

spectable congregation. Precisely at eleven o'clock the Rev. W. M. Punshon, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of Newark, U. S., and the Rev. Dr. Wood, took seats on the platform, seated around which were the Revs. Dr. Green, G. Cochrane, Dr. Ryerson and S. Rose. The service was opened with a voluntary by Mr. Turvey on the organ, "He shall feed His flock, from Handel's Messiah." The Rev. W. M. Punshon then conducted the devotional exercises. The Rev. Dr. Wood delivered a prayer, after which the choir sang a chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God." The Rev. D. Green then read the first lesson, which was taken from the 6th and 7th chapters of the 2nd book of Chronicles. The second lesson was read by the Rev. G. Cochrane, from the 10th chapter of the 2nd Epistle to the Hebrews, and the 19th verse. After the singing of a hymn, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany delivered a most eloquent and impressive sermon from the 45th chapter of Isaiah, and the latter clause of the 21st verse.

The Rev. Mr. Punshon then delivered a prayer, after which, a collection was taken up and a handsome sum realized. Mr. Punshon stated that the probable cost of the edifice including the ground would be about \$123,000. Of this amount \$69,000 had been paid, but they still had to collect \$73,000. If it was possible to carry on the work of the church with a debt of \$50,000, then they had \$23,000 to make up, which he hoped they would do that day. He then called upon

Mr. David Preston, from Detroit, who came and addressed the meeting. He entreated the congregation to come forward liberally and clear the church from debt. A list was then opened and in about three quarters of an hour \$20,000 was subscribed. The Rev. Mr. Punshon then read the usual form of dedication service, the trustees of the church (21) standing round the altar railing and repeating a certain portion of the service after the minister. The services were brought to a close, after which the greater portion of the congregation adjourned to the bazaar, which was held in the old Tabernacle. In the evening a concert was given in the church.

THE MISGUIDED FIDDLER.

(From the Graphic.)

This is not the title which Mr. A. W. Bayes has given to his clever picture, recently exhibited in the Dudley Gallery, and simply styled "Blind." But we think we have a right to charge the dog of the sightless musician with a want of the sagacity which is generally attributed to his tribe, for allowing his master thus to expend his dulcet melodies fruitlessly in front of a shut-up house. If doggie, in the present instance, was as clever as the famous pointer mentioned in *Pickwick*, he would surely decipher the words on the board, "These Premises to Let," and would at once drag his employer away in a more lucrative direction. But possibly he entertains a quadrupedal fellow-feeling towards the unlucky cat, which still haunts the premises like an unquiet ghost. Perhaps, he thinks, that a tune from those strings, which are popularly supposed to be due to a feline organism, may arouse sympathetic feeling in her desolate breast. And what is the tune which the musician is scraping? Evidently something which pines for a mistress thus:—"Oh! where and oh! where, is my former mistress gone?" or, "The Cat I left Behind me."

THE FAVOURITE SPANIELS.

This is a picture one might, without much fear of being wrong, put down to one of Vandyck's pupils. The plumed hat and the two dainty beribboned favourites remind one at once of the days of King Charles who gave his name to the breed of lap-dogs then so fashionable. The subject, too, is just such a one as the courtly painters of the day delighted to choose.

THE PRINT SELLER.

This admirable little sketch of German peasant life requires no explanation. The scene is supposed to be laid in the Brezenger Wald, near the south-eastern end of the Lake of Constance; in upper Tyrol, but verging close on the boundary of Wurtemberg. The reader will notice the quaint costumes of the women, half Tyrolean and half Swabian.

JEWELLERY FOR GENTLEMEN.

A short time ago a magisterial potentate delivered himself of an opinion from the bench that it was hard that the rate-payers should be taxed because certain silly persons indulged in tempting gold chains, and other articles of metallic finery. Without altogether coinciding with this sentiment, we so far agree with it as to believe that the spectacle of a young gentleman bedizened with superfluous and extravagant decorations is not a pleasant one to contemplate—except for a thief, who may regard it from an artistic and professional point of view. It might be difficult, perhaps, to pass a definite sumptuary law on the subject, and, as a matter of fact, good taste and good manners already make a rule which few but Titmouse care to violate. The sort of gentry who used to flourish rings outside their gloves in the days of Albert Smith's gent have disappeared. Their successors inherit many of their customs, but are not guilty of this barbarous excess in vulgarity. At the same time they are bad enough. We have only to glance into certain shop-windows, and note the singular preparations of electro-plate offered these creatures, to understand how curious and primitive is their instinct for ornament. They are content almost with the beads which dazzle the eyes of an African chief. They will put on the most barefaced and impudent brazen locket, and mount a pin topped with a bit of glass, with an air of proud satisfaction that has something pathetic as well as ludicrous in it. In their favourite music-halls, where the complete genesis of the end may be studied, you will see them sporting—that is their own phrase—cheap arcade gew-gaws and neckties *en suite* in a mode which renders almost realistic the violent costume of the lolling clown who is entertaining them from the stage. But our magistrate need not be afraid that they will be perilous attractions to the predatory tribe. The thief will not be deceived by candlestick gold or Bristol diamonds. In a different social caste it is not thought fit to exhibit capital on the person in the shape of rings, studs, pins, chains, or lockets. If any of these are employed they are, it is presumed, justified by their modest dimensions, or artistic value. Yet youth will be a little luxurious, and it is exceedingly hard, for instance, to prevent

Newcome, in his first season, from displaying a weakness for charms and amulets. Newcome, as he leans over the billiard-table, rattles against it a remarkable variety of lockets and exotic coins. You may be sure he will recover from this vanity after a short experience. If he attends races, he will observe how impossible it would be for him to vie in jewellery with the hook-nosed, yellow-fingered fellow who lives upon the turf. The fashion of excessive jewellery is also highly popular with proprietors of flash gin taverns, and the whole race of inferior show-people and their surroundings. Newcome ought to be cured of his propensity by witnessing illustrations of it in the extreme. Some men, indeed, are incorrigibly jewel-bitten, if the expression may be permitted. They cannot pass by a window containing an effigy of the evil one in jet, with carbuncle eyes, set up as a pin, without coveting or compassing the possession of that pleasant and brilliant device. The oddities of design invented to fascinate are as curious and as surprising as the substances employed for the manufacture of salmon-flies. For pins, a beetle, a horse, a horse-shoe, a jockey, a triangle, a hammer, a bird, a dog, a whip, a sword, a gun, a skull—these are only a few of the baits displayed for the capture of the jewel-buyer. Then there are punning-pins, in which a stupid joke may be said to be literally crystallised; romantic pins, indicating by Greek letters that the wearer is of a faithful disposition. Studs and wrist-fasteners do not afford opportunities for so much inventive eccentricity as the pins, but we have seen the industrious and masonic symbols, and the portraits of remarkable persons, all converted to these accounts.

The fashion of wearing jewellery is of, at least, respectable antiquity, and, in fact, would seem to have preceded that of wearing anything else. Men, indeed, might be almost philosophically differentiated as a jewel-wearing animal. No gorilla or other Darwinian connection of ours has, as yet, been caught with as much as a single ring on his finger. We have a monopoly of the taste. The instinct, being so universal, must, we suppose, be a wholesome desire to gratify. The fashion of our day has ruled, however, that jewellery can only be worn in abundance—by ladies. There are few women, despite the authors who write enthusiastically of "her only ornament being the single rose in her hair," who are not improved in appearance by the addition to their costume of well-selected bracelets or brooch. These ornaments need not necessarily be extravagant or pretentious, but they ought to be appropriate to age and complexion, and sparingly employed. And here we may remark that our jewellers have improved wonderfully of late years in jewel-designs for ladies. That they have not done so in the case of gentlemen arises, we suppose, from the circumstance that sumptuousness in that direction on the part of the stronger sex is dying out. We are pretty sure that it is, and, therefore, the official recommendation which we quoted at the commencement of this article may be accepted as a piece of sensible, though not altogether necessary, advice.—*Globe, London, Eng.*

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN FREEZING.

During the recent cold weather, Dr. McMillan, a young dentist, while travelling from North Middletown, Ohio, to the adjoining town of Paris, was overcome by the intense cold, and came near being frozen to death. He narrates his experience, in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, as follows:

"After having proceeded about three miles on my journey, my feet became very cold. By stamping my feet upon the floor of the buggy I imagined I was perfectly warm, as my feet troubled me no longer, and the cold sensations through my body ceased. I, however, felt dull and sleepy, like a man who is drunk. I didn't care for anything. At this point, I believe, I began to freeze, and ought to have known it, but felt so comfortable that I did not examine my situation. After I had driven about three miles further my hat was blown off, but being in a hurry to reach Paris, I did not stop to hunt for it. When I had proceeded perhaps a mile further, letting the reins lie in the bottom of the buggy and paying no attention to my driving, my horse shied off the side of the road and ran upon a rock pile. I then attempted to get the lines and pull him off, when I discovered I had lost the entire use of my right, and could barely use the left hand; with this one I attempted to pull him off the rocks, but the buggy wheels being locked, I could not do it. I then got out of my buggy, and in doing so struck the bridge of nose across the wheel and cut it severely. I then went to the head of the horse, took hold of the bit and attempted to pull him around, but he would not move. I then commenced to unharness him, with the expectation of pulling the buggy off the rocks myself, feeling all the time very sleepy. When I had almost completed the task of unhitching the horse from the buggy, the desire for sleep became so great that I could bear it no longer, and I laid down upon the rocks by the side of the horse and went to sleep. I must have lain there some fifteen or thirty minutes, when I was aroused by a coloured boy who found me. Upon his asking me where he should take me, I told him to Paris, still not being aware of my critical condition. Upon arriving in Paris, my feet were put into cold water, which entirely, I think, cured them, as they do not hurt me. My left hand does not give me much pain, and I think will be all right in a few days; but my right hand was badly frozen, nothing seemed to do it any good and I am afraid I shall lose three, if not four, of my fingers. Last night, when I arrived in Paris, I could give no account of myself, but this morning I remember every incident."

THE DEMONS OF ART AND LITERATURE.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, whose lectures on demonology were mentioned in our issue of the 6th of April, began his concluding lecture, on the 23rd of March, by alluding to the Greek furies, described by Æschylus as the appointed scourgers of evil doers, their name, Eumenides, signifying well-meaning, but who, in later times, were regarded as punishing from a Divine necessity. Afterwards Jupiter was invested with this power, but could only exercise it with the consent of the Dii Consentes and Involuti. Under theological transformation these gods became devils, and the Eumenides were called "dogs," an ancient name. Then arose a new Pandemonium, corresponding to the Pantheon, and the old combat between light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman, reappeared as a raging struggle between Paganism and Christianity. In proof of this Mr. Conway referred to the beliefs of the early Fathers of the Church and to old frescoes, one of which, in the fourteenth century, represented devils bolstering up the statues of the gods and keeping them from falling

off their pedestals. By degrees these grand statues were made ugly, and the beauty transferred to those of the Madonna and saints, and eventually art was turned against the shrines of Greece which it originally built. Mazzini once said, "All true art must either sum up and express the life of a closing epoch or announce and proclaim the life of an epoch destined to succeed it." But when Christianity came to Greece art had already summed up the past, and its very existence depended upon the new order. By the necessity of the time art was religious; there was no printing; and the symbols and the Scriptures could only reach the people as they were painted on the church walls. Hence proceeded the horrible faces given to the arch-fiend and his attendant imps, such as they appear in pictures of the temptation of St. Anthony and other saints, some of which verged upon caricature, showing the dawn of unbelief. Then arose the doctrine that the whole world be longs to Satan, and that he has the power of causing storms, diseases, and other calamities; and even Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says:—"The air is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible devils." To Satan, then, was consigned all that was gay and beautiful, with all learning, science, and reason, and the divine kingdom was limited to those who abandoned the world altogether. The vastness of this concession, however, led to the idea of sorcery, which was in good part a revival of paganism. Devils were said to be conjured up to bestow the wealth of which they were masters, for compacts such as that made by Faust with Mephistopheles; and the performances of witchcraft assumed a religious form, and at the periodical witch-Sabbaths mass was said to the devil. That some good qualities were attributed to Satan Mr. Conway proved by relating several legends which describe his kindness to the oppressed and suffering, and he alluded also to the circumstance that the Church has changed the tree-god Odin into St. Nicholas and the Christmas-tree in Germany, adding that Satan obtained the name "Old Nick" from the belief that the saint, after rewarding good children with gifts, carried off the bad ones. The forms and characters of Pan, Mercury, Neptune, and the satyrs were gradually transferred to the Devil, followed by the representations of him in the miracle-plays, and his ignominious treatment by the Vice, traces of which still appear in the Pantaloon and Clown of modern pantomimes. The work of turning demons into mythological forms began with Dante, who passes through the Inferno hand in hand with Virgil; and, by studying Dante, Swedenborg carried the Inferno into the mystical region of the North. He abolished demons and turned them into labels for sins. Milton made a complete Christian mythology; his Satan is an English Lord, proud, self-centred, and imperious; and there is not a form or heart in his Pandemonium that is not human; and in this he was anticipated by the Anglo-Saxon poet Caedmon. In the same way, there is found in the poem of the Whitby monk, twelve centuries old, Loki, the god of light and fire, represented with a character resembling the Mephistopheles of Goethe, who says, "I am the spirit which evermore denies." In conclusion, Mr. Conway referred to the connection between psychological science and the problem of evil, and the opinions of Emerson and others on the subject.

ON THE ICE.

Mary Ann went to the front door, last evening, to see if the paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked, "I like to see a body have a more quick, prompt, emphatic manner," and I reached the door just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk, in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me, on the slippery sidewalk, strode two independent Knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and as I overtook them I heard one of them say: "I have only my two hands to depend upon; but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe. I believe I can make my own way through the world"—his feet slipped out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he could never make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and that if he did he would come through among the "heathen Chinese," and he was really grateful for the interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where ice never forms on the sidewalk.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madame Anna Bishop. Their hands were frozen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support; your —," he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate, and as I passed, she was trying to lift him up.

Two lawyers coming from the Court house next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one, "Judge Foster would rule that out. We must concede the two first points. We can afford to do it if evidence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our stand, and —," his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easy is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be preached—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

The State of Maine has an order of clergy called "school-house preachers," who farm it, or work at some trade during the week, and on Sunday "exercise their gift." One of these was discoursing recently on the text, "The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." "My brethren," he began, "two classes of persons are suggested in the text—the single-minded and the double-minded man. Let us firstly consider the first. The single-minded man is the sinner. He follows after wickedness, and his thoughts are wholly bent on mischief. He is the slave and servant of sin. But when he is converted he becomes a double-minded man. He is no longer in bondage to a hard master. He is set at liberty. He leaps and frisks like a horse let loose from the stable. In a word, he is unstable in all his ways."