

something of this kind is necessary to make the services of the sanctuary attractive, and so to get a hearing for the truth. But whatever may be the reason for the practice, it cannot be denied that for the time being—the difficulty will not be permanent—some churches are grievously vexed in their spiritual life by these superfluities in worship.—*The Andover Review*.

THE HEALTHFULNESS OF MIRTH.

In an old medical work of a by-gone generation, I find a number of instances given of really wonderful cures by mirth or by hearty laughter. Two or three of them I will select and repeat.

It is recorded of the great Erasmus that once, when he was suffering from a virulent internal abscess, which none dared to operate upon, and which, was endangering his life, he got hold of a satire by Reuchlier and Van Hutton, and, upon reading it, burst into such a fit of laughter, that the imposthume was broken, and his health quickly restored.

In a singular treatise on laughter, Joubert gives an instance that is of itself laughable enough. A patient being low with fever, and the physician in attendance being at a loss as to how he should produce a reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effect, the order was countermanded. Not long thereafter, a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet in which the nurse had prepared the rejected medicine still standing on the table, slipped slyly up, took it in his hands, and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace, but he disliked to give it up. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His grotesque visage brightened. He cast a furtive glance around, and then sat quietly down, with the goblet grasped firmly; and pretty soon he had placed it to his lips and drank to the dregs. Perhaps there had been half a wine glass full of syrup of manna—no more—while the rhubarb had all settled. But he had found it, and before he had fully realized the change of taste he had swallowed nearly the whole of the nauseous dose.

Mercy! What a face he made over it! The sick man was spell-bound. Never in his life had he seen anything so grotesque and ridiculously human! The visage of the disgusted monkey was a study. It was a whole volume of utter abomination and chagrin. He ground his teeth, and actually stamped his foot, as he had often seen his master do when in wrath. Then he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but it seemed worse and worse. Anon the climax came. He stood up, his eyes flashed, he grasped the goblet by its slender stock with all his might, shut his teeth, and then, with a spiteful, vengeful snap, he hurled it with mad fury upon the floor, and seemed entirely satisfied as he saw the thousand glittering pieces flying about.

Never before had the sick man seen anything equal to it. The whole scene, and all the circumstances—everything about it, appeared to him so supremely and comically ludicrous, that he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until the nurse came in to see what was the matter. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, more heartily, if possible, than before, laughed till he sank back exhausted—sank back in a profuse perspiration. The nurse anxiously sponged and wiped his weeping skin; he laughed again, until he slept; and when he awoke, the reaction had come, the fever had been broken, and he was on the sure road to convalescence.

THE HILDESHEIM TREASURES.

The museums of Germany bear witness to the dominion of the old Romans. From Buda-Pesth to Treves, from Cologne up to the higher Rhine, the earth has yielded of the conquering race buried arms, helmets, coins, bronzes and marbles. Yet, for the most part, the relics in the outlying Provinces of the empire are of more archaeological curiosity than art value. An exception, however, must be made in favour of the Hildesheim treasure, removed to Berlin, in accordance with the policy of concentration in the capital. This "Silberfund," consisting of some fifty pieces of banqueting plate, were in 1868, by happy accident, dug up at Hildesheim, nine feet below the surface, by a party of Prussian soldiers engaged on military works. All the objects had suffered much from the burial of centuries; handles and feet were torn from shattered vases, but a local sculptor succeeded in good degree in piecing the fragments together. Some members, however, are lost beyond recovery; altogether, I find the originals in Berlin in very different plight from Christoffe's reproductions, which serve as poor consolation to the town of Hildesheim for the treasures of which she has been robbed. The Hildesheim treasures have provoked controversy without definite conclusion; neither history nor internal evidence gives clue to their precise origin or use. The place of burial could only have been an accident; and hardly more than a conjecture is the statement that this table plate, with the culinary utensils, formed part of the equipage of some Roman General, who, on reverse of fortune, hid away the prize he could not hold. The nationality of some of the pieces is questionable; all are not Roman; and equally is the chronology hypothetical. The official catalogue I believe to be wrong in giving as the date the early Roman Kings; certainly some vases—that, for instance, bearing on the surface human heads, as the Warwick vase—belong to the late empire. And nothing can be more false than the assumption that because all the objects were found in one place they must belong to the same time; diversities of style alone prove the lapse of several centuries between the earliest and the latest. And still more difficult to determine is the precise or even the approximate period of burial; the common conjecture that the hiding was in the first decade of our era, when the Roman legions under Varus were cut to pieces in Germany, is disproved by the presence of an art posterior in date. The earliest time I can venture to name is the second century, but the latest possible date cannot be fixed; it is just as easy to suppose the owner to have been a connoisseur of the Middle Ages as a Roman General. Fortunately as to art merit, little question can be raised;

so irresistible was the temptation to throw articles in the precious metals into the melting pot that few finer relics of the past are preserved for our times. By common consent the best of the Hildesheim treasures are of rare beauty; the proportions share symmetry with Greek vases; the ornament in the treatment of figure and foliage, if a little florid, still comports sufficiently well with the canons of classic art.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

WHAT LIFE HATH.

Life hath its barren years,
When blossoms fall untimely down,
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil, when Nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days:
The golden promise of the morn,
That seemed for light and gladness born,
Meant only noontide wreck and scorn,
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys too,
Where we must walk with vain regret,
With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet:
Toward sunlit hopes that soon must set,
All quenched in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple-weighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of plenteous ripening, bread, and pure, rich wine,
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled;
Its glad fruitions, its blessed answered prayers,
Sweeter for waiting long; whose holy air,
Indrawn to silent souls, breathes forth its rare,
Grand speech of joy distilled.

Life hath its Tabor heights:
Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition,
Whose unveiled glories flash to earth, munition
Of love and truth and clear intuition.
Hail, mount of all delights!

—*Evangelical Magazine*.

"LAWYERS' MORALS."

The *Century* for November has an editorial under the head of "Lawyers' Morals," from which the following points are quoted:

1. "A lawyer ought to be a gentleman. His function as an attorney gives him no dispensation to disregard the ordinary rules of good manners, and the ordinary principles of decency and honour. He has no right to slander his neighbour, even if his neighbour be the defendant in a cause in which he appears for the plaintiff. He has no right to bully or brow-beat a witness in cross-examination, or artfully to entrap that witness into giving false testimony. Whatever the privilege of the court may be, the lawyer who is guilty of such practices in court is no gentleman out of court.

2. "A lawyer ought not to lie. He may defend a criminal whom he knows to be guilty, but he may not say to the jury that he believes this criminal to be innocent. He may not in any way intentionally convey to the jury the impression that he believes the man to be innocent. He may not, in his plea, pervert or distort the evidence so as to weaken the force or conceal the meaning of it. He is a sworn officer of the court, and his oath should bind him to the strictest veracity. It would be quixotic to expect him to assist his adversary, but his obligation to speak the truth outranks every obligation that he owes to his client. It is notorious that some lawyers who would think it scandalous to tell a falsehood out of court, in any business transaction, lie shamelessly in court in behalf of their clients, and seem to think it part of their professional duty. That bar of justice, before which, by their professional obligations, they are bound to the most stringent truthfulness, is the very place where they seem to consider themselves absolved from the common law of veracity. So long as the legal mind is infected with this deadly heresy, we need not wonder that our courts of justice often become the instruments of unrighteousness.

3. "A lawyer ought not to sell his services for the promotion of injustice and knavery. Swindlers of all types are aided by lawyers in their depredations upon society. The mock broker who operates in Wall street, and strips green country speculators of their hard-earned gains by the most nefarious roguery, always has an able lawyer as his accomplice. The gentleman by whose agency a nest of the rascals was lately broken up says: 'The great difficulty in stopping swindles of this class is that the rascals make enough money to be able to employ the best of legal advice, and are, moreover, careful to do nothing which will render them liable to arrest.' This is the testimony of a lawyer, Mr. Ralph Oakley, of New York. 'The best of legal advice' can be had then, in New York city for such purposes. It would be more difficult to believe this if its truth were not so often illustrated in the stupendous frauds and piracies of great corporations, all of which are carefully engineered by eminent lawyers. Our modern 'buccaneers'—our brave railroad wreckers—are in constant consultation with distinguished lawyers. They undeniably have 'the best of legal advice' in planning and executing their bold iniquities."

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, the Positivist, conversing the other day with Mr. F. Buxton, M.P., on the cause of Mr. Gladstone's popularity, said: "I believe the secret of that influence is this—the British people are imbued with a very high sense of the Christian religion, and feel confidence in him because they believe he also is imbued with a high sense of it."

British and Foreign.

ONE in five of all the deaths in London take place in workhouses and hospitals.

It is asserted that about a third of the banking done in the world is done in the British empire.

THE Palestine Survey Expedition think they have identified the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea.

PRINCIPAL CAIRNS conducted special services in connection with the centenary of Campsie U. P. Church.

FORTY years ago there was not a daily newspaper in the English provinces, and now there are over one hundred.

THE Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell has been appointed to conduct the services during the winter in the Scotch Church at Nice.

LARGE sums of money are paid for press telegrams. A single foreign news telegram sometimes costs as much as \$4.000.

IN Corea no woman has a name of her own; she is simply spoken of as somebody's daughter, sister, wife, or mother.

THE Rev. J. B. Risky, Vicar of West Bagborough, near Taunton, has been fined \$10 and costs for poaching and killing a partridge and a hare.

ON the 18th of January next the *Times* will have completed the first century of its existence, although it was not until 1788 that the present name was adopted.

PRINCIPAL RAINY addressed a franchise demonstration last Thursday at Stornoway, and strongly supported the extension so as to secure justice to the crofters.

THE purchase by some Christian men at Melbourne of the *Daily Telegraph* is one result of an address given by Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, in that city two years ago.

THE Rev. Henry Drummond, author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is to be inducted on 4th November as Professor of Natural Science in the Glasgow College.

ONLY three candidates presented themselves at the recent ordination held by the Bishop of Bangor; and they were all "literate"—that is, none had been to a university.

AN English physician thinks that bicycling may prove injurious if the fashion of small saddles and large wheels, involving so much pressure on the perineum, be persisted in.

THE International Meridian Conference, at its meeting at Washington, decided that the universal day shall begin at mean midnight and shall be counted from zero up to twenty-four hours.

IN a country church in Forfarshire lately, a minister proclaimed his own "purpose of marriage," the congregation, after they had recovered from their surprise, greatly admiring his nerve.

DAHOMEY takes the palm for ingenious cruelty. The commander of the forces having been found guilty of high treason, he was buried chest deep and then shot at by the Amazon regiment until dead.

A COL. SANDYS, who has property near Windermere, England, brought a hornet's nest about his ears for averring that the famous lake is one big cesspool. It is not denied, however, that drainage does enter it.

ILLUSTRATED journalism must bestir itself. The Australian *Graphic* finding that glass plates can bear the strain of the printing press is substituting glass-cuts for wood-cuts and tin etchings, thereby effecting a considerable saving.

EVANGELISTIC deputies appointed by a committee of assembly are holding special services through several presbyteries in New South Wales, with a view to increase a proper church attachment and to produce a deeper spirituality.

THE Bishop of Oxford says the deceased wife's sister's bill is the most interesting question before the English people at the present day. He opposes it because he thinks it is opposed to God's law and the feeling of the English nation.

THERE is a rumour in England that when the Princess Imperial of Germany was in England in September she paved the way for a visit of Prince Bismarck to Sandringham, when he and Mr. Gladstone are to have an opportunity of hobnobbing.

THE last of Dr. Chalmers' elders, Mr. William Brown, Glasgow, died lately at the advanced age of ninety-two. He signed the call to Dr. Chalmers from the Tron Church, following his minister to St. John's where he was a member of Session.

REV. H. A. FAVELL, Vicar of St. Mark's, Sheffield, has issued a circular to the seat-holders in his church intimating that Bible classes for "gentlemen and ladies" will meet during the winter in the vicarage, and for "men and women" in the parish room!

DR SCHWENINGER, of Munich, has discovered a new mode of reducing the bulk of the human frame. It is, never to eat and drink at the same time, but to let two hours intervene. He has, it is said, cured Prince Bismarck of a tendency to obesity in this way.

THE Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of Urquhart, Moderator of the Church of Scotland General Assembly, preached in Crathie Church recently. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Christian and Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse and others, were present.

LOVERS of the edelweiss, who may in late years have noticed that it is no longer so common as it was among the mountains of Switzerland, will be glad to hear that specimens have recently been met with on Mount Tacoma in Washington Territory, at a height of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea.

IN the burial-ground of Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, which contains the tomb of John Sterling, there is also the grave of Rev. Mr. Adams, who wrote "The Shadow of the Cross." A horizontal slab covers it, and in this is set, slightly elevated, a bronze cross, so that when the sun shines its shadow falls upon the marble slab.