two girls—Lizzie was seven now and Mary five—in his cart with him. The timid children kept very quiet and close together, and the carrier hardly looked at them. Toward noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them the road to the left, and bade them go straight forward, and if they did not turn from the high road they would in about two hours come to the place. He then drove off. The children sobbed out "good-bye," and looked after him as long as they could see the least speck of the cart, and then they both began to cry.

Lizzie ceased her crying first. She took hold of her little sister's hand, who had seated herself on the grass, and said, "Get up, Mary. We must not stay here, if we wish to get to Kilburn. We cannot stop here on the road."

"I am so hungry," sobbed Mary. "We have had nothing to eat all day." And again they both began to cry, for Lizzie was equally hungry.

The children were very weak and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. At last Lizzie fancied she saw a house, and pointed towards the spot. But it took them more than a quarter of an hour before they reached the farmhouse, for such it proved to be. With hesitating steps they entered the yard, for they had never begged before in spite of their former misery. But at this moment they could think of nothing else but their terrible hunger. When a few steps from the house they heard the farmer violently scolding one of his men. Then he went into the house, fiercely closing the door after him, so as to make the windows rattle, continuing his abuse all the time. The children, terrified, stood still at the door, until the voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door, and both children entered. The farmer sat in an arm chair by the fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word to tell their errand.

"Can't you speak?" he asked more roughly.

Lizzie at last took courage, and said, gently, "O, if you would be so good as to give us the least little bit to eat—a small piece of bread or a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer; "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighborhood. We have plenty of those here, and do not want them to come from other parts. We have not bread for ourselves in these hard times. You will get nothing here. Be off, this moment!"

The children, both dreadfully frightened, began to cry bitterly.

"That will not do you any good," continued the man; "that kind of whining is nothing new to me, and won't move me. Let your parents feed you; but they no doubt prefer idling rather than getting their living by honest labor."

"Our parents are both dead," said Lizzie.

"I thought so," replied the farmer. "Whenever children are sent out to beg, their father or mother are always dead, or at least their father. This is a mere excuse for begging. Be off this minute." We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lizzie. "We are so tired that we cannot move a step. If you would but give us the least bit to eat, we are so hungry."

"I have told you I would not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a threatening look. Lizzie quickly opened the door and drew her sister with her. The children again stood in the farmyard, but knew not what to do. Suddenly little Mary drew her hand from her sister's clasp, and went to the other side of the yard; there was a fierce dog chained; his dinner stood before him in a wooden basin. Mary put her hand into the basin and began to eat with the dog. Lizzie went nearer, and saw that in the basin there was some liquor in which a few pieces of bread and some boiled potatoes were floating. She, likewise, could not resist; she had but one feeling, that of the most gnawing hunger; she took some of the bread and potatoes, and ate them greedily.

The dog, not accustomed to such guests, looked at the children full of astonishment; he drew back, then sat down and left him his dinner, of which he had eaten but very little. At this moment the farmer stepped into the yard; he wished to see whether the children had really left, and then he saw this singular scene. The dog was noted for his fierceness, and feared alike by old and young; he was obliged to be constantly chained. No one dared to come near him except his master. Even the servant put the food before him in the most cautious manner. In the first moment the man thought of nothing but the fearful danger in which the children were, and walking quickly toward them, he exclaimed:

"Don't you see the dog? He will tear you to pieces."

But suddenly he stopped, as if rooted to the spot; the dog had got up again and gone near the children, then he looked at his master, and wagged his tail. It seemed as if he wished to say, "don't drive my guests away."

At that sight a great change came over the man; the spectacle before him acted like an electric shock, and feelings such as he never had before seemed to stir within him.

The children had arisen, terrified at the call of the man, fearful of punishment for having eaten, with downcast eyes. At last, after several minutes silence, the farmer said:

"Are you really so fearfully hungry that you do not even despise the dog's food? Come in, then; you shall have something to eat, and as much as you like." And then taking them by the hand he led them into the house, calling out to the servant, "Biddy, get some hot bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master—the brute had shamed the man. Touched by what he had seen, the farmer was anxious to make amends for what his conscience showed him to be a great sin. He seated the children at the table, sat down by them, and kindly asked their names.

"My name is Lizzie," said the oldest, "and my sister's name is Mary."

"Have your parents been dead long?"

"Our father has been dead two years, but our mother only died last week."

At the thought of their recent loss, both children began to weep.

"Don't cry, children," said the farmer, kindly. "God will in one way or another take care of you. But tell me now, where do you come from?"

"From Loughrea," replied the child.

"From Loughrea?" asked the man, "from Loughrea? That is strange."

He began to suspect the truth, and asked, hesitatingly:

"What was your father's name?"

"Martin Sullivan," replied Lizzie.

"What—Martin—Martin Sullivan?" he exclaimed, jumping up at the same time, and casting a piercing look at the children, thoroughly frightening them.

His face grew red—then tears came into his eyes—at last he sobbed aloud. He took the youngest child in his arms, pressed her to his heart and kissed her. The child struggled and called to her sister for help; she could not think what the man meant. Then he put down the little one, and did the same to Lizzie, who took it more quietly, as she had seen that the man did not hurt her sister. At last becoming more composed, he dried his tears, and said:

"Do you know my name, children?"

"No," replied Lizzie.

"How happened it, then, that you have come to me?" he asked. "Has anyone sent you to me?"

"Nobody has sent us," replied Lizzie. "We were to go to Kilburn, where a brother of our father lives, and they said he would gladly receive us. But I do not believe it, for our mother always said that he is a hard-hearted man, who does not care for his relations."

"Your mother was quite right when she said so," said the farmer. "But what will you do if this hard-hearted man does not receive you?"

"Then we shall have to starve," answered Lizzie.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man, "it shall never come to that—never! Dry your tears. The merciful God has had pity on your helplessness, and has made use of a fierce brute to soften the heart of your uncle, and therefore he will never forsake you—never."

The children looked at the man in utter bewilderment; they did not understand what he said—his words and his behaviour were alike strange to them. This he soon perceived, for he added: "You are going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there. I am your uncle, and now that I know you are the children of my brother Martin, I make you welcome."

The children's tears quickly changed into smiles, and the meal which Biddy just then put on the table for them made them forget their grief. Patrick Sullivan had taken this farm about a year before. A kind Providence had directed the children's steps to him; but if the dog had not taught him a lesson of kindness, who knows what might after all have become of the poor orphans? But He who is the father of the fatherless surely would not have forsaken them.

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

Mr. Slang used to say My horse, my boys! Mr. Slang now invariably says, Our horses, our boys, or our farm. This substitution of *our* for *my* by Mr. Slang was brought about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. Slang casually remarked: I now intend to enlarge my dairy. You mean our dairy, replied Mrs. Slang. No, quoth Mr. Slang, I say my dairy. Say our dairy, Mr. Slang. No, my dairy. Say our dairy, say our, screamed Mrs. Slang seizing the poker. My dairy, my dairy, vociferated the husband. Our dairy, our dairy, re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each our with a blow of the poker on the back of the cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes. Mr. Slang remained under several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out of the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell. What are you looking for, Mr. Slang? said she. I'm looking, my dear, snivelled he, to see anything of our hat. The struggle was over. It was our horse, our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean linen on going to church.

MY NAMESAKE.

Named after me—Nellie; and like me I think,
Though my cheeks are wan, and hers are so pink,
But, don't you remember—just look at her curls!—
That mine clustered like them when we two were girls?
Come sister! you've five more; a bargain let's make,
For this queen of rosebuds, my little namesake.

"Nay" must not be my answer. You can keep all the rest;
Five birdies will fill any common sized nest,
And though you were slender enough at fifteen,
You're as big now, and red-faced, as England's great Queen.
The nest will be crowded enough, don't you see,
Without little Nellie, who's named after me!

Don't preach now and prose about "motherly love,"
For Auntie'll take care of this little dove,
I'll make her a pattern—a wonder to see—
The cleverest, brightest of children she'll be;
And look to your laurels in raising the rest,
Or the old maid's darling will turn out the best.

Be sure she shall learn of her heart to take care,
And of treacherous men and their arts to beware;
But the belle of each ballroom I mean her to be,
(She'll be lively and gay, not a wallflower like me;)
I'll teach her—— But, sister, to tell you the truth,
I'd rather my Nellie should marry in youth.

'Tis a hard life at best that poor women endure,
And it's wisest the least of two ills to secure.
With the vail and the orange-flower wreath of the bride,
Are love and affection too oftlaid side.
Still—the sad lonely vigils—my own life you see,
I'd not choose for Nellie, who's named after me.

ANIMALS LIVING WITHOUT AIR.

A gentleman from Washington who was recently making geological researches at Hell Gate brought to light, we are informed, by a blow of his hammer, a living spider from the heart of the solid rock. The spider was as lively as a dancing-master, and was so glad to get out of prison that he started to run away immediately. The geologist, however, impaled him on a pin, and the poor spider, after his long imprisonment in a rock-hewn dungeon upon earth passed quickly into a spirit-land.

It has long been doubted whether stories like this are sufficiently attested to justify belief in them. Experiments have been made both by French and English men of science, with toads, which are probably supposed to have a charmed life and to live forever. The result has invariably been that after a complete seclusion from the air for a given number of days the toads have gone the way of all flesh.

It is, therefore, concluded that no animal could have been found alive in a rock, as is claimed in the case mentioned above. But the fact remains. The writer has himself seen a frog taken from its inscrutable den between two layers of stones, accidentally separated in his presence, in an English stone-quarry. He was a very lively little fellow, too.

A friend of the writer, in whom he has perfect confidence, brought from South America a large blue-headed fly, with a purple-green body, the ancient dwelling-place of which was the heart of a mahogany tree. If we remember rightly this fly was presented to Fitzwilliam Street Museum at Cambridge.

The writer does not pretend to any theory that will account for so long a life, or even life at all, under these circumstances. But that living animals of a large size and a high organization can live for an indefinite period of time without air seems to be sufficiently proven.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent has feet and hands, and can walk whither it will, and do what it will. Genius has wings, but cannot leave its clay. The first may be harnessed, like a horse, to a hackney coach, and driven hither and thither. The last ha no muscle but it own inspiration, and it you try to drive it, it will lay like a log, without power to move. It cannot even obey its own wish to march by the rule and square; and though it chance to spread its wings, it must still pursue its zigzag motion.

Talent is sure to make a rich man. Genius may make a lucky hit and live in a palace, but it is ten times more likely to starve in a garret. For the man of talent, how rich is his endowment—but Heaven forbid to be a genius! Many feel this in the bitterness of their spirit. Franklin, it has been often remarked, is the only man on record who, possessing the latter gift, obeyed yet the dictates of common sense.

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CHARACTER MAKES THE MAN.

The man of character is always the man of iron nerve; he may be neither a great statesman nor a politician; he may be humble in his associations and his aspirations; but with all these exceptions, if he has a character, his heart is right his integrity is unshaken. He looks on truth with a clear vision, acting in accordance with its supernal dictates; he does not fear or shun the face of his fellowman, for his soul is white with integrity, and he looks humbly and trustingly up to the eternal source of truth, and his fellowbeings, in a lowlier sense, look up to him because he is trustworthy and, in short, has character—good and stable character. Character is the corner stone in individual greatness, the Doric and splendid column in the majestic structure of a true and dignified man, who is at once a subject and a king. Such is the true type of true manhood to earth belongs his corruptible body—to another and more enlarged sphere, his soul, stamped with divinity.

THE SPIRIT OF INVENTION.

Three hundred years ago, before man had gained control of the forces of Nature, and was yet fighting for the bare liberty to study them, Lord Bacon thus estimated the import of inventions in the world's affairs:—

"The introduction of new inventions seemeth to be the very chief of all human actions. The benefits of new inventions may extend to all mankind universally, but the good of political achievements can respect but some particular cantons of men; these latter do not endure above a few ages, the former forever. Inventions make all men happy without either injury or damage to any one single person. Furthermore, new inventions are, as it were new erections and imitations of God's own works."

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

The saying that there is nothing new under the sun gets quoted so often that it seems too stale for repetition, yet we are constantly reminded of its force the more the ways and means of former times are studied. The adage has just received a most unexpected and remarkable illustration. It is found that the perfect idea of the sewing machine was developed upwards of eighty years ago, and in England. Everybody who knew Elias Howe believed him to be utterly incapable of inventing anything. He was not only destitute of mechanical knowledge, but was of that dull, prosaic turn of mind which is opposed to all suggestiveness. Where, then, did he get the idea? In the English Patent Office Reports, magnificently republished by the Government in 1854, there is the specification of one Thomas Saints, of Greenhill Rents, in the parish of St. Stephen, London, under date of July 17, 1790, for a composition of resins and gums for sticking the soles of boots and shoes together. Curiously enough, the specification says not a word in regard to machinery, but it is accompanied by a large plan in which are figured a sewing machine, a weaving machine, and some other unimportant articles. The sewing machine was intended for the purpose of fastening the soles to the uppers. There is a spool for the thread, there is an awl to make the hole in the materials, and there is a needle with the "eye at the top," precisely like the Howe machine, for driving the thread through the hole. It is, in fact, in all the essential features, as perfect a machine as any in use at the present day. This discovery has just been made by Mr. Lucius Lyon, of the firm of Finkle & Lyon, sewing machine manufacturers. A gentleman in Boston gave him the hint a few weeks ago that the principle of the sewing machine had already been discovered in England, and that it was to be found in the Patent Office Reports. On reaching this city he immediately went to the Astor Library and obtained permission to examine the magnificent series presented by the English Government to the library. After a long search he came upon the specification above described. The discovery cannot but have a most important bearing upon the manufacture of these machines. Manufacturers of all the various descriptions of sewing machines—there are now about sixty varieties—have all been paying a royalty to Elias Howe and his family for the use of the needle, which is the essential part of the machine. If this discovery is of any weight at all, its effect would be to completely invalidate the claims of the Howe estate for royalties, and, indeed, to render the trustees of the estate liable to suits at law for the recovery of all the enormous sums which have been paid for royalties in the past. It is enough to take away one's breath to think of the immense amount of litigation which is likely to arise ont of these conflicting claims. The lawyers have an enchanting prospect before them.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

With reference to the above the *Scientific American* says:—

We have looked over the drawings and specification of this old patent, and find them rather defective; still it is possible that the machine could be made to work. It makes the loop stitch, contains an awl for punching the hole for the needle, apparently employs the eye-pointed needle, and has a horizontal feed. But if any body expects by the production of this contrivance in court to invalidate any of our existing patents for shoe machinery, we think they are destined to disappointment. The Saint machine, while it is interesting as an old curiosity, could not possibly be substituted for the effective devices employed in this country. The Saint invention bears about the same relation to modern sewing machines that the ancient revolving pistols do to the existing repeating fire arms. The first, indeed, exhibited the revolving principal, but practically were good for nothing. So of the early attempts at sewing machinery, including that of Saint; they may show the eye-pointed needle, the loop stitch, and a feed, but still are practically useless. The ideas of American inventors had to be adopted before sewing were made useful to the world.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

A seafaring man, who was recently married, gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which will put some of the regular "society papers to the blush:

My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left the millinery dry dock, is clipper built, and with a figure-head not often seen on small crafts. Her length of keel is five feet eight inches, displace twenty-seven feet of cubic air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball-room; full in the waist, spars trim. At the time we were spliced she was newly-rigged, fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers, mainsail part silk, with fore-stay sail of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best of steel, with whalebone staunchions This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of storm-sails for rough weather, and is rigging out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are likely to occur in this latitude sooner or later. I am told in running down the street before the wind, she can turn around in her own length if a handsomer craft passes her.

THE PRIEST AND HIS DINNER.

An Irish priest was standing at the corner of the square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him: Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your riverence? Mighty put out, Pat, was the reply. Put out? Who would put out your riverence? Ah, you don't understand that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock. Oh, is that all? was the reply. Just now be aisy, your riverence? I'll settle that for you. So saying, away flew the good natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired: Is Father O'Leary here? As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed: No bother on Father O'Leary, he was to dine here to-day and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary. Paddy leaped from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying: All is right, your riverence, you dine at forty-three, and a mighty good dinner you'll get. Oh, Pat, said the grateful pastor, the blessings of an hungry man be upon you. Long life and happiness to your riverence, I have got your malady, I only wish I had your cure.

Miss Emily Faithful states that an industrial bureau for women, on the model of one she recently saw working well in New York, will be opened, this month, in London, Eng. Its aim will be to provide work for women by means of technical instruction, a registry of professional, industrial and domestic employments, in connection with correspondence with the clergy and others, and offices in New York and Chicago. Information will be obtained respecting emigration, and a practical course of training providing for young women in families. Lectures will be given to working women on household economy, cooking, treatment of young children, and the laws of health, and there will be a reading room, a school for plain sewing, and a cutting out department.

A Hampshire farmer wanted a farm hand, and was applied to by an Irishman who wanted work. The farmer objected to engaging Pat, on the ground that two Irishmen, previously in his employ, had died on his hands. "Then you object to hiring me on that account? said Pat. 'Faith I can bring recommendations from many a place that I have worked in that I never played such a trick.'"

"I say, Sambo, can you answer this conunderfrum, s'posing' I gib you a bottle ob whiskey corked-shut with a cork; how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' the bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

What is the *size* of this place? gravely asked a Torontonian of the conductor, just after the brakesman had sung out Coboconk at a station where only a few house were visible among the pines. It's about as big as Toronto, was the ready answer, *but it is'nt built up yet.*