

## HEALTH

### Bathing Sick Persons.

A sick person should be bathed every day, unless for some special reason the doctor forbids it. The skin cannot properly perform its function of carrying off the waste matter from the body unless its pores are kept open. In fever, sponging with cold water is one of the recognized means of lowering the temperature. It is therefore important to know how to give a bath to a person in bed as easily, speedily, and effectually as possible. Before beginning, everything that will be required should be collected at the side of the bed. Two blankets are needed, two towels, a basin of water (if the bath is to be a warm one, a pitcher of hot water to replenish the basin) and a sponge. If the bath is given every day, soap is unnecessary; when it is used, a cloth should be substituted for the sponge, as soap spoils the latter. If the patient's sheets are to be changed, the fresh ones should be put to air, and warm at the fire. This precaution should never be neglected, as damp linen might give a fatal chill.

Double the blankets and end to end, move the patient to one side of the bed, push the bed-clothes towards him, keeping him covered, and, on the cleared space, lay the folded blanket, draw the bed coverings over it, and under their shelter move the patient on it. Lay the second folded blanket over the spread, and draw all the bed-clothes from beneath it, leaving the patient covered with it alone. Remove the night-dress, squeeze the sponge so that it will not drip, and bathe the face, neck and ears, wiping them carefully afterwards. Pass the hand holding the sponge under the blanket, and wash the arms, drying each as soon as done; then bathe the body, and wipe it dry; turn the patient on the side, and bathe the back, then the legs to the knees; turn again on the back, and finish the legs and feet. The points to be remembered are not to expose the patient to cold by letting the blanket slip aside, not to wet too large a surface at once, and to wipe thoroughly dry. Replace the night dress and bed clothes, draw out the upper blanket, move the patient off the lower blanket, and pull it out. Hang both the blankets to dry. They will be damp, but not wet, if the bath has been properly given.

### Why Run Up Stairs.

We do not run in the street, nor in the park or garden; why then run up stairs, and then complain that the stairs are so high? It is difficult to answer this question; nevertheless, Canadian people generally do run up stairs, while foreigners so well satisfied with walking up. Servants frequently complain of the height of the stairs, and leave their places in consequence. Houses of six and eight storeys are now being built here, as they are in other countries. Now, there is really but little more difficulty in ascending several flights of stairs more than there is in walking a straight line, provided we take sufficient time to do it; which should be about twice as long as should be in walking the same distance in the street. Walk up stairs slowly; rest at each landing; again walk steadily; and you will reach the top flight without exhaustion or fatigue.

### Rules for Health.

A Scotch philosopher says that if you wish to preserve your health never eat anything but oatmeal. Wear the thickest boots. Walk fifteen miles regularly every day. Avoid all excitement; consequently, it is best to remain single, for then you will be free from all household cares and matrimonial troubles and you will have no children to worry you. The same rule applies to smoking, taking snuff, playing at cards, and arguing with any one. They are all strong excitations, which must be rigidly avoided, if you value in the least your health. By attending carefully to the above rules, there is every probability that you may live to a hundred years, and that you will enjoy your hundredth year fully as much as you did your twenty-first. Our Scotch friend is trying an experiment, and in forty years' time will be able to announce the final result.

### Disordered Perspiration.

Nature has expended much labor on the perspiration system—has constructed for each of us many miles of tubing and millions of secreting glands, each furnished with its tiny blood-vessel regulated by its microscopic nerve.

Not only does this system perform an essential service in keeping the bodily temperature down to the normal point of safety, ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, but the evaporation of the perspired fluid but it is also an organ of elimination like the kidneys and the lungs.

An adult excretes a full pound of sweat daily and this may be increased to three or four pounds. From this fact may be understood both the danger of suddenly checking the outflow of the poisonous material, and the advantage, when one has taken cold, of the Russian bath. The quantity and character of the fluid render a frequent change of clothing a matter of no small importance.

Some diseases, as acute rheumatism, phthisis, general debility, are accompanied by excessive perspiration, which is also sometimes purposely induced by the use of certain drugs called diaphoretics. As we are all aware, the amount of perspiration is abnormal in hot weather. The heat of a muggy day is aggravated and made more oppressive by the slow evaporation from the surface of the body. The atmosphere is too fully charged with moisture to vaporize the sweat.

Excessive sweating is sometimes partial, being limited to the soles, palms, or to one-half of the face, head or body, and that, too, without any discoverable cause. The touching of one side of the tongue with salt will sometimes cause a profuse perspiration upon the corresponding side of the body.

Perspiration may also be deficient. This is generally the case in diseases of the kidneys, in the early stages of fever, and in certain skin diseases. When the sebaceous or oil secretion is deficient, there is apt to be a like deficiency in the perspiration, rendering the skin dry and rough.

Perspiration may have an offensive odor, especially that which is secreted by arm-pits, feet and face. The sweat and the sebaceous secretion undergo a chemical change into the fatty acids, some of which are like those found in rancid butter. This condition is sometimes due to lowered vitality of the system. The affected parts should be repeatedly washed with tar soap, and the linen frequently changed. The soles of the stockings should be daily disinfected with a saturated solution of boracic acid. Cork shoes should be worn in the shoes, and be similarly disinfected.

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

He hath no labor who useth it not.—[George Herbert.]

If knowledge is power, patience is powerful.—[Robert Hall.]

God created the coquette as soon as he made the fool.—[Victor Hugo.]

Joy never feasts so high as when the first course is misery.—[Shackleton.]

Things unhoped for happen oftener than things that we desire.—[Plautus.]

Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds.—[Emerson.]

What a heavy burden is a name which has become too soon famous.—[Voltaire.]

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.—[Goethe.]

Remove the temptation of leisure, and the bow of Cupid will lose its effect.—[Ovid.]

God intended for women two provisions against sin,—modesty and remorse.—[Miles of Piedmont.]

You may find people ready enough to do the good Samaritan without the oil and two pence.—[Sydney Smith.]

In love, as in everything else, experience is a physician which never comes until after the disorder is cured.—[Mme. de la Tour.]

Women hope that a dead love may revive; but men know that of all dead things none are so past recall as a dead passion.—[Ovid.]

Prudence is often immediately modest; its habit is to multiply sentinels in proportion as the fortress is less threatened.—[G. D. Prentiss.]

Liberalism is the trust of the people tampered by prudence; conservatism, distrust of the people tampered by fear.—[Gladstone.]

There is no point on which young women are more easily piqued than this: Of their sufficiency to judge the men who make love to them.—[George Eliot.]

The grave is the oracle where memory is purified. We only remember a dead friend by those qualities which make him regretted.—[J. Petit-Senn.]

Nature makes us buy her presents at the price of so many sufferings, that it is doubtful whether she deserves most the title of parent or stepmother.—[Pliny the Elder.]

True grandeur does not consist in the possession, but in the use of humble means; for new born infants frequently inherit their father's kingdoms and empires.—[Plutarch.]

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning, have made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.—[Chesterfield.]

A wretched soul bruised with adversity, we did be quiet, when we hear it cry: But were we burdened with like weight of pain.

As much or more, we should ourselves complain.—[Saunders.]

### Five Millions of Soldiers.

Some years ago an idea suggested itself to an obscure workman of Belleville, an idea that since then has engendered an army, simply qualified, were it a question of numbers alone, to realize the dream of eternal peace, by keeping in check the assembled armies of Europe. He sets on foot 5,000,000 soldiers a year. These soldiers are of humble origin, but so was Napoleon. They spring from old sardine boxes. Relegated to the dust hole, the sardine box is preserved from destruction by the dustman, who is to a rare moment the Belleville or in Bateau Chaumont, who in his turn disposes of it to a specialist, by whom it is then prepared for the manufacturer. The warriors are made from the bottom of the box, the lid and sides are used for guns, railway carriages, bicycles, etc. All this may seem unimportant at first sight, but the utilization of these old sardine boxes has resulted in the foundation of an enormous manufactory, at which no less than 200 workmen are employed. I went there the other day, and, no one suspecting me of being a political correspondent, I was admitted without difficulty to a view of the great arsenal and its 5,000,000 warriors. The poor workman, out of those heard the armed tin soldier sprung—via the sardine box—is now a rich man, and what is more, an eager and keen-sighted patriot, who in his sphere deserves the gratitude of his country. After retreating for years, the French tin soldier takes the offensive again; every year the German spiked helmets retire from positions conquered in French nurseries, and the time is not far distant when the tricolor shall wave over the Berlin toy shops—a slight revenge on a vendant the great.—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

### House Work in Buenos Ayres.

Servants are unmanageable in Buenos Ayres. General houseworkers are unknown. For the smallest family one needs a cook, a housemaid, and, instead of a maid-of-all-work, a boy of any age from ten years, and I have seen even younger on duty in native households. Besides these no washing can be done at home. There was, I am told, a one time even a law against the drying of clothes in one's own patio or on the roof. At any rate a laundress is an almost impossible person to get, and clothes are given out to the lavandera, who support themselves by the pursuit of that profession alone. They wash in the river, which is very wide, and very shallow on its southern shore, and rising only when gales are blowing from the sea, leaves on its retiring great pools of water in the hollows of the beach. These pools are the wash tubs for the whole city, and flat stones are used as boards, the clothes being rubbed between two such; so it is not to be wondered at that all kinds of wash goods want frequent replacing. The same women who wash do not iron. They are themselves employed by the person engaged by one's self, who usually is the ironer and who receives the pay for the whole. I found this arrangement very unsatisfactory, for there was no one person who seemed to be responsible for the return of the things and for the manner in which they were done.—[Good Housekeeping.]

### Not Much of a Sight, After All.

"I saw a goblet to-day made of bone,"

"Pshaw! I saw a tumbler made of fish and blood last night."

"Where?"

"At the circus."

## OLD NAPLES CRUMBLING AWAY.

Many of its Ancient Structures Undeined by the Recent Floods.

The term foundation does not corre- express the effect of the two violent storms of rain which burst over Naples on Sept. 25 and on the 19th inst. It is not possible for Naples to be inundated in the common sense of that word, for no water can lie in any part of the city. But the defective water courses which carry off the water from the hills which surround the town, and the fact that on a large tract of land on the summit of the Vomero at the west end, an entirely new quarter has sprung up, the drainage of which is as yet incomplete, have caused a real torrent of water to burst many of the drains on that side of the city. A veritable river of water

RUSHED DOWN THE HILL,

heavy with earth and stones, after each of the two storms, and on its way destroyed gardens, threw down walls, filled cellars and caused fire or drowning, and covered the Riviera di Chiaia with a sort of alluvial deposit two or three feet deep. It is in this quarter that Sig. Crispi's house is situated, and it was on both occasions seriously damaged.

After the first storm a water course was made for the water from the Vomero, so that it might not follow the disastrous course it took in September. But it did still greater damage, as no precaution had been taken for carrying off the water, and the consequence was that it carried away about a hundred yards of the beautiful Via Teulada, a road which winds along the side of the Vomero higher up and parallel to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. The road was destroyed from side to side, leaving the foundations of a palace on its edge exposed, so that it threatened to fall. The debris were precipitated by the rushing water, which was as yellow as the Tiber, on to the gardens below; they blocked the Corso Vittorio Emanuele; they burst a portion of the causeway and destroyed the wall of Prince Amedeo's palace on their way through Sig. Crispi's house to the sea. At the same time the newly-built buttress which supports the tottering rocks at Posillipo was damaged, and there also cellars were filled with water and all traffic stopped, while an innumerable points in the city drains fell in and homes were inundated. There were not sufficient "pompieri," municipal guards, or military sappers and miners to respond to the calls for help.

But these storms, though they served to show how badly the city is protected from the effects of heavy rain, are not the most destructive agents at work. Scarcely a day passes without a somewhat serious solid house falling in, and the aspect of the city, with some hundreds of large "palaces" propped with beams or buttressed with stone is hardly reassuring. While a new Naples is gradually being built the old Naples is crumbling away, and in many streets the people are half panic-stricken. A Commission has been appointed by the Syndic to examine the

STATE OF THE CITY

and it has already presented a report, embodying a scheme of reconstruction and repair. Work is to be begun immediately. There is no doubt that the defective pipes of the new water works, together with the fact that the taps in the houses are carelessly allowed to run all day into drains not fit to hold the water, which consequently percolates and undermines the foundation, and the neglect of the old water cisterns, and probably also an imperceptible but constant vibration of volcanic soil, all contribute to the rapidly increasing crumbling of houses which has been observable since the year 1884, when the new water works were inaugurated. But all the damage done owing to these causes and accelerated by the late heavy rains certainly might have been prevented by thorough and honest work, but those are two things difficult to be met with in that land of "far niente."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Near-sightedness is overruling the French people as much as the Germans. Among the senior boys in the different French colleges more than 46 per cent. are near-sighted.

In a little town of Schleswig-Holstein there is a tax exemption for dogs "that sleep with their masters and mistresses and so preserve them from gout, rheumatism and like pains."

The consumption of horse flesh in Berlin is increasing. Last month the Berliners ate 816 horses against 610 in same month of 1888. For various reasons, however, the working people in the Prussian capital do not eat so much horse as the poorer classes of other German cities. Königsberg, for instance, with about the same population as Rochester, consumed 349 horses last month.

French animosity against the Germans bubbled up vigorously at the recent election of a successor to the late Baron de Witte, the Foreign Associate of the Institute. Prof. Mommsen, the historian of Rome, and Prof. Curtius, the historian of Greece, both Berliners, were the competing candidates. Both were pretty thoroughly discredited, from an essentially French standpoint, and at last Curtius was elected.

The power of one of the greatest political figures of the day, perhaps of all time, is said to be on the wane. The Empress Dowager of China has been shorn of her prestige by the rebellious independence of the young Emperor. He refused to see the bride which she forced upon him, and has been issuing vigorous decrees on his own account. He has been censuring the old Minister right and left, particularly Chang Chi Tung.

Three hundred and fifty thousand six hundred and sixty-six persons are now under sentence in the German empire for offences against the law. Sixty-one thousand eight hundred and six of these were sentenced against State, religion, and the public peace; 134,670 against the person; 152,652 against property; 552 were sentenced for "inflicting injury"; 482 for arson, 475 for bribery, 258 for offences against the anti-Socialist law, and 969 for adulterating food.

A young man of Warsaw ordered a dress suit from a tailor, who agreed to deliver it on a certain day. The latter failed, and hence a curious lawsuit. The plaintiff alleged that he had arranged to go to an evening party at which he had resolved to offer his hand to the daughter of the house. Because of the failure of his dress coat he could not go, but his rival went, proposed, and was accepted, and the plaintiff considered himself damaged to the value of the lost bride.

## A CRUISE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

Channel and the Corisande is slipping along, close hauled, through the summer seas.

The outline of the lovely South Devon coast is shimmering in the heat, and the musical murmur of the waves upon the pebbly beaches of many a cove comes like the song of far-off Naiads. Away to the left, Start Point rises in the haze; its white lighthouse tower standing out against the sky, and its jagged sides sloping like a steep-pitched roof. On the right, Berry Head marks the wharves of Tor Bay, on whose northern shore Torquay—loveliest queen of watering-places—clusters between and upon her lofty limestone hills. Ahead is a gap in the wall of cliff towards which we are steering, where the river Dart rolls its current to the sea.

"How is the tide, Elliot?"

"About slack, sir.—Keep her a bit closer, sir, if you can."

The barly skipper gets a pull on the main-sheet, and then walks forward to give an order to one of the hands; and we watch the land rapidly receding as the feet from the cutter's bows his lunged off and left behind. Ten minutes later the blue-jacket comes aft again with "Keep her away now, sir; we can run slip in."

The boom swings steadily out, the sheets are eased handsomely, and the Corisande lifts herself with a steady roll. There are fiercer and grander pictures, no doubt, but few lovelier ones than that which greets the yachtsman as he stands in from seawards for the Dart. On the headland are the

SOUTH SIDE OF THE ENTRANCE

are the remains of Dartmouth Castle, that "strong and mighty and defensible tower," which Edward IV. stipulated should be built; and within them the church of St. Peter, of Early English work. High above is a height known as "Gallant's Bower," about which are curious old-world entrenchments and earthen ramparts. On the north bank are the villages of Kingswear; and below Brookhill—a noble mansion, whose dining-room contains a portion of the chimney-piece in whose nook the great Sir Walter Raleigh indulged in the first pipe of tobacco smoked in this country—the ruins of "Gomerock Castle"; and the grove still exists in the rock where the huge chain was swung across to Dartmouth Castle as part of the defences of the old time.

Gliding steadily onwards, we pass Warfield Creek and its singing stream, and then suddenly "Beautiful Dartmouth"—as Her Majesty Queen Victoria termed it when the royal yacht was driven hither by stress of weather—lies before us in all its picturesque wealth, with its noble harbor at its feet so land-locked you can almost fancy it a lake. But no lake ever saw such a fleet of vessels as are lying here to-day. Crack yachts are legion—cutters, yachts, and schooners—romy cruisers and lean racers, about five-tonners and flying fifths; from whose forest of masts flutter the burgees of every club of worthiness and note; grim collier steamers are alongside the Kingwear quays; puffing steam-launches dart hither and thither; a smart cruiser rides majestically in mid-stream fully conscious that the white ensign that streams above her is the symbol of the mistress of the sea, and that she is there the monarch of all she surveys. In sharp contrast to her low-lying hull with its stumpy funnel and raking masts are the lofty, old three-decker line-of-battle ships the "Britannia" and "Hindocaster," whose ports

GLISTEN IN THE SUN,

and within whose wooden walls are trained some hundred naval cadets, the future officers of England's navy. Steep hills clothed with thick oak-woods form a fine background to the whole; and behind them the Dart winds away with many a curve and sinuous turn up to Totnes and its weir, to become thenceforward a howling alluvial streamlet haunted by fisherman and artist.

Of all old-fashioned places, Dartmouth is one of the quaintest; and as soon as the "Corisande" is at her moorings, we lower away the gig and tumbling in, scull over to the landing-stairs to explore it. Few towns of the brave West-country are more ancient, though less neighborly to the boats than this.

Kingswear was a market town

When Dartmouth was a fuzzy down. In 6 days of the Norman times it was a flourishing place, and William Rufus is said to have embarked here when he went to raise the siege of the castle of Le-Mans. It was evidently a port of note in Queen's time, for he is now, amongst his Canterbury pilgrims.

A Shipman was there, woned far by West: For ought I wote, he was of Dartmouth. In 1190 it was the rallying-point for crusaders who followed the "Lion heart" to Palestine; and suffered severely by the departure of that monarch overseas, for during his absence the French stormed and sacked the town. In 1338 the Dartmouth mariners had their revenge, for they captured five French vessels and put their crews to death; and then, nine years later, they fitted out "thirty-one ships" to take part in Edward III.'s expedition against Calais. In 1377 a Frenchman paid off these scores by taking and burning the town;

AN INSULT WIPED OUT

when, in 1403, a fleet of Dartmouth vessels sailed across the Channel, captured forty-one sail in the Seine, and returned laden with rich booty. But the crowning triumph came in the following year, when Du Chastel made another descent upon the Dart, and was ignominiously beaten off by the Devon sea-dogs, and their no less gallant wives, who helped, by hurling flints and missiles, to complete the rout, in which "three lords and twenty knights of note" were taken and sent up to London.

Thus ended the duel between Dartmouth and France, much to the glory and renown of the stannish little town. That it was well to the fore when Spain's Armada threatened England's liberties is only to be expected, and it right loyally supported good Queen Bess with men and ships and money. When Charles I. and the Commons fell out, it again saw hard fighting and the horrors of war for it was taken and retaken several times by the rival forces. It had also the questionable honor of giving the title Baron Dartmouth to one of Charles II.'s sons, and, moreover, entertained that monarch for a week when he kept his court here in 1671. There is a tradition that King John granted the privilege of "Madraite" to Dartmouth; but the first charter extant is that of Edward III., dated 1341, which gives the town the right of self-government

under a mayor and corporation on condition that it provided the king with two ships of one hundred and twenty tons whenever he needed them. One of the ancient rights of the place was that of coinage, and a use of its halfpence are still in existence, having on one side the words, "A Dartmouth half-penny," and on the other the town's arms, the figure of Edward III. standing in a ship supported by two lions.

The Dartmouth of to-day is a curious blending of old and new—its shops and older quarter cluster down by the water-side, where the hills bend back

IN A SHALLOW CURVE

and its villas and newer part stretch along the wooded heights on each hand. Narrow streets, tortuous alleys, and steep stairways add to the picturesque quality of the whole, and remind one somewhat of the old town of Edinburgh.

The two most interesting bits are the "Butter Walk" and the church of St. Saviour. The Butter Walk runs at right angles up from the quay-side, and though modern "improvements" have swept away most of its grandeur, it has yet a few of the fine old houses, with their richly-carved pillars, timbered gables and overhanging stories, in which once dwelt its merchant princes; and the royal arms in the black oak mantel-piece of one of them recall the days when the Merry Menarch held his court here and walked up and down the piazza with his spaniels and fair ladies. But though these magnificent fronts tell of the wealth and magnificence of their once owners, the interior of St. Saviour's Church speaks yet more eloquently of the piety and liberality of these old Dartmouth traders. Its noble rood-screen and gloriously sculptured stone pulpit, rich in colour and rare in workmanship, once seen will never be forgotten; and the carved seats, and the front of the west gallery emblazoned with the arms of many a noble Devonshire family, recall the worshippers of long ago, who are sleeping under the stones beneath, but whose spirits still live in every deed of

ENGLISH ENTERPRISE AND DARING.

To the memory of one of them—worthy of all reverence—about John Hawley, a brass yet remains in the chancel floor, dated 1408, and represents him in armour, between his two wives. The lady on his right is holding his hand; whilst she on the left has her hands folded in prayer. Was she a pious devotee—or less loved than the other? It is merely a variation of artistic treatment? The old knights was so famed for his vast and lucky ventures in even those days of bold enterprises, that there arose a local saying:

Blow the wind high, or blow it low, It bloweth fair to Hawley's Hoe.

But though a merchant, he was no mere money-grubber; for when the Dartmouth men "manned forth a few ships as their own peril and charge," and captured a French fleet in the lower waters, he was in command, and took his full share of the fighting. Nor was he a mere selfish trader; for when Richard II., out of admiration for his bold deed, asked him to choose the favour he should receive, he would have no personal honour, but some bounty for his native place. It was thus that Dartmouth obtained the royal "leopards" as supporters in its arms.

The south doorway of the church has a beautiful and curious design in metal-work representing an spreading branches of a tree, whereon wo leopards or lions are mounted, with the figures 1631. The date is said to be of later work than the design, which some hold to have been wrought in celebration of the granting of the royal "supporters."

But the evening is drawing on apace, and the gig is waiting to take us back to the Corisande, and dinner. There she lies, our floating home, in mid-stream, with every spar and rope

MISERED IN THE STILL WATER,

looking a veritable picture yacht for sunshine and smooth tides; and not the staunch outer which, with canvas snugged down, has driven through tearing squalls and staggering seas.

Leaning upon the graceful counter, under the calm evening skies, its tending to the tide swirling softly softly beneath, and watching the after-glow kiss the hill-tops around, we recall some of the famous men who are associated with the Dart: Newcomen, one of the fathers of the steam-engine; Flavel, the divin John Davis, the bold navigator; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, fearless adventurer and pious commander; and not least, Sir Walter Raleigh, damnable soldier, intrepid seaman, courtly scholar, and gallant gentleman.

And we realize, too, the changes which time has brought, for round the point which saw the pinnaces and "carracks" and fighting ships of bygone days drop down with the tide to plunder the Frenchman and harry the Spaniard, there glides majestically one of the stately steamships of the Clan line on her way to the Cape with her peaceful company of colonists and emigrants. And yet even in the midst of this scene of peace and happiness, there drifts the shadow of death, for over yonder a dripping form has just been lifted into a boat, one of the ebbing stream:

O river of Dart, O river of Dart, Every year thou claimest a heart.

Suddenly, a gun wakes the echoes of the hills, and from our truck and from scores of other taut masts burgees come fluttering down, for the Royal Dart Yacht Club has given "gunfire" to all the pleasure craft on its station; and the yachtsman's day is over, for nautical etiquette is punctilious in the extreme, and rigidly observed.

No Prayer To-night.

No prayer to night! No golden head To lie in my lap with glittering light; Bat a broken heart, and a high sigh— Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No Hissing tongue, no dimpled hands, To sing and strike in keen delight; No fair to plait in glistening strands— Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No prayer to-night—no bright eyes shine; No cradled head to catch my sigh; No rosy lips pressed close to mine— Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No trusting love; no pearly tears; No smile; no laughter loud and bright; No little voice to tell its fears— Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No prayer to-night—no aching heart, A life that is full of care and blight; A life that has sorrow in every part— Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

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