

MY CHILD FRIEND.

O child, we oft sported together
In days that were balmy and warm,
Fast friends through the wealth of the weather,
Through sunshine and shadow and storm.

Three winters have fled since you met me:
I wonder if you are the same?
Perchance you begin to forget me,
In everything changed but your name.

When last you flew forth to my greeting,
My fancies were fairer than now;
But time, that has sped since our meeting,
Has sobered and clouded my brow.

Our life, like a swift-flowing river,
Speeds onward in spite of regret;
We grasp at its wealth now or never,
And snatch a few joys from it yet—

A ray of the rapture that hastens,
A gleam of the glory that fades,—
Ere evening comes onward and chastens
Life's light with its clustering shades.

Yet, darling, when summer has left us,
And winter, unlovely and chill,
Of all they call joy has bereft us,
There's something worth living for still:

A love for the fount of all beauty,
A zeal for the truth and the right,
Devotion to sternness of duty,
The battle the bravest should fight;—

A love for the worn and the weary,
A will the oppressed to relieve,
To brighten the home that is dreary,
To comfort the mourners that grieve;—

To lift up a sister or brother
Who wanders or falls from the road,
To lead up the heart of another
To freedom, to light, and to God;

This, this is the best of all pleasures;
O, make it your own while you may;
For time cannot rife its treasures,
And death cannot take it away.

NECESSITY OF SUNLIGHT.

Instead of excluding the sunlight from our houses lest it fade carpets and curtains, draw flies, and bring freckles, we should open every door and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams; it drives away disease and dampness, mould, megrims. Instead of doing this, however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the door, shut out the glorifying rays, and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of their unhealthy apartments. It is pleasant and not unwholesome during the glare of the noontide to subdue the light and exclude the air quivering with heat, but in the morning and in the evening we may freely indulge in the sun bath and let it flood all our rooms, and if at its fiercest and brightest it has full entrance to our sleeping-rooms, so much the better for us. Wire netting in doors and windows excludes not flies and mosquitoes only, but all other insects, and those who have once used it will continue to do so. With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures one may almost enjoy all the benefits of an open house without any annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city they will prevail in houses which are exposed to the least sunshine, while those most exposed to it will not be at all or very slightly affected. Even in the same house persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemical influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters.

MIXED MELODIES.

Some wretch, whose stock of original sin must have been inexhaustible, hired an Italian count in reduced circumstances to play "Nelly Bly" for three hours on his hand organ in front of a saloon on — street lately. The Count turned the crank at the rate of about four times a minute for an hour and twenty-seven minutes, disregarding the saloon-keeper's earnest invitations to take a walk around the block. The saloon-keeper had no music in his soul, and he went out and crammed the reduced Count into his hand organ, and turned the crank furiously. The first tune he ground out was "I cannot sing the old song," the effect of which was somewhat marred by being entangled with the Count's suspenders and a piece of his flannel shirt. This was followed by "Silver threads among the gold," interspersed with the unfortunate Count's scalp and his left boot. Two or three sections of his spine and the waistband of his pants failed to harmonize with "The sweet by and by," and "Maggie's Secret," with anatomical variations, was rather excruciating.

THE POPE'S DAILY LIFE.

PIUS IX., writes a distinguished correspondent to a French paper, like the greater number of his ecclesiastics, is an early riser. At an hour when all Rome is asleep, lights are already seen behind the high windows of the Vatican. It is half-past five. The Pope's bedroom door suddenly opens, and his Holiness appears. *Buon giorno*, says the Pope in a clear, distinct voice to his aged valet de chambre, Signor Zangolini, who is dressed in a violet-coloured robe,

and who occupies his leisure moments in disposing of unheard-of quantities of snuff. Signor Zangolini then enters the Pope's room, shaves him, dresses him, and then leaves him in his privacy till seven o'clock. At seven o'clock the Pope repairs to his chapel, where he celebrates and also hears Mass. It is at this morning Mass that he administers the sacrament to foreigners of distinction visiting Rome. It is considered a very high honour to receive the sacrament from the hands of his Holiness; but in order to partake of this privilege one must be up and stirring by five in the morning. Every person must be present at the celebration of the two Masses—domestics, Swiss Guards, Palatine Guards, &c. Service being concluded, Pius IX. passes into the refectory, where already smoking on the table stands a tureen of soup, in which are seen floating the fine *patés* of Genoa. The Pope qualifies the soup with a little Orvieto wine, eats four or five moistened biscuits; and now it is almost nine o'clock, he passes into his business room. He is seated at his table—before him are the crucifix and the image of the Holy Virgin. Cardinal Antonelli, exhausted and shattered by his long illness, but in whose eyes that singular brightness cannot be quenched seats himself opposite his sovereign. He wears the court dress of the Vatican, a soutane, a black tight-fitting robe, fringed with red, with small red buttons, and a red silk cloak. The Cardinal discusses with his Holiness grave questions of State policy, exhibits to him the despatches that have arrived the previous evening, and takes his departure. The functionary who is next ushered into the Pope's business-room is a layman, Signor Giacomo Spagna, Prefect of the Apostolic Palace, whose functions among others consists in the management of the sums derived from St. Peter's Penny. These funds amount yearly to twenty million francs. A portion is absorbed by the numerous attendants, servitors, guards, gendarmes, who live in the Vatican, by pensions and the expenses of the nuncios at foreign courts. The rest is capitalised, and it is said the day will soon come when the Vatican will possess a revenue equal to the sum which the Italian Government placed at its disposal—three million francs—but which the Pope has hitherto refused to accept.

Then comes the hour of the arrival of the post. Pius IX. opens some letters, then hastily makes himself acquainted with the contents of the newspapers. The hour for reception sounds, the solemn time when the Pope grants audience. The hall of the Countess Mathilda is filled with ladies, mostly foreign, in the strict attire required at the Vatican—a black silk dress, the head covered with a black veil and no jewellery. Gentlemen must be in strict evening costumes, with a white cravat. A noise is heard of the tramp of armed men. The Swiss Guards line the hall; then enters a long array of prelates and other dignitaries of the Church—last of all the Pope. These audiences are often marked by touching incidents. The audience is over. It is now twelve o'clock. The Pope walks in his garden accompanied by five or six Cardinals and other familiars of the palace. It is during this promenade that the Pope hears all that takes place in the city. Nothing of the least importance is concealed from him. He is made aware of all the doings and sayings of the inhabitants. Two hours are thus passed. He is then reconducted to his private apartments, and the cardinals and others take their leave. Dinner is served. Do you wish to know what it consists of? There is seldom any change, and I will take upon myself to inform you. The repast, which is invariably the same except on fasting days, consists of soup, something boiled, a side dish, and some vegetables. Ordinarily the Pope contents himself with soup, some vegetables, and some fruit, without touching the remainder. Pius IX. dines alone and with the appetite of a man whose life is well regulated. Dinner over, it is time for the siesta. This lasts about an hour. Towards four o'clock the Pope goes to the library, accompanied by his particular friends. Amongst these, since the death of Duke Massimo, who was never absent from the Pope, the most important is the archæologist Visconti, not less famous for his wit and repartee than for his learned illustrations of the ancient monuments. On his way to the library the Pope blesses the mountains of rosaries, chaplets, crosses, and scapulars which every day are sent from Rome to the five parts of the globe. Those accompanying the Pope to the library do their utmost to divert and interest their master, who is always of an easy accommodating temper. The Pope enjoys an epigram, especially if it is neatly turned in verse, and he is not the last to add the spur of his wit to those satirical hits launched at the head of those oppressors, the Piedmontese, and other barbarians. When he has dismissed his attendants the Pope returns again to work. He occupies himself now with religious affairs, with the secretaries of the Congregation of Briefs. The day at last comes to an end. It is now eight o'clock; the hour for supper has come. His supper is like that of an anchorite—a little bouillon, a couple of boiled potatoes, water, and a little fruit. The Pope, however, does not yet go to bed. He is closeted with a prelate in his private library. If he has a discourse to deliver—an occupation to which he devotes himself very willingly, for the Pope is an excellent orator—he causes the Gospel of the day to be read to him, and picks out the passage which is to be the subject of his text, and immediately improvises an allocution, the groundwork of the discourse to be delivered. If he has nothing

particular on hand, the prelate who is with him seeks a book in the library and begins to read. The Holy Father soon discovers that sleep is gathering on him. The prelate stops reading and kneels. "Holy Father, your benediction." The Pope lifts his hand, and pronounces the Benediction. It is now ten o'clock. A quarter of an hour later, with the exception of those prelates who have vigils to perform, all are asleep in the Vatican. In the corridors no one is to be seen but the Swiss Guard, habited in his medieval costume, and a Remington rifle on his shoulder. Outside the wind whistles through the immense porticos of the square of St. Peter, and the cold night wind flutters the green plumes in the hat of the Bersaglieri sentry watching from afar the entrance to the Vatican.

BREAKFAST.

The Yankee breakfasts much as his cousin, though he has an uncomfortable tendency to add iced water to his earlier, not less than to his later meals, and to indulge in "milk-toast," an abominable mess which tastes like toast a day old which has by accident been dropped into hot water. In San Francisco it is common to begin breakfast with a plate of fruit, which is wonderfully appetising on a bright summer morning; but after a cup of tea or coffee has gone the same way as the fruit, an alarming sense of distention is produced, and there is often a friend at hand to suggest an early glass of curaçoa as the one thing needful to set you to rights. Therefore a man who has any business to transact would do well to keep peaches resolutely apart from buttered toast and accompanying beverages. "An English breakfast," are words which call up so many pleasant memories, and such a genuine picture of comfort, that one hesitates to stigmatise it as an utterly barbarous institution. And yet in spite of the hissing urn, itself a companion, the paper leisurely skimmed, the fresh morning toilets one sometimes sees, and the pleasant gossip—it is said a man is never conceited till luncheon-time—in spite of these attractions, our most national meal is a violation of all the rules of hygiene and common sense. In the first place the stomach is not prepared at that early hour for the rude exercise to which we condemn it, while in the second place the mixture of tea or coffee and meat is objectionable for two reasons. Physicians have shown that the action of the tannic acid in tea upon meat is such as to render it highly indigestible while coffee added to meat is scarcely happier in its results. It may perhaps be urged that the English breakfast is not always taken immediately on rising, a good many persons being in the habit of getting up at various unseasonable hours from three a.m. onwards and devoting the interval to work. Here again medical science steps in and strongly dissuades us from working on an empty stomach; though one is bound to admit that some excellent work has been done—notably Scott's novels, if not his poems—before breakfast. But no rules can be laid down for the guidance of ordinary mortals from the habits of genius. Schiller would lock himself up at night with a bottle of sparkling Rhine wine and compose till the morning; but one would not therefore be inclined to recommend all aspirants for poetic honors to pursue a similar course, lest sleeplessness and red eyes should indeed be apparent, but another "Wallenstein" or "Maria Stuart" be found lacking.

In the matter of breakfasts the French have given the law to Europe and the Latin world, and had we been wise we also should have been content to learn of the "great nation." Our French friends have long recognised the cardinal truth that the stomach, on first awaking to consciousness and a sense of another day's troubles, requires to be comforted and stayed with gentle and stimulating aliments; hence the early cup of coffee or chocolate with a morsel of bread, followed at an interval of three or four hours by the substantial meal which it then begins imperatively to demand. The second breakfast is of course the equivalent of the Britannic lunch, except that it seems somehow or other to be a lighter and brisker affair. The fact is that the Briton who has taken a first solid meal, in accordance with national customs, has no need for lunch, which somebody has described as an insult to breakfast and an injury to dinner. Though there can be no doubt of the soundness of the French rule in regard to breaking the night's fast—namely, by gradual and well-considered steps—there has been a good deal of discussion as to the propriety of commencing the day with a cup of coffee and milk. Some doctors have charged on this custom half the dyspepsia wherewith Gallic organs of digestion are affected, besides countless other ills, till one almost expects to hear the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and the five milliards traced to the baneful influence of the matutinal café-au-lait. Again, though chocolate, pure and simple, is not proscribed, chocolate with the addition of vanilla is pronounced extremely unwholesome by the faculty. Bread and milk, or a plate of soup, is said to be the safest of all morning refectations. M. Alexandre Dumas has been good-natured enough to inform the world that he invariably begins the business of the day by warming himself with a plate of soup which has been left out for him the night before. He can thus get up at whatsoever hour he pleases, independently of servants' whims, refresh himself, and set to work till noon. It is, however, essential that the first breakfast, however slight, should be agreeable—should, if possible, be an incentive to leave one's bed.

To return to the example of illustrious men, we read that Buffon's breakfast consisted of a crust of bread and two glasses of wine. Claret, however, would generally seem too cold a beverage to the morning fancies of a Briton, while sherry would have a dangerous tendency to degenerate into dram-drinking, though there are precedents far from contemptible for that practice—as that of Sheridan, for instance. But one can only repeat the caution which may be necessary for admirers of Schiller, and remind the ardent youth who is ambitious of oratorical fame that the speech on the Oude charge was by no means due to the circumstance that its author would drink a glass of raw brandy on getting up in the morning; and that a person who should follow his example might very likely find a bailiff to snatch away his last blanket, but not so easily some "nobles" to hold up his pall. A better example is furnished by the matutinal drinkers of tea. Yet the leaf of China has much to answer for in some cases, and, especially if its infusion be taken strong and without accompanying bread and butter, it is apt to be productive of nervous disorders. At the same time, weak tea is hateful to gods and men. Some very respectable persons, wholly unlike Sheridan in every respect, begin the day with a dram, which they confidently assert (and apparently with truth) is ordered them by their doctors. Nor do they suffer any loss of their friends' esteem, for the simple reason that they add a raw egg to the dose of strong spirits they absorb. A glass of rum, again, taken at six a.m., has been held to be innocent, and even praiseworthy, if tempered with milk. But the most remarkable of all breakfasts was the customary meal of the Emperor Charles V. in the small hours. A servant would awake his Majesty, and forthwith set before him a chicken stewed in milk. The Emperor ate it, drumsticks and all, and went to sleep again. Perhaps it was the best thing he could do. Only such a repast was the merest piece of gluttony. Finally, there was another method of distributing the day's meals, with which our fathers were familiar in the heroic days: it was to go without breakfast at all, taking "dinner" at noon. There is small need to counsel the present age against a return to this custom.

ARTISTIC.

Wendell Phillips once said that a mere peasant in Europe had a better education in art than the average American.

A portion of the supports of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and some of the nave pillars in Westminster Abbey are undergoing extensive repairs.

Is taking down houses in London, about thirty-six feet of the ancient Roman wall, nine feet thick, and a solid semi-circular bastion were revealed.

The title of Sir Noel Paton's latest picture is "The Good Shepherd," and it is intended as a companion picture to "The Man of Sorrows," painted about a year ago.

MEXICO is to have a colossal statue of the late President Juárez, which will be executed by Signor Gagliardo, who lives in San Francisco, and says the climate of California is as good as that of Italy.

The painter Leopold Robert, the author of the "Moissonneurs," was born at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, and died at Venice. His fellow-countrymen opened a subscription to erect a monument to his memory, and it produced 2,500 francs. That memorial will be erected in the cemetery of the Lido, at Venice.

An interesting discovery of old pieces of money has been made at Aire (Pas-de-Calais). They were found in an earthenware pot buried in a cellar of a house; the greater part are of copper, and bear the arms of the House of Austria. Among others are 51 silver pieces of square form with the corner cut off, and a few of gold of the same shape, of the value of four florins. The most interesting among them are a number of the coins struck in the town during the siege of Aire by the French in 1641, and which are very rare. Those of gold are believed to be hitherto unknown.

The right form of the foot seems as difficult for artists to settle as the right colour of the skin. An authority writes that the French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved—thanks to the Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of it." The foot of the Scotch is large and thick; that of the Irish flat and square; the English, short and fleshy, but undoubtedly well-shaped and proportioned. A foot for both beauty and speed should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the person.

An interesting discovery has just been made at Rome in the church of St. Peter ad vincula. Workmen have been engaged for some time in the construction of a "confession" near the high altar. In the course of the excavations, in a line between the altar and the apse, they came upon a marble sarcophagus more than two metres in length. On the sides are sculptured five groups in the style apparently of the fourth or fifth century. The first represents the Redeemer raising Lazarus, with the sister of the latter on her knees at the tomb; the second, the multiplication of the loaves and fishes; the third, Jesus and the Samaritan woman at the well; the fourth, our Lord foretelling to Peter his triple denial; and the fifth, Christ giving the keys to Peter. The interior is divided into seven compartments, and this circumstance has given rise to the belief that the sarcophagus found contains the bones of the Seven Macchabees, which, according to Church history and tradition, rest in this church, built by Eudoxia.

"Pelagus rursus sacravit Papa beatos
Corpora Sanctorum condens ibi Machabæorum."

The ecclesiastical authorities, wishing to proceed with caution, have not pronounced upon the authenticity of these remains. In the meantime the sarcophagus has been sealed up with the usual formalities, and a commission of archæologists has been charged to investigate any evidence that may be found to throw any light on the discovery.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

Thirty-seven vessels are reported lost on the Labrador coast during the recent gale. No lives were lost.