

feet thick. The chasm extends in length 250 feet. More dimensions, however, can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rock and the tessellated pavement of the floor will be observed.

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

I am old and blind
Men point at me as smitten with God's frown,
Afflicted, and deserted by my mind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet dying,
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest then Thou art most near;
When men pass coldly by—my weakness
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines upon my lowly dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown,
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I might see

Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear.
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

MY PIPES AND TOBACCO.

"GRANDPA," said a little boy one day to a very nice old gentleman, Mr. Winchester, who lived elegantly in one of our large cities, "what does it mean 'my pipes and tobacco?'"

"What, my son?" said his grandpa.

"What about pipes and tobacco?"

"Why, grandpa," said little Robbie, "the other day, when you threw something that you bought for grandpa into her lap, you said, 'Pipes and tobacco,' and it was those beautiful pictures of the angels. And another time, when the expressman brought the—statuary, do you call it, those funny checker-players that I always laugh so at—you said, 'Here, mother, pipes and tobacco,' and sometimes you go into the garden to enjoy your pipes and tobacco, and you never smoke. What does it mean, grandpa?"

"Come here, my little boy, I am glad to answer the question that I hoped you would ask me some day. And his grandfather looked lovingly into the face of the little Robbie that God had given to his care. Taking him into his lap, he said: "How old are you, my son?"

"Most seven," said Robbie, very seriously.

"When I was no older than you," continued Mr. Winchester, "I wanted to smoke, like my Uncle Robert, and mamma said, 'Well, papa, we will let him smoke if he wants to,' so they prepared the pipe for me. At first the smoke would not come as it did for Uncle Robert; but by and by it curled out of the pipe in beautiful rings, and

I felt very much like a man as they circled around my face. Soon I began to grow sick. All the day I could not play, and when the night came how my head ached; I wished such a thing as tobacco had never been heard of.

"The next morning I was better, and mamma said, 'You do not like tobacco, my son?' 'No mamma,' I replied. 'But,' she said, 'it will not make you sick the next time. Do you remember what I told you the other day about the conscience, that after a few times if we neglected to obey its voice it would leave us? It is very much the case with any evil of the body. It ceases after a little to give such warnings as we can understand. It will not make you sick again, and by and by you can smoke just as Uncle Robert does. Will you not like to try it again?"

"After two or three times, mamma, will it not hurt me?" I asked.

"What did I tell you about the conscience?" she replied. "After it ceased to warn you, did the sin do you any harm?"

"Then I remembered how the heart grew harder and harder and was ready for and enjoyed wicked ways and people. But I asked what harm the smoking would do after it had ceased to make me sick, and she told me what it did sometimes to the teeth, how it often made cancers on the lips, and how it affected the breath and made the whole person offensive to many people, besides being an expensive habit; for with the money that you will spend for tobacco you can buy a great many useful and elegant things. "Then I asked what God made it for.

"She told me that it was first found in America, and that a famous Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, learned to smoke, and taught the habit to his countrymen, but that she supposed God made it for medicine. 'Do you know the man that works at Squire Devol's?' said his grandpa.

"Yes, sir; you mean the one they call Sam," said Robbie.

"Well," said Mr. Winchester, "Sam and I were boys together. He bought pipes and tobacco, I books and pencils. As we grew up he put his money more and more into such things, while I spent mine for what would benefit me or some one else. Which man would you rather be like, Sam, with his stooping, shiftless gait and poor living, or your grandpa, with your good grandma, and pleasant home, with its pictures and statuary and music?"

"Oh! you, grandpa, and grandma, and everything." And he threw his arms around Mr. Winchester's neck, kissing him all over his face. "You, you!"

"And you will not use tobacco?"

"No, no, I will not learn to smoke at all."

"Not if the boys call you a white-faced baby and tied to your grandmother's apron-strings?"

"No, no!" said little Robbie. "I can say to myself, as grandpa taught me the other day: 'Our father, who art in heaven, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from all evil.'"

Now, my dear little children, the writer of this story knows just such a nice old gentleman, who uses tobacco in no other way than to buy beautiful things with it, or rather with the money that might be spent for it; and she hopes his example may be followed by every little boy that hears about him, and that all the little girls will make

this one of their every-day tales, until it is known all over the land.—*Youth's Banner.*

A STRANGE CURIOSITY is in the Museum of Natural History of Leyden. It consists of some bits of "wood, full of holes like a sponge, fragments of piles and sluice-gates, which recall an immense danger run by Holland toward the middle of the last century. A small fish, or species of water-worm, called *taret*, brought, it is believed, by some ship returning from the tropics, and multiplying with marvellous rapidity in northern waters, had so corroded and gnawed the wood of the dykes that, had it gone on for a short time longer without discovery, the sea would have broken in and flooded the whole country. The discovery of this danger threw Holland into dismay. The people rushed to the churches, and the entire population set to work. They lined the sluice-gates with copper, they fortified the injured dykes, they strengthened the piles with rails, with stone, with sea-weed, and with masonry; and partly by these means, but especially by the rigor of the climate, which destroyed the terrible animal, the horrible calamity, feared at first as irreparable, was avoided. A worm had made Holland tremble—triumph denied to the tempests of the ocean and the anger of Philip of Spain."—*De Amicis.*

HOW THE RUSSIANS KEEP WARM.



HE Russians have a great knack of making their winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly built houses, where all doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress in-doors in the lightest of gowns, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out.

A Russian can afford to run no risk of exposure when he leaves the house for a walk or a drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in a top-coat with a fur collar, lining, and cuffs; he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all around so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian exposes only his nose to the cold air; and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going. A stranger, who is apt to forget the precaution, would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will unbidden help him to chafe it vigorously with snow.

In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during the winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee-bocs; those of the shop-keeping class seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. The sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people; for the Kalmuck coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace, that they frequently capsizes.

A BOY'S LAST HYMN IN A GARRET.



FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"
"Hush! don't tell anybody, please, s.r."

"What are you doing here?"
"Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir,—I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."
"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."
"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here." He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt, my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"
"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"
"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"
"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission, school and they told me there of God, and of heaven and of Jesus; and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing!

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee,
Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-bye."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings; and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath his little ragged shirt—dead.—J. B. GOUAN, in *English Magazine.*