

in the audience to-night, and you little know how some of your words would awaken in his mind memories of what he passed through that fearful night. He is a most devoted husband to Kate, and moreover is a thorough Christian. He felt that God had so wondrously answered his broken and agonized prayers that from very gratitude he devoted himself to God.—Rev. F. Hastings in C. E. World.

Carlyle in a Tender Mood.

The "unpublished letters of Thomas Carlyle" which have been appearing in the Atlantic Monthly throw new light on the lovable side of the great Scotch Philosopher. Not easily forgotten is this picture from his journal for December 3, 1867, more than a year after his wife's death:

"One evening, I think in the spring of 1866, we two had come up from dinner and were sitting in this room, very weak and weary creatures, perhaps even I the wearier, though she far the weaker; I at least far the more inclined to sleep, which directly after dinner was not good for me. 'Lie on the sofa there,' said she—the ever kind and graceful, herself refusing to do so—'there, but don't sleep,' and I, after some superficial objecting, did. In old years I used to lie that way, and she would play the piano to me; a long series of Scotch tunes, which set my mind finely wandering through the realms of memory and romance, and effectually prevented sleep. That evening I had lain but a few minutes, when she turned round to her piano, got out the Thomson Burns book, and to my surprise and joy, broke out again into her bright little stream of harmony and poesy, silent for at least ten years before, and gave me, in soft, tinkling beauty, pathos and melody, all my old favorites: 'Banks and Braes,' 'Flowers of the Fë est,' 'Gilderoy,' not forgetting 'Duncan Gray,' 'Cauld Kail,' 'Irish Coolen,' or any of my favorites, tragic or comic. . . . That piano has never again sounded, nor in my time will or shall. In late months it has grown clearer to me than ever that she had said to herself that night, 'I will play his tunes all yet once,' and had thought it would be but once. . . . This is now a thing infinitely touching to me. So like her; so like her. Alas, alas! I was very blind, and might have known better how near its setting my bright sun was."

Another son of a Glasgow Presbyterian manse has gone over to the Episcopal Church—Mr. Archibald Reith, M.A., son of Dr. Reith, of the Free College Church. Dr. Marshall Lang's son was one of the earliest secessionists to the Episcopal Church.

The Wit of Preachers.

Preachers as a rule are great admirers of humor, and are often themselves among the wittiest of men. As example is always preferable to precept, and as the value of a remark lies in its application, we here record some of the witticisms of clergymen.

The wit of the late Mr. Spurgeon was always clean cut, as witness these few instances. Addressing his students he used to give them sound advice as to their work; on one occasion he told them to put piety in their sermons. "After hearing some discourses," he went on, "I have been reminded of the farmer boy's request—'Missus, I wish you'd let that chicken run through this broth once more!' At another opportunity he warned them not to select texts out of keeping with the occasion on which they were to preach, and then he pointed the moral and adorned the tale. "One brother," he said, "preached on the loss of a ship with all hands on board from 'So he bringeth them to their desired haven,' and another, on returning from his honeymoon based his remarks on 'The troubles of my heart are enlarged. Oh, bring me out of my distresses!'"

Archbishop Magee, of York, was famed for his eloquence and also for his witty repartee, as witness this. He saw the way things were tending, and, in giving his suffragan, the Bishop of Hull, a few words of warning as to his future, said—"They will send for you to open churches, cemeteries, schools, windows, clocks, vestries, and cloak-rooms, and before long the clergy will want you to come and open an umbrella."

A clergyman lost his wife, and on her tombstone had inscribed:—"The light of my eyes has gone out." A few years flew by and the late lamented's husband took unto himself another wife. Strolling past the first wife's grave the attention of a high dignitary of the church, noted for his epigrammatic wit, was drawn to it, and he was asked what would be a suitable addenda to the inscription on the stone under the altered circumstances. Quick as thought came the reply, "I should make the inscription read thus—"The light of my eyes has gone out, but I have struck another match!"

Here we must cry "Halt!" but from the foregoing illustrations it may be gathered that gentlemen of the cloth are not the dry-as-dust kind of folk they are often said to be, but are mostly the embodiment of wit.

While lecturing in Cambridge a short time ago a High Church clergyman said, "We have now in connection with the English Church, more convents and sisterhoods than when Henry VIII. commenced the dissolution of the monasteries."

Health and Home

If dyspeptics would study the "science of the moth" more closely, there might be fewer of them.

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Cyclor's Danger Signal.—A physician, who has given much thought to the subject, says that so long as the cyclist can breathe with the mouth shut, he is reasonably safe from heart strain.

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Jellied Oranges.—Dissolve a quarter of a box of gelatine in one cupful of cold water; add one cupful of sugar and the pulp and juice of a lemon and one cupful of boiling water; strain. Pare four nice, sweet oranges, remove every particle of white skin. Divide into quarters and slice.

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When the atmosphere in a room has become close and impure, one may easily render it sweet and habitable by placing one-half ounce of spirits of lavender and a lump of salts of ammonia in a wide-mouthed fancy jar or bottle and leaving it uncovered. This makes a pleasant deodorizer and disinfectant, filling the room with a delicate perfume which will be soothing to the nerves and senses.

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Onions make a nerve tonic not to be despised. They tone up the worn-out system, and if eaten freely will show good results in cases of nervous prostration. If a sprig of parsley is dipped in vinegar and eaten after the onion no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected. And in addition to this cheerful bit of information, onions eaten freely are said to beautify the complexion.

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Potato Chowder.—Peel and slice a dozen medium-sized potatoes, put a large teaspoonful of butter and a quart of hot water in a stewpan, add salt, and cook slowly for half an hour. Add a pint of milk, let it just come to a boil, add more seasoning if necessary, thicken slightly, and serve immediately. A little pulverized, dried parsley or celery seed, or both, will improve the chowder if added a few minutes before serving.

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Sprains are sometimes fully as painful and disabling as fractures, and like fractures they should not be made the object of unnecessary meddling. No injury is more frequent with the tourist than the sprain, particularly of the ankle. The mode of vacation life, with its mixture of athletic sports and unaccustomed exercise, particularly predisposes to this accident. The laity should learn to avoid arnica, turpentine, and other abominations in favor of immediate immersion in hot water for a considerable period, followed by elevation of the extremity and gentle retention of the parts by a bandage, the material for which may well consist of elastic flannel.—Medical Record.