BEDTIME.

BY LULU.

The little ones have gone to bed-I hear no other sound, Except the ticking of the clock, So still is all around.

The little clothes are folded up. And laid upon the chair; By Katie's own wee cunning hands All put away with care.

The little wearer in the crib, With clossy, golden carls, Is dearer to her mother's heart Than India's shining pearls.

And white I gaze with loving pride, On each fair, golden tress. A threb of pity, grown to pain, Comes for the motherless.

And warmly still my heart goes out To those who lonely weap, For that in all their cradle-beds, No little darlings sleep.

Ah, many a mother thinks, at night, With aching heart and head. How in the cold and dark, alone, Her baby's gone to bed.

Fur from the loving mether-arms; Fur from homes sheltering nest, Under the daisies and the stars, Her little one doth rest.

Yet, grieving mothers, not so warm, Nor safe, their earthly bed, The Saviour's bosom pillows now, Thy sleeping treasure's head.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, Isn't it, my boy ?" Clarence Spencer to whom the words had been Charence Spencer to whom the words had been addressed, turned from his ledger, and looked toward the speaker. Charence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and was book-keeper for Mr. Solomon Wardle. It was Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Charence?" the merchant repeated.

A neavy ounter, isn't it, Chirches is the merchant repeated.
And still the young man was silent. His look indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom upon his handsome

" My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

" Mr. Wurdle, I do not comprehend you."

"Al, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

" Didn't I call at your house for you this morn-

ing ?"
Clarence nodded assent.

And didn't I hear and see enough to revea to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own.

And then Chrence Spencer understood; and the morning's seene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a more nothing, face it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown to a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of imputionee; then a rising of the voice; thon another look; the voice rese higher; reason was unlinged; passion gained sway; and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that by smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Charence remembered that Mr. Wardle had account high power and had country a sign of the entered his house, and had caught a sign of the

And Chrence Spencer thought of one thing more: He thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and be knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?" The book-keeper knew that his employer

was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man, and after a brief pause he answered,—
"Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."
"Is and sat down. His f

The merchant smiled, and sat down. His face with goodness, and an earnest light was "My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not of-

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him now

In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, " you love you

That is enough. I know you love her." "O! Mr. Wardle,-I-I-

" You love her as well as you dld when you

Better! better! I love her more and

"And do you think she loves you in return?

" Loves me in return!"
" Aye,--what do you think about it?"

"I don't think anything about it .- I KNOW!"

" You know she loves you?"
"Yes!" " And you know that deep down in her heart

she holds your love as a most sacred treasure

Yes, I know it." Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from noill-feeling at heart?" Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry "

A moment's hesitation, and then,---"Yes, yes, I am heartily sorry."

"Now mark me, Charence, and answer hon-estly: Don't you think your wife is as sorry as " I cannot doubt it."

And don't you think she is suffering all this time? Yes."

"Is she not probably, in the seclusion of her home, suffering more keenly than you "I doubt that, Mr. Wardle. At all events, I

hope site may not be suffering more."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes.—I know that."

" Yes.—I know that."

" And now, my boy, do you realize where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?" Clarence looked upon his interlocutor won-

11 the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so un-impolly?"

larence assented. "But," continued Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you re-

The young man bowed his head as he mur-

mured an adicinative,

« Because" the increhant added, with a touch
of parential stemaces in this touc, « you are re-solved to carry if there !!

solved to carry it there?"
Charence looked up in surprise.
"I—I carry it?"
"Aye, you have the burd-in in your heart, and you mean to carry it home,—Remember, my hoy, I have been there, and I know all about it; I have been very fooli h in my lifetime, and I have suifered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I received that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown posed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why?—He-cause you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her beart is bur-dened with the same affliction which gives you so much unrost. And so, you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know?—Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself,—'I can bear it as long as she can!' —Am I not right?"

—Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant;
"and very likely your wife is saying to herself
the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does
not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but
upon the inability to bear the burden. By and
by it will happen, as it has impened before,
that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker
party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is
keenest and most sensitive. The husband, in
such case, acts the part of a coward. When he
might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he
cringes and cowers until the wife is forced to let

might, with a breath, blow the cloudaway, he cringes and cowers until the wife is forced to let the smilight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, and he felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardio had depicted. And this brought him to the remember the of how he had some his wife wann when brince of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy bur-den, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts: and after a time he arose and touched him upon

the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and bless-ing that might be; and, with this thought, you should enter your cottage with a smile upon should enter your cottage with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms around your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, — 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.'— Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Howeles me ?"

"Repulse me ?" "Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir,—have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Dare you thus try to imitate your Divine Teacher? Or, do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear that she would respect and esteem you less for the deed?—Tell me,—Do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? O, Clarence, if you would but try?"

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the chambers, and had satdown with her sewing in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad,

nd tears were in her eyes

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the hall. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her,—and he said to her, in broken necestic.

"Durling, I have come home to throw down It is greater than I can bear !"

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. Of could be forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the whole burden of repreach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

the blance. He must share that,
"We will share it so evenly," he said, "that
its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my we will be happy ?"

.rling, we w "Always !"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence re-turned to the store, tousk the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eye, and

n his joy-inspired face. It was a your after this—and Clarenco Spencor had become a partner in the house—that

of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Charence, with a swelling bosom, that was the most blessed lesson I ever re-

ceived. My wife knows who gave it to me."
"And it serves you yet, my hoy ?"
"Aye,—and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find ledgment with us. The finsh and the jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know,—but the heart which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding-place to the ill-feeling, will not be eath-ed upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are fool-ish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off;—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

The Queenland papers report the marriage of two South Sea Islanders with English women; the first marriages of the kind which have yet eccurred. The ladies who have thus broken through the bonds of custom are the Misses lineriet Charlesworth and Ann Sims. The former is native of Walterd, in the county of Essex, and is nged twenty-five. The latter is one year younger, and the distinction of Leting her birthplace. The bridgerooms are natives of the island of Lifty, and intend to return to their island home immediately, carrying their spoases with them. They were Christians before coming to Queensland, and have a fair knowledge of English. One of them was able to sign the marriage register in a handwriting that would have been c.e. disable to an accomplished Eurorean, and both of them answered all the questions put to them by the Limister very intelligently, although somewhat pozzled at the interrugatories respecting the degrees of kindred, Their wifes are only late arrivals in the colony, having come out by the India on her last trap. Their wifes are only late arrivals in the colony, having come out by the India on her last trap. It the idea one gains ground in this country that Carstian South Sea Islanders, or even south sea Islanders who may become Christian ander domestic influences, are looking out for English wives in 12.00-che-land, the India on her next trip will not lack a fair eargo of passengers.

ment of the imaginative temperament. And there is one sin which men of imagination con-ceive themselves in dreams to be always committing—dividing some secret, some hidden deep in the sanctuary of their souls. In dreams, likewise—and in dreams exclusively—they feel the utmost bitterness of remorse. There are few more striking features of dreams than that dreams, while reproducing the past, restore the feelings which we had in connection with any particular phase or event of the past. If we dream of our childhood, we have the feelings of our childhood; if of our youth, we have the feelings of our youth. Awake, we can recall the past by memory, but not by feeling: regait the just by memory, our not by recong-so that, in truth, we cannot, awake, be said to renew to ourselves that senson of each authentant at all. Asleep, we roll the years back, and have again, when dreaming of days long gone by, the emotions of youth or of childhood. emotions of youth or of childhood. It looks as if there were a profounder, more potent memory than the memory of the mind, and as if the soul never forgot what it had once felt, though the mind may often forget that which it has surveyed with the keenest attention. As related to the great question of immortality, this point is of supreme importance. We are inclined to pride ourselves on our intellect, its treasures, its arbity-mounts. It heart of our respect to conachievements-to boast of our reason as our divinest prerogative. But our intellect decays, and our reason grows feeble and confused. Our soul, our reason grows feeble and confused. Our soul, however, in dramms, has an undying, an untiminished freshness, as if over in sympathetic commune with the invisible, which is its kingdom and its home. Dreams, therefore, victoriously oppose psychical identity in its most various aspects to a valgar Materialism. Frequent is the debate whether dreams have any bearing on the immediate future—whether they have a prophetic significance, and whether in the fulfilmont of seeming prognostics there is more than mere coincidence. Assuredly it is not foolish to deem dreams prophetic because we may err in interpreting them, and to talk of coincidence is interpreting them, and to talk of coincidence is merely to employ a meaningless word. Let dreams, however, be the predictions and the prelides of the immediate future or not, they dart—and that is better—a holy and consoling ray into the remotest futurity. We know from our psychical identity in dreams, and from its countless transfigurements, that we shall be divinely and for ever awake when the dreams of earth are no more. Doth God sleep? Doth God dream? If God sleeps not, dreams not, eould the universe be so rich in beauty, or could there be grander and grander mysteries? The Ger-Schubert, has written an interesting work on "The Symbolism of Dreaming," which ven-tures into a region that English authors seldom approach. In the works of Richter, also, there many suggestive hints on the subject of dreams—a subject well suited to Richter's sin-gular genius.—Freelight.

ORIGIN OF THE WEDDING RING.

Some doubt seems to exist in the minds of antiquaries and others as to the origin of the sanctity of the ring, that most important feature in our marriage service, as in by-gone ages it was given to the bride only as a gift amongst other presents. The form of it was doubtless a symbol of eternity. It was the custom amongst the Angle-Saxons for children to be bethrothed at an early age, and at such ceremonies the bridegroom gave the "wed" (whence our word wedding) or pledge, which consisted of a number of valuables, amongst others a ring, which was placed on the girl's right hand, where it remained until it was transferred to her left when antiquaries and others as to the origin of the mained until it was transferred to her left when matical until it was transferred to her left when she was, married. On tint occasion the brides groom put the ring on each of the bride's left hand fingers in turn, saying at the first, " in the name of the Father," at the second, "in the name of the Son," at the third, "in the name of the Bots," and at the fourth, "Amen;" after which the father presented the bushand with one of the bride's shoes as a token of the property and the transfer of authority which the bride's shoes as with one of the bride's shoes as a token of the transfer of authority, whilst the bride was made fally aware of the fact by a blow on her head given with a shoe. The husband bound himself down by oath to use his wife well, in failing of which she might leave him, although he was allowed by prescriptive right to bestow on her and his apprentices moderate easignation. Per and his apprentices moderate easignation. transfer of authority, whilst the bride was made ally aware of the fact by a blow on her head given with a shoe. The husband bound himself and his apprentices moderate easilgation. Popular opinion in time formed itself into law. and even now-a-days there is an idea current in some part of the country that the husband may beat his wife, provided that the stick be no longer than the wiolder's arm and no thicker than his middle finger. An old Weish law conishment upon any part of the lady's body exwhen people believed in the truth of the doggerel!-

"A woman, a whelp, and a walnut tree,
The more they're beaten the better they be."

Now, however, there are such personages a pollemen and stipendiary magistrates, such punishment as the treathfill and the cat, as many a rufficulty wife-beater has found out to

VENETIAN LADIES.

The beauty of the Venetian ladies is prover bial, but still more striking in the peasantry from the suburbs or the surrounding country. Among this class, the women are full, strong, derk and malestic; the men are handsome; the old physical type is kept, but the moral peculiarities have disappeared with the national costume and gayety; and one could now hardly find a gondoiler able to recite the stanzas of Tasso. Once in a while you meet with what seems to be the original of some portrait which you have seen and admired in a gallery, and you remain dazzied by the richness of forms and complexion which you thought had never existed but in the mind of an artist. These people are proud of their city and its past glory, and think themselves particularly fortunate i and think memselves patternary fortunate inclusions and kind, and you never meet with coarseness and enlagarity. A class of women fast disappearing now, known as woer-sellers, are very picturesque. They come from the country around Venley, and wear a sort of traditional construct. It consists in a high black felt hat. costume. It consists in a high black felt hat, trimmed with ribbons and feathers, a very short-walkiest black cloth dress, with sleeves of coarse, white linen, and a handkerchief and stocking is ent of, and they go barefoot, carry-knock over some of the tools with which her ing their pails on their shoulders by means of a brother is busy. An apology involuntarily

Men of consummate activity, even when imaginative, are somed and heavy sleepers, such as Napoleon wast and in somel and heavy sleepers, such as such, steep is so light that nothing but slight sleep, dreaming. But in the lunaginative, as such, steep is so light that nothing but slight light sleep, dreaming is never for an instant intermitted. The life of the amaginative is a fathing, a disenchantment, a sterile idealism. It is well that sleep should bring them in dreams one of sundry compensations. Not that the dreaming of the imaginative is a fathing of the imaginative in their brief and feverish slumbers is joyous—far from it; but it satisfies their hunger for movement. A morbid conscientious aces is commanly an accompaniament of the imaginative homosecurem. And opposite to the tox on the other star of the cor-ridor, is a room of the same size, where ladies arrange their tollettes, put on their domino, and mask in Carnival thue, or take supper or re-freshment when they wish, and this is neces-sary in Carnival, for the opera does not end till one in the morning, on account of the ballet, and the Carnival festivities follow. The boxes are fremished by the owners, same of them yery fernished by the owners, some of them very handsomely. There are six theatres in the city, and it is here only where strangers can see the high-bred Venetian ladies, as they only go out at night in their gondolas. Italian customs in regard to ladies are but one step above those of the barems of Constantinople; for here no lady is seen unattended out of doors; and as to the shopping expeditions so energetically accomplished by American ladies, their mame is unknown here. Merchants send samples to the houses of their customers, and dress-makers and milliners come and take orders and buy all the small requisites. Ladles wear full dress at furnished by the owners, some of them very the small requisites. Ladies wear full dress at the theatre or at home in the evening; but they use ormanents sparingly, and their fewels are generally very rich, and precious heir-tooms.

IDEAS ABOUT GOD.

A little child has never gone out of its native vilings. Its father has been a sallor. The child says to him, "Father, what is the ocean?" "Oh, my child," says the father, "the ocean— "Oh, my child," says the father, "the occan— why, suppose that liftle brook there were to widen, and widen, and widen, till it renched away beyond that hill; and then suppose it were to widen, and widen, and widen, till it reached away beyond the mountain; and then suppose it were to reach farther and farther, till you could not see the banks of it, that would be the occan." "What, father! as big as that?"

"Oh, my child, it, is a thousand those hiereer be the ocean." "What, father; as big as that r" oth, my child, It is a thousand thues bigger than that." "Well, father, what is a storm on the ocean." "The father takes a pull of water, and sets It down, and oscillates it until the waves roll from side to side, and then he says, "That is it, on a small scale, my child.—It gives only a hint of what a storm on the ocean is," The child will have a very limited conception, I take it, of such a storm from what he sees in the pail. But every drop of water in that pull is like the water of the ocean; and every one of its waves, in its curves, its motions, its laws,

represents the most gigantic waves of the sea.
Thus the lowest experiences in human mature, of love, or pity, or idelity, and of truth, small in us, are of the same essential quality as they are in God. They are vaster in God, they are in him inconceivable in magnitude, in intensity, in fruitiulness and in beauty; but we have the root-notion; and it is not an unfair interpreta-

tion which our imagination gives.

Moral likeness of qualities in God and men is indispensable to man's communion with Him. We cannot send up our affections to God unles there is in the divine nature something that corresponds to our affections. Any other view than this seems to me to lead to an abyse of ignorance, or else to the wastes of athelsm. The best experiences of mankind are fairly analogues to the nature of God. "Blessed," therefore, "are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

POLITE CHILDREN.

"Thank you, Charlie," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper be was re-

quested to bring.

6 Thank you, bridget," said the little fellow a few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse "Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best-man-

nered children I ever saw," said a neighbor, of I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well-behaved."
"We always treat our children politely," was

manner that a well-instructed dog would resent. He would order them with a growl to bring him his slippers, or perform some other little service; and yet he complained of the rudeness and disobedience of his children.

Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners towards the world at large, are perfect boors inside the home-circle. What perfect boors inside the home-circle. What wonder if the children are the same? should accidentally brush against another in the streets, an apology is sure to follow; but who ever thinks of offering an apology to the little people, whose rights are constantly being violated by their carcless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he isgratefully thankd: but who over remembers to thus reward the little tireless feet that are travelling all day the first stress led to the third in the control of for sometaxly? obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason. The costless use of an "If you please," and "I thank you," now and then, will go far to lighten an otherwise burdensome task. Say to your son, "John, shut the door," and with a scowl, he will move slowly toward it, and shut it with a bang. The next time say, "John, will you shut the door, please?" and he vill hasten with a pleasant smile to do you bidding.

Many children, as they grow older, are obliged to learn the rules of politeness as they would a lesson. The consequence is, when they appear in society they are awkward and blundering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politoness at home, are at their case in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules

Some children, learning from their parents, seem to consider politeness at home affectation! Brothers who would jump up with alacrity to give an easy-chair to some dashing miss of their acquaintance, will appropriate it to themselves when at home without the slightest apparent consciousness of the presence of a sister, or per-

haps a mother.
"My brother is as polite to me as any one else, when I go out with him," said a girl proudly to a companion. What a reflection on his manners at home! A sister will perhaps accidentally

they should be taught to apologize. I have seen the checks of a child flush with anger, his eyes flash, and a little hand raised to strike the un-fortunate breaker of a toy, when, as if by magic, the blow was arrested by these words, a Excuso-me, I did not mean to."

me, I did not mean to."

Polish is not everything. It is, however, something. It is better to have a black kettle that is sound, than a bright one with a hole in the bottom; but there is no reason why the sound one should not be bright too.

It is of the first importance that children should possess those sterling qualities which fit them for battle with templation and sin; but do not send them out in the world in great closhopper boots. Shine them up, and both bapoiness and influence will be increased.—Advance.

THE GERMAN FLEET.

The Allgemeine Zeitung publishes some in-teresting remarks, by can eminent officer of the French navy," on the German fleet. "No-thing prevents the German Empire," he says, thing prevents the German Empire," he says, a from creating a powerful navy. Its cersis on the Baitle and the North Sea extend for a distance of 1,400 kilomètres, and a canal su ficiently deep for stilps of war will soon unito these seas, and make the difficult passage of the Sound and the Bolt unnecessary. As for the mercantile marine it is known to be super, or in tomage to the French; the number of sadors at the disnosed of Germany is therefore suffi-

In tomage to the French; the number of sadors at the disposal of termany is, therefore, sufficient to provide for a very considerable inwal force. . . The coasts, too, is so protected by rocks and sandbanks that it presents very great obstacles to the attack of a nostile flext, and when the works at Kiel, Memel, Pillan, and at the mouths of the Eibe and Weser, are completed, it will require a very large number of small iron-class to enable an enemy to effect a haddre or any other bottle operation. It of small from-clads to enable an enemy to effect a landing or any other hostile operation. It thus appears that Germany neltiaer wants coasts nor ports, nor scannen; what she wants its ships. She has only five fromclads, with us many cor-vettes and a few smaller vessels; her fromchads, the Konig Withelm especially, are very good, the other vessels are almost useless." In regard to the torpedo vessels lately adopted by the German Admiratty, the officer observes... The small size of these vessels, their slight elevation above the surface of the water, and the impen-nerability of their plates, will make it poss-ble for them to approach a fleet at anchor even In the dayline, if it does not keep an Tronclad ready with steam up to drive the aggressor back. At alght their operations would of courso be much easier, and it would be necessary to have a small fleet of cruisers to watch their movements. There is nothing more dangerous than vessels lying deep in the water; artillery is almost powerless against them. This was strikingly shown in the war between Paragnay and Brazil, where rafts with big guns slung upon them did immense bijury to the Brazilian fleet. All the Brazilians could see were the guns and their gumers, and it was found impossible to take aim at such small ob-jects in the heat of a mayal battle. . . . Three of the German torpedo vessels have already been constructed, and three more are now being been constructed, and three more are now being built at Dantzle; and ten officers and 340 men, selected from the German may for their spe-cial qualifications, are to be employed exclusive-ty in the management of this important branch of the service. We also had a torpedo school at Rochefort before the war, but economical considerations have now compelled us to a an-ign the work we then commenced. It seems don the work we then commenced. It seems to me that nothing can be more sonsible and effective than the new organization of the Ger-man navy, and when it is complete, which will not take a very long time, Germany, though not a first-class naval Power, will be in a ped-tion to deal hard blows at other mations with fleets of much greater pretensions, for the navies of England, France, Russia, and United States have had to go through many experiments, the fruits of which Germany is now reaping without my cost to berself."

STEAM CULTIVATION IN EUROPE.

\$350,000 in experiments, but after a few years he had nothing to represent this amount of m-vested capital except a lot of old machinery. The solution of the question whether ploughing could be done cheaper with steam than with horses was decided in 1855; its importance may be learned from the fact that there are works be learned from the fact that there are works in the country employing 1,200 men in nothing else than making steam ploughs. In Germany steam culture is making a revolution in agricul-ture. In England there are between four hun-dred and five hundred setts of tackle working for hire. These are held by companies as well for hire. These are held by companies as well as private individuals; the investment has been found to be profitable. A gentleman bought five hundred acres near London, that could not ive hundred acres near London, that could not be rented at \$3 per acre. He took down all the fence, drained the hand, bought a steam blow, and put all in grain crops. Last year his clear profits were \$18,000, after allowing \$10 per acre for rent. The soil is a stiff clay that cannot be cultivated with much profit by horse power. Another farmer bought five thousand acres of what was considered worthless clay land, and by steam power stirred it three feet deep, proby sterm power stream charly seven feet high. In Scotland steam cultivation is becoming quite general, producing astonishing results. Many general, producing astonishing results. Many of the farmers there have invested from \$6,000 to \$10,000 in steam machinery, and find that it pays better than horse power. Joint stock companies are also in existence that invest in land and steam machinery, and secure large di-

A Chin, b's Reasoning.—A little six-year-old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New Magaland divine celebrated for his logical powers. "May think, grandpa, what I nee Robert says!" "What does he say, my dear?" "I hav, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is 1.2" "Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself?" "Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself?" "How can I, grandpa?" "I tet your Bible, and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "How in at the beginning." The child sat down to rear and Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of tenesis, and had road about the creation of the stars and the animals, she game mack to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with exactement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true; tur God made the moon before he made any cows!"

The Ohio Legislature has passed a bill providing that people who read the newspapers shall not on that account be rejected as jurors.

