Written for "the Record"

Blighted Hopes.

Cradled in a woof of slumber
By the margin of a stream,
Sapphire hues in golden vision
Move my senses in a dream:
Bright the orchard trees were blooming,
Bright the blossom on each bough,
Bright all life—but cold the memory—
Memory of a broken vow.

Sweet the birds sang 'mid the leaflets,
Ah! my heart, how it was stirred,
For with pinions light and happy
I once soared a joyous bird;
Dead the tree and seared the leaflet,
Crushed each blossom with a wrong;
Spring that hoped chants autumn's requiem,
Tuneless bird and tuneless song.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

From the Catholic World.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XVII.

"ON ICE."

Killany called the morning after the library scene, and found awaiting him a woman of far different temper than he expected. He had left her in doubt the preceding evening; she was all determination to-day, and related what had taken place with a frankness, a vivacity and earnestness she had not shown him for an indefinite period. It puzzled him still more, however, in her regard. He feared that her manner was forced and intended to deceive. He had allowed her a certain time in which to come to the mark, and she had anticipated him. He was not a man who liked to change his rules of action for every incidental exception, no matter how severely they injured the substance of the rule; and in this much again he was not a Bohemian. He had tested by long experience the efficacy, strength, and correctness of his methods. He had found, too, that if adherence to them in all cases sometimes brought about losses, departure from them had in several instances brought him greater losses. He listened to her tale, and observed her changed manner with considerable disquiet and unexpressed suspicion.

"And now," said Nano, in concluding her story, "the time has come for action, yet I am at a loss to know what to do. At any moment he may make over this property to the priest, for he was so angered by my opposition that he seemed prepared for any rashness."

"You must put him under guard at once," Killany answered, proposing the bold scheme more with a view of testing her sincerity than with the expectation of having it accepted. "His letters and messages must be intercepted and visitors excluded. The time is ripe, for the world and even his own household, is persuaded of his insanity."

The faintest pallor came into her lips, and she flushed slightly afterwards; but, conscious of Killany's sharp gaze, she became immediately calm again.

"You mean to have him guarded here?"

"Yes."

"But do not forget that the admission of strangers would excite his suspicion."

"There is no necessity for strangers. His valet will make an excellent keeper, for the fellow is frightened enough at the reports of your father's insanity. He will keep out visitors, and hand you all letters entrusted to him. I will advise, as his physician, that your father remain in absolute retirement for a few days. If he suspects what is occurring, and becomes violent, then more stringent measures must be taken. A few days' time and one or two outbursts of rage will be enough to give him the manner of a madman. The physicians may do the rest."

"You are too bold," she said coldly. "I have not yet consented to these violences."

"Then this first violence is totally unnecessary," he replied decisively, "if you do not intend to go further. All is over if you hesitate for a moment. Once he discovers his position, you must either release him or put him in perpetual confinement. Let the first happen and you will never be able to put him in safety; for his friends will gather round, and easily destroy, by determined opposition, the present impression of his madness. There is no medium, Miss McDonell, and the alternative is the loss of your property."

She could not but feel the truth of his words, and if she pretended to doubt and consider it was merely to gather strength and outward composure for the shameful consent she was about to give this man. Before him she wished never to betray the faintest emotion. Hitherto she had looked upon him and his plottings with feigned indifference, and this he had borne with patiently, hopeful for such a moment of triumph and compensation as she was now compelled to offer. Henceforth she must appear in the *role* of his co-conspirator, and the bitter humiliation of such an alliance was forcing her proud heart to dust.

"Do as you wish," she said at last, with affected carelessness, "and let there be no bungling."

"That I can promise you," he said, lowering his eyes to conceal the wicked, malicious joy that shone there. "I have not yet made any blunders. You may trust me."

After some further but important conversation he left.

Olivia called in the course of the day with the news of a skating-carnival to take place the next evening. The little lady was not as brilliant as usual, and there was a suspicion of heaviness in the eyes that ever sparkled cheerily. For the first time in her life a real, blasting sorrow had come upon her, and the young heart felt the suffering keenly. With the silent, enduring courage of a woman, counselled by Mrs. Strachan, whom Killany had so unluckily fallen upon as the greatest gossip he knew, sustained by the fear of consequences to her brother if the story went abroad, she went on her way as before, carrying a smiling face and a gay manner to hide her sorrow. If she was sad, however, Nano made up for it in the forced gayety which she assumed. Ordinarily cold and reserved, remorse, like the blaze of a polar sun on the ice-fields, thawed her into unnatural cheerfulness. Olivia sat puzzled and overwhelmed at this new side to her friend's character, listened to her rapid and wandering speeches, and mystified at the slightly-flushed cheeks and burning eyes. A chill struck upon her heart, for she could not reconcile this phenomenon with true peace of conscience.

"And there is to be a carnival," said she, "and you are anxious that I should go with your party? Of course I shall be happy. Sir Stanley is excellent company, and your brother, although perhaps a trifle grave, can talk metaphysics and transcendentalism. I know one thing will please you: Killany will not be there. He is pressed with business and cannot come."

"It makes but little difference," Olivia answered, with a lump sticking in her throat. "I choke when his name is mentioned or when in his presence. He cannot do me more harm present than absent, and I am sure he will do as much as is possible in any place. And now, leaving all disagreeable subjects aside, what are you going to wear? Something dreadfully cultured, and unintelligible, and pagan, I am sure."

"Diana is to be my *role*: black velvet and gold trimmings; moon-and-star crown; bow and quiver of arrows over my shoulder."

"That is better than to appear as an Indian goddess with an unpronounceable name—a veritable what-is-it, comprehensible only by the elect of culture. I am going as a Swedish girl in a winter costume. Sir Stanley is anxious to find out what I shall wear. The foolish fellow would actually array himself in a corresponding habit, if he knew."

"Which would be quite proper, and no doubt he will discover it. It will not make a great difference as to a certain event."

"I suppose not," Olivia said meditatively, and with another throat-spasm.

Something in her face recalled to Nano the evening of the reception.

"Ah!" she suddenly exclaimed, "how could I have forgotten it?"

"Forgotten what?"

"The night you went home so distressed from the reception. Do you remember what you said to me? I thought of it so often since, and it has worried me unaccountably."

"I should not have spoken as I did," Olivia said hastily. "Something did happen, but I must ask you to wait a little before I tell you."

"I will wait just five minutes. You have grown thin and pale in a few days, and have lost some of your old cheerfulness. Child, I ought to know the cause of this trouble, since it happened within my walls."

"There is no present need of your knowing, Nano. I could not open my lips now even if I wished; but believe me, you shall hear all in good time."

Her embarrassment was so great and painful that Nano forbore to press her further, and the conversation turned to other subjects. When leaving, Olivia offered, according to custom, her hand and cheek to her friend; but to her surprise and grief, Nano managed to reject both in the gentlest and cleverest manner.

"I have offended her by my reserve," she thought sadly, as she went down the stairs: and being very sick at heart, and overweighted with the burden of her own sorrow, this new bitterness welled up from her heart to her eyes and sent her home weeping quietly behind her veil. But Nano, with her hands clasped tightly over her breast, uttered the true reason of this apparent coldness to her friend. She looked upon herself as a guilty, sin-laden thing, unworthy to breathe the same air with so pure a creature as Olivia Fullerton.

"Never again until I have atoned," she said, staring hard at the pallid woman reflected in the glass—"never, never again to clasp that innocent hand or touch those pure lips with mine! What a terrible fate I have chosen for myself! Yet who will know, and when I am dead what will it matter? For there is but rottenness after death, and saint and sinner are served alike in the grave. If it were true—but no, there is no God, no God, no God!"

The last words were more a question than an assertion. The divine truth was struggling fiercely for a footing in her soul. She wrung her hands and looked at them as Lady Macbeth looked at hers, stained with dream-blood, and with her she almost screamed:

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Then her mood changed. She grew angry at her own weakness, and tried to force upon herself the mask of indifference; tried to reason her meditated sin into an act of justice and even pity; tried to laugh at the whole affair as a very ordinary proceeding over which she was making herself ridiculous.

"Poor little hand! You have sinned no more than to raise yourself against one who in his craziness would rob your mistress; who gave her life, and riches, and honor, only to sink her into a deeper abyss of death, and poverty, and shame: who taught her to love with her whole heart this which he would now deprive her of for the sake of a superstition. The world would say you have done well, and there is no other to judge or know. For there is—no—"

Her head fell on her breast, and the tears of vexation fell from her eyes. She did not utter her blasphemy a second time, and she could not; for on the pages of her heart was written in fadeless characters the truth she would fain have denied.

"Am I deserting my belief?" she muttered. "Am I yielding to this superstition? Oh! this Olivia and her brother are my bad angels. If I did not know them what would I care for this plotting of Killany's or its result! I will forget them. They shall not be my Mentors. But oh! to forget my own heart. To put away all that is really good and loveable about me—can I do that and live?" In her anguish she sat, as she had often done before, for hours in meditation.

The next evening, when she was dressing for the carnival, Killany came in hurriedly and sent up an urgent message. She came down to the hall in her brilliant costume, and electrified him.

"Ah"—and the tone of his voice was not of the sweetest—"you are going to the carnival? I must put off my business until to-morrow."

"If you would be so kind. I expect my party every moment."

"Mrs. Strachan, I suppose."

"She will be there, of course," was her direct evasion, "in some hideous dress—military it ought to be, or male attire of some kind. The general is, you know, a good skater and a good gossip. She is kind-hearted, too."

"Extremely so. I may say good-evening."

"But you have not noticed my dress."

And she stood away from him, and let him see it in various lights and positions.

"It is very brilliant," he said, pleased at her graceful familiarity. "Not so complete as it might be, perhaps. There is one ornament lacking: a gold-haired Apollo, or, if it suits you, another Orion."

"I shall meet many of them, no doubt. What a pity you are not coming!"

"I regret that business is pressing. Permit me. Good evening."

He bowed himself out, chagrined at he knew not what, and raging with very well defined jealousy.

A little later came the maskers of the carnival: Sir Stanley in his Swedish peasant habit, Olivia as she had described herself, and the grave doctor in the charming holiday dress of a twelfth-century gallant. They drove off, laughing very heartily at the grotesque combination of costumes, and were soon in the midst of the weirdest throng that ever the frozen bosom of the bay had borne. It was a clear moonlight night, without wind or heavy frost, and not too cold to permit of a long, quiet talk after the first note which Sir Stanley took of the scene. A circle of ropes and guards shut off the maskers from the broad expanse of the bay, and over this spot fell the glare of a thousand torchlights and colored lanterns. The assembly was very large—too large for a quiet talk, Sir Stanley observed—and ridiculous as such assemblies usually are. The anachronisms in the costumes and their grotesque contrasts kept the ladies in subdued and continued laughter.

"There is our devil," said Olivia to her companion, as the character glided by with the proverbial tail over his arm; what a labor you would have exorcising him!"

"If it were to be done according to ritual, yes," said the baronet boastfully; "but otherwise, why, no. Give me your hand and let us proceed with the *abandon* suited to our character. I am going to startle you when we reach the retired corners."

"I don't wish to be startled," said Olivia decidedly, but with a beating heart, "and therefore I shall not go into the retired corners. It doesn't become even a peasant-girl to be wandering in dark places."

"As you please. I can and will startle you here just as well, only it occurred to me that for your own sake you would prefer to be unobserved."

Olivia knew not what to do or say in her distress. It was very clear that Sir Stanley was going to propose, and, although a few days earlier she would have hailed the event with simple and single-hearted joy, it was now become a most painful proceeding. Diana and her cavalier flew past in as high spirits as two eminently grave persons could be, and she made a vain effort to draw them to her side. The devil, with horns and tail prominent in the moonlight, was slipping over the ice ahead, and it rashly occurred to her to engage him in conversation. But as there might spring up an occasion of exorcising for Sir Stanley, she wisely restrained herself and submitted to fate.

"Would you not please wait," she said humbly, "until later in the evening? I did not expect very much pleasure from the carnival, but you will destroy it all if you speak as you intend."

"Your words are anything but encouraging," said he, starting; "and since you seem to understand so well what I am going to say in the dark corners, come, sister, and hear it at once."

There was nothing but to obey, for Sir Stanley's voice was rather imperative in sound. They left the charmed circle of the maskers and glided away into the blue, silvered twilight beyond. The moonlight fell in a shower on the ice. In the distance twinkled the lights of the island, behind them gleamed the city's fiery eyes, and from an illuminated spot came the sounds of music and happy voices, and the flash and glitter of gaily-attired forms, misty and pleasant as a dream. Around them was a desert scattered with parties of two as far as possible from one another, and moving with spirit-like ease and gracefulness.

"Olivia," began the baronet, when they had gone a convenient distance, "I believe you have understood, at least within the last few weeks, the attentions I have been paying you. You have no doubt heard the opinions of other people on the matter, and, as you did not discourage me, I have hoped that my suit was not disagreeable. I ask you now to be my wife."

"I do not know what to answer," said she, with a sudden burst of weeping. "I cannot tell, Sir Stanley, whether I shall or not."

This answer was a poser for the baronet, although he had an idea that it was not precisely unfavorable. He was silent for some time, not a little disturbed in his efforts to think the matter into shape with the lady sobbing at his side.

"Yes or no," he argued, "is the usual answer. This must be a mean of some kind. Perhaps it signifies 'I want to, but I cannot; circumstances will not permit.' And what would be the matter with the pretty thing? Egad! I am off my balance mentally as well as sentimentally, and if I am not set right again I should like to select a convenient air-hole and end the programme with an attempted but unsuccessful suicide."

"Your answer, Olivia," said he aloud, "is rather ambiguous. I love you, dear, and I thought you might have loved me a little."

"So I do—very much," murmured she, with a blush that would have entranced him had it been daylight. The baronet was intoxicated at this confession, and very naturally trembled

"You frighten me, Olivia. If you love me—and I thank you a thousand times for that sweet saying—why can you not tell if you will marry me? It is mysterious and dreadful."

"I know it, Sir Stanley. But I must ask you to wait for just the shortest time; and be patient until I can discover something I wish to know."

"Something you wish to know?" repeated the astonished gentleman."

"Is that so very wonderful?" she replied, with a touch of the old sauciness.

"Oh! no, Olivia, not at all. But I trust it is nothing—of course it isn't."

"Concerning you, Sir Stanley? I never doubted your goodness, and kindness, and honesty. It is about myself, and you will have to wait so short a time until I am able to say yes or no."

She choked again at the thought of uttering the sad negative, which circumstances might make a necessity. The baronet, quite overcome, wished to appeal to the stars or to do some other foolish thing in testimony of his inability to survive an adverse answer. However, a sensible silence intervened. They skated slowly round in a limited circle, until Olivia expressed her wish to return.

"At least I shall always know that you loved me," he said as they glided away; for he had been thinking of the mournful possibility of a parting, simply to enjoy in fancy the luxury which he imagined would never be afforded him. Very hopefully they returned to the revellers. They passed an absent-minded pair taking the direction of the open bay.

"By the gleam of gold and the rustling of silk," said Sir Stanley, "I would take the gentleman for Harry."

"And I know," said Olivia, with scarcely a joy-tone in her words, "that the lady is Nano. Do you not see her quiver and bow?"

"What a learned conversation they must be having! She will quote Voltaire, Emerson, Goethe, and Paine. He will bury her under St. Augustine and Brownson. We can even hear what they are saying."

They stopped to listen. The doctor's deep and penetrating tones were easily heard at a long distance, and Nano's sweet treble floated to their ears as gently as the flight of a bird, but the words were not distinguishable. They went on out of sight, and the peasants joined the revellers once more. The number had increased and the new figures were rather startling. A thin, frisky figure in a bird-suit hopped and chirped comically throughout the circle, and annoyed Nano extremely by his attentions, until the baronet, observing, threatened to pitch him into his proper sphere. A tall form with flowing white hair and beard, clothed in furs and glittering with icicles of glass and steel, seemed almost inclined to pester her with attentions, but took warning by the threat against the man-bird, and, after gazing about earnestly for some minutes, went off lakewards.

Nano and the doctor were conversing, with dangerous seriousness and much sentiment, on various subjects when the fur-clad representative of the frozen north flew on wind-wings and glanced at them sharply as he passed. Presently the man-bird came skating in the same direction, and, being less careful than the other, approached near enough to have the doctor's fingers suddenly and firmly pressed upon his throat.

"You are too bold, Quip," he said mildly, and Quip's eyes were starting from his head. "Go back."

Without a word, and with his feathers considerably rumpled, the fool stole away, followed only by the Frozen North, who, as he flew by again, laughed to himself quietly and favored them with another stare.

"An underbred fellow," said the doctor.

"I shivered when he passed," said Nano. "Let us go back, Dr. Fullerton, for we shall not find our friends here."

"I fear that we have not made much of an effort to find them," he laughed. "They are probably returned by this, and we may expect some raillery from them on our moonlight search."

They met with Sir Stanley and Olivia standing on the outside circle and quietly watching the scene before them. There was so little animation in their manner and countenances that the doctor and his partner felt uneasy. They had suspected the baronet's intention of tempting his fate to-night, and if he had done so it was clear that he had met only with disaster."

"Well, Diana," said Olivia, with forced gayety, "your hunt was a long one. What game did you succeed in bringing down?"

"Only a heart," answered the doctor in her stead, "and without using an arrow. The moonlight, the silence, and some other circumstances made it an easy victim."

"You act up to your costume, Harry," returned the baronet.

"Which is more, I'll engage," returned the doctor, "than you can say for yourself."

"True," said Sir Stanley, with a vexed look: "no peasant could be so solemn as I at this moment.

"And none," repeated Nano, "could be more solemn than our Olivia here."

"Olivia had suddenly withdrawn her attention from their raillery. The tone of a voice on the ice without the circle had reached her ears, and she was listening, as she listened on the night of the reception, to the bitter words the voice framed and uttered.

"Here? Of course. No society is safe from them. If their antecedents were as correct and stainless as the queen's own they could not have greater assurance. You would not hear of it? I am surprised. I thought it was known everywhere. The bar sinister is on their escutcheon. I cut them long ago, so far as professional etiquette would permit, and I wonder how they have stood so long."

"That is plain," another answered. "When a woman of fashion and a man of title combine to favor a thing it is sure of success. They are out of my books, however, though they were smiled on by her majesty herself."

"The woman of fashion and the man of title will leave quickly enough when it reaches their ears. It takes the power of a king to make such rubbish popular."

The voice stopped there, and she heard no more. The others were too busily engaged with themselves to pay attention to the loud speaker, but Nano caught his last words.

"Killany here!" she exclaimed. "I was sure I heard his voice near."

"Hardly possible," said the doctor. "He assured me he was not going."

"Why are you so silent, Olivia?" said the baronet.

"I am cold,"—she was actually shivering with anguish and terror—"and do you not think we had better return? We have been here a good two hours, and the crowd is getting thinner now."

"Two hours?" said Nano. "That is not probable."

"But it is a fact," Olivia replied showing her watch. "And your indifference to time shows how thoroughly you enjoyed it."

They left the ice immediately, and in ascending to the wharf were passed by an acquaintance, who saluted.

"Good-evening, Miss McDonell. Good-evening, Sir Stanley."

"Good-evening, Mr. Hughes," said the doctor, as the gentleman did not seem to recognize him or Olivia. "Are you forgetting your other friends?"

"Ah! to be sure—yes—good-evening," said Hughes rather confusedly, and not waiting to make apologies or explanations. Harry could not understand why a warm spot glowed on his cheek at this strange manner of address, but Olivia could very easily account for the deadly chill which set her shivering again and made her clasp the baronet's arm fiercely.

"You are slipping," said he.

"A little," she said faintly, and was silent.

"Rather a cool way of taking the blunder," the doctor remarked to Nano. "At least he might have explained."

She said nothing in reply but, wondered, and Sir Stanley was too busy with his partner to pay much attention to these trifles. They reached the carriage and were driven home in apparently good spirits. But Nano was reserved and sad.

"I wonder what Hughes meant by it?" were the last words of the doctor to his sister that night.

"He is very well bred," she answered carelessly, "but he is often enough in his cups. He did not seem to be displeased or angry, only confused.

The answer did not satisfy the doctor, and he bade her good-night with a clouded face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE EYE AND THE EAR.

FARREL J. MCGOVERN, OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

Man, the noblest work of the Creator, has been endowed with faculties both spiritual and sensitive, which place him far above the rest of the animal creation. This superiority of man is seen very conclusively from the fact that he has the power of reasoning, but it may be also seen even in his external senses. For, the perfection of the senses consist in their object, but how much greater and more powerful is the object of the senses in man compared with that of the lower part of the animal kingdom? The senses of man are helps to his intellect, in fact the intellect, that faculty almost divine, is dependent on them, but the lower animals cannot aspire to such an end; for instinct, an inferior faculty, takes the place of reason.

It would indeed be interesting to study the five senses of man and see therein the wonderful beauty displayed in the construction and design of their organs, but for the present let us be content with examining the eye and the ear, the organs of sight and hearing, which in their design, constitution, and object, show the great wisdom of the Almighty, show his goodness and care for man, and are the means by which we arrive at the knowledge of things sublime in themselves and sublime in their origin, as being the works of the mind of God.

That both the eye and the ear are most perfect in their design and constitution may be seen from even a superficial investigation of them. The exterior parts of the eye are so disposed that it cannot readily suffer injury. The over-arching brow contributes alike to its beauty and preservation, while the eye-lid protects it from any excess of light. Six muscles move the eye in every direction, and the optic nerve carries the impression to the brain. Within the eye there is the cornea, a small transparent membrane situated in the front of the ball of the eye. In shape it resembles a small watch-glass. It fits into another membrane called the sclerotica, and in fact the two may be considered as one. After the sclerotica we have the iris which consists of a number of concentric coloured rings, making up the coloured part of the eye, which is one of the chief sources of beauty of the human countenance. There is a remarkable fact to be noted regarding the color of the iris in animals of all the animal creation. Two species alone have diverse colours in the iris, viz., man and the horse. The pupil of the eye is nothing more than an opening through which the light passes through the iris into the crystalline lens, a glass-like body of lenticular shape with double convexity, which causes the rays to cross one another and place the object in an inverted position on the retina, a very sensitive membrane situated at the back of the eye. The retina receives the slightest impression. But if the image is placed in an inverted position on the retina, how are we to account for the fact that we see the object in an erect position? Perhaps we see the objects inverted and consequently when we look at a man, we see him standing on his feet, but he is in reality standing on his head! This inversion of the image is easily accounted for. In fact an inversion of the image does take place, but it is not the image we see but the object itself as it really is. We see the object in the direction in which the rays are coming, and consequently a ray of light coming from the top of an object will reach us in that direction and from the bottom in like manner.

There are many other parts of the eye which might be considered, but the few which have been given will convince even the most sceptical, of the wonderful action and design displayed in this organ. We are no less struck with admiration when we examine the ear. It consists of three parts, the external, middle, and internal ear. The external ear is the expansion which, collecting and augmenting the sonorous vibrations, transmits them to the tympanum, a delicate membrane which in its normal state is set in motion by the slightest sound. This tympanum with its muscles plays the same part in the ear that the iris does in the eye, just as by enlarging or diminishing the size of the pupil, the iris allows sufficient light to enter the eye, so does the little muscle of the ear, acting on the tympanum, cause it to receive slight or loud sounds. Thus this delicate membrane which is moved by the sound of the leaves fanned by the breeze, is not broken by the pealing of a cannon! The middle ear is a small chamber, containing three bones of singular shape, communicating with the air by a narrow canal which opens into the mouth. There is another tube which communicates with the internal ear, and bears the sounds hither from the tympanum. The internal ear is an irregular cavity in the most solid part of the head, this cavity is filled with a fluid into which project a number of nerves dividing at their extremities into small microscopic threads called the fibres of the Basilaris membrane. These fibres are connected with the nerve leading to the brain. Each of these fibres is tuned for a particular note and for that note only. Hence each simple note causes one, and each compound note causes several of these fibres to vibrate. Thus do they take the most complex sounds and intricate chords of harmony, and find the simple tones of which they are formed.

It need not then be further insisted upon that the eye and the ear form in themselves something grand, wonderful and amazing, and even from this description of them, inadequate though it be, we may conclude that they are as near perfection as possible.

But, then, is there not some shade of superiority in one over the other? This is a nice question, and one which, considering the relative perfection of both, is rather difficult to answer. If we place these two organs side by side, and compare them, both as regards their objects and qualities, we see their casting shadows alternately on each other, but at the same time, shining out with all the qualities of superiority.

Consider the objects of both—that of the eye are colours, that of the ear is sound. Both of these are high in themselves, but higher still in their applications.

The first sensation of the happiness of our being consists in the pleasure to look upon and enjoy the exquisite charms, which nature spreads with a lavish hand everywhere, to attract and to win our attention. The flowers, the sea, the air, the sky, the whole earth is instinct with, and breathes a life which entrances us, which steals into and dilates the soul and unparadises the heart. Nature in all and through all things smiles on us, fascinated by her charms we yield ourselves willing captives to her embrace and we are happy beyond measure.

But of what is all this beauty of nature the object? It is the object of the eye. What wonders of nature are revealed to us even by the most minute ray of light making its way into our chamber? It strikes upon the particles in the atmosphere and shows to us millions upon millions of bodies moving to and fro in one continuous line. The whole scope of creation comes within the domain of the eye. The marvels of the heavens, the beauties of the earth and the most sublime works of the Creator are subject to the eye and are, as it were, its creatures.

But if such a grand and amazing spectacle is presented by the naked eye, how much more wonderful is that displayed to us, when we view, by the aid of a miscroscope, even a drop of water! Here is a whole world in itself. Beings more numerous than men upon the earth, are under our vision. By the aid of the miscroscope, we perceive even in the smallest insect placed under it, a system and arrangement which approaches the perfection of man.

The eye has also a great influence over our moral feelings. We go out on a beautiful morning in Spring. We look upon the spectacle which nature has prepared for us and a feeling of joy steals over the soul. On the contrary in Autumn, when the fruits have passed away, the leaves have fallen, and the branches are stripped of their leafy adornments, we are sad of heart, the eye has not the same beauty to feed upon, and we are throughout our being saddened and depressed.

The object of the eye is, therefore, great, but we see something just as grand in the ear. Its object is sound, and from sound we have music, which has an effect over the soul of man just as exalting as that of a spectacle of nature. Who has not been stirred even to his innermost soul by the strains of some melodious song, strains which as they struck upon his ear reverberated with the rememberance of days gone by, or of friends long departed.

When the composition of a Mozart, a Bethoven, or a Handel is heard, there is something in it which takes possession of our very being and transports us to the land of dreams. Now, besides the feeling of pleasure which music excites, there is another feeling higher and nobler. It is that of patriotism. What child of Erin can sit unmoved and not think of the dear old land when he hears the strains of St. Patrick's Day, or one of the melodies of the immortal Moore? On the battle field which decides the fate of nations, we hear the roll of drums and sound of trumpets leading on the soldiers to victory. Music has consequently a great effect over the souls and the minds of men. And is not music an object of the ear? Where would the music be if we had not the ears to hear it?

The objects of the eye and the ear are, as we see, very high, and it is almost impossible to show any superiority of one over the other, in this respect. There are many qualities which the eye possesses and to which the ear cannot attain, but on the other hand the ear shows qualities which the eye does not. For many years we learn chiefly by the ear. The sight is, as it were, dormant during infancy, and much has to be learned through hearing. Even questions of Faith, a virtue which is most necessary for our eternal salvation, are instilled into our souls while we are yet at our mother's knee.

Many and various are the tints of color to be perceived by the eye, but all these colors may be reduced to seven primary, and the eye cannot see more than these seven, while the ear can receive and analyze more than seven octaves. It may be said that the tints of color are infinitely more numerous than those of sound, but it must be remembered that any one of these tints is but a combination of one or two colors while the sounds of a single octave are separate, distinct, and endless. The ear can analyze the most intricate harmonies and know every note of which they are composed, while the unassisted eye cannot perceive one of the seven primary colors of which is composed a beam of white light. Now if the ear has its superior points, so has the eye. It is the organ for general knowledge, not as the ear, for particular objects. It sees objects in a permanent manner, and knows at the same time the appearance and the substance of bodies. This is far from being the case with the ear, as it is properly a sense which tells us that there is something outside of us, and is entirely independent of the will. It perceives only successive phenomena, while the eye sees at the same moment an infinite multitude of objects and colors. The ear perceives only bodies in action and not the bodies themselves, for sound, the object of the ear, comes to us from the vibrations of a sounding body, and consequently through the ear we can have a knowledge of bodies only by induction.

If we look at the objects of the two in the fine arts we see that of the eye is painting, and of the ear, music. Which of these two is superior. It must be admitted that a work of the mind is superior to a mere imitation of an external object. Now music is a work of the mind, while painting is but a representation of nature. For the painter, the sun rises and sets, all colors exist, and he has nothing to do but copy the beautiful works of the Almighty. But such means are not given to the musical composer. All he has is the rough element of sound, but by the exercise of his mind he transforms it into heavenly music. This musician takes no music which he has ever heard or ever could hear in the world. The song of the lark is but a moral music, because it is surrounded by circumstances of time and place. The same sound could be produced by artificial means, but then it would not be the "sightless song in depths of the deep blue sky." No, the musician makes the melody himself and copies nothing. Consequently, since the object of the ear in the fine arts is a work of the mind, while that of the eye is but a representation, the ear surpasses the eye, when this fact is considered.

But the relative perfection of two senses can be determined by their remoteness from matter, and if the eye and ear are viewed under this criterion, the eye will surely bear away the palm.

By sight the intellect is cultivated, by it the memory is strengthened and the will subdued while hearing, though in a measure perfecting the intellect, has its greatest influence over the feelings.

By the place which it occupies in the human body, and by its expression, the eye seems to domineer over all the other organs. It has been said, and with reason, that the eyes are the mirror of the soul. It is in the eye that all the sentiments, all the emotions of our soul,—joy and sadness; mildness and anger, love and hatred are reflected. The countenance of man is a living tableau on which are painted his affections, his impressions and his desires, and the eye is the light of this tableau. To which then shall we give the palm of victory, to the eye or to the ear? From the few considerations which have been laid down I am slightly inclined to give preference to the eye, but far from forcing my opinion, I admit there is ample room for further argument in favor of both.

GIVE YOUR HEART TO IT.

The following is from an address to young men, as given in Baldwin's Monthly.

"Remember this—that with health and strength to back you, life means hard work, and hard work on long lines, with native ability and good conduct, means success. I will venture to say that this—as a rule we can trust—is always the story of the young man who begins life with no advantage or patronage, and makes his way to a good place. He gives his heart to what he has to do—not half the time, but all the time; not grudgingly, but gladly; and not merely for the sake of a salary, but because he loves to be at it, and makes the work in good measure its own reward. It shall come to pass, if you take hold like this, that men will say you have genius for what you take in hand; but you will know that one of the fine qualities in a genius for anything in an absorbing love for it, and the power of intense application by which every other power is set to its finest edge, and is directed to the one great purpose the man holds in his heart and brain. You may set this truth in whatever light you will—of business, or work on the common levels, or work on the loftiest height—to give your heart to it is one of the grandest secrets of success. It might seem to you that a great many men go from the bottom to the top of the ladder at one jump. It is not true. And all the men I know, who have made a real success of their lives, were hard climbers."

"With grateful Feelings."

Dr. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" have cured my daughter of Scrofulous Swellings and Open Sores about the Neck; and your "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders in restoring to health my wife who had been bed-fast for eight months from Female Weakness. I am with great ful feelings. Yours truly.

T. H. LONG, Galveston, Texas.