

A MISGIVING.

Past praise, past blame, past joys, and past regrets,
At length thou sleepest cold in thy green grave,
Where the close dew the mourning cypress wets,
And the wind sobbeth low, or frenziedly doth rave.
Is, then, the strife all done?
Is, then, the rest all won
For which the weary hearts of toil-worn mortals crave?

Thrice, oh! thrice blessed thou if this be so!
Soft is the covering of the green, green earth;
Sweet is the sleep that knows not joy or woe,
Remote alike from tears, and feverish, restless mirth!
Is, then, the strife all done?—
Or but new strife begun?
Vain quest! The dead are silent. Knowledge hath its girth.

T. F.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

ANOTHER PROPOSED SUBMARINE TUNNEL.

A project has been mooted for connecting Spain with the African Continent by means of a tunnel beneath the Straits of Gibraltar, running from Algesiras on the Spanish side, to a point between Tangiers and Ceuta. The distance across the sea bed is nine miles, with an incline of 1 in 100 at each end, and a level bottom in the intermediate six or seven miles. The greatest depth of water at any point in the course is 3000 feet; and, as it is proposed to leave a thickness of 300 feet of roof in the vault of the tunnel, the deepest point of the latter would be 3000 feet below the level of the sea.

SOME GOOD LESSONS.

I once dined at a strange house, in a strange country, among strangers; and listened with admiration to a young gentleman who laid down the law about tides and currents, and "sat upon"—rather too heavily, I thought—a gray-haired, thoughtful-looking person, who ventured now and then to differ with him. During these passages an expression of amusement played around the mouth of our host for which I was unable to account until after dinner, when the "sat upon" one left us. Then quoth mine host to our instructor, "Well, you've made a nice idiot of yourself; that was Maury!" In the days of my golden youth I was present in a sporting tavern, (at which in those days a gentleman might be seen,) and there was a fuss about something, which a clerical-looking man came forward to stop. "Mind your own business," shouted an angry disputant, "or I'll punch your head." "I'm Owen Swift, Sir," replied the peacemaker with the utmost politeness.—*Temple Bar.*

A PRESBYTERIAN ON THE JEWS.

At a banquet given by the New York members of the Jewish Council to their visiting brethren, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was one of the invited guests, and responded to the toast, "Our Seats of Learning." He said that "among the Jews he was perfectly at home. There was a time when every man was bound to persecute any other man who disagreed with him in religion. There has come a time, blessed be God, when this feeling has passed away. To Jews, of all men, has belonged the prerogative to be called the people of God. They established the first republic 3,000 years ago. They first inaugurated a merciful legislation and equal rights to all. Through all their marvellous history they have preserved the culture of the intellect in spite of the inroads of materialism. They have preserved their culture and dignity amid such persecution as would have crushed any other people. No other element brings such strength to our Republic as the Jewish, and no other element, thank God, is so augmenting itself. These sentiments are sincere and warm in my heart. The interests of sound education are safe with the Jews, who are against the atheistic or materialistic tendencies of the age, and recognize the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob."

A JEWISH SABBATH.

Mr. A. L. Green, a Jewish gentleman, writes to the *London Express* to correct a very common mistake regarding the observance of the Sabbath. He says:—"According to Jewish law and practice, intelligent recreation and even amusements which carry with them nothing vicious or degrading are not only permissible but are enjoined for the due observance of the Sabbath. Our reading rooms are open on the Sabbath, and the most pious Jews take pleasure, as well they may, in visiting art galleries and museums on the Sabbath day. We are punctilious in regard to servile work. We would not, for instance, permit our servants to remain outside the church listening to the neighing of carriage horses while the devout congregation inside were listening to the Bishop eloquently reminding his absorbed listeners that the blessing of a Sabbath day must extend to all men alike, even if they are servants, and to all beasts, even

if they are carriage horses; and that the prohibition against servile work should in Mosaism be associated with what, to us, may appear untold rigour, is perfectly natural when we reflect that the inhibitions were primarily addressed to a nation just emancipated from a cruel and long-continued bondage, and who, on the one hand, had to be elevated to a knowledge of the dignity of labour, and to the appreciation of intellectual culture on the other hand. One visit to the house of an observant Jew on the Sabbath day would do more to give Christians a clear and comprehensive notion of the serene and happy social influence of the Sabbath and the true religious character of Jewish home life, and how important a place the Sabbath occupies in Judaism, than the most graphic delineation in word painting."

THE HIDDEN SAINT.

Vernet, the grandfather of the late famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who knew nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made; but the saint is not in the cave." "I understand you, sir," replied Vernet; "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting and made it a shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further in. The purchaser took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the figure was not in the cave. Vernet then obliterated the figure and gave the picture to the purchaser, who now at last seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers he said, "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave." "But we cannot see the saint," the visitors would reply. "Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer; "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards further back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it!"

A PAPISTICAL DOG.

As a general proposition the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, though sometimes given to dogma, are not great connoisseurs in dogs. We do not recall the names of any prelate or priest as the winner of a prize at the recent great dog show at Gilmore's Garden. The one of "high degree" mentioned in the following anecdote, from the other side, would certainly have taken a medal if his judges had been selected from the clergy. Monsignor Capel, of London, the eminent Roman Catholic immortalized by Disraeli in "Lothair," is not only fond of dogs, but is the master of a noble hound which is Catholic to the backbone. "Beppo, give three cheers for the Pope!" and Beppo utters three short, decisive barks of approval at the sound of the Holy Father's name. "Beppo, are you a Protestant?" No answer. "Are you a Ritualist?" Gloom on the dog's face. "Are you a Catholic?" "Bow-wow-wow!" If the questions are put in French, it is the same. Beppo is fond of sweet biscuits. Throw him one, and say it comes from Bismarck; he will not stir to take it. Say it comes from the Pope, and Beppo "goes for it."—*Harper's Magazine for August.*

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

The Spanish West Indies, Cuba, and Porto Rico together, have a population of a little over two millions. Cuba itself is seven hundred miles long, with an average breadth of eighty miles, and possesses resources which, if they were developed, would sustain a population of twelve millions. Its surface, though for the most part very slightly undulating and covered with dense forests, is finely diversified. A mountain range runs through its whole length near the centre, the highest elevations, naked and rocky, being eight thousand feet above the sea. It has numerous rivers well stocked with fish, and many beautiful and fertile valleys. One of its cascades is remarkable for beauty. Its hill sides and defiles are clothed with a variety of hard wood trees of the evergreen species, of which the more valuable are the mahogany, which grows there to a huge size, the *lignum vitæ*, and the ebony. The palm, "queen of the Cuban forests," with its deep green plumage; the giant leaved and prolific banana and plantain, resembling tall Indian corn; the cocoa, with its weeping foliage; and the "prim orange," are abundant. Two hundred sorts of birds are native to the Island. Marble of fine quality is found in the mountains, and there are valuable mines of copper. Coffee has been cultivated on the lower hill slopes with success, and its production could be largely extended. The Cuban tobacco has peculiar value, and is sought for the world over, the Americans alone being purchasers of over two million dollars' worth of cigars from there every year. Cuba's principal crop however, is sugar, which amounts in value to over one hundred million dollars every year. Her advantage in its production over Louisiana, for example, is that in Cuba there is a space of four or five months, when all the mechanical work must be done, between the time when enough cane is ripe to justify starting the mills and the time when the cane begins to spoil; whereas in Louisiana this period is only about two months. Though some of Cuba's coast lands are subject to overflow, she is uncommonly well supplied with fine harbours. Of her cities, Havana, the capital, has a population of two hundred and thirty five thousand, Santiago de Cuba forty thousand, and Matanzas thirty-seven thousand. The