A Remarkable Clock.

Japan possesses a remarkable time-piece. It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noonday land-cape of great beauty. In the foreground, plum and cherry trees and rich plants appear in full bloom; in the rear is seen a hill, gradual in ascent, from which apparently was a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a threadline stream meanders, encircling rocks and islands in its windings, and finally losing itself in a far off stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on a silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passes. Each hour is marked on the frame by a creeping tortoise, which serves the place of a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage warbles at the close of each hour, and, as the song ceases, a mouse sallies forth from a neighboring grotto, and, scampering over the hill to the garden, is soon lost to view.

Severe.

The Texas prohibitionist is a prohibitionist indeed. A little son of a Waco prohibitions asid to his father;
"Pa, I read in a book that a long time ago Circe turned men into swine; do such things happen nowadays?"
"No, my son, it is no longer necessary. Men turn themselves into swine nowadays."

Which It was.

Scene—A fashionable shop. Enter a society lady, addressing a shop assistant:
"I wish to exchange something I bought vested at."

EARTH'S AWFUL GUNS.

Standard Remarkable Beenge at the Great Waterland.

The Great Wate

a necessary consequence from the physical constitution of the globe and such manifes-tation may be expected long after the sphere is at all habitable. The universe knows of no such thing as absolute unending terra

Just as God Leads.

Just as God leads me I wou'd go
I do not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He doth bostow,
I know He will not let me stray,
So as He leads I onward move—
A child, confiding in His love.
Just as God leads me I would go,
Though oft 'mid thorns and brier's keen,
He does not yet His guidance show,
But in the end it will be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Parient and true he leads me still,"

Mothers-in-Law Are Awful Tough.

A feeble-looking Harlem lady called on

A feeble-looking Harlem lady called on Dr. Perkins Sconover.

"How are you coming on, Mrs. Fuller?"

"I'm not coming ou well at all, doctor,"

"What is the matter?"

"I don't seem to have any life in me. I feel that I am not long for this world."

"I'l tell you what to do. Marry off that daughter of yours. Then you will be a mother-in-law, and mothers in-law are awful tough. All the doctors in the world can't kill 'em. I've got one and I know what I am talking about."

"I wish to exchange something I bought yesterday."

"Yea madam. Do you remember whether you were attended by the gentleman with the dark mustache or the gentleman with the light beard?"

"Oh neither! It was the norde-looking man to the book hald head."

Sir John Lubbook kept a queen bee for fifteen years. At the end of that time a test proved that her eggs were just as fertile as those of a queen two years old; proof positive that it is foolish to suppose that the gentleman with the provided hald be and the suppose that the provided hald be also be a supposed to the provided hald be a supposed hald be a supposed to the provided hald be a supposed to the provided hald be a supposed hald be a suppos

THE POET'S CORNER

A Song of England. Mr. W. H. Henley contributes the following ne poem to the National Review, of which so omit the third verse:—

What have I done for you,
England, my England I
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun England, my England, Match the master work you've done, England, my own? When shall he rejoice agen Such a breed of mighty men As come forward, one to 4en, To the song on your bugles blown, England.

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own?
You who e matted hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England— Were the Song on your bugles blown, England— Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Through the years on your bugles blown

Mother of ships whose might, England, my England. Is the fierce old Sea's delight, England, my England.

1s the flore old Sea's delight,
England, my own;
England, my own;
England, my own;
England, my own;
It the the search of the Lord,
Spouse in the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England
Out of heaven on our bugles blown!

The Bravest of Battles

The bravest of battles that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you'll find it not "Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay not with cannon or battle shot, With a sword or nobler pen; Nay, nor with eloquent word or thought From mouth of wonderful men. But deep in a walled-up woman's heart-Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part— Lo! there is the battle-field.

No marshaling troup, no bivouac song, No banner to gleam and wave! But ob, these battles! they last so long—/ From babyhood to the grave! Joaquin Miller.

The Fatted Calf.

Father an' me are gettin' old;
We ain't used to the way
Of goin' to hear the ringin', 'stead
Of preachin' Saboath day.

So when we were with Andrew's folks, An' Sunday mornin' come, We s'posed we'd bear the word an' line In the sweet hymns they sung.

An' when we stood in that dim aisle, 'Neath arched an' fluted stone, A ray of light touched father's hair, An' his worn features shone.

The organ's grand an' solemn tone Jest sounded like a prayer. An' when it stopped I seemed to feel Wings beatin' through the air.

"The prodigal," the preacher said,
"Of sinnin' weary grown,
Has left the swine an' now has turned
His face towards his home." Then all at once the choir riz; It almost made me laugh To hear that young soprany shrick "Bring in the fatted call."

"Bring in the fatted calf, the calf"
Implored the alto low,
An' all the rest jined in, as if
They couldn't let it go.

The tenor's pleadin' touched my heart, A critter'd been a stone Not to have come a friskin' in In answer to that tone.

Waal, pa, he sot with eyebrows bent, Like bushes touched with snow Agrowin' round some sheeny lake, Half hidin' its blue glow.

But when the bass had started in A callin' for that calf, He jist reached for his han'kerchief To cover up a laugh.

'Bring in the fatted, fatted calf,"
Bellowed the bass: an' stars!

(After Byron.) There is a music in our least affairs, There is a music in the hammer's beat. There is a music in our works and cares, By Winter's bitter cold or Summer's heat. But there are tender touches, soft an

When life's vibrations ebb, and melt into a

When the wan moon upon the forest shines There is a full and sadly-mournful strain, As, rushing through the boughs of Titan pines,
The evening breezes seek their forest fane.
There is a melody upon the main,
Gentle in calm, but in the tempest wild.
When the huge billows swell across the

plain And burst upon the shore, in fury piled, Then ebb, as when the harp recedes in number

There is a burst of music everywhere.
The ball room with its suffocating reel—
The dancing girl above the foot-lights' glare
The marriage-bell which sounds a joyous
neal—

peal—
Into each one a harmony will steal;
But when afar is heard the battle's roar,
There death on life has put a Jasting seal.
The soldier lying in the still warm gore
iles faintly at the sound that he shall hea

List. list! how sweet the for off mus floats!

Now in a merry tune, now mild and slow,
Until the rapture of the distant notes
Is melting like the pink of evening glow.
And glides like yonder river's placid flow.
The undimmed eye at last is forced to weep.
The heart chords thrill again to hear the

Sinks, sinks the measured concord, low and

deep, Gently as when a soul fades in eternal sleep.

Whoever lacks what music can afford Is but half-souled, for well do I opine His soul to raptured heights has never son

ed.

Partaking of that spirit, part divine;
The bacehanal who mumbles o'er his wine
Is roused to ardor by the stirring drum;
The patients in the ward who droop and pine
Drink cagerly the drowsy, distant hum.
Which precludes brighter days, and better times
to come.

Our frials toils, our happiness, our woes, Are but the soundings of a magic string. Life, like some deep, enchanted music

Now high now low, the fading numbers ring.

As when the harp its echoes 'round doth As when the map is ecolors round a out ting.
Then for a moment, dying out, is still— So round our lives the notes of music cling With interludes between the good and ill When the soul pants again to feel the warm blood thrill.

When we are over-gay, a sombre strain Reminds us life is serious as well. When sleep prevails upon the restless brain The chimes of dreamland weariness dispel. Music is strong, for it can ever quell Our harsh intentions. In it we descry Anote of hope, and in it, too, doth dwell A balm for disappointment. It is nigh, happiness or woe, from birth until we die,

Deeming the Murderer.

Speaking of the man now under arrest at Melbourne, Australia, for wife murder, a London correspondent says: "Deeming, one might say, is quite a characteristically British person. In the course of his evil career he seems to have handled a hundred times more ill-gotten money than Ravachol ever saw. He has a distinctly Anglo-Saxon turn for finance and large swindling operations. His darling ambition was to pose as a wealthy, well-born gentleman, which probably is the most generally controlling instinct implanted in the insular breast. This wild spirit of vaunting, of showing bank notes, proclaiming his riches, jingling jewellery in the ears of entranced rustics, really led to his final downfall. No doubt it also served enormously and faisely to inflame the record of his career which the press of three continents is now laboriously compiling. Every day brings a fresh story from some English hamlet where the landlady of an inn recalls a strenger visiting the place some years ago, bragging about his fortune and displaying fabulous sums of money. These are all unhesitatingly put down to Deening. On the other hand, if he realizes the medieval conception of a ferocious and boastful islander, there is something very striking about the thought of him at work in the darkened cabin of the Ballarat all night sawing with a piece of broken eyeglass at his heavy monstache and pulling out hair by hair what he failed to cut off. One cannot imagine Ravachol subjecting himself to such sustained cruel torture even to save his neck. Up to the present it is probable that the newspapers of England and Australia combined have paid something like §100,000 of cable tolls on account of this phenomenal assassin. Before he is finally put out of the way this expenditure will doubtless reach the neighborhood of \$250,000, which, I dare say, is more than all the London press telegraphic expenses of the France German war up to the capitulation of Paris. It is a common-place to say that the telegraph never before played such a strangely interesti

Sign-Language of the Indians.

Make a letter A with your hands and look the ends of your fingers: that is a tepee, or tent. Keep your hands in that position, and bend them down so that your fingers point away from you: that's a house and a very good one too, because it shows how the logs are interlocked at the corners of the sort of housesone sees on the frontier. If you want to say you saw something, point to your ears. To say you slept or are sleepy, put up one hand, with the palm side towards your head, and bend your head as if you were going to lay it on that hand. To say that you saw some one who was beautiful, put your face between the thumb and fingers of one hand, and draw your hand softly down from your forehead to your chin. A faint smirk or smile made at the same time greatly helps this sign. If the beauty you tell about was a woman, make believe take hold of a mass of hair on the right side of your head, and follow it down past the shoulder with your hand, as you see women do when they dress their hair. These signs for seeing, hearing, sleep, beauty, and women are exactly the same as those used by George L. Fox, the famous clown, when he played Humpty Dumpty. I have no doubt that Grimaldi, the great tenglish clown, also used them, for they are the natural motions for expressing those terms.

Did you ever know how the paws of small Sign-Language of the Indians.

Engish clown, asso user terms, or the natural motions for expressing those terms.

Did you ever know how the paws of small animals are curled in when they are dead? That is the sign for "died" or "dead." Hold one hand out with the fingers bent towards the thumb to make the sign. But if you would say some one was killed, hold out a fist with the knuckles away from you, and move the wrist slowly so as to force the knuckles down as if the person was struck down. To tell about a child, hold your hand as far from the ground as its head would reach. Put a finger up to either side of the head to say "cow"; to say, "deer," put up all your fingers like branching horns. But another way to tell about a deer is to imitate his loping with one of your hands. To tell of a snake, wiggle one finger in the air as a snake would move on the ground. That sign is the name for two tribes of Indians. The sign for a Sioux is to make believe cut your throat with one finger; for a Blackfoot, point to your foot; for a Blood wipe your fingers across your mouth; for a white man, rub your hand across your fore. wipe your fingers across your mouth; for a white man, rub your hand across your fore-head to show how white our foreheads are; for a Piegan, rub one cheek.

for a Piegan, rub one cheek.

The sign for water is to make a scoop of your hand and put it to your mouth as you would if you were drinking at a stream. To tell of a lake, make that sign, and spread out your hands to cover a big space. To tell of a river, make the weter sign, and then trace the meandering course of a river with your finger. But the sign for whisky is made by doubling up one fist and drinking out of the top of it as if it were a bottle. If you do that, and make believe to stir up your brains with one finger, or reel a little, you will describe a tipsy man. Nearly all signs in the language are made with the right hand.—[Stalian Kalph

At Easter Time.

Ring happy bells of Easter time,
The burdened world awaits your chime!
Acros* the fields of feeting snow
The vernal zephyrs gently blow.—
Bird, breeze and brooklet blend in rhyme
At Easter time.

Ring blithsome bells of Easter time! Hearts hear love's choral in your chime:— "The Loyd is risen! Away with fear! Heaven's glad "Good-morning" draweth near!
The world swings swiftly to its prime
At Easter time.

Ring hope-full bells of Easter time! Our souls respond to peal and chime The gates of life stand open wide-No barriers, dark, the saints divide, — We join Heavens harmonies sublime At Easter time.

LIEWELLYN A. MORRISON. The Elms," Toronto

A Resemblance.

"Alderman McBoodle is a fine-looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours the other day.
"Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once."
You! why care for that. I was taken for him. I went on his bail bond and was taken for him—by the sheriff."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It requires a definite aim to make a hi The society of good people is always good

It takes a thinker to make another thinker think.

Impatience dries the blood sooner tha Our best successes are built upon a four dation of failures.

Thoreau once said: "There is nowher any apology for despondency."

As an appliance for the improvement of our friends a habit of scolding possesses in appreciable virtue.

A man's real possession is his memory. It nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor,—[Alexander Smith.

Domestic rule is founded on truth and love. If it has not both of these it is nothing

love. If it has not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism.

The temper of reformers is enthusiastic and hence they almost inevitably exaggerate the evils they seek to correct.

Be easy of address and courteous in conversation, and then exampled exampled the second of the courtes of the court

be easy of address and courteous in conversation, and then everybody will think it a pleasure to have dealings with you.

Perhaps to suffer is nothing else than to live more deeply. Love and sorrow are the two conditions of a profound life.

Twenty men who believe what they pro-fess, and live as they believe, are worth more than five hundred hypocrites to any

good cause. We make provisions for this life as if it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a

esinning. Pain is the spurring of nature that comes to remind a man that he has gone off the track of happiness and to bring him back

again.

I know of nothing in our day more painfully and surely indicative of the interior wrongness of our life than the inability everywhere manifest to rest and be quiet.

There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter to company not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks p.

It is well enough to be humble, but it is consible to boast of your humility until it ours into the worst kind of self-pride, hereis hardly a virtue in the calender which wan will not less if he talks and which

man will not lose if he talks much about Without earnestness no man is great, or really does great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be briliant, entertaining, popular, but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not it in depth of shadow.

shadow.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all—there are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, and detract from contentment and happiness.

Faith which loves not is not faith, it is dead. It is like a body without a soul, Love is the life of faith, both should grow together. The more we love the more we trust. Want of love is the cause of all want of faith. To preserve faith look above all things, in all things, unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of thy faith.—[Pusey.

Leap Year Ode.

And this is leap year, so it is,
Just once in every four,
It adds but one day to this month;
Just this and nothin' more,
The seasons all remain the same
As what they used to be;
While girls may to their lovers say,
Now, will you marry me?

And this time-honored privilege, That this the leap year brings
To girls quite willing to be wed,
Means neaps of other things;
It means a home, oh, meaning word,
Made up of loves and cares,
And makes them think of pillow shams,
Of bedroom sets and chairs.

It means mankind's most honest Then carnest life begins,
And makes them think of girls and boys
That sometimes come as twins
Now then young man, heed my lesson,
There's purpose in my nhy me,
'Tis to guard you from the danger
Of some leap year design.

For should some girl propose to you,
And you by chance accept,
Let me picture your position,
If not in fact, effect.
Then your wife will wear the breeche
Throughout your life's career,
While you in meek submission
The petticoats may wear.

When you see this trouble coming, The symptoms you may trace,
As there's premionitions always,
Of a crisis in the case,
Go and hald Twill save you anxious thoughts, Then, you may parade in breeches, Leave her the petticoats.

Just take her little hand in yours, Just take her little hand in yours,
Your other round her waist,
Squeeze her gently lest the timbers
In her corsets be displaced;
Speak it softly, say it fondly,
"Oh Sarah Ann Maginnis,
Can I be your 'hubby'
Or shall my name be 'Dinnis?'"

She will in choicest language then
Consent to be your wife,
To make it more emphatic, say,
"I will, 'you bet your life.'"
Won then, after this you needn't
Promenade so very late,
Or stend and chew the pickets
That adorn the little gate.

Yes, you may then run the parlor,
The dining room and hall
For a season. With her mother
Be dady of them all,
All your virtues will be canvassed,
All your failings will be hid,
And we hope you wont repent it
For doing as you did.

Now just one single act remains Now just one single acc.

This comedy to end,
And trust you'll find in Sarah Ann
An ever constant friend.
Go and get a marriage license,
Don't forget the First Command,
And in honor swell the census,
Do your duty; be a man.

—JAMES SINCLAIR.

Those who are constrained to solicit for assistance are really to be pitied; those who receive it without, are to be envied; but those who bestow it unasked, are to be admired.

Feb. 29th, 1892.

THE WOLF CHILDREN.

laised by Wolves, They Partake of the Animal's Nature.

Ints wolfer, They Partake of the Enimal's Nature.

The Rev. Dr. Jaz - 4 H. Seelye trites as ollows in the Congregationalist: — Is November, 1872, I saw at Secundra, near Agra, in Nothern India, a boy who had been prought up among wolves. I published an account of his appearance at the time, and some further facts which I have lately learned concerning him will also be of interest. He was found in 1867. Some men, passing through an unfrequented jungle, suddeily came upon a child apparently five or six years old, without clothes and running upon his hands and feet. They tried to catch him but he disappeared in a large hole which was evidently the lair of some wild beast. Unable to unearth him by digging, and not daring into the hole themselves, they reported the fact to the magistrate of the district, who directed them to start a fire at the mouth of the den and smoke out its inmates of whatever sort they might be. The fire was started, when presently a large shewolf dashed out of the hole, scattering the fire and speeding away for safety. She was soon followed by the boy, whom the men had seen before, and whom they now caught with difficulty. He was evidently a child of human parentage, but with the appetities and ways of a wolf. He could not walk erect, he was without clothes, he had no language but a whine, he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and would lap his drink like a wolf. Put into an inclosure, he would lie in a corner during the day, and at night would prowl about picking up bones and ravenously gnawing them.

After keeping him a while the magistrate brought him to an orphanage at Secunda, under the care of the church missionary society, where he was kindly received and cared for and where he has since been an object of unceasing wonder to the many who have seen him there. He has been taught to walk erect—though he does this awkwardly—to wear clothes, to drink like a human being and to use a fork and spoon. He has lost his appetite for raw flesh, and he has no longer any disposition to escape. He has a

efforts have been made to teach him articulation.

He is now, as far as can be judged, about thirty years of age. His forehead is low, but his features are regular, and his eyes, though wild and restless, have not an idiotic look. His jaws do not protrude. and his teeth are regular and human. His arms, legs and body differ from those of an ordinary human being only so far as incident to his habits of locomotion when he was first found.

found.

How far he has ever become conscious of

his habits of locomotion when he was brefound.

How far he has ever become conscious of moral or religious trath it is impossible to say. The nearest approach he has shown to something like an apprehension of an unseen world was in connection with the death of one who had cared for him and of whom he was very fond. At the funeral, as the body was lowered into the grave, the poor boy looked wistfully at the coffin and then at the bystanders, evidently wondering what it all meant. By gestures and other signs, by feigning to be sick and dying, and then pointing downward and upward, the bystanders seemed to awaken in him some strange thought of something which could not be seen, and afterward, when sick himself, he laid down and closed his eyes and pointed to the earth and sky.

From a friend in India, who has recently seen him, I learn that he is still living at the orphanage where he was first taken, and in a report of the orphanage, which has lately come into my hands, I find also the statement that three other children—two boys and a girl—found under similar circumstances and all with similar characteristics, have been brought to the institution, though none of these have lived longer than a few months after their capture. Their are also other well-autkenticated instances of a similar sort. These strange stories awaken many inquiries which which are not easily auswered. We find no instance yet of the wolf evolving itself into the human, but here we have the human casily losing its most essential characteristics and taking on the type of a wolf. Does the human life left to itself find degradation more natural than development

Throwing the Shoe.

Throwing the Shoe.

In the middle ages the bride was led to church by the bridegroom's men, the bridegroom by the bridesmaids; according to the Sarum missal, sops of wafers, immersed in wine, were blessed by the priest and distributed to all the wedding company at the conclusion of the ceremony as previously stated—an evident imitation of the Roman "confarreation."

So also is the custom of scattering wheat over the bride, in token of fruitfulness, which originated in the worship of the god dess Ceres, and which still lingers among us in the form of rice. The throwing the shoe is a relic of an Anglo-Saxon custom. In those early days the bride's father de-

shoe is a relic of an Anglo-Saxon custom. In those early days the bride's father delivered her shoe to the husband, who touched her with it on the forehead, to denote his authority over her. This custom was probably founded upon a possible misinterpretation of Ruth iv. 7.

In the middle English period weddings were scenes of great state and festivity. The bridegroom presented to all the guests, scarfs, gloves, and garters of his favorite colors, and received in return gifts of plate and other household goods. Hence our modern ideas as to wedding presents.

What Then-

Parson Baxter—I's e mighty sorry to heah dat you and your wife keep on a fightin' like cats and dogs.

Sam Johnsing—I'se mighty sorry myself, but dar's no help for hit. I has prayed to de Lawd about me and my wife, dat one ob

us be tucken away.
Parson Baxter—'Sposen de Lawd heahs
yer prar, and one ob you be taken away—
what den? Sam Johnsing—Ef de Lawdheah my prar and one ob us is tucken away, den I'se gwine ter move to Washington and marry a white woman.

A Matter of Wages.

"I observe, James," said the employer,
"that you say 'eether' and 'neether.' Are
you not aware that such is not our pronunciation of those words?"

"It doesn't seem to me," replied the boy
despondently, "that you ought to expect
me to say 'eyether' and 'nyther' on a satary of ten dollars a month."

Of all the earthly music that which couches farthest into Heaven is the beating of a truly loving heart.—[.4. W. Beecher.

Jimmieboy (viewi ng a hald-headed baby "Papa, aren't you going to pa'nt any hair