

THE LANGUAGE OF THE BELLS.

Down in a peaceful sylvan dell,  
Echo responding to the bell,  
Repeats the call to rise, to rise,  
Before the sun has lit the skies.  
The time, the time, the time has come,  
To toll, to toll, to toll; the hum  
Of wheels whispers 'tis well, 'tis well,  
Obey the morning workshop bell!

'Tis noon—gone is the dew that fell.  
The hollow sky, like a vast bell,  
Is ringing with the cheerful chime  
Of music, like the rhythmic rhyme  
Of singing birds, of singing birds,  
Or ringing words, or ringing words,  
Too soon 'tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis well,  
To heed the welcome dining bell!

Day closes like a closing shell,  
The silence broken by the bell  
Gives place to tones that fill the air,  
Like music melting into prayer.  
Another day has passed away;  
The evenings gray, like nuns to pray,  
Come not to dwell, come not to dwell,  
Says the evening bell, evening bell.

The loving hearts with raptures swell,  
The soft notes of a cooling bell  
Sound sweetly to the listening ear:  
"Oh, darling, dear, time's near—'tis here!  
Swift flying, happy, golden hours  
Come crowned with fragrant snow-white  
flowers.

Through life, sweet wife, we'll dwell  
In love," rings the sweet wedding-bell.

Loud clanging like an angry knell,  
At midnight hear the awful bell;  
Loud and louder, nigh and nigher,  
Ringing, ringing, fire! fire! fire!  
Awake! arise! the crimson skies  
Seem all ablaze! a banner flies  
Of flame, where stormy tempests swell!  
"Put out the fire!" exclaims the bell.

Soft sounds of love and duty tell  
The heart attuned to a sweet bell,  
That beats in holy harmony,  
And throbs with joyful ecstasy  
To worship here—to worship here  
With contrite soul and heart sincere.  
" 'Tis here the Christian loves to dwell,"  
Exclaims the cheerful Sabbath bell.

For Everybody.

The End of Poland.

The designation of the "Kingdom of Poland" having been abolished, the kingdom itself is about to be broken up. As *Ruski Mir* represents, the Government Augustovo and part of the Government of Lublin are to be detached. The former will be joined to the Government of Vilna, the latter to Kieff.

"Interesting."

It is stated that her Imperial Highness the Countess d'Eu, heiress presumptive to the throne of Brazil, is in a condition which will, it is hoped, secure the succession after her death through her own line. As the Princess justly enjoys general popularity in the empire, the realization of this hope will be a subject of universal satisfaction.

Laborious Old Age.

M. Guizot, who is now in his eighty-ninth year, said recently: "Last year I finished my History of France, and this, please God, will see me commence my Universal History. I come of a hardy race. I can hear well, see well, and work well. Pius IX. can do the same; we are the hardest old men in Europe, and will outlive many who are yet young, if God please."

Mr. Disraeli's London Residence.

Mr. Disraeli has taken up his quarters at No. 2, Whitehall-gardens, a small thin house belonging to a Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, and of the usual London type. A contemporary observes that, "Had he lived in the year 1649 he might have witnessed from his west windows the decapitation of Charles I., who was beheaded at Whitehall, within a pistol-shot of Mr. Disraeli's door."

Squaring Timber.

At Muskoka, Joseph Arch met with Yankees squaring some pine trees for exportation. "You're an Englishman?" it was asked. "Yes, I am," he replied. "Well, I never knew one of your people who could square timber well enough for us." "You never did?" said Arch; "lend me your axe." Without any aid Arch took the axe and squared the timber to the full satisfaction of the critics. He was offered forty-five dollars a month to cut timber.

Tobacco for the Troops in Ashantee.

Tobacco, it is well known, is often serviceable to the soldier on the march and on sentry-duty, and, above all, when provisions become scanty. Besides conserving tissue, it has a soothing and solacing influence—facts which did not escape the keen eye of the First Napoleon in the Russian campaign. Medical authority has prescribed its use in the Ashantee war, and accordingly supplies of it are now on their way to be served out to the troops.

A Strange Duel.

A duel has taken place in Paris not of an ordinary character—except that the principals were not, as usual, killed—but in conformity with orthodox rules. Two cooks disputed, and it was arranged to settle the quarrel then and there, by fighting with roasting spits, in the kitchen. Witnesses placed the parties at a measured distance, and when the first blood was drawn honour was declared to be satisfied. The man who was hurt with the roasting spit was taken to the hospital, as he could cook horse meat to perfection.

Farming Extraordinary.

In Texas, United States, there is a man, a native of Kentucky, named Samuel Allan, who is said to be the greatest cattle-raiser in the world. On one of his farms, which embraces an

area of eighty miles long and forty wide, extending to three counties, he has a herd of 120,000 cattle. On two other farms, he has very nearly as large a herd, making a total of 225,000 head of cattle, all fattened on the native grasses. Besides these he has three thousand horses. Sixty thousand calves are branded every year to keep up the supply.

Sad if True.

A writer in the *Victoria Magazine*, of which Miss Emily Faithful is the editor, says: "Germany, in spite of its military successes, and splendour of its triumphs in the realms of science, stands lower in the scale of civilization than any other European country, except Turkey; for in no other country does woman occupy so ignoble and servile a position. In England women are treated with respect. In France and America, so long as they are young and pretty, they are worshipped. But in Germany they are simply utilized."

Handing Over a Church.

At the ritualist church of St. Mary Magdalene the mission was commenced with a ceremonial that was almost ludicrous. The incumbent, Mr. West, shut himself in his church, and after a little while a knock was heard at the great oak door, and Mr. West, advancing in solemn state, went towards the door and asked, "Who's there?" The reply was "William James Earby Bennett;" whereupon the door was thrown open and Mr. West, addressing Mr. Bennett, formally handed the church over to him for the rest of the week in the name of the Trinity.

Dickens and the Queen.

Mr. Forster denies point blank the statement that a baronetcy, or any other Court honours, were offered to Dickens by the Queen; but the Queen sent for him to Buckingham Palace in 1870, had a most friendly chat with him, and gave him her book on the Highlands, with an autograph inscription. Her Majesty said she, as the humblest of writers, would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest, but that Mr. Helps, being asked to give it, had told that it would be valued most if given by herself. After this he went to a Royal Levee, and his daughter was presented at the next Drawing Room.

Serrano and the Carlists.

News has been received in London according to which it would appear that negotiations are being actively carried on by Serrano and the Carlist chiefs. Taking this fact into account with Serrano's utterances concerning the impossibility of concluding the war by force without utterly devastating the country, it leads to the conclusion that the President of the Republic either contemplates a second edition of *amorivista*, or else, if the accounts of an entire rupture between himself and Don Alfonso be true, an alliance with Don Carlos with the object of placing him on the Throne of Spain.

Theatrical Profits.

Play making seems to pay pretty well in the U. S. To Sardou's representative the management of the Union Square Theatre gave 56,000 dollars for "Agnes," to Mr. Jackson, the representative of D'Enery, for "Le Centenaire," 2,500 dollars; about the same amount to Mr. Daly for "Frou-Frou," rather less to Messrs. Jackson and Daly for "Fernande;" over 3,000 dollars to George Fawcett Rowe, the Micawber of pleasant memory, for "Geneva Cross;" and 700 dollars to Mr. Gilbert, of London, for one fortnight of "The Wicked World." Mr. Boucicault receives nearly 115 dollars nightly for "Lad Astray."

Queer Freak of a Horse.

Sir Greville Smyth went into the stable to see a favourite horse of his, which is being made quite a pet of by him. He generally takes with him a lump or two of sugar, which he gives the horse. However, on this day he forgot the sugar, and while caressing the horse, the animal, probably angered by not getting his usual sweet morsel, suddenly turned on the worthy baronet, seized him by the throat, and severely tore the flesh. The laceration was considerable, and a medical man had to be immediately sent for, who did what was necessary.

The Cathedral Cities of England.

Not the least singular feature in connection with the electoral contests is the change of feeling which has taken place in the twenty cathedral cities of England. At the general election in 1868 they were represented by thirty-one Liberals and only seven Conservatives, whereas the latter, by a net gain of eight seats, now number fifteen as against twenty-three Liberals. Two seats have been won at Exeter, and one has been secured at Bath, Gloucester, Hereford, Lincoln, Manchester, Salisbury, and Winchester, the only loss being at Worcester, where the second seat has relapsed to the Liberals.

New Discoveries at Pompeii.

One of the most remarkable discoveries yet made at Pompeii took place in the presence of M. Fournier (ex-Minister of France in Italy), who was making a casual tour to the ruins of this ancient city. Two skeletons were turned up, one in a perfect state of preservation, as life-like as though he was merely sleeping. The muscles of the arm, wrinkles of the neck, the aquiline nose and crisp Roman moustache are all there, while his cheek is resting on his hand, showing that death had overtaken him while taking his mid-day siesta, just as the Pompeian of the present time does.

The Disadvantage of a Long Beard.

Gentlemen blessed with long beards should be careful how they smoke in the streets of Paris. A M. Morien was lately sauntering along cigar in mouth, when a child with one of those little coloured balloons so common in the French capital ran against him. The balloon burst in coming in contact with the lighted cigar, and the exploding gas set fire to Mr. Morien's beard. This, we may add, from experience, is no unfrequent occurrence, and visitors to the Carnival would do well to soak their facial appendages in a solution of alum and water which, according to Professor Pepper, renders everything impervious to fire.

A Great Ship.

The "Three Brothers," said to be the largest sailing vessel in the world, sailed from San Francisco recently with a large cargo of wheat for Europe. She is the old steamer "Vanderbilt," which was presented to the Government for the U.S. Navy, and which, not long ago, the Navy department sold. As a steamer, the enormous consumption of coal, although it produced high speed, made her too costly for mercantile ventures. She was therefore changed by her purchasers into a sailing ship, and when she went out of San Francisco harbour she spread 15,000 yards of canvas in her suit of sails. Her

mainmast measures 99 feet, her mainyard 100 feet, and other measurements are in proportion. Her tonnage is 3,187.

Live it Down.

Never flinch before scandal; if your good name is assailed, take it quietly. Breath is wasted in nothing more lavishly than in negations and denials. It is not necessary for truth to worry itself, even if a lie can run a league while it is putting on its boots. Let it run and get out of breath, and get out of the way. A man who spends his days in arresting and knocking down lies and liars, will have no time left for speaking the truth. There is nothing more damaging to a man's reputation than his admission that it needs defending when attacked. Great sensitiveness to assault, on the part of any cause, is an unmistakable sign of weakness. A strong man and a strong cause need only to live an affirmative life, devoting no attention whatever to enemies, to win their way, and to trample beneath their feet all the obstacles that malice, or jealousy, or selfishness throws before them.

The Young Chinese Emperor.

We receive some interesting news from Peking. The young Emperor—this reminds us of the famous Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid—has already twice made by night, *incognito*, promenades in the city, in order to see with his own eyes what is done and thought by the people of his capital, which courtiers represent to him as the happiest, the most beautiful, and the best governed city in the world. The proceeding is so contrary to the principles and doctrines of Confucius, to the dreams of Lan-Tan, and to all the traditions of China, that people hesitate to believe it. Nevertheless it is not the mere gossip of the lower orders, but a truth which has the property of alarming the highest classes. Foreigners, on the contrary, look on this fact as a manifestation which gives the brightest hopes for the future of China, as denoting on the part of the young Emperor an independent character which promises a vigorous reign.

The Grievance of Ignorance.

Victor Hugo, in his *Année Terrible*, a poem on the year in which Paris was burnt, his upon one of the reasons of the grievances of the lowest classes. Going along the street during the second terrible siege, the aged poet meets with a Communist, who informs him that he has just set fire to the National Library. "What!" cries the poet, "Burn Homer and Plato and Socrates; burn all the historians and poets—those who have given men wider hopes and better lives—those who have made discoveries and perished for liberty! What! Burn Galileo and Newton and Kepler, to whom the world owes science and so many discoveries! Burn those who make life merry and good—burn Babelais, Molière, Lesage—burn Racine and Shakspeare—burn the preachers and moralists, and finally burn the Bible itself! Wretch, what have you done?" The man answers with a grin and an epigram, "*Je ne sais pas lire!*"—"I don't know how to read!"

Dickens's Profits.

He twice received, Mr. Forster tells us, a thousand pounds for a story not half the length of one of the numbers of *Copperfield*; and Mr. Forster adds that there are no "other such instances in the history of literature." The success of his writings was beyond all precedent. The Christmas numbers of *All the Year Round* had a sale of 300,000. He was to receive £7,500 for 25,000 copies of *Edwin Drood*, and to have half the profit of all sales beyond that number, whilst during his life sales reached 50,000 copies. Scott in all his glory was not to be compared with Dickens in point of immediate popularity. Surely, one would think, a man in such a position might be independent enough of pecuniary cares to allow his mind due rest and employ it upon worthy tasks. The arguments, however, which induced Dickens to lecture in America simply come to this, that he calculated upon making £15,500 by eighty readings. On his return from America he continued his readings in England, and calculated that by both together he would have made £28,000 in a year and a half.

The Actress and her Lover.

In a provincial town in France—in which country it is almost an invariable rule for managers to engage artists on the condition that they are approved by the public—a young actress, who had met with several very stormy receptions, the real reason for which was that, being attached to a young comedian of the troupe, she would not accept any bouquets or *billets-doux* from her admirers, was about to make her last appearance on trial. When the evening arrived, and she appeared on the stage, she was received with hisses and hootings, and the theatre was "alive" with apples, beans, and the like. The climax was reached when there fell at her feet a bouquet of hay and thistles, the noise increasing every moment. The poor girl nearly fainted, but the young comedian above mentioned, who was playing in the piece, supported her, and, having led her to a couch, coolly picked up the bouquet. In an instant one could have heard a pin drop. The actor approached his companion, who was crying bitterly, and, dropping before her on one knee, said in a distinct voice, "Allow me to beg your acceptance of this present, madame. The donor must certainly have deprived himself of his breakfast this morning." Instantaneously the current of public favour turned, and thunders of applause were heard. The young comedian's presence of mind had saved his *fiancée*.

Mr. Gladstone's Honeyed Words.

A correspondent present at the Greenwich election says:—A funny incident came under my own notice. The Premier advanced to the front of the hustings bareheaded. Standing still for a moment, he took from his pocket a mysterious looking bottle, very like a pomade pot, and eyed its contents with great attention. "I'll bet I know what he's going to do with that," said a woman in the crowd. "He's going to put it on his head; it's balm o' Gilead, that's what it is." "Balm o' Gilead?" echoed a woman. "Why he's a-eatin' of it; he's a-eatin' the balm!" she screamed. "Well, then, rejoined the first speaker triumphantly, "you may reckon it's the proper sort of balm, or he wouldn't do it. Let him oil his throat well; he'll let the Tories have it." The fact is that Mrs. Gladstone, ever mindful of the duties of a wife, and aware of the fact that the Premier's throat is somewhat given to bronchial attacks, provides him always with a neat little pot of honey and balsam, of which Mr. Gladstone partakes somewhat plentifully before delivering a speech of any length; and it was this lubricatory mixture which led to the remarks that I overheard in the crowd. After all, honey and balsam is better for a man who intends to speak clearly than champagne or gin and soda—beverages in which some of our great speakers are wont to indulge. But Mr. Disraeli will scarcely be inclined to think that there was much honey in the Premier's speech.