

MY LOST FRIEND.

Even while he was courting, I kept my hold on him. Against opposition on the part of his bride and her family, he stipulated bravely that I should be his best man on his wedding day. The beautiful woman grudged me my corner in his heart, even at that time; but he was true to me—he persisted—and I was the first to shake hands with him when he was a married man. I had no suspicion that I was to lose him from that moment. I only discovered the truth when I went to pay my first visit to the bride and bridegroom at their abode in the country. I found a beautiful house, exquisitely kept from top to bottom; I found a hearty welcome; I found a good dinner and an airy bedroom; I found a pattern husband and a pattern wife: the only thing I did not find was my old friend. Something stood up in clothes, shook hands with me, pressed wine on me, called me by my christian name, and inquired what I was doing in my profession. It was certainly something that had a trick of looking very much like my former comrade and brother; something that nobody in my situation could have complained of with the smallest reason, something with all the brightness of the old metal about it, but without the sterling old ring; something in short, which made me take my chamber candlestick early on the first night of my arrival, and say good night, while the beautiful woman and pattern wife was present with her eye on me. Can I ever forget the language of that eye on that occasion?—the volume it spoke in one glance of cruel triumph! 'No more sacred secrets between you two,' it said brightly. 'When you trust him now, you trust me. You may sacrifice yourself for your love of him over and over again still, but he shall make no sacrifices now for you, until he has first found out how they affect my convenience and my pleasure. Your place in his heart now, is where I choose it to be. I have stormed the citadel, and I will bring children by and by to keep the ramparts; and you, the faithful old soldier of former years—you have got your discharge, and may sit and sun yourself as well as you can at the outer gates. You have been his truest friend, but he has another now, and need trouble you no longer, except in the capacity of witness of his happiness. This, you will observe, is the order of nature, and the recognized fitness of things; and he hopes you will see it and so do I. And he trusts you will sleep well under his (and my) new roof—and so do I. And he wishes you good night—and so do I!'—*Household Words.*

INSTINCT OF APPETITE.

About three years ago the daughter of a farmer on the Hudson river had a fall, which induced a long, painful and dangerous illness, ending in blindness. Medication availed nothing. By accident, a switch containing maple buds was placed in her hand, when she began to eat them, and called earnestly for more, and continued to eat them with avidity, improving meanwhile in her general health for some fifteen days or more, when this particular relish left her, and she called for candy; and as in the case of the buds, ate nothing else for two weeks, when this also was dropped—a more natural taste returned with returning eyesight and usual health. This was instinct calling for those articles of food which contained the elements, the want of which lay between disease and recovery.

A gentleman, aged thirty-six, seemed to be in the last stage of consumptive disease, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire for common table salt; he spread it in thick layers over his meat, and over his bread and butter; he carried it in his vest pocket, which was daily emptied by eating a pinch at a time. He regained his health, and remained well for years afterwards.

There are many persons who can record from their own personal experience, the beginning of a return to health from gratifying some insatiate desire. The celebrated Prof. Charles Caldwell was fond of relating in his lectures that a young lady, abandoned to die, called for some pound-cake, which 'science' would have pronounced a deadly dose; but, as her case was considered hopeless, she was gratified, and recovered, living in good health afterwards.

But in some forms of dyspepsia, to follow the cravings of appetite is to aggravate the disease. In low fevers, such as typhoid, yielding to the cravings is certain death. To know when and how to follow the instinct of appetite—to gratify the cravings of nature—is of inestimable value. There is a rule which is always safe, and will save life in multitudes of cases where the most skillfully 'exhibited' drugs have been entirely unavailing. Partake at first, of what nature seems to crave, in very small quantities; if no uncomfortable feeling follows, gradually increase the amount until no more is called for.

These suggestions and facts find confirmation in the large experience of that now beautiful and reverend name, Florence Nightingale, whose memory will go down with blessing and honor side by side with that of John Howard. She says:—'I have seen—not by one or tens, but by hundreds—cases where the stomach not only craves, but digests things which have never been laid down in any dietary for the sick, especially for the sick whose diseases were produced by bad food. Fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham, of bacon, suet, cheese, buttermilk, &c., were administered freely, with happy results, simply because the sick craved them.'—*Scientific American.*

THE RUSSIAN PLACE OF HONOR.—In the corner of each room might be seen the usual little picture, with the small lamp in front. 'Why is it that we so frequently see these lumps placed in the corners? Is it intentional or merely accidental?' we inquire of the guide. 'It is intentional; the corner is considered the most honored place; and if you will watch, you will find the corners devoted to the objects of the greatest reverence. The Czars are crowned in a corner; the tombs of the mightiest of them rest in the corners; the most sacred pictures hang in the corners not only of churches but of private houses.' 'How very singular,' thought we, at the remembrance to the very different purposes to which our corners in old England are devoted.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Here are a few pretty stanzas from a favourite contributor of ours: **THOUGH THE SHADOWS LIE DARK.**

BY PAMELLA S. VINING.

Though the shadows lie dark on our path, love,
Yet the hill tops are glowing with light;
Though the winds sweep around us in wrath, love,
There's quiet and peace on the height.
Then sing though the pathway be lone, love,
Aye sing, though the bleak winds are cold,
Beyond is a mansion—our own, love,
All gleaming with jasper and gold.

Though the flowers have drooped at our feet, love,
In silent and hopeless decay,
Yet there they are fadeless and sweet, love,
In the light of Eternity's day.
Then sing, for the long dreary night, love,
The sorrowful night will be o'er;
And their cometh no cankering blight, love,
To the bloom of that beautiful shore.

Though as strangers afar from our own, love,
We wander mid doubtings and fears,
Yet beyond where no sorrow is known, love,
The home of our Father appears;
Already its spires we behold, love,
Already the home-lights appear,
And music of sweetness untold, love,
Oft falls on the listening ear.

Then sing, we're ascending each day, love
More near to the hills of our rest,
Soft breezes are floating this way, love,
With perfumes of Paradise blest;
A little while more and the gloom, love,
The tempest and strife will be o'er;
And together mid beauty and bloom, love,
At home we will rest evermore.

PRAY FOR EDITORS.

Do ministers and Christians pray as they ought for the editors of the religious and secular press? We fear not. A moment's consideration will show the vast importance of praying for these men.

They exert a mighty influence on society, on churches, on rulers, on governments, and on all the interests of mankind. Their power for good, or for evil, is incalculable. Pray that this power may always be wisely directed.

To fulfil their high calling faithfully, they need special gifts and qualifications. What wisdom, knowledge, prudence, faith, integrity, courage, firmness, patience, watchfulness, love of truth, God and man, freedom from covetousness, passion and ambition, they need, that they may sift truth from error, separate the precious from the vile, rebuke the wicked, strengthen the righteous, and never contaminate their columns with anything that is impure or pernicious! Pray for them that they may be endowed with every requisite gift.

Their temptations are great. The devil, bad men, rich men, great men, will try hard to bring editors under their influence. They will flatter and threaten editors, and promise them money, favor, office, and power, if they will only prostitute their talents and their columns to the promotion of selfish ends. Pray that they may not be tempted above what they can bear. Their work is great, burdensome, and exhausting. To what a continual strain are all the mental and physical faculties of responsible editors subjected! Pray that they may have strength and health of mind and body adequate to their weighty responsibilities.

The trials of a faithful editor are great. He will be severely and unjustly criticised. He will be reproached, abused, and slandered. He will be persecuted, and perhaps assailed with personal violence. At times, he will lose money, patronage, and friends. He will be discouraged by the ingratitude and coldness of those whom he strives to serve. Sometimes he may stand in fear of bankruptcy and poverty, because his patrons delay the payment of their bills, or cheat him out of his honest dues. Pray for him, that he faint not, and that the grace of Christ may be sufficient for him.

Reader, would you exert a happy influence, as wise and all-pervading as the influence of the press? Pray daily for editors. Pray for them in the sanctuary, in the closet. Especially pray for them now, when they are doing so much to determine the destiny and the character of this government for all coming time. Reader, pray for the editors of your religious and your secular paper. Pray that God would strengthen, guide, and bless them.—*New York Observer.*

MECHANICS' WIVES.

SPEAKING of the middle ranks of life, the solid and best portion of society, a modern writer makes the following excellent remark:—

'There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration; revered to-day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or contempt; admired, but not respected; desired, but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex she would exalt; the source and mirror of vanity; we see her as a wife, partaking the cares and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toil by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around him for his sake, sharing the decent refinements of the world without being vain of them, placing all her joys and her happiness in the man she loves. As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy, training them up to thought and virtue, to piety and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Such mothers, daughters make the best wives in the world.'

due, has been made the occasion of defeating a measure asked for by those who are creditors of the city to the amount of nearly half a million sterling. It should not be forgotten, either, that for every dollar of the Quebec claim, only 80 cents was actually paid. We very much question whether the English creditors will be at all profuse in demonstrations of gratitude to those Canadians who have been so forward to do them service.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAMILTON.

To the enterprise, energy, and good taste of Manager Richardson, the lovers of the drama in our good city have been laid under weighty obligation. Few who have not visited his now popular place of amusement, would believe that so much talent could have been brought together, and such extensive improvements made, in the short time in which the theatre has been in his hands.

The Colleen Bawn, which is now in its second week, has been placed on the stage with most creditable regard to scenic effect, for which, thanks to Mr. Granger. Mr. Den. Thompson, the 'star' of the company, has more than justified the high expectations formed of him. A true comedian is Den.; humor in every muscle of his face, in every intonation of his voice, and almost in every motion of his limbs. He needs not, and does not, resort to any of the stage tricks which secure the applause of the 'gods.' From the common fault of interpolating his text with vulgar slang, and still more vulgar and immoral oaths, he is conspicuously free. None who have seen, will easily forget his rendering of the reckless, whiskey-smuggling vagabond, but warm-hearted Irishman, Myles Na-coppaleen in the 'Colleen Bawn,' and of the ludicrous terror of poor ghost-haunted Diggory in the 'Spectre Bridegroom.' Miss Levi has made most rapid improvement; she is already a most charming actress, and full of promise for the future.

New pieces, we believe, are soon to be produced, and still further improvements are contemplated by the manager, but of their precise nature we are not yet enabled to speak.

A PIECE of manuscript copy getting mislaid, was the reason of the omission in our last number of the credit which should have been given to Madame Demorest, of 437 Broadway, New York, for the two fashion plates and the accompanying remarks on 'What is worn,' which we made use of. The wood cuts and the description were kindly forwarded us by Madame Demorest, with whom we expect to make arrangements for a large plate of winter fashions, which will be useful to our lady readers. We expect also, shortly, to give a sketch of the rise and progress of the fashion pattern business; one which Madame D. has made almost exclusively her own.

The infant giantess of Canada, is now on exhibition in the American Hotel building, King St. West, Hamilton. This infant, the daughter of Mr. John Flanagan of Sumner, was born the 11th of April last, is now 2 feet 9 inches high, and weighs 56 lbs. The child measures 29 inches around the shoulders, 27 around the breast, 26 around the waist, 16 inches around the thighs, and 10 inches around the arms. Anything more extraordinary we have seldom seen.

FRANKLIN'S EXAMPLE.

ONE of the proverbs of Solomon teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. The contrary result of the opposite course of giving 'railing for railing,' has always proved that the proverb suggests the true policy, and demonstrated the verity of the corresponding doctrine that 'like begets like.' And who can recall his own experience, without assenting to the correctness of this position?

There is an anecdote of the great American philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, beautifully and instructively in point. In 1736, he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. It was his first appointment to office. Although as free from vain ambition as the most favored of mere mortals, he was evidently proud of the position, and desirous of retaining it. When the next election for clerk came round, a certain wealthy as well as intelligent and therefore influential member made a long speech in opposition to his re-election. As he himself tells us in his narrative of the events, he did not resent this opposition, however unjust he may have deemed the ground and temper of it. Not he. But he determined on a very different sort of answer—one which, while it should avoid all appearances of servility or a cringing spirit, would, he felt sure, disarm an opposition whose continuance he feared. He had heard that the member referred to had, in his library, a very rare and curious volume. He wrote him a respectful and kindly note asking the favor of its perusal. The book was promptly sent. In about a week, the philosopher returned it with a second note, in which he strongly expressed his sense of obligation for the loan of it. Thereupon his opponent assumed a kindly bearing. His opposition soon ceased, and he became Franklin's warmest friend. So he remained throughout life, and he was always ready to promote him.