

true to life, appears pinioned on the necklace or shawl, whilst a yellow netting of intricate meshes saucily posed on the side of the head is pierced with a dagger! Ornaments, pleasing and amusing to the eye, but gloomily suggestive! For more matter-of-fact women there are the gold or silver screws, nails, vice, gridiron, spade, bucket, Fate's scissors, Cupid's quivers filled with their deadly arrows, together with Neptune's trident, symbol of feminine power. These jewellery trifles are specially lavished on bonnets, which, however, are just now in a transitionary state. Birds at all events seemed to be allowed a rest, as well as the immense flapping brims—a wise suppression for blustering March. To protect the ears these are replaced by the close early English bonnets with projecting fronts. What a contrast? The wide up-turned brims boldly expose beauty to the gaze of admirers, and the *lucarne* style almost hides the lovely face from inquisitive looks. Beware though, the scooped brim does not always screen modest simplicity; it is often but a lure. How many sly glances are shot forth from beneath its cosy shade, evidently inviting a peep at the bewitching picture within.—*Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.*

THE VANITY OF TENORS.

In olden times there used to sing a tenor whom you hear now no more in these precincts. I know not exactly why. He was more adulated and spoiled than any English singer, and used to go raving mad when there was only a mention made of a foreign tenor, as if he could or would monopolise all the theatres, concert-halls, and drawing-rooms, not only of London, but of the United Kingdom. I remember the rage in which he was once, so much so that he refused to go before the audience and sing, "Come into the Garden Maud," for which he was put down on the programme, because an Italian tenor, who had been encored, said in his presence to a friend that he had a "stupendous" voice. He would have it that the "savage of a Roman" had called his voice a "stupid" voice; and although the people who heard, one and all, assured that he was mistaken, he would not admit it, the real grievance being that when *he* was on the programme another tenor has been encored. I remember one of the oldest and most distinguished London critics telling me, "King Solomon said, '*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.*' If you want to find how true that is, do not seek it only in woman, or more so in actresses, or even in lady singers, who combine the triple degree of vanity—no, seek it in tenors. If you want to know to what a degree vanity in human beings can go, write on the merits of a tenor. You think he will be your enemy or hate you if you doubt his divinity? You are mistaken. He will pity or despise you as a being unworthy to be hated. But praise any of his rivals, not very highly—only speak of them as existing while he was on the stage—that he will never forgive. Nothing can be so debased as you who committed such heresy. "O!" he exclaimed, and a shiver seemed to run down his spine, "if you ever speak to a tenor, or write about him otherwise than on your knees, he will never admit you to be a civilised man." And I have seen enough of tenors since then to learn how right he was.—*Time.*

THE CROCODILE AND ITS PREY.

Seizing its prey, the crocodile, if there is any struggle, drowns it, and can manage to do so with its jaws stretched out grasping its prey, for it has a special structural arrangement by which the water is prevented from rushing down its own throat and producing suffocation. First of all, before noticing this, it must be stated that, unlike the Chelonian reptiles, the Crocodilia can breathe with the mouth open, and that air rushes into their lungs when their movable ribs expand; for although the skin is tough and armour-plated, it is not supported by a bony expansion which restricts the movements of the ribs. They have a more or less rudimentary, but still very useful, diaphragm. The nostrils of the Crocodilia, situated near the end of the snout, are capable of being closed at the will of the animal, and they are connected in the snout with a passage, which is limited below, not as in the Mammalia, by plate-bones alone, but also by pterygoids, and which opens far back in the throat. The roof of the mouth has a membrane on it that ends backwards in a fold which, taking away the uvula, resembles that of man in position. This upper fold rests on the back of the tongue when the mouth is closed, and the air passes above and behind it into the throat before reaching the lungs. The tongue is a large flabby structure, incapable of protrusion, and has a hyoid bone at its broad hinder part in the throat, and on it and the tongue is a lower flap of membrane reaching across the throat, and being parallel at its free edge with the upper fold. When the crocodile drags a struggling animal into the water in its jaw-grip, it shuts its nostrils, sinks down, and closes the back of its throat by muscular action, which brings the upper and lower membrane folds together. No water can then pass into the throat. After a while the crocodile just raises the tip of its snout above water, opens the valves of its nostrils, and takes in air, which passes along the passage above the palate, behind the folds of skin into the throat, and thence into the lungs. It tears its prey, if soft; should it not be able to bolt it, it hides it away until decomposition softens the tissues and permits them to be swallowed. The food passes along a narrow long gullet and œsophagus,

and there is a small pyloric *cul-de-sac* separated off from the main cavity, through which food must pass into the intestine. The stomach has the mucous membrane thin, and it is folded and placed in serpentine ridges: the cellular coat outside it is thick, and the more external muscular tunic, made up of fibres radiating from the centre to the circumference, issuing from a kind of disc of membrane, is very strong. The stomach is not without its resemblance to the gizzard of a heron. The food gets crushed and digested in part there, and passes into a much folded small intestine, with a peculiar glandular layer, and then into a large one with internal projections on its membrane.—*Cassell's Natural History.*

The Fisk jubilee singers recently handed their album to John G. Whittier, and in it he wrote the following lines:

Voice of the people suffering long!
The pathos of their mournful song,
The sorrow of their night of wrong!

Their cry like that which Israel gave,
A prayer for one to guide and save,
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave.

The blast that started camp and town,
And shook the walls of slavery down—
The spectral march of old John Brown!

Voice of ransomed race! Sing on
'Till freedom's every right is won,
And slavery's every wrong undone!

The following pithy advice to preachers by old John Byrom was much admired and followed by some Methodist ministers, and may be read with advantage by all:—

"To speak for God, to sound religion's praise,
Of sacred passions the wise warmth to raise;
T'infuse the contrite wish to conquest nigh,
And point the steps mysterious as they lie;
To seize the wretch in full career of lust,
And soothe the silent sorrows of the just:
Who would not bless for this the gift of speech,
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich?
But who must talk? Not the mere modern sage,
Who suits the softened gospel to the age;
Who ne'er to raise degenerate practice strives,
But brings the practice down to Christian lives:
Not he who maxims from old reading took,
And never saw himself but through a book:
Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace
Soon sinks extinguish'd as a comet's blaze:
Not he who strains in Scripture phrase t' abound,
Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound:
But he, who silence loves, and never dealt
In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.
Guilty you speak, if subtle from within
Blows on your words the self-admiring sin:
If unresolved to choose the better part,
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart:
But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind,
Above self-seeking blest, on God reclin'd,
Feels Him suggest unlabour'd sense,
And ope a shrine of sweet benevolence.
Some high behests of heaven you then fulfil,
Sprung from His light your words, and issuing by His will.
Nor yet expect so mystically long
Till certain inspirations loose your tongue:
Express the precept, "Do good to all;"
Nor add, "Whene'er you find an inward call."
'Tis God commands: no further motive seek,
Speak on without, or with reluctance speak:
To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,
And kindle, till you catch the gospel fire.

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The specious sermons of a learned man
Are little else but flashes in the pan,
The mere haranguing (upon what they call
Morality) is powder without ball:
But he who preaches with a Christian grace,
Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place."

—*John Byrom.*