

CYNICAL WRITER.—There is a great charm for most people in antiquity, always excepting the choosing of a wife.

NOW AND THEN.

O the days, and O the dances,  
Of that olden,  
Golden  
Time!  
Swords and lances,  
Tender glances,  
Love and laughter, war and rhyme,  
Made the wide world all romances,  
Life a song, a wedding chime!

Ho, sad Sir, I match the Present  
With your dusty,  
Rusty

Time!  
Knight and peasant,  
Cross and crescent,  
These have passed, but *Life's old chime*  
Rings the same, now sad, now pleasant—  
Tears, love, laughter, joy and crime.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

IN THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A lady who was wounded in the Chatsworth disaster was in the rear car with her husband when the accident occurred. A short time after they left Persia a party of six young people entered, and in order that they might have seats together the lady and her husband removed to the far end of the car. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young man and his bride, who took the places so kindly given up, were both instantly killed a few hours later. The lady says that she thinks the young people belonged to a choir of concert singers, and were now off for recreation and rest. They were all very merry, and sang and laughed and told stories—anticipating the pleasures of the journey—until late in the night. Nearly every one in the car except the joyful party was quiet, when some one requested the young bride to sing "Sweet hour of prayer." At first there was a tremor in the sweet voice, but it grew stronger as she proceeded. When—

"In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,"

rang out clear and firm, other voices instinctively joined in the old familiar song. People awakened out of their sleep, sat upright or leaned forward to catch the plaintive words that trembled upon the pure, young lips.

As the train sped on in the darkness, far down the track the gleam of the death-dealing fire appeared, but the voices that swelled forth in a glad burst of song—