

At the Last.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more,
For then we know how vain it was to boast!
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes,
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home,
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

—Edmund Waller.

Anecdote of John Hopkins.

Hopkins left \$9,000,000, a moiety of which was divided between eighteen relatives, and the bulk retained for a university and several hospitals. The nephew who was often at variance with him received almost twice as much as his brothers who never contradicted him. Mr. Hopkins never married. The daughters of Epaminondas were that hero's famous victories. The children of John Hopkins are the splendid institutions he has left to learning, to mercy, and to science. There never was a stronger man. He started life with four hundred dollars, and built up, by his own exertions, a colossal fortune. From the beginning he declared that he had a mission from God to increase his store, and that the golden flood that poured into his coffers did not belong to him, or to the hundreds who sought to borrow or beg it from him. He declared that a supernatural power prevented him from taking money from his pocket to bestow foolish alms, and that some day the world would know that he was not the grasping, avaricious and narrow-minded man he was accounted. He nevertheless helped secretly many worthy persons, and, after his death, it was discovered that not a few merchants had been saved by him from financial embarrassment and sorrow. But in the common acceptance of the term he was not liberal. His "mission" prevented that. Toward the close of a very long life he became stingy and suspicious, but the end he had proposed never suffered change, and that was the mistress of his soul toward whom he maintained an inflexible fidelity.

"Clifton" was his pride, and upon it he spared no expense. Here the great university was to be founded; but in this his design will be baffled. The city authorities have taken some seventy acres just in front of the imperial mansion, and the noble chestnut grove he had nurtured, not one tree of which would be cut down even when withered, has fallen before the remorseless axe of progress. The foundations of a vast lake for the water supply of Baltimore are already in course of excavation, and the engineers and their rude implements occupy several of the beautiful chambers of "Clifton."

An uncanny old tramp used to station himself under a giant oak that stood sentry by the lodge of "Clifton." This made Mr. Hopkins nervous, and became a mortal offence. He told one of his nephews of it, and said he did not know how to abate the nuisance. "Why not pay him, uncle, and send him away?" queried the young man. "Pay him money!" Mr. Hopkins shrieked, while his long arms flew about like windmills; "pay him money! God forbid! When I do that there will be a hundred vagabonds here instead of one!" "Well then," added the nephew, "if I were you, Uncle John, I would kick him out." "I cannot do that," the old man pleaded. "I am afraid." "What!" the nephew retorted; "are you afraid of such a cur as that?" "No, no," Mr. Hopkins whispered, hoarsely, "I am not afraid of him, but afraid of God. Did you never read in the Bible how Dives treated Lazarus? Would you have me repeat that story, and burn in hell forever?" That ended it.

ONLY A SMILE.—Life teems with unnecessary pain. For every living soul there is work to do, effort to make, sorrow to alleviate. No day in the short time allotted to us should pass without some attempt, however feeble, to lessen the load of suffering pressing so unequally upon the lives of those

around us. All can do some little, and if each soul that has suffered would take share in removing or lessening the burden of another, life would be other than it is. An old writer beautifully says: "All can give a smile." How few value a smile as they should, yet who does not know the brightness which some faces bring when they appear? The smile of kindly recognition, the acknowledgement of existing suffering, the free-masonry of endurance, all are conveyed by a glance, and no one can tell how often the effort to be cheerful has helped the weaker sufferer to endure.

Lady Macdonald on Wine-Drinking.

[From the Messenger of Peace.]

Extract of a letter written by Lady Macdonald, wife of Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, to a co-laborer and correspondent of Savannah, Ga.:

"I was myself led to give up wine drinking after some reflection, suddenly, at last, on Christmas day, 1867. I had thought a good deal on the subject, but never made any decided resolution until this day, when at dinner with a large party, the conversation turned on total abstinence, one of our guests, himself a strictly temperate man, holding high office in our country (then and now) said that practically total abstinence was impossible for anyone in society. I said laughingly, 'What a dreadful statement; I quite differ from you.' He took me up warmly, and several joined in, all without exception agreeing with him in saying that the requirements of modern society were such that no one could be so singular as to become teetotal without being more or less ridiculous, and that the fatigues, excitement and wear and tear of political society life especially, made the use of wine, in great moderation of course, absolutely a necessity. I entered the lists, scarcely knowing why, and declared I did not believe this theory. At last the question was pressed more closely. My friend, who had begun it, said that he did not believe even 'you, yourself, Lady Macdonald, could or would give up your glass of sherry at dinner.'

I asked 'why not?' And he went over with great force and clearness all the specious and dangerous arguments that are urged in support of drinking wine in moderation, ending with the remark that in Sir John's public position my being a total abstainer would do him great harm politically. This seemed too monstrous, so I said (emptying my half glass of sherry into the finger glass as I said so) 'Well, I will try; henceforward I enter the ranks of the total abstainers, and drink to our success in water.' Since then, thank God, I have never found any necessity for wine. In health I can do my life's work without any aid from dangerous stimulants; in sickness I have invariably and positively refused to touch it. My life is a very busy one; I have sometimes, for weeks together days of constant occupation and nights almost all sitting up. Politics are exciting and fatiguing, and every temptation to try stimulants is to be found in the late nights of listening to debates, and the constant necessity of being up to the mark late and early. I have had a great deal of nursing to do with a delicate husband and child, and this often during our busiest society season; and yet I have never sought strength from wine at any single moment, and my health is far better than that of so many of my friends who take a glass of wine, or a little beer just to give them a little strength. Thus I give you my experience, so far as it goes, to show that stimulant is not necessary in the station of life where it is unfortunately most commonly used. So far as mental and bodily fatigue go, I have tested the possibility of doing without stimulant to the fullest extent, in long anxious hours over sick beds, in sudden disaster, in long watchings and journeys where food was uninviting, and in many fatiguing and very uncongenial society claims.

When I told my husband my decision, and that our friend had said that it would hurt his prospects politically. Sir John answered with a laugh, 'O, I will risk the prospects; you can be a total abstainer if you like.' My example can and ought to help many similarly situated. My husband's long public career and position only second to that of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, makes our family a prominent one in Canada.

"Our greatest troubles," says Jean Paul, "can rob us of nothing but life, and death gives us the sweet rest that life has denied."