

and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure." It is curious how little observant we are of the transition from one season to another. In the Rural Cemetery we see without surprise the last vestiges of last winter's snow and near by the first pale blooms of spring. As the sound of a waterfall grows faint as we journey away from it, winter recedes, while spring approaches like one who enlivens his steps with the notes of a mandolin. We listen to both until the sound of the one is drowned by that of the other. As the spring blooms and are seen near the last lingering snowdrifts in the Rural Cemetery, so in that silent city the few in days with those of many years lie side by side in their last slumber. It may be that when the laws of our being are better understood and observed, all men shall reach their full maturity and death shall come among us only as the reaper goes into the wheat field that is ripe for the sickle.—*St. John Evening Gazette.*

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

WHEN birds salute the loitering dawn
And faint warm sunbeams wake the bee,
From the dim fields of Memory
The veil is year by year withdrawn.
The dear dead Springs revive once more,
And I grow young again;
Sweet is the world again as 'twas of yore;
The thought of parted joys is precious pain.
Woo the pale flowers, blithe bee, sing, rippling voice,
Rejoice, be glad, and I too will rejoice!

When the white pear-bloom lights the wall,
And gilly-flowers embalm the air;
When shining chestnut cases fall
And lilacs cluster fair;
When 'mid the bursting coverts show
The blue-eyed violets and the wind-flowers' snow,
Or starry celandines with shining gold,
The old dead Springs, forgot by all but me,
Their vanished blooms unfold.
Can I forget the buried years?
Not then, not then, shall I forget
Life's fresh dawns dewy-wet.
Sing, thrush, flute, starling, hover, wanton bee,
And let me feel a rapture dimmed by happy tears.

What gives the youngling Spring a tongue to call?
Till with swift step the ghostly Past draws nigh.
Our Midsummers are dumb;
No voice is theirs nor spell which can enthrall;
Their painted garden-glories high and sweet
Blow silently and fleet unheeded by;
No message brings the white rose or the red
From Junes remote and dead.
Nay, even the cloistered lilies virginal
Awake no stirrings of unrest divine.
The autumnal glories fine,
From ripeness to decay
Are mute, and pass away.

The reddening orchards and the yellowing wheat
Steal by with noiseless feet.
The glowing pageant marching voicelessly
On its appointed way till Winter come.
These flower within the Present, or bear fruit;
But all their Past is mute,
And the dead days of winter speak no word
Of years long done, nor touch an answering chord.

But not a snowdrop lights the wintry gloom,
And not a crocus flames from out the grass,
And not a primrose smiles on bank or lea,
And not a cherry hides its sprays in bloom;
But suddenly for me
The grey mists lift, the gathered shadows pass,
The undying Past once more begins to be.
The daisy and the lamb upon the field
Are wonders new-revealed;
Youth's long-strange thoughts return, the world grows
gay,

And with the increasing day
The tide of Time ebbs refluxent, and I seem
To hear again the hurrying, high-voiced stream
Laugh by Life's fountains; for whom long since the deep,
Slow-footed, rolls asleep
Through grey Autumnal marshes to the silent sea.

Then wake, oh world, again,
Dear vanished Springs, revive for young and old,
Shine morning-years with scarce-abated gold;
Return, oh sweet half-pain,
That comest of remembrance of years done.
A little while we tarry 'neath the sun;
Let us not all forget
The treasure of long hope redoubled by regret:
The Springtides of the soul, which in that strange new
birth
Shall blossom once again, if never else on Earth.

—*Lewis Morris, in English Illustrated Magazine.*

ODDITIES and singularities of behaviour may attend genius; when they do they are its misfortunes and its blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them; at least he will never effect to distinguish himself by whimsical peculiarities.—*Sir William Temple.*

HOW JEWS ARE TREATED IN RUSSIA.

LET us suppose a part of our own community subjected to the legal restrictions which now obtain in Russia with regard to the Jew. Our laws on the subject would then read somewhat as follows: "All Jews born in the United States shall be regarded as aliens. No Jews shall dwell in any part of the United States except the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, unless they are graduates of some State university, members of a learned profession, skilled artisans holding certificates from a technical school, or members of a chamber of commerce who pay \$500 a year for that privilege. No Jew shall hold any government or municipal office. No Jew shall buy or rent landed property. All Jews shall pay special taxes in connection with religious services. No synagogue may be opened without the permission of the President of the United States, and no public prayers may be held in any other place than a synagogue. When more than ten Jews wish to meet together for consultation or discussion, they must obtain permission from the municipal authorities. Married Jews who become converted to Christianity are *ipso facto* divorced on conversion; but the wife, if she remains a Jewess, may not marry again. All Jews attaining the age of twenty years shall serve five years in the active army and thirteen years in the reserve, but no Jew may become an officer or even an officer's servant. No Jew shall serve in the navy." Such a condition of affairs as is implied in this paraphrase of the Russian laws affecting Jews is so impossible, so inconceivable, in this country and to us, that we can scarcely imagine it to exist anywhere else. And yet there is no exaggeration in such a paraphrase. The Jew to-day in Russia is hedged around by a set of restrictions as whimsical and as offensive as anything devised by the fanatics of the middle ages, carried out with a savage brutality which is possible only in a half-civilized country. Jews are both heretics and aliens in Russian eyes.—*P. G. Hubert, Jr., in the Forum.*

MANNERS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

THE great majority of Polynesians are excellently mannered; but the Marquesan stands apart, annoying and attractive, wild, shy and refined. If you make him a present he affects to forget it, and it must be offered him again at his going; a pretty formality I have found nowhere else. A hint will get rid of anyone or any number, they are so fiercely proud and modest; while many of the more lovable but blunter islanders crowd upon a stranger and can be no more driven off than flies. A slight or an insult the Marquesan seems never to forget. I was one day talking by the wayside with my friend Hoka, when I perceived his eyes suddenly to flash and his stature to swell. A white horseman was coming down the mountain and, as he passed, and while he paused to exchange salutations with myself, Hoka was staring and ruffling like a gamecock. It was a Corsican who had years before called him *cochon sauvage*—*cocon chauvage*, as Hoka mispronounced it. With people as nice and so touchy it was scarcely to be supposed that our company of greenhorns should not blunder into offences. Hoka, on one of his visits, fell suddenly in a brooding silence, and presently after left the ship with cold formality. When he took me back into favour, he adroitly and pointedly explained the nature of my offence; I had asked him to sell coconuts; and in Hoka's view articles of food were things that a gentleman should give, not sell; or, at least, that he should not sell to any friend. On another occasion I gave my boat's crew a luncheon of chocolate and biscuits. I had sinned, I could never learn how, against some point of observance; and, though I was dryly thanked, my offerings were left upon the beach. But our worst mistake was a slight we put on Toma, Hoka's adoptive father, and in his own eyes the rightful chief of Anaho. In the first place, we did not call upon him, as perhaps we should, in his fine new European house, the only one in the hamlet. In the second, when we came ashore upon a visit to his rival, Taipi-kikino, it was Toma whom we saw standing at the head of the beach, a magnificent figure of a man, magnificently tattooed; and it was of Toma that we asked our question: "Where is the chief?" "What chief?" cried Toma, and turned his back on the blasphemers. Nor did he forgive us. Hoka came and went with us daily; but alone, I believe, of all the country side, neither Toma nor his wife set foot on board the *Casco*.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

DISEASE AND WORK.

FOR the three years 1880-2, the mortality of different occupations has been estimated on the census returns. If we take the mortality of all males as represented by 1,000, we find the clergy so long lived, so much below the average, as to be represented by the figure 556. The farmers are close after them; even the mental strain caused by the weather, the seasons, and free trade, cannot shake their healthiness; they stand at 631. At the opposite end of the scale come the brewers, with no less than 1,361, the innkeepers with 1,521, the butchers with 1,170. It is not difficult, in the two former cases, to account for the high mortality. The danger arising from a tempting proximity to stimulants (which spreads even to coopers) is shown by the number who die of alcoholism, or those various affections of the liver under which such deaths are often classed to avoid hurting the feelings of

relations. Where ten ordinary men, from 25 to 65 years of age, die of alcoholism, no fewer than 25 brewers and 55 publicans are killed by it, and the deaths from liver disease among the latter are six times as numerous as the average. It is a melancholy fact that the mortality of grocers has risen since the right of dealing in wines and spirits was extended to them. In the case of butchers, diseases arising out of drink are again prevalent, and a special source of danger is the accumulation of decaying animal matter in close, ill-ventilated slaughter houses. If we take a lower rank in life—the more truly labouring class—we find great differences between various callings in the matter of health. Filemakers stand at the terribly high figure 1,667, cutlers at 1,309, plumbers at 1,202, earthenware makers at 1,742, the two great industries of cotton and wool at 1,088 and 1,032 respectively, chimney sweeps (among whom cancer is extraordinarily prevalent, accounting for 202 deaths per thousand, as against 36 for England and Wales) at 1,519, printers, who suffer greatly from consumption, at 1,071, bookbinders, who work, as a rule, in a detestable atmosphere, at 1,167, tailors at 1,051, and shoemakers at the comparatively favourable figure 921.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE most valuable gift which can be bestowed upon women is something to do, which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves.—*James A. Garfield.*

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half as useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one man of sense. He that will carry nothing about him but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change.—*Pope.*

PHOTOGRAPHS for determining the motions of moving animals and flying birds are now taking on a travelling band of sensitized paper by means of intermittent flashes of light, and the movement of the paper in the focus of the camera is controlled by an electro magnet.

THE annual convention of the National Educational Association of the United States for the present year will be held at Toronto, July 14th to 17th, and as it will on this occasion be of an international character, it promises to be the most successful meeting of the series. Most of the railroads have agreed to give half-rates, plus \$2.00 membership fee to all who attend the meeting, this rate being open to the public generally as well as the teachers. Toronto people are making great preparations to welcome and entertain the visiting teachers, and numerous cheap excursions are being arranged to all important points on the great lakes, the St. Lawrence and the sea-side, after the convention, which will afford to teachers the best opportunity for enjoying their summer holidays they have ever had. The official Bulletin, containing programme for the meeting, railway arrangements, and all other particulars, is ready, and will be sent free to any one desiring it, on their dropping a post-card to Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary Local Committee, Toronto.

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