

certain corner of the street near the great square in front of the Cathedral, you will be sure to find Carlito and Luzita sitting under their awning selling fruit; and, if you can talk with them, you will learn that every word of this story of two hard-working little Indians is true.—*Harper's Young People.*

WATER.

There are few things endowed with more marvellous properties, or which are less studied and understood, than water. The artist, indeed, appreciates its value in one respect, as an element of the picturesque, capable of giving life and splendour to the landscape. The lover of rural life is also sensible of its charms, whether it murmurs in a brook, rolls in a foaming cataract, or expands into the silvery mirror of a lake. Hence the painter and the poet have vied with each other, to celebrate these emanations of creative kindness. But higher and deeper thoughts than any which external beauty can suggest, fill the mind that contemplates the internal constitution of this Protean liquid. Though in mass it is incompressible, and able to burst a passage through the strongest metal or rock, yet its particles form a fluid assemblage, softer than ermine, and yielding to the lightest touch. Obedient to the laws of gravitation, it enjoys singular prerogatives. Each invisible atom presses solely for itself, neither giving nor receiving aid from its associates. It weighs not only, like solids, from above downwards, but laterally and upwards with equivalent gravity. Possessed of perfect mobility, it never wearies in its journey, till it reaches the level plane of repose. Without shape, it is susceptible of every figure, and the parent of myriads of crystalline forms. Capable of being aggregated in an ocean mass, yet renouncing its cohesive attraction before the feeblest power, it becomes divisible into the rarest exhalation. It exerts at one time an impulsive force, nearly irresistible, before which even the mountain bows its head, and crumbles into dust, and at another, it gives way to the light canoe. Just dense enough to float the pine, and afford a buoyant highway for ships, it is rare enough to permit the fleetest motions of its finny tribes. Had it been more attenuated, it would not have served the navigator, and if either denser or rarer, in a very slight degree, fish could not have swum in it.

This water, by its mysterious tenuity, loosens the indurated soil, enters the invisible pores of plants, passes freely through all their vessels, expands in the filmy blossom, and is an element of the fleeting aroma. But these fluid particles can be chained together in the firmest cohesion; in which state it may exhibit either the hardness of rock, or the softness of eider-down. Enormous blocks of water thus stand in immovable columns, surmounting the loftiest pinnacles of our globe. How different are these from the soft, insinuating liquid, which is the circulating medium of all organic life!—*Ure.*

AFTER MARRIAGE.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint so long as he can help it at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she who would have been willing enough in the sweet eagerness to please her girlish love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured

when at last a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning! "We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was the question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride not long ago! and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counselling proved not a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses and lain upon the lilies of life." I am speaking not of marriages that are no marriages—when Venus has wedded Vulcan, because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together for love's sake to learn the lesson of life and to live together until death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the rosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help and make her small sacrifices for the general good. Try her and you will see. *Our Continent.*

WHAT IS LIFE?

Life is not living
Just for to-day,
Life is not dreaming
All the short way.

To live is to do
What must be done;
To work and be true,
For work is soon done.

'Tis living for others,
To lighten their load,
'Tis helping your brothers
And trusting in God.

FALSIFICATION OF BRANDY.

A lamentable picture has been drawn in a recent report of the American Consul at Rochelle, of the falsifications of brandy which, it appears, in the last three years has undergone a complete transformation, and is no longer brandy, the greater portion being prepared from alcohol, of grain, potatoes, or beet. The most unsatisfactory circumstance is that even the merchants who desire to purchase a pure cognac cannot be certain that they do so, for the proprietors of the vineyards, all of whom are distillers, have become so clever in the manipulation of alcohol and the accompanying drugs that they deliberately make a brandy of any required year or quality. The mention of the year 1840 or 1876, for instance in an invoice, or on a label, means simply that the article is presumed to have the taste or colour of the brandies of those years.

It is, moreover, becoming a custom to sell the brandy in twelve bottle cases, marked with one, two, or three stars, according to the presumed quality, thus avoiding any compromising mention of year or place of production. Some of the manufacturers import the small raisins from the East and make what they call brandy from the juice, there being at least one such establishment in operation at Cognac. Apart from the unsatisfactory purchase of a brandy which is not a brandy, drinkers should seriously consider what are the properties of the liquid which they are so complacently imbibing. It is simply an active poison, the imported alcohol, which is known to trade as *trois six*, being of 90° strength, and sold at a little less than three francs a gallon. Its characteristic effect is to produce an intoxication in which the patient is especially inclined to rage and physical violence, while insanity of an obstinate and almost hopeless form, is the inevitable consequence of a prolonged use of it. It is said that the great increase of violent and brutish crimes in France may be traced to the drinking of this brandy and absinthe. The slang term for a

glass of Cognac is *petrole*, and for coffee with cognac, *un grand devil*. Not only in France but in other countries, and even in the United States, these liquors are producing a condition of national alcoholism of the worst kind, far beyond the ordinary drunkenness arising from unadulterated intoxicating drinks.

NO MORE WEeping.

The glorified weep no more, for all outward causes of grief are gone. There are no broken friendships nor blighted prospects in heaven. Poverty, famine, peril, persecution and slander are unknown there. No pain distresses; no thought of death or bereavement saddens. They weep no more, for they are perfectly sanctified. No "evil heart of unbelief" prompts them to depart from the living God; they are without fault before his throne, and are fully conformed to His image. Well may they cease to mourn who have ceased to sin. They weep no more, because all fear of change is past. They know that they are eternally secure. Sin is shut out and they are shut in. They dwell within a city which shall never be stormed; they bask in a sun which shall never set; they drink of a river which shall never dry; they pluck fruit from a tree which shall never wither. Countless cycles may revolve, but eternity shall not be exhausted, and while eternity endures, their immortality and blessedness shall co-exist with it. They are forever with the Lord.

They weep no more, because every desire is fulfilled. They cannot wish for anything which they have not in possession. Eye and ear, heart and hand, judgment, imagination, hope, desire, will, all the faculties are completely satisfied. And imperfect as our present ideas are of the things which God hath prepared for them that love him, yet we know enough, by the revelation of the Spirit, that the saints above are supremely blessed. The joy of Christ, which is an infinite fulness of delight, is in them. They bathe themselves in the bottomless, shoreless sea of infinite beatitude. That same joyful rest remains for us. It may not be far distant. Ere long the weeping willow shall be exchanged for the palm branch of victory, and sorrow's dew-drops will be transformed into pearls of everlasting bliss. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Can we not exclaim with Dr. Watts:

"Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more.
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again."

C. H. Spurgeon.

THE GORILLA.

The gorillas are the terror of Africa. In the gorilla country no lion will live. They are man-haters, and kill them for the love of it, leaving the body, never eating it. When they spy a negro they come down from a tree, hit him on the head with a club, which they wield with their hind claw, or carry him up into the tree, there to murder him. Their strength is so great that they will bend the barrel of a rifle. Only one live one was ever brought to England, and that soon died. Several have been shot, but they are tough customers, and the natives dread them more than any animal of the African forests. The gorilla makes a bed like a hammock, and swings in the trees. The gorilla is the sworn enemy of the elephant, because each derives subsistence from the same source. When he sees an elephant pulling down and wrenching of the branches of a favourite tree, the gorilla steals along the boughs, strikes the sensitive proboscis of the elephant a terrible blow with his club, and drives off the clumsy and startled giant, shrilly trumpeting his pain and rage through the jungles of the forest,