

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
AGONY POINT.

He sat in the elegant gilded saloon
Where the elite of beauty and fashion were found;
But no more cared he than the man in the moon
For the charms and the grace which encompassed him round.

All around him bright faces their happiness showed
When music arose with its rapturous strain;
But no sign of pleasure on his features glowed,
In fact they seemed rather expressive of pain.

And one sang a song which enchanted all ears,
But sad thoughts in him were inspired by the strain,
For his eyes seemed as if they were bursting with tears
To lighten the anguish that burned his brain.

His lips were compressed, his glances were strange,
His hand he oft nervously pressed to his side;
But no matter how often his features may change,
They told always of agony struggling with pride.

His friends saw his trouble, and one, making bold,
Demanded the cause of his evident grief:
"Alas!" said the sufferer, "I've got a bad cold
And I find I've forgotten my handkerchief."

"TOM BROWN."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

My name is Sampson Toggins; the Rev. Sampson Toggins. I am a regular ordained Preacher of the Gospel; that's what I am.

I regard my mission as the highest on earth, and I think that all preachers of the Gospel are the most important class of men in the world, and should be treated with the utmost consideration and respect.

I don't believe in the sentiments of the present day at all. They are altogether too loose, too material, too worldly, too foolish, too trifling, too nonsensical. I believe in something solid—the real old dogmas which a man can pin his faith to, without any of your new-fangled notions.

I wear a solemn face, always, wherever I am. I hardly ever smile; and, when I do, I feel afterwards that I have committed a sin against high heaven. Though the summer sun shines ever so brightly, and the summer birds sing ever so gaily, and the summer flowers bloom ever so beautifully,—yet, I feel it my solemn duty as a preacher of the Gospel, to look sober and serious. I feel that I and all mankind are "worms of the dust," and I don't believe we have any right to be happy. This world was designed to be the abode of sin and suffering, and, therefore, none of us can afford to be gay.

I dislike to hear the loud laugh of children. They have no idea what is before them, or they would feel very different; and I feel it my duty as a preacher of the Gospel to tell them what they have got to suffer when they grow up, if, perchance, I may put an end to their silly mirth. I like sedate children, who have pale faces and a sober mien—these rosy-cheeked youths are so heedless and so foolish, and romp about as if they had no idea of the great end for which they were created. I like a boy who never laughs, who has no spirit, who always looks awed when he sees a preacher of the Gospel, and who never thinks of indulging in childish pranks. I like a little girl who sits down all day with her mother, and listens to all the wise instruction that is offered her; who folds her hands politely over one another, and is always ready to say her "verses" when asked to do so. There is no nonsense about such boys and girls as these. They grow up into solid men and women, who always know how to treat with proper respect a preacher of the Gospel.

I am opposed to all ornament, or anything that is not thoroughly useful. I don't believe much in flower-gardens, and such things; far better to spend one's time in reading one's Bible and reflecting on the vanity of all things here below. I am strongly opposed to this custom of playing on the piano and other instruments; it is a mere waste of time. Young women should be fitting themselves for the solemn realities of life. Knowing how to play on the piano or to trail flowers will be of little service "when we come to die." Remember that, young woman.

I hold all amusements in righteous abhorrence; I don't know what will become of the world if a great change does not soon take place. I regard the theatre and the ball-room as the direct instruments of the devil; wicked and abominable, and subversive of all godliness and religion. I consider card-playing as no better than robbery and blasphemy. It is the first step to crime and misery. I never knew a young man who indulged in card-playing escape the felon's doom. It is the inevitable result of such heinous sin.

I am opposed to all instrumental music in churches. I believe it directly at variance with the teachings of Scripture. I believe it is wicked; I believe it is profane; I believe it is productive of mischievous results. I allow no instrumental music in my church, and I pity and pray for all those who so far forget their duty as to do so. I would like to tear their organs out of their churches and crush them under my feet. What a degenerate age is it that we live in!

I regard the free-thinking sentiments of the present day as the bane of the world; I feel that unless there comes a great change, and men's thoughts are curbed in some way, that we shall all go to destruction. Free thinking! A man should not think at all. What right has any man to think? What does he know about anything? Who knows about these things except the preacher of the Gospel? What right has anybody to form opinions of his own? Is it not enough for him to take his opinions from those who are appointed to preach the Gospel? Free-thinking is the first step to infidelity, and hence to the regions of despair! We hear a great deal about science; well, I never took the trouble to consider matters of that kind; my time has been better employed; I have been trying to make men sober and solemn; but, I care nothing about what science teaches or what scientific men may say. We have got the Bible, and that is all we want. No matter whether we can understand it or not; no matter whether science can throw any light upon its teachings; we don't want any more light; we must stick to the letter. The 1st Chapter of Genesis says this world was made in "six days," and that is enough for me. I believe this world was made in just six days, and I will stick to that though all the scientific men in the world say otherwise.

I don't allow the members of my church to think at all. If they ask me any idle questions about any dark passages I tell them we have no business bothering our heads with such things at all, and that it is wicked and base; if any persist in speculating, as soon as I get anything tangible against him,

I turn him out—right straight out, and there's an end of it. That's what I do, and methinks other preachers of the Gospel can well take pattern of me.

I have a family of children, and I have ever felt it my duty to train them up in the way they should go. I allow them to indulge in none of the idle fooleries of the day. My daughters have something else to do beside playing on the piano, or drawing and painting. I see to it that they attend to the interests of their souls. I make them read John Bunyan and John Calvin, and Clarke's Commentaries; I feel it necessary to administer a certain amount of castigation to all my children. We are commanded not to "spare the rod," and it must needs have a salutary effect on their minds.

I want my sons to avoid all diversions and amusements, and renounce all companionship save that of the wise and the serious. I wish my daughters to abjure the empty vanities of social life. I would thank those who are depraved enough to turn their drawing-rooms into ball-rooms to omit insulting any of my family with invitations. When my daughters arrive at the age of discretion I see to it that they forthwith become members of my church, and, as soon as they are enrolled, I direct that they should abstain from all connection with the wild and giddy girls with whom they formerly associated. Contact must be injurious. There must be separation from "the world."

When I travel about I expect to be entertained and waited upon by all good people among whom I may be thrown. When I find myself in a strange place I enquire for a preacher of the Gospel, and, if there be none near, for the leading church officer; I proceed then to his residence, and walk right in, merely knocking to gain admission. I enter the room, and place my hat on the table and my carpet-bag on a chair, and then inform the Mistress or otherwise that I am a preacher of the Gospel—a servant of the Lord. They generally proceed at once to attend to my wants. This is right. It is their duty, for which they will be blessed. If they are careless, or neglect to provide for my comfort, I immediately say that I wish for some nourishment to sustain this dying, decaying nature, and they are driven to answer my needs. I always like those who are cheerful in their service on preachers of the Gospel.

I dislike the fashion which some ministers have now of talking perpetually of mercy and love. These are all very well in their place, but it is the justice unbending justice that we want held up. I believe the only way we can raise poor fallen humanity is by fear. Men are so bad by nature, and so prone to sin, that we must frighten them into godliness. We must give them the thunders of Sinai, and the awful "terrors of the Law." In my sermons I like to ring out such words as "gall of bitterness," "besom of destruction," "outer darkness," "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth," "perdition," "damnation," and such like. I see 'em wince under 'em, and then I know that the Gospel is having its power, and doing its work.

I always dress in solemn black clothes, buttoned up to the very chin. I wear my hair long and let my beard grow long; it gives me a more weird and grave aspect. I see wicked boys who laugh and play, turn aside with fear when I come near. Little girls, who do not love good things, but romp and are merry, run away as soon as they see me. But I do my duty and am happy, and that is the only happiness known on this earth.

I sometimes get insulted. Not long since one of these wicked free-thinkers said I was "a narrow-minded bigot, and knew no more of the spirit of Christianity than a block of wood." I rose high in the spirit; a righteous wrath arose in my breast. I stepped forward and I—

"Joel!—Joel!"

I sprang up suddenly. "What is it, Clara?"

"What ails you to-night, Joel—you are making the greatest fuss, and moaning and talking as if in a nightmare?"

"Where am I?" I exclaimed all in confusion. "Have I been dreaming? O, I see now, I have had a horrid dream. Yes, Clara, I thought I was a regular hard-shell preacher, and was getting terribly worked up. But, thank fortune, it is a dream; I am not the 'Rev. Sampson Toggins,' after all, but Joel Phipps, as usual."

"It all comes of that nasty rum-punch," said my wife.

And to tell the truth I expect it does, but I must keep it up in the interest of marital discipline. Yes, I must.

JOEL PHIPPS.

Music and the Drama.

Tamberlik receives from Maretzek \$100,000 for eighty-four nights.

Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's, has been hunting up new stars in Italy, and has just picked up two, with whom he has made an engagement for seven years. Their names are Camero, tenor and—It sounds like a joke—Giallo Perkins, a basso profundo, with one of the finest voices possible. The latter has been eagerly sought for by many managers. A correspondent who has heard him sing, says:—"Giallo Perkins, I may safely say, has one of the deepest and most flexible bass voices I ever heard." Within an hour after the tenor, Camero, was engaged. Mr. Mapleson was offered by a Mexican opera-house director \$16,000 to cede his bargain.

Further information has been made public in England respecting the National Training School for Music which is to be established in connection with the Royal Albert Hall, under the auspices of the Society of Arts. Admission to the school is to be open to persons of all classes of society by competitive examination. Three hundred scholarships are to be founded, affording not only gratuitous instruction, but free maintenance for students. The fee for education without maintenance will be about £35, and the boarding of the scholars is to be carried on independently from the school. The school is to be managed by a committee consisting of two members appointed by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, two members appointed by the Albert Hall Council, and three appointed by the Council of the Society of Arts. The Committee thus formed consists of the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Clarence Paget, Major-General Eardley Wilmot, Mr. Henry Cole, Major Donnelly, and Sir William Anderson.

Brougham and Little Eldridge will abandon the stage for the rostrum this winter.

The repertoire of the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe includes thirteen of the old standard operas, three that are more rarely performed in this country ("Huguenots," "Otello," "Mignon"), and three new ones, (Thomas' "Hamlet," Verdi's "Aida," and Wagner's "Lohengrin").

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Diphtheria. Call for Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid.

Miscellaneous.

Domestic Concessions.

"I found it very inconvenient, and a great loss of time," said Chateaubriand, "to dine before seven o'clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o'clock, and insisted upon that hour. After many arguments and many heated discussions we finally compromised upon six o'clock—an hour which was very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call domestic concessions."

A Prophetic Dream.

The New London Telegram relates the following remarkable instance: David G. Stratton and wife, who were visiting relatives in this city at the time, both dreamed on Sunday night of the destruction by fire of Mr. Stratton's store in Birmingham. Both awoke from their sleep, told each other their dreams, and expressed fears for the safety of the property. On Monday Mr. Stratton received a telegram informing him that his store was burned the night before.

The Origin of the Bayonet.

Some disputing has been going on lately in the columns of the Antiquarian as to the origin of the bayonet. The Welsh, it seems, claim to have made the English chivalry tremble at Bosworth by the judicious use of the bayonet, but it was most likely the pike. The first allusion to bayonets in the British army occurs in a military warrant of Charles II., dated April 2nd, 1672, of which an account is given in Carter's *Curiosities of War*, p. 239.

The Christian Chinese.

One incident of the wreck of the Iowa railroad train that appeared to escape the reporter's pencil heretofore, was the conduct of the Chinese students in the rear car. The sudden stop piled them in an indiscriminate heap on the floor of their coach, and there they laid during the melee, mourning in choice Chinese, and swearing in choicer English. A Californian, one of those untamable wags that no disaster can disconcert, sagely assured them that there was nothing unusual in that way of stopping, in fact, that all trains east of Omaha would come to a halt in the same manner. Chung Fy Ong, one of the attendants, expressed the opinion that it was "one hellee country," and the Mongolian howl was renewed.

A Pointed Question.

A lady was stopping recently at a Chicago hotel with her little son. The boy was not perfectly satisfied with matters and things at the dinner-table, and expressed himself frequently to that effect. The mother finally rose and remarked in an under tone to the youthful offender, "Come with me up stairs and I will attend to your case." The lad understood at once what "attending to his case" meant, but there was an important matter of detail which he was painfully anxious to have more fully explained; so pulling backward on the hand of his mother, he blubbered out in a voice loud enough to be heard over most of the well-filled dining-room, "Say mother, are you going to take your hand or your slipper?" The enthusiasm with which this brief address was received was unbounded.

A Pious Fraud.

Dr. G. Schliemann writes that, with the view to preserve the Tower of Ilion, the Temple of Minerva, and other architectural relics of antiquity from destruction, he has—with more ingenuity than piety—spread abroad the report in the plain of Troja that it was in those buildings that the Holy Virgin with the Saviour Child appeared to King Priam. Dr. Schliemann managed to convey an image of the Virgin into the Temple of Minerva, which, according to his account, quite sufficed to convince the credulous population of the truth of his statement. To make doubly sure, the doctor prevailed upon two priests formally to consecrate the image, after which he considers the venerable building safe. This is how the trick is done, and these are not the only credulous and befooled population.

A Sporting Fanatic.

"I met the other day," writes a foreign sportsman, "with an Englishman who travels some hundreds of miles every year to indulge in his favourite sport, trout-fishing. I believe that, provided his favourite stream were undisturbed, this enthusiastic fisherman would be but little concerned if the whole world were submerged in a second deluge, as may be judged from the following anecdote. One day he was exploring the banks of his favourite stream, accompanied by the landlord of the inn at which he was stopping. The latter happening to come too close just at the moment when his guest was throwing his fly, the hook caught the poor wretch's eyelid, causing him intense pain. The sportsman coolly took out the hook, readjusted the fly, and, as the innkeeper continued howling at the top of his voice, 'You can,' said he in a whisper, 'put your eye down in your bill; but I'll trouble you to stop that noise, so as not to frighten my fish.'"

Nearly Fatal Flies.

The Fredericton (N.B.) Express tells an extraordinary story. It appears that a mother was directed to use glycerine for a child that was suffering from a slight affection of the skin of the face. The mother faithfully following the directions, applied the glycerine as ordered, and the infant shortly afterwards falling asleep, was put in its crib, while the mother attended to her household duties. Returning in about an hour she was horrified to find the child's face black and its breath almost stopped. Snatching up the babe, the mother discovered that flies in immense numbers, attracted by the glycerine, had covered the child's mouth and nostrils, and even crawled into its little throat. In her alarm and excitement she wiped off as many flies as she could with her apron, and with her fingers and a spoon cleaned out its mouth and throat, when, finding its breath growing weaker, she dashed water over its face, and fortunately succeeded in restoring animation, and rescued her darling from a horrid death.

The Ocean Illustrated.

The principles involved in the circulation of the waters of the sea were beautifully shown before the Royal Geographical Society recently by a simple experiment. A trough with plate glass sides, about six feet long and a foot deep, but not more than an inch wide, was filled with water. At one end a piece of ice was wedged in between the sides to represent the polar cold, while the tropic heat was represented at the other end by a bar of metal laid across the surface of the water, the projecting end of which was heated with a spirit-lamp. Red