14 | hite our distant In a napkin grooth and white, Hidden from all mortal sight, My one talent lies to-night. One poor talent—nothing more! All the years that have gone o'er

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Have not udded to the store. Some will double what they hold, Others add to it ten-fold, And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them! All my sloth I now condomn; Guilty fears my soul o'crwhelm.

Make me fuithful, make me true, And the sacred trust renew.

Help inc, ere too late it be. Something yet to do for thee, Thou who hast done all for me.

### Current Opinions.

### WHERE ARE THE IRISH?

Mr. S. C. Hall writes to the Echo, in

which he inquires who and where are the Irish for whom Ircland is wanted.

Certainly, he says, they are not Messrs. Butt, Martin and Smyth, all of whom

are of Scotch or English descent. If

Ireland is to be regained for "the Irish,"

he says, we shall have to make a long

and close search for the rightful heirs to a few score principalities, descendants of the ragged Royal race of Tara, whem the sons of Breffin betrayed. I have travelled much in Ireland. There is no part of it between Cape Clear and the Giant's Causeway, Clew Bay, and the Saltees with which I am unacquainted; and I am quite sure the hatred of the aboriginal Irish is as inteuse towards the Auglo-Saxons, whose great-grandfather robbed them of the Groen Isle, as it is against the English who made purchases in the Encumbered Estates Court. While my family resided in Ireland, we had a housekeeper, native of Devonshire. Going one day into the market at Cork, she was accosted by a basket-woman thus-"I hope you'll take me, ma'am; sure I'm English, like yourself!" "Indeed!" inquired old Hannah, "and when did you come to Ireland?" "Oh, ma'am," was the reply, "I came over wid Oliver Cromwell." The distinction is as definite to-day as it was centuries ago. I can relate a few anecdotes to sustain the position I lay down, "The Irish" have no idea of fighting that the land may be handed over to the descendants of the Saxon spoiler; but to the actual representatives of the ancient Princes, who are as well known to the Irish as those of the Howards and De Veres are to the English. During one of my travels to wild Kerry I spent a day at a poor shebeen shop among the Carra mountains. It was kept by a fine, handsome young man named O'Sullivan. He could see from the mountain top a hundred thousand acres of which his forefathers were owners. He was as truly, legitimately, and lineally their descendant as Lord Salisbury is of the Norman Cecils. He knew it well, and all the "neighbours" knew it well. I forget who it is that tells a story of driving towards Macroom, when he heard "the keen," and asked what the cry was for. This was the answer of the cab-driver-" Your honour, the Prince is dead; we heard the Banshee last night." And he found a large assembly of mourners around a cabin door, It was "The O'Leary" who had died. Walking in the neighbourhood of Cork with a gentleman named Parker, he pointed out to me an aged man hoeing a potatoe garden, and told me that he was a lineal descendant of a family who owned all the land between Monkstown and "the beautiful city," much of which had been to his (my informant's) family "assigned." "Sir, I am the chief of my name and nation," was said to me by Roger O'Connor (the father of Fergus), who was tried for robbing a mail coach, which I truly believe he considered a meritorious act; and I am sure he looked upon himself as of right the King of Ireland. To turn to the other side of the scale: I knew a domestic servant who would cheerfully do any amount of in-door drudgery, but nothing could innuce induce her to wash the hall-door steps; it was her habit to say, that would be a degradation to the blood of the O'Briens! The truth is—and it is a mournful truth—there is no patriotism in Ireland; its gallant deeds at home are records only of the successes of party. The grand defence of Londonderry excites a roar of execration on the one side, and the heroic struggle at Limerick a wrathful sneer on the other. There is not an inch of ground on which both parties can stand and glory in the triumph of their common country. If Irishmen rarely or never help Irishmen onwards and upwards, it is a relic of the hereditary curse, "divide and con-quer." The Irish idea of liberty is that firmed, the dropsical habit of mind beof a man who said in my presence, "I'd give every man liberty, every man should say what he liked, and if he did'nt, be jabers I'd make him!" I can not ask space for more than a reference to these "changes." In early youth I was for some time a resident in the South of Ireland. Many a time I have bought twenty-four eggs for a penny, and a pair of chickens for eightpence; the nearest markets being a day's jour-ney from the homestead. I have been

yevising for wasks between the parte of Bristol and Cork before steamboats visited them. Beggars then swarmed in every street of every village and town. There was no poor-house nor any poor-laws. Nine of ten women never wore stockings or shoes, and a coat that was not in rags was a rarity; a man's day wage was fiveponce; the cabin was a wretched hovel, nover lime-washed; the dunghill at the hall-door was an institution; the saving bank was under the thatch; full-grown men there were who had never tasted animal food, and some who had never eaten bread-in fact, privation was the inheritance of millions, and destitution their perpetual Moreover, then it was forbidden to ring bells in a Roman Catholic chapel to summon a congregation to prayer. Not only was there no Roman Catholic judge or Queen's counsel, there was not a single Roman Catholic member of any corporation in Ireland. I am writing of Ireland as it was within my own memory and knowledge, and might largely augment the grievances of which Ireland then justly complained. We have changed all that; but fifty years ago few could have been so sanguineso hopeful or so distrustful—as to anticipate a time when a Roman Catholic would be Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and nine out of its twelve judges Roman Catholics; when, even on the Euglish Bench, there would, at one time, five Irishmen judges, and one Reman Catholic judge, Yet, that is what Mr. Butt mendaciously calls "a seventy years of broken treaties, and of the crushing of Irish independence." He knows that in no country of the world, flating from the remotest periods of recorded time, have there been so many privileges given, so many rights restored, so many boons granted, as have been during the last fifty years accorded to Ireland by the ruling country.

### PROTECTION TO WIVES.

The Hon. Mr. Crooks has commenced his parliamentary career by taking the ladies under his protection, and a Bill of his is before the Assembly which is entitled, "An Act to Extend the Legal capacity of Married Women." There are some things in this Bill which may be heartily approved of, as placing the wife upon a better footing than heretofore as regards the possession of property. The old idea that a wife should be dragged down to poverty because of the misfortune of her husband, is becoming revolting to the liberality of the age. It is not in accordance with individual rights, and makes the wife the slave of circumstances over which she has no opinion or control. In the Bill in question the first clause provides that the real estate owned by her at the time of her marriage, and which she may acquire during her marriage, shall not be subject to any estate claim of her husband as tenant by courtosy. Then her personal earnings; the second clause provides that those shall be free from debts or dispositions of the husband, as fully as if she were a single person. Another clause provides that a wife may insure her husband's life for her own benefit, which is, we think, one of questionable wisdom en many grounds. Though principally upon this, that it might act as an incentive to neglect, or oven worse, in order that the amount might fall quickly in. Burial Societies in England have been found to work awkwardly in this respect, even though the pittance to be gained would be small enough. Other clauses of a more eligible kind provide that a married woman may become a stockholder in any company, voting by proxy or otherwise as if she stor, and nisa for out moneys placed in her own name in savings or other banks.

## NOVEL READING.

In an article on "The Novel Reading Disease," a contemporary talks thus of the young lady of the period who has developed the last stages of the complaint: "In this stage the unhappy patient an no more go without her novel than can a confirmed drunkard without his dram. The small criculating libraries, which let out very secondhand novels at a penny a volume, are put under cantribution, and any amount of garbage is swallowed wholesale. It is no uncommon thing for a young lady in whom the complaint has assumed a chronic form to have read the whole of Scott, the whole of Thackeray, the whole of Dickens, tin whole of Trollope, the whole of Anna Thomas, the whole of Mrs. Ross Church, the whole of Miss Braddon, the whole of Lawrence, and into the bargain, the whole of four or five hundred novels by less famous comes apparent. The conversation of the patient becomes flabby and limp. Her interest in all ordinary subjectsexcept, perhaps, the latest fashions, or the more scandalous portions of evidence in the Tichhourne cose, or the marriage of the Princess Beatrice flickers feebly in the socket and finally dies out. The last stage—that of absolute imbecility—is now, unless very very powerful remedies are applied, a mere matter of time.

### Frientitie and Moetul.

Whitewasmind Trees.—An old farmer the Germantown Telegraph snys, "The practice of coating the bark of fruit and orinmental trees with whitewash is one that cannot be too severely deprecated. The obstruction of respiratory organs and orifices, whether effected by the application of whitewash or any other adhesive material, always acts as a fruitful source of disease, and in time proves fatal to the tree. When the bark becomes rough, or encrusted with moss, it should be cleansed by scraping and washing down thoroughly with a solution of potash or soda water, affording smoothness to the surface, without obstructing the pores,

REDUCING BONES TO POWDER. farmer writes: "Last year I collected a lot of bones and reduced them in the weak, and the pulse soft. The experi-following manner. Put them in a large ment proved that force necessary for arch kettle or boiler, with an equal bulk of good hard wood ashes; then poured in waterenough to make a thin mortar, and boiled the mass from one to two of the muscles also go on, which have, hours, when the bones became completely dissolved or broken down, with the exception of a few hard shin bones. The mass was shovelled into a box and allowed to remain a week or so, when the remainder of the bones completely disappeared. Before using, I dried off with a dry loam and plaster, and ground fine with a hoo. A little was used in the hills of different crops with excellent

results.' FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS. - Prof. Mantegazza has discovered that ozone is developed by certain odorous flowers. A writer on nature states that most of the strong smelling vegetable essences; such as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, and chorry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amont of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. Prof. Mantegazza recommends that in marshy districts and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the house, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful ozidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in

Sprining out of Bed .- Dr. Hall does not approve of the old-fashioned doctrine which was formerly instilled into the minds of children—that they should spring out of bed the instant they awake in the morning. He says that "up to eighteen years every child should be allowed ten hours' sleep, but time should be allowed to rest in bed, after the sleep is over, until they feel as if they had rather get up than not. It is a very great and mischievous mistake for persons, old or young—especially children and feeble or scdentary persons —to bounce out of bed the moment they wake up; all our instincts shrink from it, and fiercely kick against it. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradual waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much good as sound sleep, because these operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for, during sleep, the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slowly; and to shock the system by bouncing up in an instant and sending the blood in overwhelming quantities to the heart, causing it to as sume a galop, when the instant before it was in a creep, is the greatest absurdity. This instantaneous bouncing out of the beil as soon as the eyes are open will be followed by weariness long be fore noon."

CURE FOR WARTS .- It is not a matter entirely within the limits which you prescribe, and yet one of the public interests; and hence I am led to say to those afficted with warts (for it is sometimes a source of great annoyance, and often of pain, to have them on the hands or exposed parts of the body) that I have been entirely relieved by the use of kerozine. After trying all the recognized cures in the medical works within reach-chromic, nitric, sulphuric acid nitrate of silver, caustic, potash, etc., etc.,—I was advised by a "corn doctor" to try kerozine oil. When I began its use, three months since, I had thirtyseven on my hands, some very large and painful. Where they were covered with hard cuticle, I carefully pared it off and saturated them daily, using a camel-hair pencil and common coal oil. They began to disappear, by absorbtion, in about two weeks, and are now entirely removed, leaving no scar or mark, as was the result in the three places in which I succeeded in eating them out by caustic.

I do not suggest it as a specific, but as a means of cure to me, that others may try it: The remedy is always at hand, and, if persistently used, may do others the good service I have had from it .- New York Observer.

DIET AND EXERCISE .- Dr. Parke, while investigating the effect of diet and exercise on the elimination of nitrogen, had for his subject a very healthy, powerful and temperate young soldier. He conducted one series of experiments in which

the amount of nitrogen content was kept as near as possible constant. In a second series prepared food was given so as to keep the amount of nitrogen introduced perfectly constant; and a third series was made with non-nitrogenous food. These experiments showed distinctly an increased elimination of nitrogen in the period of a rest after severe exercise, confirming Dr. Parke's former results, and supporting the state ment of Liebig on this point in opposi-tion to that of Voit. Whether it was diminished during exercise or not, was not clearly shown by the experiments. The non-nitrogenous diet for five days neither raised nor lowered the temperature in the rectum of the patient, but apparently did not affect the health, nor did it alter the frequency of the pulse; but the heart's action became great muscular work can be obtained: by the muscle from fat and starch. though changes in the nitrogenous constituents as one effect, an increased elimination of nitrogen after the cessation of the work. THE ASTRONOMER.—This account of

his occupation increased the interest his look had excited in me, and I have observed him more particularly and found out more about him. Sometimes, after a long night's watching, he looks so pale and worn, that one would think the cold moonlight had stricken him with some malign effluence, such as it is fabled to send upon those who sleep in At such times he seems more like one who has come from a planet farther away from the sun than our earth, than like one of us terrestrial creatures. His home is truly in the heavens, and he practices an asceticism in the cause of science almost comparable to that of Saint Simeon Stylites. Yet they tell me he might live in luxury if he spent on himself what he spends on science. His knowledge is of that strange, remote character, that it seems sometimes almost superhuman. He knows the ridges and chasms of the moon as a surveyor knows a garden-plot he has measured. He watches the snows that gather around the poles of Mars; he is on the lookout for the expected comet at the moment when its faint stain of diffused light first shows itself; he analyzes the ray that comes from the sun's photosphere; he measures the rings of Saturn; he counts his asteroids to see that none are missing, as the shepherd counts the sheep in his flock. A strange unearthly being: lonely, awelling far apart from the thoughts and cares of the planet, on which he lives —an enthusiast who gives his life to knowledge, a student of antiquity, to whom the records of the geologist are modern pages in the great volume of being, and the pyramids a memorandum of yesterday, as the eclipse or occultation that is to take place thousands of years hence is an event of to-morrow in the diary, without beginning and with-out end, where he enters the aspect of the passing moment as it is read on the celestial dial .- Dr. Holmes in the Atlantic Monthly for Februray.

COOKING AND CARVING MEATS .- One often hears city people say, "country people always fry their beefsteak," which if not always true, is generally so. Of all the wasteful, indigestible, abominable ways in vogue for spoiling food, that of frying stands at the head. A fried beefsteak is a ruined beefsteak. Only an idiot would fry it, and only idiots would willingly cat it. It should be broiled always, now and forevermore, and not smothered in butter after broiling either.

Meat that is so poor as to need buttering, had better be disposed of in some other way. It is like buttering eggs (the quintessence of richness) or adding sugar to preserves. Cooks getso in the habbit of putting butter in this and that dish, that common sense is encircly lost sight of. People who have stomachs like ostriches can hardly appreciate the care an intelligent but delicate person must constantly be burdened with, at the average dining table. But as ninetenths of the American people suffer from indigestion in one form or another, it follows in the majority ruling sense, that all edibles should be prepared with a view to wholesomeness, unburdened with grease, high spicing, or clamminess. "Easy Digestion" should be placarded in every cook-room. The ten commandments or the Sunday school catechism are of hardly more consequence than the commandments of the True Mode of Cookery. When we feel in the mood for law giving, we will ascend the Mount of Hygiene, and take them down from the lips of the Goddess of Health herself.

Roast beef that has a crisp surface, and the heart of it red, rare and juicy, has the proper "doneness," and admits of no criticism. Another way to spoil meat is to cut it the wrong way in carving. It would be superfluous to say knows. But does it not seem unnecessary to add that it is a matter of importunes that this knowledge should never fail in being illustrated by practice.-

Rural New Yorker. Birrousness.—Bad blood, too much

the many was fed on; ordinary diet, and blood, giving headache; had taste in the mouth mornings, variable appetite, sickness at stomach, chilliness, cold feet and great susceptibility to taking cold; no one person may have all these symp-toms when billious, but one or more is always present.

Sometimes a billious person has a yellow tinge in the face and eyes, called billions," because the bile, which is vellow, is not withdrawn from the blood; it is the busines of the liver to do that, but when it does not do it, it is said to be lazy, doosnotwork, and the physician begins at once to use remedies which are said to "promote the action of the liver."

It has been discovered within a few years that acids "act on the liver," such as mitric acid, clixir vitriol, vinegar: but these are artificial neids and do not have the uniform good effect of natural acids, those which are found in fruit and berries.

Almost all persons become billions as the warm weather comes of; nine times out of ten nature calls for her own cure, as witness the almost universal avidity for "greens," for "spinach," in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; and soon after, by the benign arrangement of Providence, the delicious strawberry, the rasherry, the blackberry, the whrottleberry; then the cherries, and peaches, and apples, carrying us clear into the fall of the year, when the atmosphere is so pure and bracing that there is general good health everywhere.

The most boneficial, anti-billious method of using fruits and berries as health promoters is to take them at dessert, after breakfast and dinner; to take them in their natural, raw, ripe, fresh state, without cream, or sugar, or any thing else beside the fruit itself.

Half a lemon eaten every morning on rising, and on retiring is often efficacious in removing a billious condition of the system, giving a good appetite and greater general health.—Dr. W. W.

### YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR-EVER.

YESTERDAY.—Gone, gone, never to return. That which was once ours is indeed ours no longer. It passed through time from eternity on one side, into eternity upon the other, like a meteor through space. But as it passed, it recorded in a volume all the thoughts, words, and actions of mankind whether good or evil, the testimony of former yesterdays,-all awaiting the day of sad account.

To-DAY.—It is here, the only portion of time to which we can lny claim, but it is swiftly passing, and will soon be numbered among the list of yesterdays, the name indiscriminately applied to all to-days that have fulfilled the mission upon which they were sent. To-day is the time in which we really live, for new events are actually transpiring, the past is gone, and the faithfulness of memory is all upon which we can rely, while the future is dark and uncertain. Enjoy the present and turn it to the best advantage. Chances of happiness are as silver strands woven in the web of life, which diffuse light and beauty through the whole fabric.

FOREVER.—There is contained in this word something which inspires us with profound awo, something solemu, grand, inconceivable! How can we imagine a series of years merging into eternity and nover ending? It is impossible. All is darkness and uncertainty; but hope persistently points through the gloom to a point in the distance, which we are unable to see through any other medium than the eye of fa it dimly at first, but after gazing a while, it takes upon itself a more definite form. It is a gate—a golden gate—which opens at times to receive poor, wayworn travellers, while the sound of exquisite music comes floating down the highway of life; and, as the eye of faith grows stronger, we perceive an inscription wrought in golden characters above the gate, which is "Heaven." Let this be our beacon and watchword.

# SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

The Independent has four good recipes, that Dr. Cuyler gives for procuring sun-shine in the soul. Here they are,—

1. Look at your mercies with both eyes; at your troubles and trials with only one.

2. Study contentment. In these days of inordinate greed and self-indulgence, keep down the accursed spirt of grasping. What they don't have makes thousands wretched.

9. Keep at some work of usefulness. Active Christians are seldem troubled with the blues. Work for Christ brings heart-health.

4. Keep your heart's window always open toward heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus' countenance shine in. It will turn tears into rainbows. The author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" has sweetly sung:

"He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower, Alike they're needful to the flower; And joys and tears alike are sent To give the soul its nourishment. es to ine or sloud or man Father! Thy will, not mine be do