

[Written for the Family Circle.]

Aspiring.

BY MRS. CROSS.

We read of noble deeds and feel
Our hearts within us burn and glow
And scarce our feeling can conceal:
"We, too, such deeds as these could do."

We long to live pure, noble lives,
Above the vain, tumultuous strife,
And sigh for opportunities
To do great deeds in common life.

We know that moments make the years,
Small sands the mountains, drops the sea
And trifles life—yet don't appear
To feel the truth we claim to see.

Live then in moments, little things
Make up the sum of good and ill;
He most accomplishes who sings,
While step by step he's climbing still.

Stimulants and Tobacco.

The opinions of medical men as to stimulants as an auxiliary to intellectual work are, says Mr. Arthur Reade in *Les Mondes*, too diverse to have much effect upon the habits of men of letters. Nor are they in much better agreement, he says, as to tobacco. That tobacco is a poison is certain: so are many things used, not only in medicine, but in food. The influence of tobacco on brainwork has been the subject of interminable controversy, and the question has occupied all classes of society. One argument is smoke helps men to think (to dream, rather) and it is asserted that the journalist smokes in writing, the man of science in solving a problem, the artist in painting, the clergyman in composing his sermon; that, in fact, every man great in science, in literature, in arts, climbs the ladder of fame with a pipe or cigar in his mouth. Tennyson has composed, it is said, his sweetest idyls under the influence of nicotine. Carlyle has taught the world philosophy, smoking.

Not the young only have these ideas. According to Andrew, Moltke is a great snuff-taker, and it was due to snuff that Napoleon was so pitilessly expelled from Belgium. Mr. John C. Murray, in his volume on smoking, undertakes to show when it is dangerous, neutral or beneficial to smoke. He claims that Raleigh, Milton, Dryden, Newton, Steel, Addison, Swift, Congreve, Bolingbroke, Pope, Johnson, Byron, Burns, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Dickens, spoke, wrote and sang under the influence of coffee, that plant of mystic power. But for those who have recourse to tobacco, he adds, their genius is generally like a lightning-flash or a meteor, involving too great mental tension, likely to drag reason from her throne and plunge her in the night of chaos. Another medical authority says that a moderate use of tobacco is as necessary to the brain-worker as moderation in the use of alcohol.

On the other hand, the adversaries of tobacco regard the idea that smoking helps sound thought as a most mischievous delusion; they maintain on the contrary, that it renders men incapable of intellectual labors. Tobacco leads to physical and mental indolence. Mr. Reade considers that the use of stimulants is a subject which should be examined in the light of the experience of poets, artists, journalists, men of science, authors, etc., in Europe and America. M. l'Abbe Morigno makes the following remarks in reply to Mr. Arthur Reade's questions.

"Though I cannot offer myself as an example, because my temperament is too exceptional, my experience may have some degree of usefulness. I have published already a hundred and fifty volumes, small and great; I scarcely ever leave my work-table; I never take walking exercise; yet I have never experienced any trace of headache, or brain weariness or constipation, etc., etc. Never, in order to work, or to obtain my full clearness of mind, have I had occasion to take recourse to stimulants, or coffee, or alcohol, or tobacco, etc.; on the contrary, in my case, stimulants excite abnormal vibrations in the brain, unfavorable to its prompt and steady action."

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

—♦♦♦—
"Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Dangerous associates—Those who are dressed to kill.

If you want to find out how great a man is, let him tell it himself.

The Chinese say there are two good men—one dead, the other unborn.

A poet looks unutterable things. So does the man with a red-hot potato in his mouth.

The question as to who shall be Speaker of the House has to be settled after every marriage.

When was the most beef tea made? When Henry the Eighth dissolved the Pope's bull.

Nantucket has a girl pilot only seventeen years old. Knows all the buoys in the sound, you can bet.

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle.

A tombstone in Maine, erected to the memory of a wife, bears the inscription: "Tears cannot restore her, therefore I weep."

When a man prefaces his conversation with, "Now I know this isn't any of my business," you may be pretty sure that it isn't.

"Amateur gardener" wants to know the easiest way to make a hothouse. Leave a box of matches where the baby can play with them.

It is noted as a queer misprint in one of Chicago's great dailies that a doctor felt of a patient's "purse." Nothing very queer about that.

A contemporary boasts that he can "stand on his intellectual capital." It is to be presumed that he means that he can stand on his head.

A girl who sets out to look graceful in a hammock has as much work on hand as the man who tries to be languid with a saw-log following him down a hill.

A certain school in the north of England announced as follows: "Larnin' taught here threepence a week—and them as larns manners twopence more."

"Yes," said the affectionate mother, "the first year of my daughter's marriage I thought her husband an angel, and I'm sure that every year since I've wished he was one."

A bus was seen the other evening carrying one passenger and displaying the sign "Full." The public mind is agitated with doubt. Did it refer to the passenger or driver?

"Will you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs.—'s maiden name was?" "Why, her maiden aim was to get married, of course," exclaimed the lady.

Several of our exchanges are devoting considerable space to the importance of "cooking girls." It's no use. We don't want them cooked. The raw damsel is good enough for us.

O, she was nice to eat,

Remarked the alligator;

She tasted very sweet,

And I am glad-i-ator.

Dr. Holmes says that Emerson "took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." He could have made his fortune as a servant-girl.

"Yes sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away mad.

"I should so like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied. "These very old coins are only to be found in valuable collections." And yet he cannot see why when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.