Let It Pass.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind;
Let it pass!
Any vulgar scoln that live,
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Mortality.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the sad thunder-stroke
O'ersweeps their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak,
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung.
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time and the hour.

GHOST STORIES.

An English family, who lived for years in the Rue Neuve at Calais, were constantly annoyed by ghostly visitations, mostly from a little withered-looking old woman, who obtained in the family the *sobriquet* of "the old woman of the pear-tree," from her often disappearing at a pear-tree which stood close to the spot where an old stone staircase had been discovered leading down to a large subterranean vault. The house and garden stood upon part of the old site of the great Capuchin convent, and though the vault was at this time closed all round, with no visible mode of egress, yet tradition whispered that there were passages leading from it in all directions, one in particular extending as far as Fort Neuilly, a considerable distance off. The old pear-tree had been blighted while in full bloom, or, as the French curiously phrased it, "moonstruck." Soon after the family took possession of their apartments, the visits of the old woman began. They saw her in the bedrooms, they met her on the staircase, and often, when the four young ladies of the family stood talking at twilight in the garden, they would find one more than their number standing with them; but if they ventured even to whisper a remark about her presence she would glide away, turning an angry look upon the young party, and vanish by the pear-tree. At first they were much alarmed, and the eldest daughter mentioned the circumstance to the lady from whom they hired the house. She minutely described the quaint, old-fashioned dress of their unwelcome visitor, and even the bunch of keys at her girdle. Her auditor turned pale, and begged the young lady not to talk to any one of the old woman's visits, as they had already been the cause of her apartments remaining long unlet; that she was said to have been a former proprietress of the house, who had been a dreadful miser, and had passed a long time in prowling about the premises day and night in search of buried treasure. Her most disagreeable visitation was to the bedroom of the mother of the family, who for a long time could not be persuaded that the younger children had not been lying on her bed, as every evening the marks of its having been lain on were distinctly visible. She was also much disturbed in the night by the bedclothes being forcibly pulled away; and whenever the father of the family (a lawyer in England) came over for a little recreation from his labours, he complained that he could not get a night's rest, so incessant was the jerking of the bed-clothes, while strange noises filled the room. In this room the old woman's husband had died, and she seemed still to frequent it. One evening the third daughter ran gayly up the stairs, exclaiming that she "did not care for the old woman, and was not a bit afraid of her." Just as she was passing her mother's room, the door of which was open, the old woman appeared at it, struck the young girl a violent blow on the shoulder, and disappeared into the room, slamming the door violently in her face. An hour after this two of the other sisters saw her passing up the stairs before them, turning into another door. This particular night the mother of the young ladies heard all through the night some one moving about the room.

But the old woman of the pear-tree was not the only one who lingered in the precincts of the old monkish domain. These young daughters gave me an account of what befell her in one of the rooms, which account I give in her own words:

"It was in the winter of 1852 that I was sent up-stairs by mamma to get her a pocket-handkerchief from the drawers in the room opposite to hers. It was about six o'clock on a winter's evening, and as the passages up-stairs were but imperfectly lit by the hall lamp, I went with considerable fear and reluctance. On entering the room I took a good look all round to make sure that none of the children were hiding there to frighten me. Having got the handkerchief from the drawers, I once more looked round before quitting the room, and to my great astonishment, saw a lady kneeling in the attitude of prayer by the bedside; she turned her head as I approached, and I saw that her face was very beautiful, her hair most luxuriant, her dress long, falling in elegant folds around her. My fright was great, but I did not scream, and indeed was so certain that it must be a living person that I softly approached and laid my hand upon her head. What was my surprise when my hand fell completely through her head, meeting with no obstruction of solid flesh, but passing, as it were, through air. Turning round she looked at me in a severe and reproachful manner, as if for disturbing her at her devotions. I saw no more. I fled from the room, and only remember finding myself at the foot of the staircase; how I got there I was never able to tell."

Mrs. G——, with her two little girls of the respective ages of eight and nine years, had been staying in the country on a visit to her sister-in-law; but having taken a house near London, she sent the two children with their nurse off by an early train, following herself by one a few hours later. Towards the evening of the same day, one of the little girls walked into a room of the house which they had quitted in the morning, where a cousin, to whom she was much attached, was sitting at his studies, and said to him, "I am come to say good-bye, Walter; I shall never see you again." Then kissing him, she vanished from the room. The young man was greatly startled and astonished, as he had himself seen both the little girls and their nurse off by the morning train. At this very time of the evening both the children in London were taken suddenly ill, while playing in their new home, a few hours after they had arrived. The doctor called in pronounced their complaint to be small-pox of the most malignant kind. They both died within the week, but the youngest died first. The day after she was buried, the poor bereaved mother was anxiously watching the last hours of the one still left, for whom she well knew no chance of life remained. Suddenly the sick child woke up from a kind of stupor, and exclaimed, "Oh, look, mamma! look at the beautiful angels!" pointing to the foot of the bed. Mrs. G—— saw nothing, but heard soft, sweet music, which seemed to float in the air. Again the child exclaimed, "Oh, dear mamma, there is Minnie! She has come for me!" She smiled, and appeared greatly pleased. At this moment Mrs G—— distinctly heard a voice say, "Come, dear Ada; I am waiting for you!" The sick child smiled once again, and died without a struggle. Long did the poor mother remember overhearing a childish conversation between the two little ones, in which the youngest said to the other that she felt sure she should die first, and would be certain to come and fetch her.

If it appear strange to us mortals, and even awful, that the disembodied spirit can, under certain conditions unknown to us, revisit the scenes of its previous existence, how much more awful and difficult of belief is it that spirits which have quitted their earthly life in the unrestrained indulgence of angry and malevolent passions can yet exercise such an influence over the corrupting clay which they apparently left behind them as to violate the sacred repose of the tomb, and terrify and appal the living! Such a circumstance certainly occurred at H——k Hall, in Lincolnshire, and was long the theme of conversation in that county. H——k Hall had been in the possession of the H—— family for hundreds of years; at the time of which I am writing the ancient line had dwindled down to two individuals, —the old squire in present possession, and his only brother and destined successor, who was unmarried, and very little younger than himself. The hall, which had once been so full of life and gayety, had become the abode of sorrow and gloom, in consequence of the early death of the squire's young daughter, his only child, and the heiress of all his possessions. This death followed in less than a year by that of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, had quite broken down the old squire's health and happiness. The lady and her daughter were deposited in the family vault amid the tears and regrets of the villagers, by whom they were much and deservedly beloved. For years the squire had had no intercourse whatever with his brother, between whom and the lady of the hall there had been a life-long feud: the hatred on her part having been quite of a passive nature, as she was never heard to mention his name; but on his, of the most abusive and virulent kind, which made his exclusion from the hall an absolute necessity. The cause of this hatred could only be guessed at even by the most curious, as none was ever assigned by either party. When the old squire, after his double bereavement, became almost heart-broken, the good pastor of the village, whose friendship with the family had existed for fifty years, effected a meeting and a thorough reconciliation between the long-estranged brothers, and the younger one took up his abode once more in the house of his ancestors. One only condition was made,—that the name of his deceased sister-in-law should never pass his lips. A year passed away. The old squire, soothed and comforted by the companionship of his early playfellow, began to recover both his health and spirits; but at this time a malignant fever broke out in the village. Among its victims was the squire's brother, who during his whole life had known neither sickness nor disease. He was prostrated at once, and never rallied. The good minister before mentioned, who well knew the family history, unmoved by that fear of infection which made him a solitary watcher, took his stand by the bed of the dying man and vainly endeavoured to draw his thoughts to the eternity which was fast opening before him. His pious words fell upon a dull, unlistening ear, but as he touched upon the duty of forgiveness, and cautiously alluded to his well-known hatred of the deceased Mrs. H——, the effect was appalling; all apathy vanished, and though a few minutes before apparently past the power of speech, yet now the sick man broke out into fierce imprecations, and by a last supreme effort raising himself upright in the bed, exclaimed, "I know that I am dying; but mark my last words: if, when I am dead, you dare to bury me in the same vault with that accursed woman, the living as well as the dead shall hear of me!" He fell back with a frightful oath on his lips, and expired. The horror-struck minister kept close in his own breast this dreadful death of one he had known so long, and thought it more kind, as well as more prudent, to keep the poor squire in ignorance of his brother's last hours. As was the invariable custom in the H—— family, the body, after lying in state for a time, was consigned with much pomp and ceremony to the family vault, and was placed next to the coffins of the squire's wife and daughter. That very night the villagers living near the churchyard were disturbed by doleful shrieks and cries proceeding from the vault, —a noise of strife and struggling and blows, as if of enemies engaged in close fight. The next morning at daylight the strange tale was carried to the rectory, and the good clergyman thought it best, under the circumstances, to disclose to the squire his brother's last fearful words and threats, and to suggest the opening of the vault. To this the squire, greatly shocked, consented, and the vault was unlocked and entered by a party sent to examine into the cause of the strange noises heard the night before. A scene perfectly inexplicable met their eyes. The coffins of the squire's lady and daughter were lying in a far corner of the vault, the young girl's coffin across her mother's, as if to protect it. Close to them, standing erect and menacing, was the coffin of the squire's brother, so recently and decorously placed upon black trestles. Amazement seized the bystanders, but under the superintendence of proper people the coffins were restored to their original places, and the vault was again closed up. At night the noises began again; the sound of blows, shrieks of pain, and a frightful contension of struggling enemies appalled the party of villagers set to watch the place, in order to prevent the possibility of deceptions. The tale was whispered far beyond the precincts of the village, and *swans* from the neighbouring city, who laughed at the idea of anything supernatural, suggested that an explosion of gas from the foul air of the vault might have occasioned the displacement of the coffins. The squire was induced to have large ventilators placed in the vault; but this did not in the least abate the nuisance, which to the terror of the village rather increased than diminished. At length the squire himself resolved that a strong brick wall should be built up in the vault, so as to separate effectually the coffins of those who even in the solitude of the tomb seemed to keep up their antagonism. This had the desired effect; from that moment all was quiet in the vault, and the noises were never heard again; but for long afterwards the strange story was current in Lincolnshire.

A Woman and Something More.

The wife of a certain well-known rancher, says a Colorado paper, living near this place has the true grit. Her husband was away on business a whole week recently, and one day while he was absent the pump gave out. The nearest neighbour lived a long distance, so she hoisted up the pipe herself, and found that the trouble lay in the suction leather, which was too much worn to work properly. Away she went to cut a new one, using the old one as a pattern. On returning, she found that a large hog had fallen into the open well. Nothing daunted, she got a strong rope, made a slipnoose, fished it round the squealing porker, and then, lifting as hard as she could, made the end fast to the curb, thus raising the animal partially out of the water and preventing him from drowning. She then harnessed a horse, hitched him to the rope, and in less time than it takes to tell it that hog

All dripping with freshness, arose from the well.

But before the rescue of the parent animal two of her offspring, crowding too close to the curb, probably to sympathize with their mother's distress, lost balance and were now floundering around in the water at the bottom. Instantly the hog was rescued our heroine set about the recovery of the pigs. She procured a ladder, which, however, though long enough to reach the water was not long enough to reach the bottom of the well. Necessity is the mother of invention, and procuring a fence rail, she thrust it through the top round, resting both ends on the curb. Then, climbing down the hanging ladder, she rescued the two pigs, bringing both safely to the surface. This done she quietly completed the job by putting in the new suction leather, lowering the pipe into the well, closing the curb, and pumping water for her week's washing.

French and English.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

The fishermen on the coast of Sussex and the opposite coast of France often have occasion to exchange civilities at sea. But how can they do so, not knowing each other's language? Some years ago we were told they got over the difficulty without cost or trouble by an exceedingly simple and satisfactory process. They exchanged children. A Sussex man took the son of a Frenchman to board for a time in his family, and let the Frenchman have his son in return. In this accommodating way French fisher-boys learned English and English fisher-boys learned French. It was a beautiful arrangement throughout, for, besides any advantage derived from lingual intercommunication, feelings of good-will grew up between the two nations.

An Irishman noticing a lady pass along, espied two strips depending from under the lady's cloak. Not knowing that these were styled sashes, and in the right place, he exclaimed, "Faith, ma'am, your galluses are untied."

The Execution of a Ghazi.

Although the occupation of the town of Jelallabad by the English forces took place without any opposition of the part of the Afghan troops, there were one or two instances in which violence was shown by men who were animated by a kind of fanaticism. There is among the Indian Mussulmans a sect called the Ghazi, who place even less value upon their own lives than is usual among the devout followers of Mohammed. These are all supposed to go directly to Paradise if they die while fighting for the faith, but the Ghazi have a special inclination toward martyrdom. This alone could account for the extraordinary recklessness of the unfortunate man, who, in the full presence of the English endeavoured to do what is called "running amuck" in the bazar of Jelallabad. His victims were two soldiers of the native Punjab regiments, one of whom was unarmed and engaged in the peaceful business of making purchases. An English officer who witnessed the execution of the criminal, describes the circumstances as follows:

"On Monday, December 23, two of our guides, who, unarmed, were standing in the Jelallabad bazar, were suddenly attacked by a Ghazi, and one of them dangerously wounded. After a struggle, the man was arrested and brought to trial, when he was sentenced to be shot, and his body to be then buried. This man was not an inhabitant of Jelallabad, but merely a wandering Ghazi, or fanatic, who prowls about the country for the express purpose of murdering as many 'infidels' as possible, and of being slain in his turn, and thus martyred, as he imagines. The burning of the body however, after death, renders a man unfit to be reverenced as a martyr and a saint; hence the supplemental sentence. The culprit was shot outside the Peshawur Gate of Jelallabad by a firing party of five soldiers of the Rifle Brigade, in the presence of Major Cavagnari, the provost marshal, and several other British officials. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the inhabitants unanimously approved of the sentence, and exhibited no sympathy with the wretched criminal, who, however, met his death heroically."

The founder of the sect of the Ghazi was Ghazi Khan, a holy Mussulman, who first subdued the country of Dinagepoor, in Hindostan, to the Mogul power, and whose humanity and impartial justice gained for him not only the worship of all true Moslems, but even of the Hindoos themselves, who frequently perform long and painful pilgrimages to his tomb at Sheraghat. The Ghazi reject the doctrine of metempsychosis, which is a leading doctrine of the Hindoo faith. They teach that the entire universe was created by a Supreme Deity; that the souls of men were before this life existent in a Divine being, into which they will again ultimately be merged after having been purified from all earthly propensities. A profound secrecy is imposed upon all the adherents of the sect as to the immediate forms and observances with which their tenets are bound up; they are subject entirely to the Brahmins in the direction of their domestic affairs, and subsist upon a common stock, which is in the hands of the Brahmans also. There is a marked resemblance in the opinions and observances of this sect to those of the ancient Pythagorians.

The headquarters of the sect of the Ghazi is the town of Ghazipoor, the people of which are said to be notorious for their turbulence and discontent. The principal object of interest in the town is the palace of Sahadah Ali, built at the beginning of the last century as a country residence for a Nawab of that name, one of the royal family of Lucknow, and also for the purpose of exercising some show of constraint over the people of Ghazipoor. This palace is a beautiful specimen of Mogul architecture, and is tolerable preservation, though long since deserted by royalty. A very finely-proportioned arcade, which forms the most picturesque part of the buildings, composes the front and entrance to the body of the palace. It is mounted upon a high terrace of masonry, surrounded with channels for water, and pools and basins of quaint device, in which magnificent jets were once continually playing but which are now dry and choked with rubbish. The palace itself is oblong, and in the centre is a small audience hall tastefully decorated and supported by pillars. The angles of the building terminate in dome pavillions, the windows of which are of white marble trellis work, admirably carved into flowers and running patterns of a purely Eastern character. Parts of the structure are freestone from Chunar, and other parts are built and ornamented with red sandstone, which must have been brought from Allahabad. The site of the palace is particularly fine and commanding, and from the arcade the view up and down the Ganges is varied and extensive. The building is mounted upon a projecting angle of the river bank, which forms an abrupt precipice, and is protected by a parapet wall. Below it are the remains of other stone buildings and fortifications; but the greater part of the available ground has been over run by huts and bazar hovels, together with a few tawdry Hindoo temples painted red and white. Many of these, however which would otherwise prove blots on the landscape, are rendered highly picturesque by overhanging clusters of the feathery bamboo and tamarind, and some of the roofs are thickly covered in with broad-leaved melon plants, the fruit of which is very large, and when ripe of a deep gold colour. Ghazipoor is the station for a corps of English infantry and several officers. The cantonment is prettily laid out, and the climate is good. On the parade ground to the northeast of the town is a monument to Major Cornwallis, who died at this station while on the way to the upper provinces. The English at Ghazipoor are regarded with the most bitter jealousy and suspicion, especially by the Ghazi, to whose influence it is supposed that the restlessness and turbulence of the inhabitants are in a great part due.

The Golden Gate.

A little more then a century ago, while our patriotic forefathers on the Atlantic coast were preparing to rid themselves of the yoke of their oppressors, a few pious monks were unconsciously sowing the seeds of a great empire on the Pacific. It is true that California had been discovered by Cabrillo, the Portuguese navigator, in 1542, and that still later Sir Francis Drake had landed on the coast at Jack's Harbor, to the northward of the now famous city; but it was not until the year 1769 that the magnificent bay of San Francisco was made known to the world by a company of French missionaries, who stumbled upon the prize in their search for an eligible location for a Catholic mission. In their wonder and delight, they named the bay after the patron saint of the Franciscan order, and six years later they founded the Mission of San Francisco, afterward known as the Mission of Dolores, and from that germ has sprung the present proud city, of which it may be said that it never had a youth, but passed from infancy into vigorous manhood almost at a leap.

San Francisco is singularly favoured for the purpose of commerce, in having the only large and deep harbour, easy of access, on the entire coast between Mazatlan and the Strait of Fuca—a distance of two thousand miles The bay is nearly fifty miles long and about nine miles wide, or spacious enough to float the combined navies of the world. The entrance from the Pacific Ocean to the principal harbour is known as the "Golden Gate." It is five miles in length, and is exceedingly picturesque. The shores are bold and rocky, and in its narrowest part the channel is only about one mile in width. On the north side there are elevations in some places of nearly two thousand feet, while on the south hills are from three to four hundred feet high, many of them being covered with shifting white sand.

That this beautiful passageway to the mountains of glittering treasure should be called the "Golden Gate" is oppropriate, but this was not the origin of the name. Long years before the discovery of gold was generally known, the Spanish settlers in their poetic fancy gave it this name because of the gorgeous sunsets that made it seem to be indeed a gate of gold leading to the sea. A short distance south of the "Gate" is a cluster of huge jagged rocks, near the shore, called the "Seal Rocks." Here great numbers of seals may be seen at almost any time sporting in the waves. These animals are under the protection of the law, and are objects of interest to thousands of visitors who drive down from "Frisco" just to see them.

A family is like an equipage. First, the father, the draught horse; next, the boys, the wheels, for they are always running around; then the girls, they are surrounded by fellows? The baby occupies the lap-board; and the mother—well, what's a waggon without a tongue, anyhow?

The *Nature* hears that the coal-mining experiments at Kaiping, in the north of the Province of Chihli, China, are proceeding successfully. The boring has reached a depth of nearly 500 feet, passing through six seams of good coal, one of which is three feet and another eight feet thick. It is proposed to bore to a depth of 550 feet.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Renaissance.

How many young folk—or old folk either for that matter—when they meet with the word Renaissance in their reading know exactly what it means? They have a vague idea, probably, that it refers to something "artistic," or "old time-y;" perhaps even the pretty head-dress of Anne Boleyn, or Michael Angelo's battered face, rises dimly before them; or perhaps some queer high-backed piece of furniture; but that is about all that they really know about it. Is it not so?

The Renaissance is a term generally applied to the period of time embraced in the latter part of the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth; or, to be quite definite, from the fall of the Greek or Byzantine Empire in 1453 to the sacking of Rome in 1527. But it may, with propriety, be made to apply to the time extending from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth. The word "Renaissance" means a new birth. Another form of the word, "Renascence," lately used by some English writers, shows more clearly its Latin origin.

During the long night of the Middle Ages ignorance and superstition had lain like an iron weight upon the human mind; but now some mighty forces seemed to be at work, and there was a great awakening in every direction.

Gunpowder, which came into use about the middle of the fourteenth century, caused a great change in the art of carrying on war, and put an end forever to the feudal system, which was one distinguishing characteristic of the Middle Ages.

Then there was the invention of the compass in 1302 by Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi, a village near Naples. By this it was made possible for sailors to venture further out to sea, and it eventually led to the discoveries in America and the East Indies. The account of these brilliant achievements reads almost like a page from a fairy tale.

The Portuguese were the foremost in all the grand maritime enterprises of the latter part of the fifteenth century. They discovered the Madeira Islands, the Azores, the Cape Verd Islands, and points on the western coast of Africa. It was in the service of the Portuguese king that the brave Bartholomew Dias discovered the southern point of Africa; and afterward, in 1497, that Vasco di Gama first rounded this cape, which proved, indeed, to be one of Good Hope, for it was from here that he sailed to discover the eastern sea-route to that land of silks and spices, of gold and diamonds, the East Indies.

You all know that these bold sons of the Portuguese navigators fired the heart of Columbus with daring to set sail on an unknown sea in order to find a westward passage to the Indies. But his story is so well known to you all that I need make no more than this passing allusion to him.

Not only were great discoveries made on this lower world of ours, but more marvellous revelations still were made in the realm above us. It had long been believed that "this little round o' the earth" was the centre of all created things; but Copernicus proved, a short time before his death in 1543, that the sun was the centre of the solar system. He was aided in his studies by the description of the telescope which Roger Bacon had written in 1250. It is supposed that some of these inventions were known at a much earlier date in Asia. The telescope and gunpowder were known to the Arabians, and from them, no doubt, had Friar Bacon derived his knowledge. It is certain, too, that the compass in some rude shape was known to the Chinese in very early times. They attributed the invention to Hong-ti, grandson of Noah, 1115 B. C.

But still we have to speak of the most wonderful invention which, more than any other, helped on the progress of the Renaissance—the noble art of printing. The Dutch claim it for their countryman, Laurence Koster of Haarlem, while it is generally agreed that Guttenberg of Mayence rightfully divides it with his associates, Faust and Schaeffer. It was the last named who brought metal types into use about the year 1452.

After the fall of the Greek Empire in 1453, numbers of Greek scholars left their homes in the imperial city of Constantine, where the barbarous Turks had established themselves.

They carried with them all their worldly wealth—their precious manuscripts concealed under the folds of their robes. The poor exiles found a warm welcome and a congenial home in Italy, where a taste for classical literature had lately been awakened.

We cannot help thinking how Petrarch, who had died three-quarters of a century before, would have enjoyed the society of these learned Greeks—he who had loved learning so intensely, and had done so much to cultivate a taste for it in others. He died as he had lived among his books, for he was found dead with his head resting upon an open volume.

Now every one seemed smitten with a passionate desire for learning, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of profiting by the instruction of these "wise men from the east.

It was not long before the results of this revival of learning were plainly to be seen. New ways of thinking had come into fashion; a more correct and refined taste had begun to prevail, and thus was effected a complete revolution in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

The new learning was called the "Humanities," and those who cultivated it were called "Humanists;" and rightly, too; for the new learning worked a reform in morals, and so a refinement of manners. The Greek studies of the Humanists led to the translation of the Bible into many of the modern languages, and a purer and more enlightened Christianity was the result.

And so, this movement, the Renaissance, went on. New ideas of religion, new ideas of politics, and of government came into being, and prepared the way for what is called the Modern Epoch. All that is best and sweetest and noblest; all that is most worth having in the life of the present day we owe to it—the "new birth" that came in the fifteenth century.—*St. Nicholas.*

Facts of Value to the House-Wife.—That salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk-porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air overnight.

That clear, boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for the purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wag rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log-house.

That kerosene oil will soften boots or shoes, which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

That kerosene will make your tin kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woollen rag, and rub with it. It will also remove stains from, and clean, varnished furniture.

That cold rain-water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

A new steam cooking-car has been invented for the use of the British army, and one of them was in use at the Horse Guards in London. The other day, while in active operation, it exploded, and the cook and the dinners were distributed around in a very effective but unexpected manner. The cook was badly burned. There was not enough of the car left for purposes of investigation.

"That young lady tried her best to catch your husband before you married him," remarked one lady to another, as a mass of curls and braids, flounces and over-skirts, passed the window at which they were sitting. "I wish she'd got him!" was the quick reply. And then a dead silence fell upon the two, and wonders in crochet-work were accomplished in the next half-hour.

Some malignant slanderer says: "Woman needs no eulogist, she speaks for herself."

Napoleon and Moscow.

It had been prophesied that Russia could not successfully resist Napoleon's attack, even when a much less overwhelming invasion had been contemplated than had now taken place. And those prophecies had come true. The Russians had given up one position after another, had been defeated in the field, and finally had lost their capital. Only one anticipation had remained unrealized. The Russians had refused to acknowledge themselves vanquished by signing a treaty of peace. Their armies still kept the field, and a Landwehr had been set on foot. So far Napoleon's success had fallen short of of his expectation, as it had done before in Spain, where he had likewise been unable to quell the national resistance. It was possible that this obstinacy might so far embarrass Napoleon as to oblige him to give up the capital again, to repass Smolensk, and continue the war in a position nearer to his own frontier. But as this frontier was not, as we are apt to imagine, the frontier of France, but that of Prussia and the Duchy of Warsaw, his position with respect to the enemy would be at li one of enormous superiority. That he would remain at Moscow too long and expose his army to a Russian winter, which might no doubt cause him serious losses, was surely not to be imagined. A leader of his experience would be in no danger of such a miscalculation, and even a leader accustomed to strokes of audacity would, when responsible for so vast an army, be awed into prudence. And thus the firmness of the Russian Czar and nation might be expected only to prolong the war, to give Napoleon such a check as he had received in Spain, to compel him to adopt other means for quelling their resistance, but by no means to cause him any serious disaster, much less such a disaster as might shake the whole fabric of his power. It would carry us far into the history of France if we should try to explain how it could have happened that such vast destinies should depend upon the clearness of judgment of a single man, so that a fit of rashness and eccentricity in Napoleon should change the face of the world and doom millions to death. It is a less intricate question how Napoleon could be capable of making the mistake he made at Moscow. We are to consider that the course he took might have been completely successful. Alexander's firmness might have yielded after a little delay to the clamours of his brother and the entreaties of his mother. Nothing is more characteristic of Napoleon than his vivid conception of the character of those with whom he had to deal. We may imagine that in his mind it was registered as a certainty that Alexander could not be firm. No doubt another General would not have dreamed of staking the existence even of an ordinary army upon the soundness of an impression of this kind. But Napoleon would not have been what he was if he had not over and over again risked everything to obtain a result that could not be gained by ordinary methods. Such a calculation as he new acted upon had succeeded with him many times before. He ought, indeed, to have known that he was not exempt from failure. His Egyptian failure and his blunder in Spain must have cost him many moments of secret chagrin, but the world had been so blind to all this ill-luck and had steadily persisted in regarding him as invincible that he may well have come to believe himself so. Meanwhile, the scale of his affairs had become so gigantic that a single exception to his usual good fortune might have infinite consequences; the slightest aberration in his mind might be represented by the complete transformation of Europe, just as the infinitesimal displacement of a telescope will make a difference of millions of miles in an astronomical calculation. Thus to explain the largest and most sudden reverse of fortune that the world ever saw we have to put together three conditions each unprecedented. First, the course of French history from Louis XIV., through the Revolution to Napoleon, had produced an intense autocracy, unparalled in the history of civilized States; second, this autocracy was wielded by one who, by a very peculiar course of life, had been trained to hazardous strokes of policy and strategy, such as are altogether forbidden to ordinary rulers; thirdly, its affairs were on an unprecedented scale of magnitude.

The Deformities of Children.

No child is more tenderly loved than the unfortunate one, if the misfortune be blindness or deafness or physical malformation. The mother who could come to hate a child on account of his natural misfortunes would be a brute indeed. But few mothers reflect that the child's ill-temper, irreverence, or even graver faults are also the result of natural deformity, and that the child who is always under censure for bad qualities is in reality an object of pity. Not until a parent can be brought to see the matter in this light can there be a right relation between parent and child. Temper is an inherited quality, and can not be broken all at once. The child whose blood is poisoned by some ancestral taint, which may have lain dormant in the generation immediately preceding, needs the comfort and sympathy of father and mother, and gets the rebuffs only.

We knew a family in which the father, in spite of every restraining influence, died in intemperance, two sons perished of delirium tremens, and a third was an inebriate. There was one sober son; and a sister, a refined lady, confessed to her physician that she dared not take any prescription having alcohol in it, her appetite for it was so ungovernable. Here was a clear case of hereditary dipsomania—the sufferers were objects for pity and care more than for reprehension. But unruly tempers and other unpleasant qualities are likewise inherited. We would not relieve any person from a sense of accountability for their failure to govern their passions; we are only reminding parents that the child with the most violent disposition deserves less reproach for a rebellious temper than one naturally more tractable. If you were blamed for not curing the child's fault, your excuse would be that you had done your best. How do you know that the child has not?

Ingrained traits can only be combatted with infinite patience and kindness. That "grievous words stir up anger" is as true now as in Solomon's time, and as true when the grievous words are spoken by a parent as by a stranger. "But I can not wink at the child's badness." Certainly not. That would be indolence. But you can show the child that you have a full appreciation of his misfortune, that you have a sympathy with his struggles and his difficulties. When you have done this, you have taken a grand step toward helping him out of his trouble.

Nothing is of more importance, in dealing with a difficult child, than prompt praise of his earliest endeavour to overcome his fault. Do not measure your commendation by his success but by his endeavour.

The selfish or indolent parent pities himself. "That child will kill me." "I have got to endure his temper year in and year out." Ah! yes; but what has he got to endure? If he live until he is a hundred there will be something left of the old battle yet. If you work from no higher motive than to relieve yourself of annoyance, you can not succeed. But if you so develop the self-scontrol of your child that he will have a permanent advantage in the lifelong warfare with his besetment, you have delivered him from a lifelong bondage.

Consider the patience of teachers in institutions for imbecile children. In some cases, weeks are spent in persuading a child to make one awkward mark with a piece of chalk. Reflect on the time spent in taking the successive steps that bring the drooling idiot up to the level of a man able to care for himself. And is not the victory worth the battle? Is not your patient endeavour to cure a moral defect rewarded by any measure of success, however small? Wherefore cheerfully take your share of the heavy burden of your child, and by bearing it bravely, help him to bear his lifelong load.

Lord Chelmsford, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces at the Cape, is the eldest son of the late nobleman of that name, who was so well known as an ex-Lord Chancellor, and who died only last year. The present holder of the title, who was previously known as the Hon. Frederick Augustus Thesiger, was born in 1827, so that he is now in the 52nd year of his age. He was educated at Eton, and adopting a military profession, he entered the Rifle Brigade in 1844. He became Ensign and Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards, 1845; Lieutenant-Colonel Ninety-fifth foot, 1858; Colonel, 1863, and Major-General, 1877. He served with the Grenadier Guards in the Crimea from the 31st of May, 1855, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol. He has the Crimean medal and clasp, the Sardinian and Turkish war medals, and the Order of the Medjidie. He served in the Indian mutiny with the Ninety-fifth Foot, for which he also possesses the Indian medal. He was acting Deputy Adjutant-General of the Bengal army, 1868-70, and in that capacity was present at the capture of Magdala, having been mentioned in official despatches for "great ability and untiring energy."

PERSONAL.

The Emperor William is the only ruling European sovereign born in the last century.

The Princess Louise, it is said, laughs at a five-mile tramp. So do we, and we accompany the smile with advice to him to tramp on five miles further.

The monument which the Italian people propose to erect to the memory of Victor Emanuel will cost about $2,000,000. It is to consist of a colossal equestrian statue mounted on a triumphal arch. The competition for it is to be thrown open to the world.

Gen. Grotengelm, the Russian commandant of Fort Petro-Alexandrovsk, near Khiva, has received instructions to institute a census of the Khanate, with a view to the introduction of compulsory military service, based upon the Russian model, into the Khan of Khiva's dominions.

Prince Robert Lichnowsky, Prelate of the Pope's household and Dean of Olmutz Cathedral, has bequeathed his immense fortune to the Pope. On the other hand, the *Univers* states that a recent collection for Peter's pence in all the churches in Rome did not produce the expected result.

Michel Vincent, formerly famous in France and this country as the Iron Man, died lately in San Francisco. His strength was enormous, one of his feats being to lift 800 pounds from the floor to his shoulder; but he too often raised a glass of liquor from a bar to his mouth, and died of intemperance.

A recent London paper mentions, as a curious literary fact, that Lord Houghton has not only competed for a literary prize of £5 5s. offered by a weekly newspaper, but has so answered the questions put as to carry off the money. It is curious that so old and opulent a peer as Lord H. should try for such a prize, and equally so that he should get away with the funds.

Baron Albert Grant, who failed in London for nearly $3 000,000, has a family of ten daughters and two sons. His wife is an unpretentious woman, the daughter of a London merchant. He has the ambition of the late James Fisk, Jr., but he never indulged in theatrical speculations for the sake of placing some woman on the stage—a common form of amusement among successful London men.

Dean Stanley, who always seems to be doing pleasant things, recently entertained a large number of Westminster working-men in the old abbot dining-hall of the Abbey. It was in that hall, the dean told them, that the widow of Edward IV. took refuge with her children, against the plots of the Duke of Gloster. The tables at which they dined were of Spanish chestnut, from the wreck of the Armada, and were given by Queen Elizabeth.

Ole Bull when in Madison, Wisconsin, a few days since, celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. O. B. divides his time between Madison and his house in Bergen, in Norway. The latter is on a fairy-like island. Mrs. Bull is a Madison lady, and a capital woman of business, attending to much of the details of his engagements. By-the-way, that was a neat compliment to the violist paid by a celebrated stock-raiser, who named a fine young bull "Ole."

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has during the last ten years secured in the West homes and the means of livelihood for some four hundred and fifty homeless children, at a cost of about $6,700. Within a few days past she has given to the Children's Aid Society $1,500, so be used in sending another colony of twenty homeless boys, aged from six to seventeen years, to homes in the country. This little band consisted chiefly of orphans. The boys sent out in past years are now not only able to support themselves, but some of them well-to-do farmers.

Mr. Bates, the giant, with his giant wife, live in Seville, Ohio, in a house much like other people's houses, only much larger. The doors, windows and shutters are of unusual size. The house is thirty feet wide by ninety-six feet, and nicely furished. Mr. Bates is regarded as a very superior farmer. A few weeks ago his wife gave birth to a child, the second since her marriage with her present husband, and in both instances the child died. If the last child had grown to maturity, it would have been the tallest kind of person. On the day of its birth it measured thirty inches in length and weighed twenty-two pounds. Its chest measure was sixteen inches, and its feet six inches.

Leo XIII. proves to be a vigorous reformer in his own household. He is the implacable enemy of the sinecurists who hold snug places in the Vatican. "No work, no pay," is the meaning of his recent orders, and the alarm created may be readily imagined. In one of the offices of the palace place-holders went to their duties at noon and left at 1 P.M. Their laborious services consisted in placing signatures to a few official documents. Leo is also intent upon abolishing the exorbitant fees which have been for ages the scandal of the Roman Curia. It is an old maxim that nothing can be secured at Rome without money; in fact, the papacy has subsisted on taxes levied upon the Catholic world. One of the arts of the ancient Popes was to enlarge their revenues by the multiplication of fees. The peremptory strictness of the present pontiff will make many unpopular with the crowd of officials who have so long trided on the devotion of the faithful.

The Mikado of Japan has been a defendant in a lawsuit in England. It was, perhaps, the first time that the sovereign of a nation has ever thus figured. British subjects, having a patent an certain bombshells, procured the seizure of a number that had been sent to England for transportation to Japan, on the ground that their pat