

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday— But, friends, Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise From outward things, whatever you may believe. There is an inmost center in us all, Where truth abides in fulness; and around, Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in. This perfect, clear reception—which is truth, A baillaging and perverting carnal mesh, Blinds it and makes all error; and to know Father consists in opening out a way. Whence the imprisoned spend or may escape Than in effecting entry for a light Supposed to be without.

—Robert Browning.

Tuesday— If a man has not the whole of himself with himself, he ought to inquire into it: for it is hard to be a man and not to have the enjoyment of a man. There is always a peculiar charm about the man who lives wholly and heartily while he lives. The man himself has the first enjoyment of this charm. Heaven and earth make one in a man's life, when he has the consent of his whole nature, for what he is, and what he does.—Rev. John Purkford.

Wednesday— Oh, look! the Savior blest, Calm after solemn rest, Stands in the garden, 'neath His olive-boughs The earliest smile of day, Doth on His vesture play, And light the majesty of His still brows; While angels hang with wings outspread, Holding the new-worn crown above His saintly head.

—JEAN ISORLOW.

Thursday— The trouble which knits us to God gives us new hope. That bright form which comes down the narrow valley is His messenger and herald—sent before His face. All the light of hope is the reflection on our hearts of the light of God. Her silver beams, which shed quietness over the darkness of earth, come only from that great Sun. If our hope is to grow out of our sorrow, it must be because our sorrow drives us to God. It is only when we by faith, stand in His grace, and live in the conscious fellowship of peace with Him, that we rejoice in hope. If we would see hope drawing near to us, we must fix our eyes not on Jericho that lies behind among its palm trees, though it has memories of conquests and attractions of fertility and repose, nor on the corpse that lies below that pile of stones, nor on the narrow way and the strong enemy in front there; but higher up, on the blue sky that spreads peaceful above the highest summits of the pass and from the heaven we shall see the angel coming to us. Sorrow forsakes its own nature and leads in its own opposite when sorrow helps us to see God. —[Alexander MacLaren.

Friday— 'Tis God for a moment deem I do not in all I see, Oh! how dreadful were the dream Of a world devoid of Thee! But since 'Thou art overnear, Ruling all that falls to me, I can smile at pain or care, Since it comes in from Thee.

—SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Saturday— Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snowstorm. We wake from one dream into another dream. The toys, to be sure, are various, and are graduated in refinement to the quality of the dupe. The intellectual man requires a fine bait; the sots are easily amused. But everybody is drugged with his own frenzy and the pageant marches at all hours, with music and banner and badge.—[R. W. Emerson.

How to Make a Cup of Coffee.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs a stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the drunkard from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, new-made coffee, without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee to one pint of boiling water makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling not merely hot. Bitterness comes from boiling too long. If the coffee required for breakfast be put in a granitized-iron kettle over night, and a pint of cold water be poured over it, it can be heated to just the boiling point, and then set back to prevent further ebullition; it will be found that while the strength is extracted the delicate aroma is preserved. As our country consumes ten pounds of coffee per capita, it is a pity not to have it made in the best manner. It is asserted by those who have tried it that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals, it is a disinfectant for a sick room. By some physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.

With Howling Dervishes.

We had spent the morning at Soutari, where I had been painting an old meaque. It was howling-dervish day—it comes but once a week, the howl beginning at 3 p.m. precisely—and to satisfy Isaac I had left the sunshine for an hour to watch their curious service. Thus it was that Dreco Yapouly Isaacs preceded me up a steep hill paved with bowlders, entered the low door of the tekke (house) of the dervishes, and motioned me to a seat in a small open court sheltered by an arbor covered with vines. Five francs, and we passed the hanging curtain covering the entrance, and stepped inside a square, low-ceiled room hung with tambourines, cymbals, arms, and banners, and surrounded on three sides by an aisle. The howlers—there were at least a dozen—were standing in a straight row on the floor, like a class at school, facing their master, an old, long-bearded priest squatting on a mat stretched before the low alcove altar.

As we entered, they were wagging their heads in unison, keeping time to a chant monotoned by the old priest. They were of all ages; fat and lean, smooth-shaven and bearded; some in rich garments, others in more sombre and cheaper stuffs. One face cut itself into my memory—that of a handsome, clear-skinned young man, with deep, intense eyes that fairly flamed, and a sinewy, graceful body. On one of his delicate, lady-white hands was a large turquoise ring. Yapouly whispered to me that he was the son of the high priest, and would succeed his father when the old man died. The chant continued, rising in volume and intensity, and a Nubian in white, handed each man a black skull-cap. These they drew tightly over their perspiring heads. The movement, which had begun with the slow rolling of their heads, now extended to their bodies. They writhed and twisted as if in agony, like a row of black-capped felons standing on an invisible gallows, swinging from unseen ropes. Suddenly there darted out upon the mats a boy scarce ten years of age, spinning like a top in front of the priest, his skirts level with his hands. The chant now broke into a wail, the audience joining in. The howls were deafening. The twelve were rocking their heads in a wild frenzy, groaning in long, subdued moans, ending in a peculiar "hough," like the sound of a dozen distant locomotives tugging up a steep grade.

"Allah, hou! Allah, hou! Allah, hou!"—the last word expelled with a jerk.

A dozen little children were now handed over the rail to the Nubian, who took them in his arms and laid them in a row, their faces flattened to the mats. The old priest advanced within a step of the first child, his lips moving in prayer. Yapouly Isaac leaned over and whispered, "See! now he will bless them." I raised myself on my feet to see the better. The old priest balanced himself for a moment, stepped firmly upon the first child, his bare feet sinking into its soft, yielding flesh, and then walked deliberately across the line of prostrate children. As he passed, each little tot raised its head, waited until the last child had been trampled; then they sprang up, kissed the old priest's robe, and ran laughing from the room. The dervishes were now in the last stages of exhausted frenzy. The once handsome young priest was ghastly, frothing at the mouth, only the white of his eyes visible, his voice thick, his breath almost gone. The others were drooping, with knees bent, hardly able to stand. Suddenly the priest turned his back, prostrated himself before the altar, and prayed silently. The whirling child, who for half an hour had not stopped, sank to the floor. The line of dervishes grew still, one by one tottered along the floor, clutched at the hanging curtain, and passed into the sunlight.

I forced my way along the closely packed aisle, and rushed into the open air, impelled by a wild desire to render some assistance. The sight that met my eye staggered me. My breath stopped short. In the midst of the court stood the Nubian serving coffee, the howlers crowding about him, clamoring for cups, and panting for breath like a team of athletes in from a foot-race. I looked for my young priest with the turquoise ring. He was sitting on a bench, rolling a cigarette, his face wreathed with smiles.—F. HOPKINSON SMITH, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Only an Inference.

"Was your father a pirate?" asked young Fitztop of the girl of his choice at a clandestine meeting, after the old sea captain had urged his exit from the family mansion on the hill by the use of his pedal extremity.

"No, my darling," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"He seemed to me to be a good deal of a freebooter," said the young man, reflectively.

"La Reine Le Veult."

It is question time in the house of commons, and ministers are laboriously reading their answers to the long list of printed questions on the paper. Presently, with no apparent reason, the outer doors of the chamber, usually wide open, are shut and locked, and the doorkeeper stands guarding them, peeping through a tiny wicket in the door, as if he expected an inconvenient dun. But no; the doors have only been locked on the same principal that the little boys on the towing path of the Cam shut the gates when they see an undergraduate approaching in order to have the pleasure of opening them again—for a consideration. What the consideration of the doorkeeper of the house of commons may be is not known to the public, but the very instant that the stranger approaching has made three modest taps on the door the watchful attendant flings it open and announces the visitor with a stentorian shout of "Black Rod." Slowly does the elderly gentleman in braided uniform who bears this title and the short rod that confers it advance up the floor of the house, bowing scrupulously three times in his passage.

Arrived at the table he summons "this honorable house" in the name of the crown immediately to attend at the house of peers to hear the royal assent given by commission to various bills. Having given his message he slowly retires backward, bowing again with the mystic three bows. Without a word all members rise in their places and the speaker leaves his chair and joins Black Rod, who has been waiting for him at the bar of the house. Side by side in brotherly converse they walk off, followed by the sergeant-at-arms and two or three members as representatives of the house, while strong-lunged policemen in the lobby yell out: "Make way for Black Rod." "Make way for the speaker."

In the house of lords a quaint but not unimpressive spectacle awaits me. Through the stained-glass windows of the beautiful chamber the sunlight is streaming, lighting up the richly-carved woodwork and the decorated ceiling, and making the red bunches below seem redder than ever. Indeed, on the floor of the house red, crimson red, is the single note. Row upon row of crimson benches, all empty, and on the woollack three silent peers robed in red. At the table, scarcely noticed in the blaze of red, are three silent clerks in wig and gown; that is all.

But by this time the speaker and his companions have reached the house of lords and have packed themselves in a little pen opposite the woollack and the throne. There they stand, patiently or impatiently, throughout the ceremony.

The first business is the reading of the commission appointing certain peers to act on behalf of her majesty. The document is very long and very legal. The number of peers named to serve on the commission seems legion. There is the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught; there is "the most revered father in God and my well-beloved and trusty councillor," The Archbishop of Canterbury; there is the archbishop of York and many other nobilities. Finally comes Lord Halsbury, "lord chancellor of that part of my kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Great Britain," and at these words of the reading clerk the lord chancellor, hitherto motionless on the woollack, raises his three-cornered hat in response to a deep bow from the clerk. The next name is the Earl of Limerick and the clerk bows again and another three-cornered hat is raised by another figure on the woollack. The same double bow is repeated at the name of Lord Windsor, the third of the three figures. The document then recites that these numerous commissioners "or any three of them," shall have power to act for the queen and notify her assent to the bills passed by parliament—"Given at Windsor, by the queen herself, signed with her own hand."

This ends the first stage of the proceedings. The lord chancellor then immediately without moving, make a little speech to the empty benches, which he addresses as "My Lords," and calls upon the clerks at the table to pass the bills in the usual manner.

The two other clerks now step forward and stand one on each side of the table. One reads the titles of the bills, the other announces her majesty's assent. But this bald statement gives but a poor idea of the acted scene, for the bows have been altogether omitted. No ceremony is complete without a bow, and the passing of bills in the house of lords seems to an onlooker, all bows. The junior clerk, as he takes each bill from the table, turns to the woollack and makes a profound bow to the commissioners. Rising, he reads the title of the

bill and then bows again. As soon as this bow is over the senior clerk on the other side of the table makes his bow to the woollack. This bow over, he turns round to the representatives of the commons penned up under the clock, and in a clear voice pronounces the crucial words, *La Reine le veult*; then turns round again and makes another deep bow to the red-robed peers on the woollack.

All this ceremonial is gone through with every bill, and as the titles of the bills are read it is not easy to avoid a smile at the incongruity between the nature of the bill and the antique formality by which it is passed into law. At length the high pile of bills is disposed of and the last of the bows has been made. The three figures in red then simultaneously raise their triangular hats to the faithful commons in the pen, and these promptly retire. At the same moment the lords commissioners leave the woollack and vanish through another door.

The scene is over, but a last touch of comedy is given to the ceremony by the speaker on his return to the house of commons. Immediately he has taken his seat he rises and says: "I have to inform the house of peers there," &c. The house, unmoved at the information, proceeds to the next business.—*The Queen*.

The Everlasting Memorial.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning, That soars from the earth to its home in the sun; So let me steal away, gently and lovingly, Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten, The brief race of time well and patiently run, So let me pass away, peacefully, silently, Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten, Up to the crown that for me has been won; Unthought of by man in rewards or in praise— Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away like the odors of sunset, That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on; So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed, And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in darkness, When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone; So I would be to this world's weary dwellers, Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record, The name and the epitaph graven on stone? The things we have lived for—let them be our story, We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing— (As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on) The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season; I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me, To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown; He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper, He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken; Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown. Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten, Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying; So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown; Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered; Yes—but remembered by what I have done.

Curious Story of a Bullet.

Amongst the passengers arriving at Southampton last week by the North German Lloyd steamer *Lahn*, was Mr. Lohmann, one of the managing directors of the company. He was accompanied by his wife and two sons, one of whom Mr. Hans Lohmann, an officer of great promise in the German navy. A few months since, whilst cruising in the Bay of Biscay on board the *Frederick the Great*, Mr. Hans Lohmann unfortunately was shot by a rifle bullet, which entered his head, making a hole of some considerable extent. He was landed at Gibraltar and sent home, where the best possible medical assistance was obtained. The wound healed, and he was considered to have recovered from the effects of the accident, when a swelling appeared on the opposite side of the head to that where he had been shot. This was opened, and to the astonishment of the medical gentlemen interested, the bullet was discovered, it having passed from one side of the head to the other. It was extracted, and Mr. Lohmann now has it mounted in gold, and wears it on his chain. It bears two dates—one that on which it entered his head, and the other when it was extracted.