

Scarce conscious of what she did, Edith hastened from the stage, pointing him out to a servant, and desired his presence in the now empty green-room.

He came, looking pale and sad, and seeking vainly to conceal his agitation beneath a grave courtesy. But a few words sufficed to bring back the old joyous look into his dark eyes. She had not forgotten him, then! It was all a mistake—each had been faithful to the other, and how that mistake occurred was easily explained now they had met.

Philip Morgan had returned to the village after spending six months abroad, and no one could reply to his inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Leighs, the man with whom their address had been left having died in the interval. Knowing not what to think of this mysterious disappearance, he went to London, and entered upon a long, weary search, that was rendered yet more hopeless from the change which the father and daughter, unknown to him, had made in their name.

He had heard much of the new "prima donna," but never dreamed that there was any connection between her and his Edith. He had not visited the opera for years before this happy night, and only wondered and pondered over the impulse which had led him to break through his habits on this occasion.

But that meeting, though so joyous a one to our two faithful lovers, was far from joyous to the public, who had hoped long to listen to the sweet voice of the young singer.

Very eagerly, now that she no longer needed to work to drown sorrowful thoughts, did Edith Leigh leave a mode of life which had been forced upon her, rather than chosen. A few weeks after their reunion Philip's fondest dreams were realized, and the fair maiden to whom his heart had ever been faithful became his happy wife.

BALLOONARIA.

The preparations for the transatlantic balloon voyage are now far advanced, and our enterprising contemporary, the *Daily Graphic*, tells us that an extra force of hands, working day and night, will hasten them to completion. It is believed that the great fabric will be ready for filling by the 30th of August, when it will start on the journey as soon as fully inflated. Besides the large boat suspended under the car, a smaller canoe will be carried, to serve as a life boat. This latter craft is fourteen feet long by twenty-eight inches broad, and is made of paper three eighths of an inch thick. It is a fine piece of workmanship, and is constructed with air chambers so as to be practically unsinkable. In event of the leakage from the balloon causing a descent and rendering it necessary to take to the water, Mr. Donaldson will attempt to reach land in the smaller vessel, while the rest of the party will navigate the larger boat. The above mentioned gentlemen recently sailed the canoe on a trial trip between this city and Long Branch, making good time and arriving in perfect safety, although the sea was quite turbulent. The capabilities of the carrier pigeons (being thoroughly tested, some of the birds have shown a wonderful speed. The Ariel, a pigeon that won the \$2,000 prize in the international contest in Belgium in 1871, accomplished the distance between New York and Stratford, Conn., sixty-four miles, in thirty minutes. Another bird, known as No. 6, made the journey in almost as quick time. The pigeons are of the finest Belgian stock, and some two and a half years ago were imported by Mr. O. S. Hubbard. It is related that the flock, some two dozen birds in all, were imported in two detachments, and on their arrival were carefully confined for a long time in their cages. After they had been thus mowed up, sufficiently only, as it was supposed, for them to forget all about their transatlantic home, the doors of the cages were opened; but to the dismay of their owner, who had invested upwards of a thousand dollars in them, every pigeon promptly flew away. In about four days, however, all returned, apparently very much exhausted and ravenously hungry, since which time none have ever attempted to leave their present abode. It is conjectured that the birds, on being released, made for the Atlantic coast and flew along its whole length, seeking to recognize some features of their Belgian birthplace. They have since multiplied very rapidly, and at the present time number about one thousand.

A number of these pigeons will be carried in the car of the balloon, and released at intervals with despatches which they will carry, it is believed, directly to their cote at River-cliff. As it is thrown from the balloon, each bird will probably fly wild until it sights land, to which it will immediately direct its course. The carrier pigeon has no peculiar instinct which directs him homeward, but seems to possess a memory for places, coupled with a very strong attachment for its abode. In its various excursions near the latter, it becomes acquainted with objects, say for a radius of seventy miles, so that, if once it sights any part of the circle, it can easily find its way home. On being let go, it first flies upward and perhaps look over a circumference sufficiently large to include a portion of the circle above referred to, toward which it immediately travels. But in case it sights no known object, then it will fly in a chance direction for some distance, and then try again, and so on for about three times, when, disappointed, it returns to its starting point and begins a new flight. A good bird will keep up this repetition until it discovers its home locality,

or else it tries so often as to be discouraged; then it seeks a new home. The humorous side of the voyage seems to form staple exercise for the wits of the daily journals. Puns of various degrees of atrocity have been perpetrated on the name of Professor Wise, and the word "balloonatic" is so frequently used that it bids fair to become a part of the language. One Journal suggests sending up an experimental balloon, with a car load of a selected party from the dozen or so emotionally insane murderers now in the Tombs in this city, and then, when at a sufficient elevation, spilling them out. Another exuberates to the effect that Wise's expedition cannot but be fruitful, because he is sure to find so many currents in the air. A third observes that, if flaming torpedoes are to be dropped along the course of the balloon, it might be well to provide the passengers of ocean steamers with cast-iron umbrellas. Some of the alleged answers of correspondents to invitations, from the managers, to a seat in the car are quite amusing. One remarks that the voyagers are pretty sure to reach some locality, but whether in this or the other world is questionable; while another, poetically inclined, replies that:

"If I could read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'd bid farewell to every fear
And with your gas arise."

THE ACTIVE ELEMENT IN PLAY.

We make, of course, a great mistake if we overlook the active element in play, and children and grown persons must not get their sport too easily, nor enfeeble themselves by sedentary amusements. Here the important distinction of the active and passive voice opens upon us. In base-ball, in cricket, in billiards, in bowling, and in quoits and in foot-ball, there is wholesome stir of the limbs and the blood, and also good exercise for the perceptions and judgement. Spinning the top and flying the kite, playing marbles and battledoor, are milder sports, yet they have the use for the mind as well as the body, and they have a place in physical education too important to allow any sensible man to despise them.

We end generally very much, however, away from all these out-door active plays, and we like to get our amusement as easily as possible, with the least loss of time or cost of effort. Hence the great prevalence of the sitting plays, the sedentary recreations. These are of various kinds, according as they quicken the perceptions and the understanding as at the table, as in the case of draughts, backgammon, or the less objectionable forms of card playing; or as in the case of riddles, and charades, and conundrums, they stir the wits; or in the dolls and puppets, which start the fancy; or, lastly, in the games of chance, that move hope and fear without calling out any worthy action of mind or heart, and which are of doubtful service even in their mildest forms, so ready are they to encourage the accursed passion for gaming.

Now we certainly need to bring out the more active class of plays, and men of business and professions would be much better every way if they would keep up the usages and the spirit of their youth by going with their children and young people to the base-ball ground or the bowling-alley. It is the merest drivelt to speak of any of those wholesome sports as bad because they are sometimes abused. A billiard-table and a bowling-alley are no more evil in themselves than a dining-room or a bath-house, for each of these may and have been perverted to monstrous corruptions.

It is becoming a very practical question how far the active efforts should become so intense and personal as to excite emulation and influence partisanship, as is so often the case with our rowing matches and ball playing. Here a second distinction, based upon emulation and its absence, presents itself. Too often these contests cease to be plays, and when the victory secures either a valuable prize or a substantial honor, and sometimes it brings health and even peace of mind into peril. It is fun to see Harvard and Yale, or Oxford and Cambridge, rowing for the mastery, but the brave fellows who are straining their muscles to win the day for their color are not especially jolly, and no work is harder than theirs. Young men must, indeed, be manly, and not mind rousing it sometimes, and the boat-race is of a piece with the scramble of life, and one must not be over-dainty in play when we are to try our chance in the rough and tumble of the world. It is best, however, to give to manly plays as much geniality and harmony as possible. We cannot ask young men, indeed, to be content with dancing all the time with ladies in sympathetic round and party regulation. Nor can we hope to confine them to the routine of the gymnasium and its feats of turning and climbing.

Military sports meets their active temper very well, and marching and countermarching with banners and music are better and more friendly exercise than the everlasting fight for supremacy, whether with the oar, or the football, or the cricket bat. It is well to calm the pulses of youth, and even of children, by adding plays of representation to active sports, and a finer quality of fellowship goes with hearing music, seeing tableaux and pictures, walking in the fields, or rowing or sailing quietly amidst pleasing scenery, or joining in a social party with its constant change of scenes, and persons, and recreations. We ought to make more of this style of amusement, and try to refine and dignify the love of fun in our young people by more taste and beauty.

MANNERS IN TRAVELLING.

If there is a place in the world where good manners are needed and worth their weight in gold, it is in travel; but if there is any place where bad manners prevail, and the bad breeding, boorishness, selfishness and vulgarity of people display themselves most frequently and conspicuously, it is in the car, the coach, and the steamboat. Travellers seem to pack their politeness in their trunk, or leave it at home, and push and crowd their way, greedy of privileges, and regardless of rights, and utterly forgetful of all the graces and fair humanity of life.

We have been frequently pained the present season at the coarse and tyrannical bearing of some men while travelling. They insist on controlling the windows, the doors, the ventilators and furniture, precisely as though the entire car or boat were their private property. They cover the floors with the filthiest tobacco juice. They fill the air with breath poisoned by drink and smoke. They talk vulgarly. They look obscene. If a child cries, they frot, and almost visibly froth at the mouth. And if a poor, tired woman wants a seat, they turn their eyes the other way. They make travelling uncomfortable, if not positively dangerous, and nettles everybody they come in contact with.

Sometimes the bad manners of women on the road are positively discreditable to the sex. They sometimes monopolize seats that do not belong to them, by spreading out their dresses or piling up their baggage, making others stand or sit in discomfort. They sometimes enter a car and stare at a tired man, until he feels compelled to rise and offer a seat that he needs more than the one who takes it. They sometimes display an amount of selfishness, levity, and impertinence, impatience and fretfulness, which amazes quite as much as it pains those who witness the exhibition. These are exceptions to the general rule, but the exceptions are unfortunately numerous.

The matter is of much more importance than most people seem to imagine. Good manners are nowhere so much needed and so conducive to the general comfort as in travel. Boorishness can be borne with at home; irritability and petty selfishness can be escaped from in the house or on the street. But to be pinioned into a seat with a human porcupine or box turtle is a tax on the nerves that is hard to be endured. One thing that makes travel so hard and wearing is the bad manners of travellers, and the irritation incident to it. Whoever travels should make it a positive duty to conduct himself in the noblest possible manner, meeting all emergencies in the sweetest mood. The more politeness the more pleasure. The more kindness the more joy. Theodore Parker used to carry candy and sugar plums, and give them to crying children in the cars. Every woman especially, ought to set an example of good manners on the road.—*Golden Age*.

MATTER-OF-FACT.

Our American youth would be apt to enter into an earnest protest against the system of marriage prevalent all over the Continent of Europe, but especially in Austria. Young ladies here, among the well-to-do and wealthier classes, are seldom allowed to go into company until they are engaged to be married. They are not allowed, in going or coming from school, to have young gallants to trot by their side, and carry their books, and whisper complimentary nothings in their ears. They are mostly sent to boarding-schools, and kept in such rigid seclusion that the sight of a man is almost a novelty to them. Both father and mother then put up their heads together and fix upon the amount of dowry they will be willing and able to give her on her wedding day. The next move is to look for a suitable husband, who will be able to bring to the common stock a similar amount of hard cash. If they cannot find one among their acquaintances to suit them, in all respects, they call in the services of a professional matrimonial agent, who is well posted as to all the marriageable young men in the market. He, or she, as it may be, keeps a journal of the marriageables, not only in Vienna, but in the provinces, and proceeds to negotiate with the parents of young men to receive the applicant as their daughter-in-law, and draws up the agreement and bonds necessary for the security of the money part of the transaction. Sometimes the young lady is allowed to see the youthful Adonis selected for her life partner before the agreement is closed, but in most cases she must accept the choice of her parents. Love comes after marriage in many cases, but is by no means a general result. If the money part of the contract is fulfilled, nothing is allowed to prevent the marriage, as this seems to be the main consideration. There are constant cases occurring in Vienna, where the expected marriage is either postponed until the dowry is paid up, or broken off entirely on account of failure to put up the money at the appointed time. The recent money crisis has led to many cases of abandonment, and there are no broken hearts to be mended. Thus marriage has nothing to do with love, but is a purely business transaction—a question of dollars and cents. Children are often pledged to each other by their parents before they enter their teens, and are then allowed to mingle and form attachments, but this is not often the case. The parents of the daughter, who must pay down the money agreed upon, in hard cash, are somewhat at the mercy of the parents of the groom, who may put up their share of the money as a mere

matter of form, and receive it back from the affectionate son the day after the wedding is consummated, with a good share of the bride's dowry. But in matrimonial alliances every where the woman and her kindred are at the mercy of the husband.

MORAL POWER.

The power of choosing the right and resisting the evil, of carrying out great and worthy purposes and fulfilling our obligations, is given in exact proportion to the degree in which we exercise it. Character is of slow but steady growth, and the smallest child and the humblest and weakest individual may attain to heights that now seem inaccessible, by the constant and patient exercise of just as much moral power as from time to time they possess. The faithful discharge of daily duty, the simple integrity of purpose and purity of life that all can attain with effort and none can reach without, contribute silently but surely to the building up of a moral character that knows no limit to its powers, no bounds to its heroism.

There are those who shrink from making a beginning in religious life, because they conceive that they lack the ability to pursue it. They would like to have strength, but refuse the only means of obtaining it. In this as in all else, power is only gained by action. He who avoids the water because he has no ability to swim, must forever forfeit that ability, and it is no less certain that he who shrinks from entering upon a religious life because of his deficiencies will fail of attaining any higher point of excellence than that at which he now haltingly remains.

If this life is worth the living, it must be one continual progress. We have loads to bear, under which, if we trust alone to present or inherent strength, we may well sink. Indeed, those who always feel themselves equal to every emergency, who have exaggerated ideas of their own powers, are often really the weakest in action. But while the vainest need never boast, the humblest need never despond, if this great principle be recognized and acted upon that each is to begin just where he stands, putting forth every energy and exerting every power, and trusting for the renewed strength and increasing abilities that will ever follow the persevering and faithful discharge of duty.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE GIRLS.

Why is it that gentlemen always have such a poor opinion of young girls? As a rule they think them pleasant to pass an hour with, provided the girls let them make as many silly speeches as they like, and repay them with interest!

And who is to blame for this? Surely not girls? Their highest ambition in life is to be loved by, and become the wife of, some good man. And, say what you will, I protest that it is a noble one!

With this end in view, it is of course natural that a desire to please "lords of creation" should be uppermost in a girl's mind. If she cannot do it by fair means, she will do it by foul! If men will not be interested when you talk sense to them, what can you do but talk nonsense?

Men complain that girls never have anything to talk of, excepting their last flirtation, ball and parties. Yet if they converse for an hour on philosophy, metaphysics, or even the last book, you are bored, call the poor girl who has worried her brain for your entertainment a "blue stocking," insist that women were made to please, not to lecture one like a brained professor, and wonder "what she did it for!"

Now what is it you men want of us? I venture to say, if you were to lay down your rules, there is not one girl in a thousand, but would gladly obey them, ridiculous as they would surely be! Try it and see. If you have a lady friend whom you could think so much of, if it were not for this, or that little fault, tell her so and if she cares anything for you, she will correct it.

Your influence over us is greater even than I like to confess, but you use it in the wrong way. Take my advice, and treat women more like human beings than dolls, and I prophesy a speedy change for the better.

SEVILLE BELLES.

Seville women are noted for being the most coquettish women under the sun. They are very pretty—for prettiness is an appropriate term to specify their personal attractions. They resemble each other to a surprising degree, as in all pure races of a marked type. Their eyes, fringed with long black lashes, produce an effect of white and black unknown to our colder, less passionate clime. It seems as if the sun had left its reflection in these magnificent orbs, equally noticeable in a two-year old child, and in gypsy girls of France. The gleaming and glancing and the burning of these eyes has a very expressive word in Spanish called *ojar*, which is full of subtle meaning, although these eye-thrusts, so embarrassing to strangers, have nothing particularly significant. The large, ardent, velvety eyes of a young Sevillana glance upon a dog in the street with the same intensity she would bestow upon some more worthy object. The exquisite smallness of the ladies' feet is too well known to dwell upon; many could be easily held in a child's hand, and the fair Andalusians are justly proud of this quality, and wear shoes accordingly, not differing so very much from the Chinese shoes.

MAIDS AND MISTRESSES.

It should be plain enough that examples are as much to servants as to children; since in manners and social training servants are as children. The peasant-girl reared in an Irish cabin or German cottage can hardly be expected to be a model of politeness or of personal neatness. It is quite possible, however, to teach her by example alone. If the mistress be courteous to every member of her family, and they in turn to her, the maid soon feels the atmosphere of good breeding, and unconsciously becomes amiable and respectful. But let the mistress speak sharply to her husband, or scold the children in public, or let the master constantly find fault in the presence of the servant, and she will shortly discover that courtesy is not one of the essentials of the establishment, and will, most likely, add black looks and uncivil words to the general disharmony. Servants being imitative, there is more reason that the conduct of employers be worthy of imitation. If the mistress of a house be careful of her dress, her speech, her daily habits, her handmaid will, in all probability, grow more careful of her own. But the woman who comes to her breakfast with disheveled hair and rumpled gown, has no right to find fault with her maid for attending the door-bell in a dirty calico and slovenly shoes. Like mistress like maid, as well as like master like man. Unless a good example be set, there is no cause to complain of servants for following a bad one. As a rule, they are ready to learn, though they may be dull and slow of comprehension. They would rather improve their condition than degrade it. They would rather be ladies than servants. Their ignorance makes them mistake the false for the true, the bad for the good. If every mistress would take pains to set a fair example to her maids, and aid them, now and then, by timely and delicate hints, she would soon have servants who would be, in fact, the help they are in name.

A BARNYARD TRAGEDY.

The following is decidedly Frenchy: A fine drake who inhabited a poultry-yard, through which ran a large brook, was observed by his owner to walk apart from the rest in silent melancholy, his eyes sadly fixed upon a white hen as she went about picking up grains in his neighborhood. The poor drake was in love. He spent hours in watching the movements of his beloved, only desisting from this occupation to take a wild swim in the brook and relieve his feelings by despairing quacks. At length—for he was a handsome fellow, possessing the most resplendent of white waistcoats and the glossiest of black coats—the hen began to look at her admirer, and finally ventured down to the brookside to watch him as he performed all sorts of aquatic feats for her amusement. When this had gone on some time, the drake thought his conduct so encouraging that he might propose her accompanying him on the water. He made several attempts in this direction, but the hen always avoided giving the desired proof of her growing attachment. At length the lover lost patience, suddenly pounced upon her as she was incautiously walking close to the water's edge, dragged her in, and all was over. The owner of the luckless pair cut the drake's throat, thus sparing him the agonies of remorse, which, to so sensitive a bird, would doubtless have been peculiarly poignant.

A DISPUTED QUESTION.

Why do we wear "Mourning" because dear friends are taken from us? Does the outward emblem of woe console our grief, or afford any pleasure to those who go before? From the beginning of the world it has been instilled into the minds of young people that when any personal loss comes to them it is not only proper, but even a duty, to indulge in deep and protracted lamentation; to blind the scenes to every natural beauty; to enshroud their bodies, not in the fragrant bloom of flowers, which wear their dress alike in storm and sunshine, but in a pall. And this, thought by so many to be right, is all wrong. With all due deference to the views of some good people, we say it is not a duty. Sources here and hereafter is not attained by looking backward and groveling, but by a continued forward movement. It is the eye that penetrates the smoke of battle, that gains happy glimpses of the eternal victory. He who stops to show the world by his attire how he mourns his losses, will never gain many triumphs. True mourning is of the heart; the clothes you wear can tell no story. The heart troubles of any of us are deep enough, Heaven knows; why, then, seek to make them more grievous by the absurdity of funeral attire? To strive to magnify our pains—and this is what we do, unwittingly may be, in clinging to "mourning"—is to do far worse than never to mourn at all.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," said the other, "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

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