

clear and fresh, and the colours of the ribbons bright. The child lay at her knee, the features as composed as if he had been asleep, and the smile of innocence sat on his lips. The body seemed to have been preserved in some liquid of the appearance of brandy; though perfectly transparent it had lost all its pungent qualities, its taste being quite vapid."

Curiously enough, the bodies, when exposed to the air, did not crumble into dust. For several weeks they underwent no visible change, though sullied by the drops of grease from the candles held over them, nor for months afterward, though pressed with the finger, did they yield to the touch, but seemed to retain the elasticity of life.

K. D. C. brings prompt relief to sufferers from Indigestion.

Land-Locked.

(Of this, her first published poem, Celia Thaxter wrote in a letter to a friend, "I never sought the public ear, but writing and publishing was forced on me. I had written some verses in pencil on an envelope I happened to have in my pocket, and sent them to a friend—a woman whom I knew sympathized with my homesickness for the sea. She gave them to a relative who was connected with a magazine, and he handed them to James Russel Lowell, the editor of the magazine, who christened them 'Land-locked,' and printed them without a word to me, and the first thing I knew I saw my verses in print, to my profound astonishment. After that I had to write for my friends James T. Fields and John G. Whittier, and others insisted on it. 'Write—these must—it is thy kismet,' said the great, good poet; and so I did.")

Black lie the hills; swiftly doth daylight flee;
And, catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,
Through the dusk-land for many a changing mile
The river runneth softly to the sea.

O happy river, could I follow thee!
O yearning heart, that never can be still!
O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,
Longing for level line of solemn sea!

Have patience; here are flowers and songs of birds,
Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight,
All summer's glory thine from morn till night,
And life too full of joy for uttered words.

Neither am I ungrateful; but I dream
Deliciously how twilight falls to-night
Over the glimmering water, how the light
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind sea-scented on my cheek,
To catch the sound of dusky, flapping sail
And dip of oars, and voices on the gale
Afar off, calling low—my name they speak!

O Earth! thy summer song of joy may soar
Ringing to heaven in triumph, I but crave
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave
That breaks in tender music on the shore.

Rests.

God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator.

"How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come between.

"Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not be dismayed at the 'rests.' They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the keynote. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us.

"With the eye on Him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, 'There is no music in a rest,' let us not forget there is the 'making of music' in it. The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!"—*Ruskin.*

How the Days Follow Each Other.

The maritime powers of the world have agreed to make London the time centre, and the 180th degree of longitude from London (or Greenwich) as the point where the day changes. This meridian, therefore, leads the day. Its passage under the 180th, or mid-night, celestial meridian marks the beginning of a new day for the earth; hence to-day becomes to-morrow. We have a new date for the month and a new day for the week in the transition.

It is here, then, that Sabbath was born just to the west of Honolulu, but bear in mind that the day travels westward, therefore this new-born day does not visit Honolulu until it has made a circuit of the globe. Honolulu and New Zealand are only about thirty degrees apart in longitude, but they are a whole day apart as regards any particular day, because the point at which the day changes lies between them. Sabbath was born on the 180th meridian, and is a long way off from Honolulu.

It is morning there, too, but it is Saturday morning, while in New Zealand it is not yet day, but the Sabbath dawn is breaking. It is clear, then, that if it is Friday (near mid-night) at Honolulu to the east of the line, and Sabbath (near 1 a.m.) to the west of it, a ship which sails from Honolulu to New Zealand, or from east to west, must sail out of Friday into Sabbath, and gains a day; and, vice versa, a ship which sails from New Zealand, where Sabbath has begun, to Honolulu, where Friday has just ended and Saturday begun, or, from west to east, must lose a day.

"The People's Course" of Popular Entertainments.

At last it seems as if the new Massey Music Hall is to be used for the benefit of the people. Through the energy and pluck of a few of Toronto's citizens, a movement is on foot, as per advertisement in to-day's paper, to give a course of 10 concerts, lectures, and entertainments in the new Music Hall at popular prices, viz., a course ticket, admitting to the ten entertainments, for \$1, and \$1.50, and \$2.50 for reserved seat; thus for ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents an evening's pleasure can be had in a comfortable hall, listening to the best available talent. Single tickets will be double these prices. The proposed course is to be opened on the 17th of November next by the Torbett Concert Company, one of the best musical organizations before the public this year. It will be remembered that Miss Torbett was in Clara Louise Kellogg's Company, and for two years divided the honours with that lady. General James B. Weaver (late candidate for the Presidency of the United States) is to give his great lecture on "Social Security—Its Safeguards." Rev. Joseph Cook will discuss the "Use and Abuse of Sunday," and seven other events of this stamp comprise one of the best courses ever presented to the citizens of Toronto. Hundreds of names have already been signed to the subscription list now being circulated by Mr. Thomas J. Wilkie, the business manager, whose office is in the Bank of Commerce Building. It is hoped the public will appreciate this most laudable enterprise by subscribing at once, so that the talent now being held may be secured. We notice the names of Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, his Honour the Mayor, and many other of our more prominent citizens, as well as scores of clerks and mechanics, are upon the list. This certainly is a step in the right direction to afford amusement and instruction to the masses, of the best possible kind at the lowest possible price.

—Opportunities are universal. They come in one form or another to every human being. It is safe to say that no man lives whose hand at some time has not been at the door of a genuine opportunity, if he had only raised his eyes and discovered that his hand was no longer resting on an unbroken wall. The trouble is that we do not see. We are so intent upon having things come to us after some manner which we have determined upon in our own minds, that when they come to us in some other guise we let them pass unnoticed.

The Coming Day.

In the Arctic regions men have braved the cruel cold of a long, long winter without a ray of sunlight to cheer them, while their ships were blocked up between great mountains of ice. They underwent peril and privation in order to make discoveries in a part of the world as yet little known to the rest of it. I will give you the experience of some at the return of day more than twenty years ago.

"The coming of the sun is watched with eager impatience and hailed with delirious joy. We awaited the approaching moment with much eagerness. Presently a ray of light burst through the soft mist-clouds which lay off to the right, blending them into a purple sea, and glistening upon the summits of the tall icebergs. The ray approached nearer and nearer, the purple sea widened; we felt the night was passing away. At last, there at our feet lay a sheet of sparkling gems, and the sun burst broadly in our faces. Off went our caps, and we hailed the long-lost wanderer of the heavens with joy. He had been absent from us one hundred and twenty-six days!"

Christ says, "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Are you following Him, young readers? Is the darkness of unbelief past? One day He will visit this earth as "The Sun of Righteousness." Will you rejoice in the Coming Day?

—The famous musical composers have taken a hint from their literary brethren, and are securing an advance magazine publication for their compositions just as the authors publish their novels in serial form. *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which was practically the first magazine to offer this outlet to composers of repute, finds all the musical men rallying to it, Sir Arthur Sullivan announcing that the new song which he has just finished will be published in that magazine. Patti's veteran conductor, Arditi, has given his new waltz to the *Journal*, while Reginald de Koven's new song goes also to the same periodical. Strauss has sent his new waltz to the editor, Sousa a new march, and Mascagni, of "Cavalleria Rusticana" fame, is writing a piano score.

Rev. T. W. Leggott, Brooklin, Ont., writes: After giving the K. D. C. a fair trial, I am satisfied it is the best remedy for Dyspepsia ever brought within my reach. I have found it all that is claimed in its behalf, and have much pleasure in recommending it as a most excellent remedy.

Free Sample of K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Rev. Edward Allen, of Somerset, is the oldest clergyman in England. In a letter he says: "I am the oldest, or one of the oldest, clergymen in England. I was born on the 18th of January, 1798, at Theale, in the parish of Tilehurst, Berks. I am in perfect possession of all my faculties and write all my letters without the aid of spectacles."

Mrs. Hobbs, of Barnaby, Eng., has celebrated her hundredth birthday. She is the widow of a soldier who fought at Waterloo, and of her fourteen children two fought in the Crimea. She has five grandsons in the British army now.

—Some people say their prayers without taking the trouble to think what they are saying, and console themselves with the thought that the Lord knows their sentiments.

—Discord is a very grievous sin. All other transgressions may be atoned for by good works; it alone preventing us from performing meritorious actions.

—Some things remain settled in this life in spite of the critics. It is still true, for instance, that the man who faces the sun keeps his shadow behind him.