and honorary Canon of Worcester. Mr. Woodgate graduated at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1821, taking a first-class in Literis Humanioribus, and subsequently becoming fellow and tutor of his college. From 1836 to 1838, and again in 1865 and 1866, Mr. Woodgate was Select Preacher to the University, where also he was Public Examiner in 1827 and 1828, and Brampton Lecturer in 1838. He was also Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of Worcester diocese, having represented them in that body for upwards of thirty years. Mr. Woodgate, in addition to his academic distinctions, was well known by his contributions to theological literature.

A fatal accident occurred at Oxford to Professor Phillips, whose name is so well known in connection with geological researches. On the evening of the 23rd of April he was leaving the rooms of Professor Montague Bernard, with whom he had been dining, when his foot slipped, and he fell down a flight of stairs on to the stone floor below. Professor Phillips, who was seventy-four years of age, remained unconscious throughout the night, and died the following day. He was buried at York. Deputations from the University and from numerous scientific societies, and the principal members of the Corporation of York were present at the funeral.

The Rev. Herbert Stone, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and assistant-master of Eton College, has been appointed principal of Cheltenham College, in succession to Dr. Jex Blake, the new master of Rugby.

The Earl of Devon presided at a meeting of the executive committee of the subscribers to the fund for the restoration of Exeter Cathedral for the purpose of considering what action should be taken in regard to the recent decision ordering the removal of the reredos. Resolutions were adopted expressing the regret of the committee that the progress of the work of restoration had been arrested by the decision of the Bishop; denying a statement made in one of the local journals that the dean and chapter were about to make use of the restoration fund for the purpose of defraying the cost of the appeal against the decision; and affirming the desirability of raising a distinct fund for that purpose.

A writer in the London Times, in describing a French lady of the old school, says: "Once, while reclining in her carriage which was being driven up the Reine Hortense avenue, she caught sight of a coffin covered with a white sheet, and carried by two undertakers, but without a single mourner. One of the men carried in the crape of his hat the paper which authorized the burial, and both, with their hands in their pockets and the straps of the coffin over their shoulders, went as it were lounging along, carrying to the grave the poor unknown creature which reposed beneath the white sheet. Then stopping her carriage, erect, simple, sincere, pulling her veil over her face, tightening her dark shawl around her thin waist, with head slightly bowed, she began to follow the bier. The undertakers at once changed their attitude, the crowd stopped and uncovered, and yet no one dared to join her, for she alone formed an imposing cortege for the poor castaway; and all those who saw her pass understood that she who was following the sorry bier was a *femme comme il faut*."

In the April number of the *Sword and Trowel* Mr. Spurgeon writes:—"So far as we are personally concerned our abomination of priestcraft is so intense that we would rather be called 'demon' than 'priest.'" Rather wild this. Surely he must, in the round of his numerous acquaintances, have met many a truly good priest, if not one truly good demon.

Archbishop Manning is not to be made a cardinal after all.

The Roman Catholics of Maryland and of the District of Columbia made a pilgrimage on the 14th instant, the Festival of the Ascension, to the Jesuit mission at White Marsh. This was the place where the Roman Catholic Church of the Thirteen Colonies used to hold their conventions, and Father Carroll, the head of the mission, was afterwards transferred to Baltimore and made a bishop. In a valley near the church is a statue of the Virgin Mary carved in the rock, and beneath it a spring of pure, bubbling water, which has produced cures bordering on the miraculous. The different societies took their bands and banners, and some estimate an attendance of 10,000 persons.

HOME NOTES.

A Cincinnati seamstress uses a gray squirrel as a motive power for running her machine, and well he does his work—not only sewing straight seams, but hemming and gathering a ruffle as neatly as could be done by human hands.

We commend the following, from the London *Evening Standard*, to the reflections of our lady readers: "That Englishwomen do not know how to dress may be regarded as an exploded proverb; but it may be stated without fear of contradiction that the vast majority of them do not know how to dress their hair. A study of the poets will show that they have been able to say but very few effective things about woman's chief adornment, and doubtless this is owing to the fact that the *coiffure* of most of the heroines has been unbecoming. Tennyson adorns Maud's 'little head running over with curls' to 'shine out,' and allusions have been made to 'flowing locks' and tresses of various descriptions; but a truthful poet, who can write a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrows, does not seem able to extract verse from her hair. The smooth, sleek, shining head of a bygone day, with the hair curled behind into an arabesque design, surmounted by a comb, and flanked by a row of stiff curls, has happily departed; but only to give place to styles which lead up to the ungraceful chignon, which bulged out, and was destructive of all elegance and harmony of form. This has been succeeded by towering masses of hair piled up to such an absurd height that they seem every moment in danger of toppling over; but the height of folly is reached by the last new ornament which may be seen with painful frequency in all directions. This is a dagger, or sometimes a sword with an elaborately twisted handle, made usually of tortoiseshell and thrust deep into the hair. The weapons have the appearance of being dug into the victim's heads, and are as unpleasant as they are inappropriate. The only consolation to be derived from a study of the prevalent fashion of hair-dressing is that any change must be an improvement."

Eight basal diversities of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: The kiss of Salutation, Sam. xx. 41; Valediction, Ruth ii. 9; Reconciliation, 2 Sam. xiv. 33; Subjection, Psalms ii. 12; Approbation, Proverbs ii. 4; Adoration, 1 Kings xix. 18; Treachery, Matt. xxvi. 49; Affection, Gen. xiv. 15. There are some other kinds of kisses which young ladies receive over gates or moonlight nights, which the Scriptures do not mention—neither do the young ladies.

Talking of false hair and chignons, the Paris *Figaro*, regretting and deprecating the use of capillary falsities, and declaring that the ladies of England owe their splendid "tawny fleeces" to the practice of letting the hair grow loose, quotes the opinion of a French doctor that in a short time the fairer half of the population of France will be utterly bald. The wearing of chignons and plaits, he declares, deprives the roots of the hair from the necessary air, and thus speedily kills them, or at least brings them into a condition of disease.

A new picture by Gustave Doré is now exhibiting in Paris. It represents a beggar woman, crouched on a stone seat, trying to warm her sleeping infant by clasping it close to her bosom. A clear wintry sky, dotted with pale stars, extends above her head. The remains of prosperity and even elegance still are visible in her clothing. She wears a tattered silk dress and a lace bonnet, but her eyes have a look of despair, and her whole face expresses starvation. The group is bathed in that peculiar bluish light so characteristic of the artist.

Jean Johnson, of Old Deer, being aged 80, and the widow of three husbands, lately married for her fourth a young man of eighteen, who afterwards bound himself apprentice to a wheelwright. "She seems exceedingly well pleased with him, and remarks that, had it not been for the many changes of husbands she had been blessed with, she must have long ago been dead." She lived, too, in hopes of a fifth husband, should this one unfortunately not live long.

St. Jerome mentions a widow that married her twenty-second husband, who in his turn had been married to twenty wives! There is an instance recorded at Bordeaux, in 1772, of a gentleman who had been married sixteen times. A woman named Elizabeth Nase, who died in Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands. She was at the ripe age of seventy when last led to the hymeneal altar, and contrived to survive her "beloved." When on her death-bed, it is stated she recalled the good and bad points of each of her husbands, and having partially weighed in her mind the *pros* and *cons*, she determined that the fifth claimed the highest merit, and ordered her grave to be with his. In 1768 a redoubtable pair were living in Essex who had been married eighty-one years; the husband being one hundred and seven years old, and his spouse only four years his junior.

On the occasion of the recent Royal visit to the wounded of the Ashantee campaign at Netley Hospital, a sergeant-major of the 42nd Highlanders, who was wounded at the battle of Amoaful, was presented to Her Majesty. The sergeant, writing to his friends at Kinross describing the interview, says: "As you would see from the newspapers, Her Majesty paid a visit to Netley Hospital. Her Majesty chatted a few minutes to me, and made kind inquiries about me. The doctor told her how I had been in the Crimean and Indian campaigns, and on hearing my story Her Majesty burst into tears. She introduced me to her youngest son and daughter, who were present, and they were as much affected as their noble mother. Next day I received from Osborne a copy of 'Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands, with the following inscription in the Queen's own handwriting: 'Presented to Sergeant-Major John Barclay, 42nd Highlanders.—Victoria R.—Osborne, April 17, 1874.'"

A young lady was once heard to excuse her objection to severe application to study on the ground that it might make her head become too large for beauty. It seems that the State superintendent of the Minnesota schools entertains a similar opinion of the incompatibility between personal charms and a high degree of mental culture. He lately received a letter asking his help to secure a schoolmistress able to teach Latin

and Greek and take charge of a hundred pupils, and possessing withal experience, age, and good looks; to which he replied as follows: "I know of no lady who can fill your bill. A good-looking woman who can teach Greek and Latin and run a high school of one hundred pupils cannot be found. Good-looking women never study Greek."

The editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel* waged \$100 with a young lady that she could not refrain from speaking during an entire week. He escorted the young lady to the opera, bribed members of the family to try and entrap her, and resorted to various other expedients for starting her tongue, but she won the bet, and the editor of the *Sentinel* is probably a wiser man on the woman business than he was one week ago.

Additions are frequently made to the re-celebrations of wedding occasions. The following, so far as we know, is the latest revised and improved list: Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, silver; thirtieth anniversary, cotton; thirty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woollen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, golden; seventy-fifth anniversary, diamond.

"The Personal Recollections of Mrs. Somerville," the eminent mathematician, shows the progress which has been made in female education during the last century. Mrs. Somerville's attention was first drawn to the study which was to become the distinction and the chief interest of her life by seeing an algebraic formula among the puzzles at the end of a fashion magazine. It was several years before she could get hold either of an algebra or of Euclid's Elements of Geometry; and she received from her family discouragement instead of assistance in her studies. They thought that to read and write and keep accounts was learning enough for any lady. But Mrs. Somerville—she was Mary Fairfax in those days—persisted. She used to rise with the first glow of dawn, wrap herself in a blanket from her bed, and study without a fire till breakfast-time. She married twice. Her first husband was her cousin, Samuel Greig, who had not the slightest sympathy with her chosen pursuits, though he did not attempt to prevent her from going on with them. In three years he died; and from that time she was independent, and could study as much as she pleased. A few years afterwards she married another cousin, William Somerville, and in him she found, for the first time, genuine sympathy and hearty encouragement. She lived to be ninety-two years old, dying in 1872; and, remembering her own early deprivation of books and the means for study, it must have seemed to her a startling change to see colleges for women, and honours offered as rewards for their success.

ODDITIES.

Hood called the slamming of a door by a person in a passion a "wooden oath."

An Iowa Judge lately began a charge to the jury with "Gentlemen of the jury, you must now quit eating peanuts."

A Sunday-school scholar being asked what became of men who deceive their fellow-men, promptly exclaimed, "They go to Europe."

In the window of a grocery store in Providence, almost under the shadow of a splendid new school-house, is the following placard: "Eggs 25 Adamsen—Carosene 6 centes a pint."

A man cannot wait for his dinner without losing his temper, but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial! Has the woman more patience? Not a bit—only she has lunched and the man has not.

A French trumpeter lately deserted from Belfort with all the bag and baggage he could carry. Safely arrived on Swiss territory, he took position on a rock, turned his face towards France and his pursuers, put his trumpet to his mouth, and played the old melody of Bertrand's Farewell.

The ruling passion in the female sex had a striking exemplification at Dennison, Iowa, recently. A poor family consisting of man, wife, and eleven children, had one hundred dollars left them, and the poor, overworked woman immediately bought a seventy-dollar dress, and has gone to taking music lessons.

A clergyman in Clarinda, Ohio, was away from home when the crusade began. He returned in the evening, and saw his wife standing at the bar of a saloon singing as loud as she could yell. He supposed she was drunk, and, entering the saloon, the tears rolling down his face, he said: "Come home, wife, you have ruined me—drunk—drunk—drunk!"

Some young tourists, travelling recently in Wales, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was, as every one knows, not remarkable for vigour and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity the learned divine gave out his text in the following: "James first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse: 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.'"

One day the minister of a Scotch village, who on Sundays was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage whilst its occupant, a pious parishioner of the old school, was engaged in reading a chapter of one of the prophets. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what is this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine, "I doubt ye mean reading a prophecy. 'Aweel,' argued the rustic, 'gif reading a preachin' be preachin', isna reading a prophecy prophesying?'"

One summer evening, during a visit to Salem, the late Mr. Peabody was sitting alone by an open parlour window. The room within was lighted, the street without was dark, so that while his form was plainly recognized by any body passing, he could not see what passed. A party of young men stopped in front of the house, and began to call for "Peabody!" "Peabody!" "George Peabody!" Supposing, very naturally, that the townsmen wished to pay their respects and hear a speech, he came forward, when a voice rose out of the darkness, "Say, Peabody, give us a thousand dollars." Mr. Peabody shut the window very suddenly, and did not make a speech.