

"I can never forgive myself," said Hugh brokenly. "Oh, that I could recall the past!"

An early hour the next day saw the father and son on their way to E—. Hugh was almost sick with suspense, and his heart beat nearly to suffocation when at length they reached the house of the oculist.

They waited for some time in a small parlour, and then a servant came to them with the message that the doctor was at leisure to see them.

Hugh started up to accompany his father, taking it as a matter of course that he should be present at the consultation; but Mr. Haven said quietly.

"I'd rather go in alone, dear boy. It's better so, I think," and took the arm of the servant, who led him through the hall to the doctor's consultation room at the back of the house.

Left alone, Hugh could not sit still, so great was his anxiety and suspense. He walked restlessly up and down the room, wondering why his father stayed so long.

Mr. Haven came back at last, but so pale and haggard that Hugh sprang to his side in alarm.

"Well, father, well?" he cried, "what did the doctor say?"

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, dear boy," answered the old man, shaking as if with the palsy, "for he said—he said it was too late, Hugh."

"Too late!" repeated Hugh hoarsely. "Yes; he said if I'd come six months ago, or even three, he might have done something for me, but now my eyes have become so diseased it is of no use for him to try."

For one moment Hugh gazed at his father, silent and motionless, except for the quivering of his lips. Then he staggered to a chair and threw himself upon it.

"It can't—it can't be true!" he gasped.

Mr. Haven made no answer. He listened a moment, and as Hugh remained silent, he groped his way with both hands to the chair where his son sat, his face buried in his hands. "Don't feel so terribly about it, dear boy," he said. "I've grown used to the darkness now, and I sha'n't mind it if you stay with me, Hugh."

These few words settled Hugh Haven's future career. In one moment he renounced the hopes, ambitions, and plans of years, and resolved to expiate his sin by putting his shoulder to a wheel which he could move only at the cost of every thought of self.

He settled down on the farm, and under his judicious care and industry it flourished as it had never done before; he was the comfort and stay of his father's declining years, a man respected and esteemed in the community, beloved by rich and poor alike; and he might have been happy as the years passed by but for the constant reminder in his father's blindness of that fatal weakness of his boyhood, by which he had been taught such a bitter lesson, and which filled his heart with a sorrow which he carried to his grave.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

#### HOW IT FEELS TO BE INSANE.

I was once insane, and I often muse over my experience. There are, of course, many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case. One evening, after an oppressively hot day, when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since. I sat in my porch fanning myself. "This arm that is now in motion," I mused, "must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be." Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality. I could do things that other people could not accomplish. I had gone through battle after battle, and though bullets sang and struck around me thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. My idea gained strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. No, this cannot be, for death follows all men alike. Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe that it is my duty to make the most of life; to make money, and enjoy myself, and to educate my children. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises. At last I hit upon radishes. They should be in every store. They should be dried and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as "the radish king." I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes, and travel around and be admired. I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said:

"Julia, how would you like to be a radish queen?"

"A what?" she exclaimed.

I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared that she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I knew that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I became known as the radish king. The old man approached me with much concern, and told me that I needed rest, and that I must not think of business. Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking around, I saw the old man following me. From the field I went to the village. I approached a prominent citizen who had always been my friend, and told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed mean that he should take advantage of me, and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me so mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us. I tried to calm myself but could not. Those who had been my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged, but before I could execute my will I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him. I was taken to gaol; my wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial,

but no lawyer would defend me. Then I realized that the entire community was against me. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor and held me there. Men came, after a long time, and took me away, I thought to the penitentiary. One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite it. She made the hair fly, but I killed her. I don't know how long I remained there, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to me the first time that I had seen the great luminary for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me, he exclaimed: "Thank God!" and grasped my hand. I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face towards home. A physician said that I was cured, and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery. I boarded a train, with a gentleman, and went home. My wife fainted when she saw me, and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children, and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.—*Col. Weekly, in Arkansas Traveler*.

#### MEAN PEOPLE.

One of the oddest things in the world is the fact that mean people do not know that they are mean, but cherish a sincere conviction that they are the souls of generosity. You will hear them inveighing loudly against a neighbour who does not come up to the standard of a generous man, and decrying the sin of hoarding and withholding, without being sensible in the least that they are condemning themselves. They are usually people who are not in the habit of self-criticism, and if they were not amusing, they would be the most aggravating class alive. Moreover, they are generally people who are not only willing to receive, but who demand a great deal at the hands of others; yet the example of their friends in giving and lending never seems to strike them as at variance with their own line of conduct, and if by any chance they part with a farthing, it appears to them a more magnanimous act than the founding of a hospital by another. The mean person must be brought to a lively sense of the need before opening her purse; as for beggars, she disapproves of them altogether; they are as pestiferous as the mosquito, in her eyes, and ought to be legislated out of existence.

We do not, however, always find the mean person among the rich; she is quite as likely to be poor; indeed, one of the great disadvantages of poverty is that it often obliges one to seem small—obliges one to think of the candle-ends when one would prefer to think of better things. Money does not make a person mean necessarily, or we should not all be struggling so desperately to obtain it; it ought rather to be a preventive. The disease lies in the disposition of the individual, and it is doubtful if any ulterior circumstance can eradicate it; and while in this view we may easily forgive her, we yet find her vastly inconvenient to deal with. If she is the employer, the mean woman is apt to get as much work from her servants for the least money as possible. On some pretext or other, she detains her seamstress after her regular days work is over, underpays her wash-woman, or exchanges old duds for clean linen; keeps the servant's fire low, or pays her wages with cast-off finery. Sometimes, indeed, it is the servant who gives poor work for liberal payment; sometimes it is the husband who dines sumptuously at his club, while his family sit down to spare diet; sometimes it is the landlord who obliges the tenant to make his own repairs or go shabby; sometimes it is the neighbour who borrows but never lends; the manufacturer who adulterates food or drugs; the step-mother who feeds the children on skimmed milk; the mother-in-law who grudges her son's wife the fallals she has not been used to; or the daughter-in-law who makes her husband's mother feel like a stranger in her home. Indeed, meanness is such an unlovely trait that it is no wonder we all disown it.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

#### BRIGHT COLOURS FOR AUTUMN.

It is quite evident that there is to be no toning down in the coming season; everything that is shown is bright with colour, and as decided as could be wished. Among the more prominent of the colours that are already shown as specially suitable to the approaching season, and those which will be the first choice for early autumn wear are the various shades of gray, some of which have blue tinges; others are of a pure silver shade, while others are mixtures of black or brown with white. Steel gray, with its bluish tone, which was once so popular, is revived again, and will be a favourite colour this season, beating, in fact, all the grays. Following closely after this comes the iron gray, then the smoke gray with its brown tone, and the granite or pure stone colour; turtle-dove is also another favourite shade of gray, and is shown in the new materials for both dresses and bonnets.

After this come the browns, blues, greens, and copper reds, with the always popular dark garnet and cardinal shades. The blues are most of them pure and simple shades, sapphire, marine, and azure, with some of the electric blues that show a gray ashen tint under that colour. In browns, which have appeared in force, there are the light shades in the natural tints of sandal-wood and of the castor beaver furs, while darker browns have reddish hues, and are called by the old-fashioned name of autumn leaf brown, which, by the way, are very different from the terra cotta browns of last season. Havana browns are seen again following up their success of the spring, and there is a good deal of the last season's copper colour also appearing. The dead leaf and chestnut browns have no gleam of red in their folds, but they are pure in colour and dark in shade, darker even than the seal brown. There are one or two shades of golden brown that are very pretty, and will be very becoming to almost every style of complexion and prettiness.—*Boston Advertiser*.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

IN 1880 there were 75 female and 64,062 male lawyers in the United States.

THE Bishop of Rochester, England, is about to make a tour of the United States.

THE impaired health of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon prevents him from being vigorous in his delivery.

THE Rev. Isaac Nelson, M.P., has intimated his intention to resign his seat for the county of Mayo.

IN PÈRE Hyacinthe's church the deacons who pass the plate say "Thank you" to those who contribute.

PROF. MONVERT declares that the "Salvation Army is the most powerful dissolvent of churches that can be found."

THE Earl of Carnarvon contributes an article on "The Art of Preaching," to the current number of the "National Review."

FOR the first time a marriage has been celebrated in Bristol church, the oldest in connection with the U. P. denomination in Edinburgh.

THE author of "John Inglesant," Mr. Shorthouse of Birmingham has another work, "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," in the press.

A writer in the Oban "Times" says that the only man of true scholarship who adheres to faith in Macpherson's Ossian is Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie.

JONATHAN C. BOWLES, who recently died as a pauper in the Cleveland Infirmary, was twice worth \$100,000. He lost both fortunes in speculations.

JUST north of El Paso, Texas, there is a bold and picturesque mountain. On the day of the Java disaster a gentleman on this mountain heard rumblings in its recesses, and felt a number of severe shocks.

IT is said that Rev. Stephen Gladstone draws a larger stipend, more than £7,000, from his rectory of Hawarden than his father receives as Prime Minister.

MR. WADDY, M.P., who is resting with his family at Eastbourne, has been preaching eloquent sermons to large congregations in the Wesleyan chapel there.

CETEWAYO, in a letter of condolence to Miss Colenso, calls her father "the Zulu Moses," and asks her to pray that God may send a Joshua to continue his work.

AN Albany firm have utilized tin scraps. They make wrought plate dovetails for stove legs, and utilize from six to eight tons of scraps every month for this purpose.

THE Rev. G. J. Cowley Brown has been formerly instituted by the Bishop of Edinburgh as successor to Bishop Sanford in the incumbency of St. John's, Edinburgh.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, who has been a total abstainer for six years, finds that "work may be done more vigorously, and with less fatigue, without wine than with it." He has never smoked in his life.

THE Rev. J. Ossian Davies, lately settled as the pastor of a London church, and whose preaching is attracting large congregations, began life as a compositor and was at one time editor of a Welsh newspaper.

THE Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., of New York, who has been the guest of Sir Peter Coats at Auchendrane, preached on a recent Sunday in the Memorial Church at Minnishant, Ayrshire, of which county he is a native.

CAPTAIN JOHN ERICSSON, the Swedish inventor who, in 1829, competed with George Stephenson for the prize locomotive, is now devoting his energies to the perfection of his submarine torpedo boat. He is in his eighty-first year.

THE Rev. Benjamin Waugh, editor of the "Sunday Magazine," has resumed ministerial work at New Southgate with so much success that a hall is being erected at a cost of £2,000. Temperance work is a main feature in the enterprise.

THE Rev. J. Sydney Boucher, principal of the training college at Carnarvon, whose refusal to admit a student who had been baptized by a Nonconformist minister formed the subject of a question in the House of Commons, has resigned his appointment.

THE revenue of the deanery of the Chapel Royal in Scotland is £2,000 a year, which, since the disendowment of pre-lacy, has been treated as part of the patronage of the Crown, and since 1863 it has been apportioned to the five theological professors in the universities.

GAELIC is not yet obsolete in Perthshire. Mr. Frank Rae of Edinburgh has again been elected to the pastorate at Aberfeldy, but the Presbytery refuse to moderate in a call to him, as six elders, four deacons, and ninety-five members petitioned for the selection of a Gaelic-speaking minister.

SIGNOR GAVAZZI has been preaching and lecturing in Scotland on behalf of the Gospel and Italy. On the Sabbath he usually, in spite of advancing years, takes three services, where he can find as many separate churches to speak in; and he still holds forth with marvellous energy.

THE progress of the higher education of women in England is indicated by the fact that the principal of one of the two halls of which Newnham consists is a daughter of the Prime Minister, while her predecessor was a niece of Lord Salisbury. The principal of Girton is a niece of the late Lord Lawrence.

A publican, a witness in a case recently heard at Preston, England, said the profit on spirits was about 100 per cent.; and another, in the trade all his life, stated that for an expenditure of £100 there ought to be a return of £200, for after rent, rates and taxes were paid there should be a net profit left of forty or fifty per cent.

CHARLES GOODNIGHT has the largest cattle ranch in the world at the head of Red River, Texas. He began buying land four years ago, getting 270,000 acres at thirty-five cents an acre. The price has risen to \$2 an acre. He is still buying. He controls 700,000 acres. To enclose his lands 250 miles of fence is required. He has 40,000 cattle.