

## ORMSKIRK.

Away from the noise of the city,  
I wander through meadows green;  
The fitful sun is shining  
But dimly across the scene;  
Until as it nears its setting  
It pierces through clouds that lower,  
And the gray old town is transfigured,  
And the church with its spire and tower.

A moment the glory lingers—  
Then goes like a tale that is told;  
And the Wheatsheaf Inn I enter  
From the outer darkness and cold.

And while I sit through the evening  
By the warmth of the glowing fire,  
The hostess tells me the story—  
The tradition of tower and spire.

"Here once there dwelt two sisters,  
Unmarried and growing old,  
Who would not leave to a stranger  
To inherit their lands and gold.

"So they built a church with their riches,  
But whether that church should be  
Adorned with a tower or spire  
Was where they could not agree.

"So each one did as pleased her;  
(Their name they say was Orm;)  
And the tower and spire together  
Are standing through time and storm."

I sit by the fire and ponder  
How centuries long have flown  
While the quarrel of those old spinsters  
Is fixed in enduring stone.

And I think of the many builders,  
Each one with his private plan,  
Who have toiled through the weary ages  
On the temple which Christ began.

But I know that the great Designer  
Will harmonize all at length,  
The Catholic spire of beauty,  
The Protestant tower of strength.

And when shall shine forth the glory  
Of Christ, the Unsetting Sun,  
We shall see the temple transfigured,  
And know that our work is one.

One Lord hath given His children  
One faith on His name to call,  
One baptism into His kingdom,  
One church for the prayers of all.

Though each from his neighbour differs  
And a tower by a steeple stands,  
We have all together been builders  
Of a house not made with hands.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A Parisian male milliner is going out to the Cape of Good Hope to see the transit of Venus, and get a new idea for a garment befitting a Parisian beauty.

It is said that ex-Marshal Bazaine has taken the apartments formerly occupied by the late Emperor Napoleon III., in King-street, St. James's, London. The whirligig of time once more.

It is stated in some of the English church papers that when the rubrics come to be considered, with a view to revision, an attempt will be made to strike out the word "Priest" wherever it occurs, and to substitute the word "Minister."

Slang words are not always slang. Take the word "jolly." In John Trapp's "Commentary on the Old and New Testaments," published in London two hundred years ago, is to be read, "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither."

Parisian itinerant bouquet merchants, who sell their bouquets to theatre-goers, have been in the habit of collecting their flowers from off the graves in Père la Chaise. Several were caught in full operation. The fact is curious, and illustrates the saying perfectly, "from grave to gay."

Any lady who may be interested in having her own network done cheaply may be informed that naturalists say that the red berries of *Rhamnus croceus*, which the Apache Indians eat, have a curious property. The colouring matter is taken up by the circulation and diffused through the system, so that "the skin exhibits a beautiful red network."

A New York reporter of the interviewing order recently undertook to pump the chief of a newly-arrived company of Menonites. He opened fire with the canonical question: "Where do you come from and where are you going to?" and was considerably taken aback when he received for all answer, "I know nothing about it." Verily the fame of the American interviewer is noised abroad among all people.

Octopus was one of the delicacies served up at a luncheon given the other day by one of the directors of the Brighton Aquarium Company. It was dished up cold, boiled, and broiled. The company pronounced it excellent, comparing it with lobster and skate, though they found it rather tough, and thought it required beating, like a steak, to break the fibres and render it more tender. The octopus thus cooked and eaten was caught off the pier-head.

The fifteenth amendment, which declares that there shall be no distinction on account of colour, has been utterly set at naught by a Massachusetts cat. The animal in question is the property of a clergyman at West Springfield. After giving birth recently to seven kittens of various colours, she removed the two blackest from the group and utterly refused to take any notice of them. No sooner were they restored to her nest than she again and again ejected them, and death finally relieved the little waifs.

A good story is told of the celebrated English auctioneer, Christie. Among the effects of John Hunter, the anatomist, which came under his hammer, was a mask used to keep the face from stings when observing the habits of bees. On coming to this article at the sale Christie was fairly posed. He turned the "lot" round and round, and came out with—"A most interesting and curious article; a covering for the face, used by the South Sea Islanders when travelling, to protect their faces from the snow-storms!"

The following incident is reported as a fact; it is facetiously pleasant:—A poor curate, an earnest, faithful preacher, had a poor salary, not sufficient to support his family with anything like respectability, so he took to repairing watches to increase his income. Some parson thought this a disgrace to the cloth. Accordingly the curate had to appear before the bishop, who said, "This must be put a stop to, and I intend to put a stop on it," and his lordship presented the curate with a living worth between three and four hundred pounds a year.

A recent writer of travels informs us how the Australian aborigines do their wooing. When one of these dark gentlemen has heard of a lady who, he thinks, will suit him in the character of better half, he creeps close to the camp on some dark, windy night, and, stretching out his spear, inserts its barbed point among her thick flowing locks; turning it slowly round some of her hair becomes entangled with it, then with a sudden jerk wakes her up, when silently she follows her captor, to begin a life of toil, from which she is not released till death. Most women would sacrifice their hair, crimps, pads, and switches sooner than submit to this mode of courtship.

The mania for "thinness" has of late years seized upon the young Parisian ladies, and has been carried on to an extent that has seriously injured their health. They have declined all solid food, and existed on sweets and pastry. This phantom fashion, as it has been called, has already made some martyrs. One of the most brilliant actresses has lost her good looks through the starving diet to which the Moloch of fashion condemned her, and another had a narrow chance of losing her life. Fortunately, however, the high rate of mortality among these French votaries of Banting has aroused the attention of lookers-on, and a stop will probably be put to the absurd practice before long. It has been called the "transparency" fashion, since its object was to render its followers as much as possible like anatomical studies.

An American lady writer, exhibiting one of the differences between the vernacular of the Americans and English, states that the waist of a dress is by the latter denominated a "body." "We were much startled," she says, "on receiving our first washing-bills, to find that we were charged with 'low bodies' and 'loose bodies.' Not supposing there were any such 'questionable shapes' in our party, we found they were only high and low neck underwaists." Again, she relates that a young American lady, on a visit to a country house, was put into a room previously occupied by one of the family, but which had the uncanny reputation of being haunted. The young lady had subdued her nervousness sufficiently to fall into a light slumber, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and a sepulchral voice whispered through the key-hole: "I want to come in and get my body."

Not long since it was a custom among certain rich Londoners of a mean sort to drive down to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and get gratuitous advice as out-patients. Dr. — was determined to stop this abuse, and he did it by a series of outrageous assaults on the self-love of the offenders. Noticing a lady, dressed in silk, who had driven up to the hospital in a brougham, Dr. — raised his rich, thunderous, sarcastic voice, and, to the inexpressible glee of a roomful of young students, addressed the lady thus:—"Madam, this charity is for the poor, destitute, miserable invalids of London. So you are a miserable invalid in a silk dress—a destitute invalid in a rich silk dress—a poor invalid in a dress that a duchess might wear. Madam, I refuse to pay attention to miserable, destitute invalids who wear rich silk dresses. You had better order your carriage, madam." The lady was equal to the occasion; she offered him sixpence, and went.

A writer in the *Paris Gaulois* tells a surprising story of an English custom unknown even to English people. "England," he says, "is the classical land of splendid hospitality. One of my friends who has had the honour of passing a week with the Prince of Wales at Goodwood, which the Duke of Richmond had given up to the Prince, was telling me yesterday of the extent to which etiquette prevails with his royal host. The valets and ladiesmaids of invited guests are not allowed to dine except in ball costume, the valets black clothes and white cravats, the ladiesmaids low-necked dresses. The day of his arrival at the castle, my friend having forgotten to say anything about that, his valet presented himself in a black frock-coat, a long cravat with a diamond pin, and trousers of a fancy pattern. He was stopped at the door by the majordomo, and immediately sent back to his room, to make the necessary change in his dress.

Some one who has visited the tomb of Juliet at Verona, and found it in a most neglected condition, gives utterance to a pathetic lament. The tomb is "a long stone trough, exactly like the baths of Roman times one sees in the galleries of the Uffizi, containing half an inch of dirty water. Poor Juliet! Didst lie there with bloody Tybalt and the bones of thy great ancestors? Did that fond, foolish, loving, cruel father and mo-

ther of thine—that worthy deaf-on-one-ear nurse—that paste-board county—that hearty friar, who reminds one very much of Goldsmith's 'Hermit of the Dale,' and all the mourning courtiers of Verona follow thee hither? Here didst thou sleep of that potent two-and-forty hours' draught? Did Peter and Simon Cutling and Hugh Rebeck and James Soundpost try quips here? Was all that fighting and tragedy work done here?

"Here lies the County Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet dead before,  
Warm and new killed."

"Nay. And again, no!"

The *Continental Herald* tells a story of a brave woman's ascent of Mont Blanc. The lady in question is a Spaniard, and her name Mme. Zubelin. "Notwithstanding that the seven previous attempts to attain the summit had been unsuccessful, on account of the excessive cold and a violent wind, she set out accompanied by four guides and a porter. On arrival at the Grand Mulets it was found that the weather was too unfavourable for further progress, but Mme. Zubelin resolved to wait until appearances were more propitious. The guides endeavoured to dissuade her from what they considered a very rash enterprise, but she gallantly determined to succeed, and actually spent four consecutive nights in the hut on the Grand Mulets. On the fifth morning the party again set out, and reached the summit in the afternoon. It is stated that Mme. Zubelin refused all assistance from the guides during her toilsome journey, and traversed, unaided, the most steep inclines. At noon on the following day she reached Chamounix, where she was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the whole population, inhabitants and tourists."

A medical writer of eminence has been collecting evidence as to the chances of life which children have, upon being born, in different countries. Out of 10,000 children born it is found from official statistics that in Norway as many as 7,415, or, roughly speaking, three out of every four, live to be twenty years of age. In England only 6,627 so live, or 788 fewer than in Norway. In the United States boys have nearly as good a chance of life as in England, while girls have not. But in France only 5,022, or scarcely more than one out of two, reach twenty. While in Ireland no more than 4,855, or actually less than one out of two, attain that age. More surprising still are the statistics regarding old age. Out of the same 10,000, for example, we learn that in Norway, 3,487, more than one out of three, reach seventy; in England almost one out of four; in the United States, still men only, one out of four—a trifle higher than England; in France 1776, or about one out of 8½, and in Ireland only 861, or one out of 11½. If this table is to be depended upon, we thus learn that of all countries in the world Norway offers the new-born child the best chance of long life; while Ireland offers the worst. And France, universally admitted to be, so far as soil and climate are concerned, one of the most favoured regions of the earth, offers but little better chance than Ireland.

The pocket-handkerchief was not always such a prominent article of a fashionable lady's toilette as it is at the present day. In France, in the early part of the present century, to pronounce the word was only equalled in coarseness by using it in public. In 1820 Madlle. Duchesnois, the actress, had in one of her characters to allude to a pocket-handkerchief in connection with *Marie Stuart*. She did not dare to use the word, but instead called it, timidly, "light tissue." The ice was, however, broken, as she displayed the terrible article before the spectators. When "Othello" was represented, despite protests, painful cries, and fainting fits, a spade was called a spade. It must not be concluded that the French did not employ pocket-handkerchiefs; they carried them always at the bottom of a deep pocket or in a hand-bag, but never used them in public. It was the Empress Josephine who smuggled it into court. She had very ugly teeth, and as, at her epoch, dentists had not discovered the means of our having pearly teeth till our death, invented little *mouchoirs*, trimmed with lace, which she carried playfully to her lips, only to dissimulate as much as possible her infirmity. The ladies of her court quickly followed suit. Luxury in pocket-handkerchiefs is pushed as far now-a-days as in robes, and some are even to be encountered embroidered with fine pearls. An ornament of toilette equally extraordinary which has just appeared is the "do's collar" substitute for a necklace; it is composed of black velvet, with a little fringe of diamonds, or small coloured stones and pearls. The majority have the name of the wearer and the donor worked in diamonds, the art consisting in the deciphering of the names.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the *Philadelphia Press*: "The greatest curiosity in the Jardin d'Acclimation is the singular fowl-fattening machine, which has been in operation for a short time, but which is a great success. Imagine the top of a round tea-table divided off into sections, with a partition between each section and a board in front with a half-moon-shaped aperture in it. In each of these sections an unhappy duck or chicken is confined by a chain to each leg, and under each is fitted a tray, which receives all the dirt, and is emptied daily. Through the centre of this structure goes a round post, and there is a series of such tea-table tops to the roof of the building, each with its divisions and its imprisoned fowls. At stated intervals a man comes round with a somewhat complicated machine filled with a kind of thin gruel, and fitted with a pipe at the end of a long india-rubber tube. He introduces this pipe down the throat of a duck, pressing down a pedal with his foot, and a certain quantity of food is forced through the tube into the creature's craw, a disk above showing exactly what amount of force he is to use and how much food passes. This process is gone through with each fowl till all are fed, and it is repeated four times a day for ducks and three for chickens. Two weeks suffice to fatten a duck, but three are necessary for a chicken. Apart from the necessary confinement of the birds the process does not seem to be at all a cruel one, as the amount of food forced down their throats is not excessive. The ducks which I saw fed did not seem to suffer in the least, and in fact when they saw the man approach most of them became clamorous for immediate attention, and plucked at his clothes as he passed with eager beaks."