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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

A JOURNAL OF

EDWARD, DES & ENGL
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NO. 4.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

To —

The corn by that coppice is yellow,
Those turnip-tops wave like the sea
In the orchard the apples are mellow,
The ploughman is ploughing the lea;
Past the willows and purple-crown'd bushes
Past the brook with its turbulent pool,
Past the thickets where gather the thrushes,
Sweet Mary is walking to school.

Aurora come forth in thy fairest,
Wild Zephyrus linger a while,
Ripe 'eres come dress in thy rarest,
Apollo remember to smile,
For know ye! that step like a fairy's,
That voice like an oriole call,
Those smiles so bewitching are Mary's
And each of them rivals you all.

She reaches at last the wild cherry,
She pauses to rest 'neath its shade,
From the wood burst the pupils all merry,
To meet this fair morning the maid,
Some with flowers, some with fruits, some with never
A gift that the hand may bestow,
And one with a gift that forever
With gathering beauty shall grow.

Robert Elliott.

[Written for The Family Circle.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day grandpa sent for his lawyer, and made a will leaving Upfield Manor and all his money to Edward Godfrey, your father, and to his children after him. If he left no heirs, the property would then revert to Alex. Godfrey, the elder son.

"The old squire's death occurred just five years after your father's departure from England, and in all those five years no word of him or his whereabouts had reached either his father or brother, though they both made every effort to discover where he had gone.

"Meanwhile, about a month previous to the squire's death, he sent for my father, offering to forget the past and to receive him once more at Upfield as his heir. So papa came here bringing with him Herbert, who was then a little fellow of four years; he remained only three days, but during that time the father and son became thoroughly reconciled, and before papa left to go back to the city, grandpa informed him that he had made a new will, reinstating him in his rights, as heir of Upfield.

"One month later the squire suddenly died; papa was telegraphed for, but arrived too late to see his father alive.

"When the funeral was over, the will was read. Of course, after what the squire had told him, papa confidently expected to find himself heir of Upfield; you may imagine then, his consternation when the will was read to find that his name was not even mentioned; everything was left to Edward and his children after him.

"Everyone considered the will an unjust one, especially as all knew of the reconciliation between the squire and his son. So papa was upheld by all his, and his father's friends when he contested the will on the ground that another and later one was in existence. Then began a grand search for the missing will, the entire house was ransacked; every likely and unlikely place was examined, but no will was ever found, and papa at last relinquished every hope of its ever turning up and resigned himself to the loss of his inheritance. Then came the question, where was Edward Godfrey? No one knew; no one had seen or heard anything of him since the day he left England, five years before. Advertisements were inserted in all the home and foreign papers, but with no result till about a year later, there came a letter from South America, from a man who represented himself as having been once a friend of your father's, and he said that Edward Godfrey, better known there under the name of Edward Lisle, had died nearly two years previously of yellow fever.

"At the time of his death you, Helen, must have been about two years old, as I understand your parents separated about a year after their marriage; your mother would, doubtless, have noticed the advertisements in the Melbourne papers, and would have come forward to claim in your name the estate of Upfield, had it not been for the fact that your father married her under his second baptismal name, that of Lisle, and consequently she never knew, until years afterwards that her husband and the Edward Godfrey so extensively advertised for, were one and the same person.

"When the news of Uncle Edward's death came, papa was terribly shocked and grieved, for the two brothers had always been close friends. It was not until positive proof of his brother's death had been obtained, that papa would consent to enter the Manor as its master; but when he did come here, he was joyfully welcomed by friends and tenants as the young squire of Upfield, and no one dreamed that in far off Australia lived a little baby girl who was rightful heiress of the Manor; for no news of my uncle's marriage with the Australian heiress nor of your birth had ever reached England.

"For nearly ten years we lived a peaceful, happy life; and then one never-to-be-forgotten day a thunder-bolt fell into the midst of our happy home, in the shape of a letter from papa's lawyers, informing him of his brother's Australian marriage, of your birth, and of the fact that you and your mother were then in England and had laid claim to Upfield.

"Ah well! there is no need to dwell on this part of the story. There was no help for it, as all inquiries produced proof upon proof of the justice of your claim; according to the terms of the late squire's will.

"And so within one short month from the time the news came, we bade farewell to our beautiful happy home, and soon after you and your mother took possession."

Here I stopped, for a great lump in my throat prevented my utterance and I could have wept aloud as all these old memories rushed upon me.

For some time my cousin and I sat silent—I thinking of other days, and she—of what was Helen thinking? as she sat there, her fair face so sad and thoughtful.

Presently, raising her great blue eyes to my face she said slowly: "Cousin Enis, if I were dead would your father be squire of Upfield?"

"Yes," I answered abruptly, startled by the suddenness of the question.

"What can I do Enis? Life is very beautiful to me just now, I cannot wish that I were dead; but I am so truly sorry for the wrong which has been done your family. What can I do? If I could give back his inheritance to your father, or even divide it with him, how thankfully I would do so; but I cannot, I have not the power; my knowledge of legal matters extends so far. Oh Enis! what can I do to atone to your father for the bitter wrong that has been done him?" Startled by this outburst of Helen's, I had remained utterly silent while she spoke. But when she burst into a paroxysm of tears I seated myself beside her, and drew her head to my shoulder, and there the poor child wept heart-brokenly, in spite of all I could say.

■ I did not want her to die. Oh God! no, not even in my bitterest moods, before I had seen and learned to love her, had I ever wished my cousin dead.

So now with loving words and caresses, I soothed the trembling, sobbing little creature, and then gently rebuked her for what she had said.

That night I happened to go into Helen's bedroom for something, before retiring, and we sat awhile talking by the open window, for it was a lovely moonlight night, when suddenly, and without warning, she fainted. I lifted her on to the bed, and without ringing for assistance, quietly set about restoring her. She soon recovered, and smiled at my anxiety.

"It is nothing Enis dear; I often faint this way; it is very foolish is it not?" wistfully.

"Not foolish at all, because you cannot help it," I replied kissing her; and I felt a sudden pang as I looked at her wan little face lying back on the pillows, I realized then that I loved most dearly this frail girl, whom I had determined to banish from Upfield, and if it had not been for her own assurance that she would willingly give her inheritance back to my father, I would for love of her, have relinquished the purpose for which I had come to Upfield. When I had assisted her into bed and was bending down to kiss her good night, she took my face between her two little hands and said pathetically: "I am such a miserable little creature Enis; do you think Douglas can really love me?"

"No one could help loving you yet," I answered evasively, "And now good night."

"Good night!" she answered, and then, pressing my hand said with a wistful little smile, "Uncle Alex. may yet be squire of Upfield."

After what Helen had said that morning about her wish to restore Upfield to my father, my mind was relieved of a great weight. I cared not a jot for Mrs. Godfrey nor her disappointment, should the estate pass from her daughter's possession; indeed the prospect of revenging myself upon her was an added incentive to go on with my undertaking, although I knew that love for and pride in Helen were at the root of her desire for wealth and position, far more than her own gratification. To see her daughter admired, rich and powerful, with the power which only wealth and position can give, was the cherished ambition of this cold, sneering woman's life; her intense love for this one child of hers, was the redeeming trait of a cruel, calculating nature.

Now that I knew from Helen's own lips that she wished papa to have Upfield, I felt that I could pursue my object unwaveringly and without any qualms of conscience. So I resolved to commence my search upon the following night. I would wait till the household had all retired, and a little after midnight would descend to the library and search the cupboards which had figured so conspicuously in my dream.

The next day I could settle to nothing, so nervous was I at the thought of what I purposed doing on the coming

night. To my restless, excited fancy, the minutes and hours seemed to creep by, so slowly did they pass to me. Mrs. Godfrey was absent a great part of the day, returning calls in the neighborhood, a fact upon which I congratulated myself, as otherwise I should have been in constant dread of those terrible eyes of hers, reading my purpose in my tall-tale face. Helen made no allusion to our conversation of the previous day. She had that morning received a letter from Douglas, announcing his intention of very shortly paying a visit to the Manor. Her mind was wholly taken up with the, to her, delightful prospect of seeing her lover; and she flitted gaily in and out of the house and from room to room, singing snatches of songs, playing with Prince, the hound, and anon throwing herself down at my feet as I sat trying to fix my wandering attention upon an intricate piece of fancy work, and telling me in glowing, loving words, some story of Douglas' goodness and kindness to the poor; or giving in short, laughing sentences some comic illustration of his inimitable humor. Ah me! As if I did not know as well as she.

Dear little Helen! She never dreamed of the inward torture her words caused me, nor of the mighty effort I made for her sake to put from me the love which had grown with my growth, and struck such deep roots in my heart, that it well nigh killed me to up-root it.

At last that seemingly endless day drew to a close. There had been visitors to dinner; and afterwards in the drawing-room, I had sung and played to the entire satisfaction of Mrs. Godfrey and her guests; but it was with intense thankfulness that I at length saw the latter depart, and I was free to retire to my own room. I could hardly have borne the strain much longer.

I sat for some time before my mirror, brushing the long dark hair which formed my chief attraction, and thought of many things, hoping, despairing, wondering, as the mood seized me.

I mused long over Douglas' approaching visit, and wondered in what manner he would meet me, and how I should bear to see him and his betrothed together, "To witness his wooing of the girl who had come between me and—and everything," I said to myself with momentary bitterness.

"But if I succeed to-night as I hope—I hope I shall, then I will not be here when Douglas comes; for to meet him now, to hear his voice, and touch his hand, would be to taste of the bitterness of death."

I arose and put on my crimson dressing-gown, letting my hair fall loosely over my shoulders. "It must be near the time," I thought with a tremor, and kneeling down by the open window waited for the great bell of Upton Cathedral to tell forth the hour of midnight. From where I was I could see the windows of the library now all dark and silent. Hark! What was that? From across the mere came the boom of a great bell, each stroke falling clear upon the still night air, I counted them one by one, and as the last one clanged forth and then died away with a mournful cadence, I shuddered and hesitated for an instant, but conquering my timidity, arose and taking a candle, and a box of matches from the table, turned out the gas jets, and left the room, softly closing the door after me.

I did not dare light the candle for fear its glimmer would attract someone's attention, the corridors through which I passed were very dark, save here and there, where, through some window, the slanting rays of the moon fell in bars of light athwart the oaken floor. Though naturally brave, it was not without some inward trepidation I traversed corridor after corridor, coming suddenly from deep darkness into the ghostly moonlight; and starting at every shadow on wall or floor, until I reached the stair-case. My aunt's bedroom was close by, and I shuddered lest she should hear my footsteps, and open the door to see who it was. If she had I am afraid I should have cried aloud with fright. Noiselessly I descended the stairs, and crossing the great hall passed into the dark drawing-room; with slow, cautious steps, and feeling my way as I went lest I should knock over a chair or a table. I at last reached the library, and went in, closing the door after me. The room was flooded with moonlight, and I stood a moment listening with strained ears for the slightest sound to indicate that I was followed. But all was silent as the grave. Crossing over to the windows I lowered the blinds, and drew the curtains close, that no ray of light from

within could betray me. Then lighting my candle, I unlocked one of the cupboards, and knelt down to look into it.

It was full of magazines, books and papers, just as it had always been within my memory. Evidently nothing had been disturbed since our time. My father had separated all papers and books belonging to himself, and had scrupulously replaced everything which had belonged to the old squire; and Mrs. Godfrey, it seemed, had left the cupboards as she found them.

So I commenced to take out the old books and papers, carefully searching every book and envelope for the will. It took a long time, but I went through with my task perseveringly, stopping occasionally to listen for any sound in the house, and scarcely daring to breathe, so oppressive was the silence.

At last not a magazine nor a scrap of paper remained in the cupboard.

I then felt carefully with my hand all around the inside for some spring or sliding panel that would reveal to my longing eyes a hidden recess, wherein might be deposited the missing will. But no such success crowned my efforts, and after vainly searching again and again, I was at length convinced that my errand, that night, had been fruitless.

Carefully replacing everything as I had found it, and closing and locking the doors, I arose and stretched my cramped limbs, wondering if there would be time to search the other cupboard. There was no clock in the room, so I knew not what time it was. I drew back one of the curtains and looked out. To my surprise I saw that it was just beginning to grow light, and in the eastern sky a faint rosy tinge presaged the coming of the king of day. But within the manor all was dark.

I could do nothing more that morning, so extinguishing my feeble light, I drew back the curtains and raised the blinds, so as to leave things exactly as I had found them. I opened the door leading into the drawing-room and stood transfixed with terror, for through the open door at the far end of the drawing-room, I saw the glimmer of a moving light, and it seemed to come nearer and nearer every instant. There was no sound of footsteps, only that faint light moving nearer, nearer.

What should I do? How escape? Ah! the door from the library into the back hall! If that should be locked, then all were lost. But no, thank heaven! it was unfastened. Another second and I was hurrying through the dark narrow passages, trembling with fear. Reaching the servants' stairway I ran hastily and noiselessly up and gaining the upper corridor, at last reached my own room, and threw myself upon the bed, drawing the bedclothes over me.

"Oh!" I thought "what if Mrs. Godfrey has been here and discovered my absence; for it must have been she with the light."

(To be Continued.)

The Difference.

Only a few more notes,
Only a finer tone;
And lo! the world bows down
Before the singer's throne.
Only the same old thoughts
Clothed with a sweeter sound;
And lo! a poet's brow
With laurel leaves is crowned.
Only a finer ear,
Only a swifter skill;
And lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.
Only a tint or line,
Only a subtler grace;
And lo! the world goes mad
Over a woman's face.
Yet though so slight the cause
For which men call us great,
This shade the more or less
May fix an earthly fate.
For few may wield the power
Whose spells uplift or thrill;
The barrier fixed, but fine,
We may not pass at will.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

How She Kept Faith.

BY MRS. CROSS.

"Men's due deserts each reader may recite,
For men of men do make a goodly show,
But women's works can seldom come to light,
No mortal man their famous acts may know;
Few writers will a little time bestow
The worthy acts of women to repeat,
Though their renown and their desserts be great."

CHAPTER I.

THE TEACHER.

ANY a heroic deed goes unnoticed, many a life is one long act of self-denial and triumph over self that no one knows or suspects. I will try to tell you the story of one brave woman's life, one who for fidelity and patient endurance might rank with Longfellow's Evangeline. She was only a country teacher, and "once upon a time," as the story-tellers say, she taught the summer term of the district school in the town of Bradford. Her name was Amanda Barr, age, twenty; face, far from beautiful, and yet attractive by reason of the intelligence and good temper it expressed.

In those days it was the universal custom for the teacher to "board around," and great would be the stir of preparation in every house when it came time to board the teacher; and what a tumult it would create in the hearts of big brothers at home when she came, and how shall I describe the feelings of those just old enough to be bashfully self-conscious and awkward, should the teacher happen to address a remark to them. Would they not envy their small brothers, who, being on familiar terms, are free from such embarrassment, especially if she be young and pretty. This seems a wandering from my subject, but I want to give you an inkling of how the "school marm" stood among the good, plain country folks at the time of which I write. Perhaps I can do this best by relating an anecdote.

A little girl came late one day to school, and being questioned by her teacher as to the cause of such tardiness, replied, "I had—to stay—at home—and help—my mother make—squash pie. She wants you to come and stay at our house to-night." Was it a wonder the other pupils felt a sudden interest in something not contained in books just then? Truth, however, compels me to state that boarding around was no pleasant task in some districts, or in winter. So we will not regret that the custom has passed away, with some other of the teacher's pleasures, such as getting to the school-house in the morning before the arrival of the dilatory pupil whose turn it was to build the fire, with the cold, impatient children stamping about the room to get warm, or huddling about the stove. But I must return to Miss Barr, our teacher. She was liked by most as a teacher, but no teacher can please all, there are too many to criticise. She was, of course, invited to all the social gatherings, picnics, birthday parties, quiltings, apple-parings and the like.

At some of these she had formed an acquaintance, which from similarity of taste, soon ripened into friendship with a young doctor who had lately settled in Bradford. This, of course, could not pass unnoticed, and many were the well-meant but embarrassing jokes she had to meet from the good-natured and hospitable, but blunt farmers, made worse by the wife's reproof: "Now, pa, don't, see how you have made Miss Barr blush."

There, my acute reader, you have guessed what I hoped to conceal, and are saying "Oh, a love-story." Well, why not, pray? Has not love a place in real life? Often have I heard people say, "I don't believe in these love-stories, in fact, I never read them. Such folly!" But did you never live one (for it is not often the young who say such things), have you never met love or romance in real life? If not, I sincerely pity you; you have lost the sweetest ingredient from life's cup.

But young people, and older ones whose hearts are young, with the witchery of that enchantment still holding the

senses, you will not weary of hearing how those elysian fields have looked to others and why they too had to wander forth to life's hard realities of suffering and sorrow. To my thinking one who had a true, unselfish love for another is thereby rendered, reverently be it spoken, like to Him who is love. To those who have loved and lost by perfidy or stress of circumstances through no fault of their own let me, in passing, offer one word of comfort. Nothing comes by chance, there is a purpose, a plan under it all, being wrought out in beauty and harmony by and through each life, and the "darker life's tangled thread the higher the grand design."

Yes, I may as well own it—Dr. Atherton and Miss Barr were in love with each other, as the saying goes. What was there strange about it? Given two agreeable young persons with common interests thrown often into company together, and what could be expected? Would it not have been a stranger thing if there had been no love-story to tell?

One lovely August evening when the heat of the day began to be tempered by the approach of evening, Amanda had started for a walk to the top of a hill in the vicinity, from which there was a fine view of the sunset. Ardently loving the beauties of nature she gazed long upon the scene spread out before her, nor turned her steps homeward till the mellow light had paled and the gorgeous purple, gold and crimson of the clouds had faded away. Then the fast-gathering darkness reminded her how far she had wandered, and she started at a quick pace for home. Turning a corner into the high-road she met Dr. Atherton who, returning from a visit to a patient, was sauntering slowly homeward, enjoying the refreshing coolness. With a very evident look of pleasure at the encounter, he turned and walked by her side. Their conversation was probably more interesting to themselves than to outsiders, so we will play eavesdroppers to the latter part only.

"And you have only three weeks more of school, I believe. How you will be missed! Do you think of teaching the winter term?" he inquired.

"I think so. I like the place and the people."

"Do you like them well enough to wish to hear of them when you are absent?"

"Most assuredly," was the emphatic answer.

"May I then have the pleasure of being the scribe to convey information?"

"If you would like the position," she replied, demurely.

"And you—may I hope to hear from you also?"

"I will answer any letters you send me," but they had reached the gate, and were conscious of being observed from the piazza, so he answered only by a silent pressure of the hand she had extended. That was all, but it spoke his thanks more eloquently than words could have done, and as she passed the group on the verandah on her way into the house she was thankful that the dusk hid the tell-tale blush it had brought to her cheeks, and she passed directly to her own room that she might be alone to try to still the fluttering of her heart, and failing that to recall every word and tone of the previous conversation.

CHAPTER II.

AT HOME.

MISS Barr's father had died some years previously. Her two brothers were married and living in the neighborhood. Sister, she had none, and her home was with her mother in a small, neat cottage not far from the white church on the hill in the town of Westleigh. She was only at home for vacations, and there was consequently no lack of employment at such times. Sewing, repairing, remodelling, making, knitting, and such like duties claimed consideration, while it was a pleasure as well as a duty to relieve her mother of a share of the housework, and she took a pride in acquiring a skill in baking, preserving, etc., etc. (N. B.—These convenient abbreviations are meant to comprise sweeping, dusting, scrubbing and all the multifarious duties of a housekeeper). Then, too, there were visits to old friends to be made, visitors to receive, the fruits and vegetables to be housed and to fill up spare moments, ferns and autumn leaves to gather, press and dry, and finally arrange into bouquets, wreaths, festoons and what-not, a thousand and one fanciful designs

understood only by those with a true artistic spirit and a desire to make home beautiful.

One lovely day in October she sat by the window sewing when she started suddenly and exclaimed with genuine surprise and pleasure, "Why, mamma, if there isn't Dr. Atherton from Bradford, he is coming in, too!" and rising, went to open the door for him."

"He was returning from a neighboring town" where he had business and thought he would call in passing, he explained.

"Oh, why are pleasant hours so short,

And why are gloomy ones so long;

They fly like swallows when we sport,

They stand like mules when all goes wrong."

Need I say both our friends proved the poet's song that afternoon. There were so many questions to ask, so much to tell and discuss that the time went all too soon. Yet, when the Doctor sat watching that graceful form flit about the room preparing the evening meal, is it any wonder if he thought it almost best of all and had bright visions of a possible home, with just such a wife making tea ready. But all earthly things have an end, and this was no exception. Amanda walked out with him to the gate at parting, and he said with a quizzical smile, "Do you know, the folks in Bradford say I have mistaken my calling, I should have studied for the bar?" "Why—," she began, with a puzzled look, but in a moment his meaning flashed upon her, and laughing lightly to hide her confusion, she answered carefully,

"There are some strange people in Bradford. Mrs. Randall, for instance, who has a passion for genealogy, and wonders now if you are related to those Barrs in Melville, my mother's brother's son married a Barr, perhaps you are of the same family, and Mr. Baker who 'calculated that so much book larnin' is all nonsense, now look at me, never went to school six months in my life, and I am what you call forehanded, now ain't I? and there's cousin Jim with his college education can barely make a living."

"The Doctor laughed heartily, "I never knew you were such a mimic; I almost thought Mrs. Randall had come, and Mr. Baker's nasal twang was perfect. But I can tell you of some strange Bradford people, too. There is Mrs. Morrison who thinks you do not know how to teach grammar, for you can't speak it, and Mary Wheeler says Mrs. Morrison is a judge for she would not know a grammar from a history if she picked one up in the road."

Amanda had a hearty laugh, and said lightly, "and you did not know I was a mimic, eh! Ah, Sir Knight, you have only had acquaintance with Miss Barr, this is Amanda, so far from a school-room."

"There is a great deal in a name," he replied, "seriously, Amanda, if I may call you so, do you know the meaning of your name?"

"No; nothing dreadful, I hope; you look so grave."

"Quite the contrary. It is from a Latin participle of the verb *amare*, to love, and signifies deserving or requiring to be loved. Is it appropriate?" he asked, mischievously. But the brown eyes were fixed resolutely on the distant hills, conscious that they were not to be trusted not to betray secrets, and the answer was only from the lips and very low, "The latter part is; I do not know about the first."

"I will answer for the first," he whispered; then taking her unresisting hand, continued, "if, as you say, the latter part is true, would my love satisfy that requirement, for never was woman loved more truly than I love you? May I continue to love you, will you try to love me?"

But the eyes were not to be kept hidden longer, and the glance they gave him was answer enough even without the words.

"I do not need to try, I could not help loving you if I tried."

"The favored reader who has been an actor in a similar part in life's drama needs no further description, and those who have not would only criticize, so we will conceal from them all but the last words of the interview.

"May I go back now, and we will ask your mother's consent together?"

"No, James, it is better not; a long time must elapse before our union, and why should mother have the prospect of

my leaving her before her mind until it is close at hand. We can write often, shall meet sometimes. I shall soon be back in Bradford, and then we shall have more frequent meetings. I know she would not object to you nor refuse consent to what was for my happiness, yet it would make her solitary hours more lonely."

"Very well, let it be as you wish; but I hope the time may not be so very far distant. My practice is increasing rapidly; have I not been abundantly prospered for one who began a poor boy and fought his way through? You know I was left an orphan at twelve years with but little wealth and no powerful friends?"

She looked up with her whole soul in her eyes as she answered, "Indeed you have done nobly, and I am proud of you; I am ambitious for you too, and shall never consent to come to you to be a clog upon you. efforts; no, we must wait until you can tell me that I will be no drawback to your progress."

"My darling, I am repaid by your words to-night for all past hardships; the future is bright before me now, and if we must be parted for a time, I shall have a new incentive to labor that will call up every energy to bring my hopes about, materialized into realities, and now farewell, you will hear from me in a day or two." And with the first kiss of love upon her lips he left her, but paused ere turning the corner which would shut her from sight. He looked back and saw her still standing where he had left her with face buried in her hands and his mind filled with a tumult of emotion. While her heart beat high with happiness, she lingered to school herself to outward calmness that "mother may not suspect." The setting sun cast its golden radiance upon her form, and the brown hair seemed to that watcher in that light like a halo of glory such as painters were wont to put about the heads of saints. Love said "go back, you cannot leave her so soon," duty said "you must go onward," and even while the debate went on she raised her head, and with a parting wave of the hand, as she saw him watching her, walked rapidly into the house. And the sun went down, and the glory faded away, and the night was damp and cool, and it made him melancholy in spite of himself.

To be Concluded.

My Creed.

I hold that Christian grace abounds.
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense.
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go
Whatever things be sweet and fair,
Love made them so;

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nestling bird
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word;

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers
Or by some cabin door a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fact, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

—Alice Cary.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

The Bobolink.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

The sunlight sheen on meadow bloom is thrown,
The beech leaves stir beneath the breath of June,
The laughing shallows of the rivers croon
An arietta o'er each bar of stone.
While thick before the sunny hives are sown,
The bees that drowse away the hours of noon,
Now sweet and clear, now bold as Gothic rune
Now faint as if by far-off breezes blown,
Thro' avenues of cedars cool and dim;
The song of Bobolink is born to me,
Across the meadow and the river-rim,
Ah! bird could poet write, or painter limn,
This summer scene, in truth there yet would be
This sweet charm lost, the song which flows from thee.

Sharing Property.

Recently speaking on the "Hard Sayings of Christ," Dr. Stevenson, concerning Christ's enjoining a community of goods and sanctioning putting our property into a common stock, said: "That, we are told, will not work. Well, I do not say it will, and yet, after all, I am not so sure about this sacred institution of private property. If we could be unselfish enough to produce as much as possible, and then put it into one vast treasury from which each man drew according to his needs, I do not see any sacred principle that would be violated by that. Nobody would be rich, it is true, but nobody would be poor. The community would be like a family, all sharing the good of each. I am told that that is very shocking, but it does not shock me. Still, while men are as lazy as they are, and as indolent and selfish, probably it could not be made to succeed. But note that Christ does not command it. He leaves each man in possession of all his property. He only speaks of the spirit in which he shall rule and administer his possessions. That is to be the spirit of brotherhood. My property is not mine to withhold from my starving brother. It is not mine to spend in luxury while he wastes away in want. I am bound to give him necessities, or, what is better, to give him work and pay him for it, and above all, to give him education or whatever else may be needed to enable him to be his own helper. And in this way I say that Christ is wholly right. If property has rights it has also duties, and if it neglects its duties it forfeits its rights. If property forgets the poor and the ignorant, if it does not care for the toiler, if it allows its sister women to fall into the condition of which the indignant poet wrote,

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt.

—if it does this, I say, Proudhon's fierce word becomes true and property becomes robbery. You may laugh at it if you will, but I believe the time will come when the picture of the book of Acts will be realized once again and no man shall consider aught that he has as his own. The great thought of humanity is rising in our hearts in these latter days, and it will one day swallow up all our poor, petty, personal aims. Each will live for all and all will live for each.

A Happy Lot.

It was Sidney Smith who said: "When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to a man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream at time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical calculation look at the result. If you spend one person—only one—happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of the year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,000 beings happy—at all events, for a time."

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Time is a good deal like a mule. It is better to go ahead of time than behind time.

To make a cord of wood go a great way—leave it out doors. It has been known to go two miles.

A little boy said he would rather have the earache than the toothache, because he wasn't compelled to have his ear pulled.

"Telegraph blue" is a new color. It is the shade of a man's face when he gets a despatch from his broker asking for more margin.

Kitty was five years old when she asked, "How old do girls have to be when they don't need spanking, grandpa?" "Older than any I ever saw," growled the old cross-patch.

A passer-by gives two cents to a beggar. "Thank you for your good intention" said the beggar, "but I no longer accept cents. They did very well when I began to beg, but now—"

A young girl, being asked recently as she returned from the circulating library with the latest new novel if she had ever read Shakespeare? Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

An elderly man in Boston is so polite and loving that when he is dining with the young lady of his heart he puts syrup on his bald head to attract the flies and prevent them from annoying her.

An agricultural editor says: "Plant your pitchforks under the shade of your cherry-trees, points up. Should your neighbor's boy fall from the tree, they might prevent him from striking the ground."

'It's very easy to start false reports. Just because a Philadelphia woman, while buying a broom, wanted one with a heavy and strong handle, it was reported that she was in the habit of beating her husband.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An American editor adds, "We can't guess her, but will never give her up—no, never!"

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing. Call that kindness?" "Yes; unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

A Georgia negro, while fishing, fastened his line to his leg for safety. He was soon seen to go overboard, and when his body and the fish were recovered it took the coroner two days to determine whether the negro drowned the fish or the fish drowned the negro.

A lad who had been bathing was in the act of dressing himself, when one of his shoes rolled down the rock and disappeared in the water. In attempting to rescue it, he lost the other one also; whereupon, contemplating his feet with a most melancholy expression, he apostrophized, "Well, you're a nice pair of orphans, ain't you?"

"In de good ole times," says brother Gardner, "men stole an' cheated an' lied, an' played hypocrite, jist de same as men do now, an' if de women didn't gad quite so often dey gossiped jist as much. De man who sighs fur de good ole times am frowin' away his breath, an' dar am a dim suspishun in my mind dat he am lazy an' shiftless. De pusson who can't play his hand wid de world of to-day am either light in de head or wobbly in de knees."

On the bank of the Kennebec River, a few miles below Bath, lives an old lady. Years ago she cried so violently when about to be married that it was with difficulty she could be pacified. On being interrogated as to the cause of her great grief, she replied that it made her sad to think she was to live so near the steep bank of the river, where her children would daily be in danger of falling over and being drowned. The lady has now lived there about fifty years, and has never had a child.

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country; dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the friends—Authors."

Herbert Spencer is a victim of insomnia.

Scherer's "History of German Literature" is being translated into English.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has begun in the *Independent* a series of poems on love, under the title of "Liber Amoris."

Mr. George J. Holyoake was at one time a "social missionary" at Birmingham on a pittance of four dollars a week.

The original manuscript of a part of the late William H. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" fetched \$25 at the recent sale of his library.

Mr. George Elliott, of Boston, now the possessor of Whittier's birthplace at Haverhill, intends to preserve it as a permanent monument to the poet.

Lieutenant-General Bogdanovich, author of a "History of the Art of War," and of many other works on military subjects, is dead in his seventy-seventh year.

Mr. Tennyson lives most of the time at Hazelmere, in Surrey, only occasionally visiting his villa at Faringford, Isle of Wight, which was his favorite residence till 1869.

Among the MSS. of the late James Thompson are an elaborate poem called "The Doom of the Dity," a shorter poem, entitled "The Happy Poet," and essays on Shelley and Heine.

The *Athenaeum* announces that, in deference to the wishes of members of the Leigh and Byron families, it will postpone for the present, the publication of the correspondence in its possession relating to Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh.

Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," that nestles in the hills of Sudbury, just half way between Boston and Worcester, is known to be two hundred and twenty years old, and believed to be much older. It is on the Howe Farm, and from it swung the sign of the Red Horse a hundred years ago. It is now rented, and visitors are shown over it for a small compensation.

It seems that 2,991 books were published in America last year, besides those privately issued. The *Publishers' Weekly* estimates the number of copies sold at 3,000,000. These figures give an idea of the extent of the book trade, and show pretty conclusively that a great many people read American books in these days. As classified, the report stands as follows: Fiction, 587; juvenile, 334; biography, memoirs, correspondence, etc., 212; educational, language, 157; descriptive, travel, etc., 164; medical science, hygiene, etc., 190; poetry and drama, 169; literary, history and miscellany, 129; political and social science, 96; history, 108; useful art, commerce, 77; law and government, 76; physical science, mathematics, etc., 89; fine arts, illustrated works, 57; domestic and rural, 38; amusements, sports, etc., 21; humor and satire, 35; music, church and school, 23; mental and moral philosophy, 27; and books of reference, 71.

"No literary movement," says H. H. Boyesen in the *Christian Union*, "even in the most out-of-the-way corners of the globe, escaped Mr. Longfellow's notice, and his catholic spirit was always ready to recognize what was good, even in movements which were opposed to his own taste and temperamental bias. As for his opinion of individual authors, it was almost too universal to be as valuable as his great name would have made it; and the leniency of his judgment has become proverbial. He had a constitutional aversion for inflicting pain, and where he knew that a word from him would cheer he silenced his conscience for the moment and gave it. As a fellow-poet, who loved him the more on account of this amiable weakness, once said of him: 'Longfellow is a most unscrupulous praiser. He is to blame for at least a dozen poets who ought to have been strangled at birth.' Hardly has a volume of verse been published in the United States during the last fifty years a copy of which was not sent to Mr. Longfellow, accompanied by a note from the author, demanding in very respectful language 'his honest opinion.' On his study table there were always a number of these fresh poetic volumes, smelling yet of the damp paper, and their fly-leaves usually bore some more or less extravagant inscription expressive of the author's regard."

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Deem that mind great that's copious in its range,
That heart of worth that rank would fail to change.

A wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read—
To himself he lives and to all else seems dead.

—Decker.

Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore.—*Russian Proverb.*

The cheapest advice is that which costs nothing and is worth nothing.

Every one of our actions is rewarded or punished, only we do not admit it.

He who can take advice, is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—*Von Knebel.*

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—*Fielding.*

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavaier.*

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—*Pope.*

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—*Sheridan.*

To make a happy fire-side clime,
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

—Robert Burns.

Nothing makes so much noise as a rickety wagon with nothing in it, unless it be the man who insists on talking when he has nothing to say.

You can have what you want in this world, if you will like what you have, says a shrewd writer, who seems to know the value of a contented mind.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

"If what shone afar so grand
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again! the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize."

—R. M. Milnes.

A man who never fought in a battle may be brave; a man who never proved himself truthful may be honest, and a man who never wrote a line of philosophy may be wise.

The surest road to success in life is that of persistent and thorough work. Speculators who make money rapidly generally lose it with equal rapidity. It is the patient, steady plodders who gain and keep fortunes.

Can wealth give happiness? Look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

—Young.

Were man to attain the summit of perfection the scene beyond would be hidden by a wall of darkness. He could not go forward and he dare not go back and his eyes, failing to see a ray of hope, would soon lose the light of life.—*Thos. Watson.*

The point of aim for our vigilance to hold in view is to dwell upon the brightest parts in every prospect, to call off the thoughts when running upon disagreeable objects, and strive to be pleased with the present circumstances surrounding us.—*Tucker.*

Honesty and all qualities which combine to make a man thoroughly reliable may be instilled into the child's mind while yet it has unbounded confidence in its parents' knowledge of right and wrong, while carelessness on the part of a parent's judgment may do irreparable mischief.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Excavators' Conclusions.

There is now being retold the story of the locomotive which ran through a broken bridge on the Kansas Pacific Railway across Kiowa Creek, several years ago, sinking into the mud at the bottom and has never since been heard from, though repeated efforts have been made, by digging and boring, to recover so valuable a property. The bottom is a quick sand, and even quick sands have limits, and it seems very singular that the longest boring-rod has failed to find any trace of the sunken engine. By and by, the silent, mysterious operations will drain the quicksand and harden it into rock, and then, long after the Kansas Pacific road has been forgotten and the Kiowa Creek has vanished from the map, some future scientist will discover a curious piece of mechanism, undoubtedly the work of human hands, lying under so many hundred feet of undisturbed sandstone, and will use the fact as a base for calculating how many million years old the human race must be. Thus history will repeat itself, as it has often done and will continue to do.

Train Telegraphy

An army officer has recently invented a device by means of which it is possible to communicate by telegraph with a train in rapid motion. The apparatus is thus described by an Atlanta paper:—

"A line of telegraph wire, broken at suitable intervals, is laid within or beside the railway track, and the disconnected ends of the wire are connected with key blocks placed upon the cross ties, thus forming a continuous telegraph line or circuit over the entire length of the track operated upon. The key blocks have exposed upon their surface two metallic rollers which form part of the circuit, but which by depression disconnect and break the circuit. In other words, while the rollers of the key blocks are in their nominal position, there is a complete circuit over the whole line; but if any one of them be depressed, the circuit at that point is broken. The second part of the device consists of an electric key-board or shoe suspended beneath a car at such height that as the car passes over the track it will rest upon and depress the rollers of the key blocks. This shoe also has upon it metal strips of such length that as the car moves along they shall at all times touch upon the rollers of one or the other of the blocks, and is also connected by wires with a telegraph instrument in the cars."

A Tree Cemetery.

The following is an account of the recent discovery of a Cemetery in the heart of an ancient tree in New Zealand, a country which affords so many curiosities that it has come to be considered quite unlike any other portion of the globe:—

"The recent fall of an enormous puketea tree near Opotiki, New Zealand, disclosed the fact that the hollow interior from the roots to the first fork, about thirty-five feet from the ground, had been filled with human bodies. A confused heap of skeletons burst out of the butt of the tree when it fell. A local paper says: 'A more extraordinary sight than this monarch of the forest lying prone and discharging a perfect hecatomb of human skeletons can scarcely be conceived. Some are nearly perfect, while others are mixed in a chaotic mass of heads, hands, feet, and arms, indiscriminately. All the Maoris here seem to have been quite unaware of this natural charnel house, and declare that it must have happened long before their or their fathers' time. Indeed, the appearance of the tree fully justified the supposition that it must have been some hundreds of years since this novel family vault was filled with its ghastly occupants.'"

Among the curiosities of the late Austrian Exhibition was a house entirely constructed from paper, containing carpets, curtains, dishes, etc., all made of the same material. Paper has been compressed to the hardness of wood.

The leaves of both wild and cultivated pineapples yield fibres which, when spun, surpass in strength, fineness and lustre those obtained from flax.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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In order to double the circulation of the FAMILY CIRCLE we want all friends of literature to work for us, and if any of the young folks want to make pocket money we will let them retain a large cash commission. We will send free to anyone dropping us a postal card, our 1892-3 circular showing how to make money. No prizes. All who work for us get paid in proportion as they work.

PERIODICALS, ETC.

The Canadian Band of Hope for October completes the third volume of this spicy children's paper. Mr. Maddocks, its energetic editor and publisher, spares no pains to carry out the objects of this paper, and the new volume will be even more attractive than any previous one. At 25cts a year. Parents and Sunday school teachers should place this excellent paper in the hands of all the "children of the happy homes of Canada."

The Crusader, an excellent and progressing temperance paper, published by S. Ranton, London, Ont., we are glad to learn is to be issued weekly. The public should appreciate the endeavors of Mr. Ranton in the temperance cause, and make this new venture a success.

Part second of *The Living Laborer*, a work which is to be completed in four distinct parts, has been received from Mr. D. Oliphant. It consists of a series of letters on religious sect, and various questions of morality, interestingly brought out among truthful narratives of current events. Price 40cts.

We welcome to our exchange list the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*. This fine family journal established over twenty-one years ago, is a weekly visitor to many Canadian families, and those who may yet be unacquainted with its merits are advised to send a postal card to the publisher, for a sample copy. The *Commercial Advertiser* appears to be one of those few weeklies, which having once been subscribed for cannot be dispensed with, and the fact that it has more long-time subscribers than any journal in the United States is, considering the merits of the paper, readily understood. Agents, and subscribers also, will find certain inducements offered by the publisher, of which they can learn by addressing W. H. Burk, 44 Larned street west, Detroit, Mich.

CIRCLE CHAT.

The manner of spending the long winter evenings, which are approaching, is a subject which concerns every individual person. To those who spend their leisure hours sipping the sweets of literature it seems there is no pleasure to those who do not read. Those who experience a pleasure alone can appreciate it, and only those who have learned this lesson can know that the best result and highest benefit of education is the acquisition of a taste for reading. That there is a great continual increase in the demand for books is evidence that this fact is becoming more truly felt and if, as eminent reviewers assert, the tendency is towards scientific works, the more assured may we feel that people are realizing the importance to their individual selves of the truths that the ablest thinkers have been prying into from the beginning of time.

Each of Garibaldi's children is to get two thousand dollars a year for life from the Italian Government. Such is the way in which those who bring about reforms are regarded when the whole conservative public mind has fairly realized the value of their work. The grandfather of the present King of Italy in 1834 condemned Garibaldi himself to be shot

RESPONSES TO READERS.

L.H.—A good mode of ventilation for the room you describe would be to cut a board five or six inches wide, the same length as the width of the window; raise the window and place the board in to fill the space under it completely. This lets no draft in and leaves room for ventilation between the upper and lower sash.

AGENT.—If you wish to canvass for the FAMILY CIRCLE all the time you will find it greatly to your advantage to select towns or cities to canvass in as the houses are close together which enables some of our canvassers to take fifteen or twenty names in a day which they would have hard work to do in the country.

A YOUNG SUBSCRIBER.—1. A young gentleman meeting a young lady or ladies at night and wishing to accompany them home should satisfy himself that his company is acceptable. If he is not well acquainted or on friendly terms, or in some way shown that his company is welcome he should ask; but generally it is not hard to know their pleasure without. If your company is evidently not wished for, the remembrance of a fictitious engagement will cover embarrassment in parting from them. 2. In seeing two young ladies home who live in opposite directions judgment should be used to find out their pleasure. If they are undecided as to which way to go a proposition that they go with either one of the ladies first would not be improper.

A READER.—Familiarity is not generally unbecoming; an easy, familiar manner which may gain friends should be cultivated. Forwardness though very objectionable is no worse than formal visits upon ceremonious invitations. Careless and easy ingress and egress at all reasonable hours secures acquaintances to one's interest, and this can only be acquired by respectful familiarity entered into without forfeiting one's dignity.

B. M.—There would be no good and probably harm come of your interfering in the manner you state. If you feel a deep interest in the young lady and wish the person you speak of to stop keeping company with her on account of his character, and suspected wrong, interview him, and we can see no harm in your using other force than that of words, so long as you do it in an open and manly manner.

MARRIAGEABLE.—1. We agree with you that though most men marry few live happily, but we cannot think that people would be happier unmarried. That people live unhappily in married life proves only that too little attention is paid to the prevention of quarrels. 2. This question would take a volume to answer for each married couple; as circumstances differ so different preventions are requisite and each husband should as well as each wife—seeing the amount of misery such disputes cause—keep conjugal affection continually alive. To advise you briefly we would say cultivate a sincere regard for your wife's accomplishments independent of passionate love; do not permit yourself to think cheaply of your wife; do not let her imagine it is a penance to stay at home, or that you prefer any company whatever to hers; do not think to frighten her into subjection, and if obliged to complain do it dispassionately, and willingly receive the first acknowledgement as a sufficient atonement. 3. When you can so easily make your circumstances bend to your marriage do not make your marriage bend to still more favorable circumstances.

NEMO.—Make up your mind firmly what to do. Either decide to marry the young lady or to give her a chance to get married. If you do not love her the latter would be the more honorable. But hurt her feelings as little as possible. Do not suddenly assert your position toward her, but act naturally that she may detect your feelings gradually. Accompany her to parties and have her, if possible, receive the attention of other gentlemen, though do not appear over anxious to have her go with others nor praise too lavishly anyone you wish her to admire.

W. D.—When two gentlemen are passing a lady, with whom one is acquainted, both should raise their hat.

R. S.—"Gems of Fancy Cookery" will be sent post paid to any address on receipt of fifteen cents. Address Lawson & Jones, Publishers, London East, Ont.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sanus in corpore sano.

A Woman's Opinion.

Mrs. Jane Grey Swishelm has been visiting several gymnasia for ladies, and in describing them remarks that she has seen girls going through the drill of the gymnasium with high heeled boots on their feet buttoned so tight that it must have been impossible for the muscles of their limbs to move freely, and out of the question for them to make natural or healthful movements. Even the circulation of the blood in their pedal extremities must have been seriously interfered with. In addition, while dressed in a very becoming gymnasium suit consisting of a loose blouse with short skirt and turkish trousers, under these healthful-looking garments there was concealed the torturing corset, compressing the waist to such a degree as to make healthful expansion of the lungs impossible, and the whole thing a farce. Mrs. S. says further;—

"Leave out those women who have crossed the ocean as steerage passengers within five years, and there is not one woman in America for every thousand who has room to breathe freely inside her clothes; not one in a thousand, the walls of whose chest are not flabby from outside supports which deprive them of the exercise of their proper functions. When a woman, to prove that she did not lace, puts her hands on her sides and presses them in like a parlor rubber ball, she proves that the walls of her chest have been so enfeebled by corsets that they can no longer guard their vital contents from even so slight a force as her puny hands. The use of chest walls seems to have been lost sight of in the modern female costume. They are degraded from their post as walls and converted into a sack, and this sack is forced into any form which suits the manta-maker's idea of symmetry.

"It has been decided that the Creator, who made the woman after whom the Venus di Mile was modelled, did not understand the lines of beauty, but this having been discovered by French corsetmakers, we have it on display in thousands of shop windows in every city street, in all public and private places. Not until the chests, as well as the limbs of women, are clothed in loose folds, or bodices terminate on instead of below the ribs, can women have room to breathe; so long as fashion requires a long bodice without a wrinkle, a dress waist looking as though it were made of wood or plaster, so long had women better keep out of gymnasia and avoid exercise. The occasional freedom of muscle cannot do away with the effect of habitual imprisonment, and to call upon these enfeebled, unused muscles for extra exertion during those short periods of freedom would be very unwise."

White or Brown Bread.

The earliest agitator in the matter observed, two years ago, when travelling in Sicily, that the laboring classes there live healthily and work well upon a vegetable diet, the staple article of which is bread made of well-ground wheat-meal. Nor are the Sicilians by any means the only people so supported. "The Hindoos of the North-western Province can walk fifty or sixty miles a day with no other food than 'chapatties,' made of the whole meal, with a little 'ghee,' or 'Galam butter.'" Turkish Arab porters, capable of carrying burdens of from four hundred to six hundred pounds, live on bread only, with the occasional addition of fruit and vegetables. The Spartans and Romans of old time lived their vigorous lives on bread made of wheat meal. In Northern as well as Southern climates we find the same thing. In Russia, Sweden, Scotland and elsewhere the poor live chiefly on bread, always made from some whole meal—wheats, oats or rye—and the peasantry, of whatever climate, so fed, always compare favorably with our South English poor, who, in conditions of indigence precluding them from obtaining sufficient meat food, starve, if not to death, at least into sickness, on the white bread it is our modern English habit to prefer. White bread alone will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subject of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all the other conditions—to

proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animal experimented upon, and so forth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of forty days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole grain remained vigorous, healthy and well nourished. Whether an originally healthy human being, fed solely on white bread for forty days, would likewise die at the end of that time, remains, of course, a question. The tenacity of life exhibited by Magendie's dogs will not evidently bear comparison with that of the scarcely yet forgotten "forty days' wonder," Dr. Tanner. Nor is it by any means asserted that any given man or any given child would certainly remain in vigorous health for an indefinite length of time if fed solely on wheat-meal bread. Not a single piece of strong evidence has been produced, however, to show that he would not, and in the only case in which whole-meal bread has been tried with any persistency, or on any considerable scale among us—to wit, in jails—facts go to show such bread to be an excellent and wholesome substitute for more costly forms of nutritious food.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Rheumatism.

Dr. Wood, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical Department of Bishop's College, is quoted in *Knowledge*, the new English scientific weekly, as reporting, in the *Canada Medical Record*, a number of cases in which acute articular rheumatism was cured by fasting, usually from four to eight days. In no case was it necessary to fast more than ten days. Less positive results were obtained in cases of chronic rheumatism. The patients were allowed to drink freely of cold water, or lemonade in moderate quantities if they preferred. No medicines were given. Dr. Wood says that from the quick and almost invariably good results obtained by simple abstinence from food in more than forty cases in his own practice, he is inclined to believe that rheumatism is, after all, only a phase of indigestion, to be cured by giving complete and continued rest to the viscera.

Faith Cures.

An able editorial in the *Boston Transcript* on "Faith-Cures" concludes thus. All well-tested "faith cures" are either of purely nervous diseases or of organs closely dependent upon the nervous system. Of the four authentic cases of cure at Old Orchard, two were spinal affections, one sciatica and one heart disease. But most so-called heart disease is a mere nervous derangement; and, if this case was such, all four cases were nervous affections. All nerves centre in the brain and may be acted upon through the brain. This is best shown in mesmerism, but the fact is indisputable. A very powerful brain stimulus, an idea of conviction, an expectation even, or disappointment, will communicate itself to the whole nervous apparatus. The idea that the Great Spirit of the universe is exerting itself in his or her behalf must create a powerful excitation in a credulous mind. Bones are not set by prayer nor by any nervous stimulation. No contagious disease is ever cured by miracle. Diphtheria, fevers, small-pox and malaria are not influenced by faith. Freckles and sunburn, any disease of the hair or nails, in fact, disease in any portion of the body not supplied with sensitive nerves, refuses to yield to the most devout faith.

Death in Alcohol.

A paper recently read before the Biological Society of Paris, presented several interesting points respecting the amount of alcohol required to produce the characteristic effects of this poison upon the system. The writer had found that when a person takes sufficient alcohol to constitute one part in one hundred and ninety-five parts of blood, he becomes "dead drunk." The insensibility which is produced at this point usually prevents drinkers from involuntary suicide. If a person continues to drink until the proportion reaches one part to one hundred of blood, death ensues.

Dr. G. Alexander, writing in an English medical paper says that neuralgia is a disease arising from debility; that it is caused by disease, mental or bodily, but is relieved by food and sometimes by stimulants. Pure air, night and day, and perfect cleanliness, are advised.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Slate color has come into fashion again.

Polonaises are revived with or without paniers.

Plain goods are favored at present for new dresses.

Cardinal-red velvet basques are worn with black skirts.

Old green with brown or red forms a fashionable color.

Newly imported costumes show a great deal of dull red.

Next season it is said small bonnets and large round hats will be worn.

Bustles are worn quite large, giving an expanded expression to the entire skirt.

A small pocket in the palm of gloves for holding silver change is an English novelty.

The polka dots and moon spots in goods worn at present will be superseded by eggs within eggs, and rings within rings.

The fashionable way of wearing the hair is to let it fall on the neck in braids or coils, and over the forehead in loose, airy curls or rings.

Sailor hats, trimmed with a wide band of ribbon, with some upright loops at one side, are the latest revival for young ladies' wear.

Half-high bodices are coming rapidly into favor for evening wear. They are cut away about three inches from the neck all around, and are usually worn with lace, or transparent, beaded sleeves, which reach to the gloves that quite cover the elbows.

USEFUL RECIPES.

IRISH STEW.—Take cold meat that has been left from a roast and cut into small squares; put into a stewpan with sliced raw potatoes and onions; season with salt and pepper, and mix a tablespoonful of flour with two of water, and stir in while cooking.

BOILED CAULIFLOWER.—Cook in boiling salted water twenty-five minutes, having tied the cauliflower up in white netting; drain; untie; lay in a deep dish, the blossom upward, and deluge with a white sauce made of drawn butter, with the juice of a lemon squeezed in.

POTATO OMELETTE.—Wash the potatoes thoroughly and mix with four eggs, pepper, butter, and salt, and a small quantity of lemon juice. Fry a light brown.

BUTTERED CABBAGE.—Boil the cabbage with a quantity of onions, and when tender chop them together. Season with pepper and salt, and fry in butter.

FRIED APPLES AND PORK CHOPS.—Season the chops with salt and pepper and a little powdered sage and sweet marjoram; dip them into beaten egg, and then into beaten bread crumbs. Fry about twenty minutes, or until they are done. Put them on a hot dish; pour off part of the gravy into another pan to make a gravy to serve with them, if you choose. Then fry apples which you have sliced about two-thirds of an inch thick, cutting them around the apple so that the core is in the centre of each piece. When they are browned on one side and partly cooked, turn them carefully with a pancake turner, and let them finish cooking; dish around the chops or on a separate dish.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Mix on a platter four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a small saltspoonful of white pepper, wash some large, firm tomatoes, wipe them dry on a clean towel, and slice them half an inch thick, laying the slices in the flour as they are cut, and turning them over to cover them with flour; put a large frying-pan over the fire with two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, and as soon as the butter bubbles, put in slices of tomatoes to cover the bottom of the pan, when one side is brown, turn the slices carefully with a cake-turner or a bread knife, in order to avoid breaking them, and brown the other side; use enough butter to prevent burning, and when the tomatoes are done serve them on toast.

CREAM PANCAKES.—Take the yolks of two eggs, mix them with half a pint of good cream and two ounces of sugar, fry as thin as possible in lard; grate sugar over them, and serve hot.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Mix finely ground graham flour with half milk and half water; add a little salt; beat, making the batter thin enough to pour; have the gem-pan very hot; grease it; fill as quickly as possible, and return immediately to a hot oven; bake about thirty minutes. Practise will teach just the proper consistency of the batter and the best temperature of the oven. It is very important to beat it well.

LADY'S CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, and a half cup of sugar, two of flour, nearly one of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream tartar, the whites of four eggs well beaten; flavor with peach or almond.

RICH SNOW CAKE.—Three cups of flour, two of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one spoonful of cream of tartar half spoonful of soda.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of cold water. Boil together; then add a cup of butter and set aside to cool; flour as thick as a pound cake; add four well beaten eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron. Bake two hours.

LADY'S YELLOW CAKE.—One and a half cups of flour, one of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, yolks of four eggs, teaspoonful of vanilla.

LUNCH CAKE.—Two quarts of flour, four eggs, one pound of sugar, one spoonful of lard, one cup of sweet milk, two spoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda. Cut in X shapes and bake quick. Nice for children.

KISSES.—Whites of four eggs, add white sugar enough to make it stiff, and a little lemon, then drop on paper and bake. It must not be very brown, just colored.

CITRON CAKE.—Stir together three cups of brown sugar, four and one-half cups of flour, seven eggs, two cups of citron cut in small pieces, two and one half teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup of butter, one and a half cups of sweet milk.

PICKLED GRAPES.—Fill a quart jar with grapes, put about two-thirds of a cup of sugar on the top and cover with cold vinegar; seal.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Tomatoes may be kept like fresh by putting the fruit in a jar, just covering it with rain water; pour boiling tallow over the top. It is better to use small jars for this purpose as the fruit will not keep after opened.

ECONOMICAL PRESERVES.—The white part of a watermelon usually thrown away makes first-class preserves. Cut in rings and preserve the same as citrons. Try it.

PICKLES.—Take half-a-dozen of the largest red-peppers and cut in halves; chop a medium-sized cabbage fine; sprinkle the cabbage with salt, let stand over night and drain off. Put the cabbage in the peppers, then place them in a dish and pour on a pint of vinegar.

CLEANING WOOD-WORK.—To clean stained wood-work which is also varnished, an old house-wife recommends saving tea leaves from the tea-pot for a few days. Drain them, and when you have collected a sufficient quantity put them in clean soft water, let them stand on the stove for half an hour; when nearly cold strain them out, and, dipping a flannel cloth in the water, wipe the paint, drying with another flannel.

HOUSEKEEPERS' NOTES.—Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy.—Spirits of ammonia, diluted with water, if applied with a sponge or flannel to discolored spots on the carpet or garments, will often restore color.—There is a greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to digest. For health's sake put them in warm water for an hour before cooking.—A paste made of whitening and benzine will clean marble, and one made of chloride of soda, spread and left to dry (in the sun if possible) will remove the spots.—Celery vinegar is made by soaking one ounce of celery seed in half a pint of vinegar (white wine or good cider vinegar). This is much used to flavor soups and gravies.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

Artemus Ward.

[FROM A SKETCH BY REV. H. R. HAWES, IN GOOD WORDS]

HARLES Farrer Browne (alsais Artemus Ward) was born at Watford, Maine, in 1836. He began his life as a type-setter, then took to newspaper reporting, and so on (like Dickens) made a mark with jokes, which went the round of the papers. The circus presently caught up the new vein of wit. Artemus was always fond of the circus; but he did not care to sit and applaud his own jokes; he thought he might contrive to get the applause and the cash himself. A lecture to be constructed on peculiar principles, flashed across his mind. Was not the public worn out with dry lectures? Had not the time of protest arrived? What very excellent fooling it would be to expose the dull imposters who passed up and down the land, boring mechanics' institutes and lyceums with their pretentious twaddle, and bringing art and science into disrepute! Artemus Ward felt that the man and the hour had arrived. He would bring about a mighty reaction in the public taste; under these circumstances he conceived the appalling notion of constructing a lecture which should contain the smallest possible amount of information with the greatest quantity of fun. It was to consist mainly of a series of incoherent and irrelevant observations, strung like a row of mixed beads upon the golden thread of his wit.

Ward started in California with the announcement that he would lecture on "The Babes in the Wood." He said he preferred this title to that of "My Seven Grandmothers." Why, nobody knows, for there was, of course, to be as little in the lecture about babes, in or out of the wood, as about seven or any other number of grandmothers. "The babes in the Wood" was never written down; a few sentences only have survived of a performance which was destined to revolutionize the coming lecturing of the age.

The "Babes" seem only to have been alluded to twice—first at the beginning when the lecturer gravely announced "The Babes" as his subject, and then, after a rambling string of irrelevant witticisms, which lasted from an hour to an hour and a-half, he concluded with, "I now come to my subject—'The Babes in the Wood.'" Then taking out his watch, his countenance would suddenly change—surprise followed by great perplexity! At last, recovering his former composure, and facing the difficulty as best he could, he continued: "But I find I have exceeded my time, and will therefore merely remark that, so far as I know, they were very good babes; they were as good as ordinary babes." Then, almost breaking down, and much more nervously, "I really have no time to go into their history; you will find it all in your story-books. Then, getting quite dreamy, "They died in the woods, listening to the woodpecker tapping at the hollow beech-tree." With some suppressed emotion, "It was a sad fate for them, and I pity them; so I hope do you. Good-night!"

The success of this lecture throughout California was instantaneous and decisive. The reporters complained that they could not write for laughing, and split their pencils desperately in attempts to take down the jokes. Every hall and theatre was crowded to hear about the "Babes," and the "lyceum" lecturer of the period, "what crammed himself full of high soundin' phrases, and got trusted for a soot of black clothes," had nothing to do but to go home and destroy himself.

Artemus was an insatiable rover. At one time, being laid up, he read Layard's "Nineveh." The Bulls excited his fancy; the Arabs and the wildness of the scenes, the ignorance, stupidity, and knavery of the natives, the intelligence and enthusiasm of the explorer, the marvellous unlooked-for results—all this suited him. He must go to Nineveh and have a look and come back and speak a piece. Alas! cut short at the early age of thirty, how many "pieces" had to remain unspoken, and a trip to Nineveh amongst them!

Passing from San Francisco to Salt Lake City, Ward becomes his own reconteur. Of course he lectured by the way, and his progress was slow and roundabout, like that of the ant who, in order to cross the street, chose to go over the top of Strasburg Cathedral. But the longer the journey the greater the gain to those who are anxious to surprise gleams of his quaint nature, or flashes of his wit, humor, and adventure.

In California his lecture theatres were more varied than convenient. Now he stood behind a drinking bar, once in a prison, the cells being filled with a mixed audience and Artemus standing at the end of a long passage into which they all opened, then in a billiard-room, or in the open air. On one occasion the money being taken in a hat, the crown fell out and spilt the dollars. Ward said he never could be quite sure how many dollars were taken that night; no one seemed to know.

All who knew Ward knew there was much truth in his saying, "I really don't care for money." He was the most genial, generous, free-handed of men, and, like other kindly souls, his good-nature was often imposed upon by unprincipled and heartless adventurers, who ate his dinners, and laughed at his jokes, and spent his money. Had it not been for Hingston, his faithful agent, he would have fared far worse, for Ward was not a man of business.

If his anecdotes by the way are not all strictly authentic, they are far too good to be lost. He tells us how he visited most of the mountain towns and found theatres occasionally, to which he invariably repaired. One was a Chinese theatre; when he offered his money to the Chinaman at the door that official observed, "Ki hi li ki shoolah!" "I tell him," says Ward, "that on the whole I think he is right." On entering one he finds the play is going to last six weeks; he leaves early. It is in this rough mountainous region that some of Ward's best jokes were manufactured. To this period belongs the famous man who owed him two hundred dollars and never paid him.

"A gentleman, a friend of mine, came to me one day with tears in his eyes; I said: 'Why these weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his farm and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars. I lent him the money and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever; I ventured to remind him of the two hundred dollars. He was much cut up; I thought I would not be hard upon him, so I told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened up, wrung my hand with emotion. 'Mr. Ward,' he exclaimed, 'generous man! I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality, I'll throw off the other hundred.'"

But the Salt Lake had to be reached, and a wild and to some extent perilous journey it was.

In the greatest trepidation Artemus at length beheld the trim buildings of the Mormons shining in the distance, and entering the spacious thoroughfares studded with gardens, and lively with a very mixed, active, and always industrious population, sought out with Hingston a retired inn and gave himself up to his own reflections.

They were not pleasant. He certainly meant to see Salt Lake and the Mormons, and there he was. But in his book he had been unsparing in his sarcasms on the Mormons, Brigham and all his works, and if there was one thing he felt quite certain of, it was that he was now in the absolute power of the most unscrupulous man of America, whom he happened to have grossly insulted. Hingston advised him not to venture abroad rashly, and went out himself to see which way the wind blew. Artemus sat smoking moodily at home expecting, as he says, "to have his swan-like throat cut by the Danites."

At last enters a genial Mormon Elder, who assures him of the general good-will of the Mormons, but also pulls out a book ("Artemus his book!") and reads to its author a passage which he admits to have somewhat hurt their feelings; and certainly it is a little strong, as coming from a man who had never been in Salt Lake City or seen the people. This is the passage and it occurs in the Showman's papers:

"I girded up my lions and fled the scene; I packed up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a second Sodom of Gomorrah, inhabited by as thieving, and unprincipled a set of retches as ever drew breath in any spot on the globe."

On hearing these awful words, of which up to that moment their writer had never felt in the least ashamed, Ward declares that his feelings may be more easily imagined than described. He was forced to admit further that the Mormons might not be quite such "unprincipled retches" as he had described, and he parted at last with the mild and conciliatory Elder pleasantly enough, instead of having his swan-like throat cut.

Coals of fire were soon to be heaped on his devoted head.

Worn out with the excitement and fatigue of many days and nights of travel, he was struck down with fever. "The thievin' and unprincipled retches" by whom he was surrounded now vied with each other to do him service; they nursed him patiently, treated him with the utmost kindness, procured him every comfort, and Brigham Young sent him his own doctor.

"The ladies," he says, "were most kind. I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah; and I was very ill, I was fearfully wasted, and on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married, though not so much married as her husband, he had fifteen wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing, 'Sweet bird do not fly away!' I told her I would not. She played the accordion divinely; accordingly I praised her."

Of course Artemus could not exactly eat his own words or recant his deeply-rooted opinions, of which he was quite as tenacious as some other men, but he pays a warm tribute to the friendly courtesy of Brigham, adding: "If you ask me how pious he is, I treat it as a conundrum and give it up."

The moment at last arrives for him to face a Mormon audience and speak his piece. They place the theatre at his disposal, and "I appear," he says "before a Salt Lake of upturned faces." He is listened to by a crowded and kindly audience. Whether it was the "Babes" or "Africa" we know not, but he mentions that some odd money was taken at the door. The Mormons, it appeared, paid at the door in specie, and that of all kinds, such as 5 lbs. of honey, a turkin of butter, a wolf's skin; one man tried to pass a little dog, a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit; another a German-silver coffin plate—"both," he adds, "were very properly declined by my agent."

Artemus had a great longing to come to London and give his lecture at the Egyptian Hall. That longing was destined to be gratified; but it was to be his last. He thought "The Mormons" would do very well, and it did. He knew his lungs were affected, and he knew he must die; but he did not quite know how soon.

He came here in 1867. He was soon unable to continue his entertainments. "In the fight between youth and death," writes his friend Robertson, "death was to conquer." His doctor sent him to Jersey; but the sea-breezes did him no good. He wrote, genial and sympathetic to the end, that "his loneliness weighed on him." He tried to get back to town, but only got as far as Southampton; there many friends went down from London to see the last of him—two at a time. Hingston never left him, and the Consul of the United States was full of the kindest attentions. A wealthy American had offered the Prince of Wales a handsome American-built yacht. "It seems, old fellow," said Artemus, as he made his last joke to Hingston, who sat by him—"its seems the fashion for every one to present the Prince of Wales with something. I think I shall leave him my panorama." His cheerfulness seldom left him, except when he thought of his old mother, and then he would grow terribly sad. But the end was at hand. "Charles Browne," writes his friend Robertson in modest but feeling terms, "died beloved and regretted by all who knew him, and when he drew his last breath there passed away the spirit of a true gentleman."

"The first step toward wealth" says an exchange, "is the choice of a good wife." "And the first step toward securing a good wife is the possession of wealth," says another. Here we have one of those good rules which works well both ways

SELECTED.

"Slipping only what is sweet;
Laying the chaff and take the wheat."

Good-Night.

"Good-night!" The little lips touch ours,
The little arms enfold us.
And, O, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us!

"Good-night!" we answer back and smile;
And kiss the drooping eyes;
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise—

Who, in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips "Good-night?"

Jefferson's Saw-Mill.

The following story is told of President Jefferson: Jefferson was a good man, but he was far from practical in some things. When he was in France he was very much struck with the utility of wind-mills. He thought they were wonderful institutions, and cost so little to run. He owned a large quantity of timber on a mountain much higher than Monticello, about a mile off. He purchased in France a wind-mill at the cost of \$13,000, and had it taken to the top of the mountain. He had for a neighbor a bluff old fellow named Cole. One day Cole came to see him, and Jefferson took him up to where he was having the mill built. It was as much as they could do to climb the steep ascent. When Cole recovered the breath he had lost getting up the mountain, he said: "Mr. Jefferson, you have a splendid saw-mill, and it is in a splendid place to catch the wind, but how are you going to get the logs up here to saw from?" The author of the "Declaration of Independence" started like a man suddenly awakened from a delightful dream, and quickly said: "Hey, Cole, how! What?" And then, relapsing into abstraction, led the way down the mountain toward Monticello. The wind-mill was never completed, and years after the machinery was sold for old iron.

A Great City's Wants.

Among the advertisements in a New York paper is one for "first-class waist bands." This is a fine opportunity for some young men to embrace. Another advertisement reads, "Wanted, a boy to feed and kick at West Twenty-First street. Wages, \$4." "A third-hand baker" is also wanted. This must call for the man who was hurrying down street swinging his two hands, and it was plain to everybody that he had also got a little behind hand—making a third hand. Still another advertisement calls for "A stout young man to be generally useful about an ice cream saloon." The most generally useful young man in an ice cream saloon is the one who brings in the girls there, early and often, but it is hard to understand why he should need to be stout.

Charity for the Fallen.

In a recent sermon Dr. Talmage took for his text "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Said he:—In the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about fifteen minutes long, according to the ordinary rate of speech, a sermon on the Mount of Olives—the people were made to understand that the same yard-stick they employed would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure by a charitable rule and you will be measured by a charitable rule. There is a great deal of unfairness in the criticism of human conduct. Do not sit with your lip curled in scorn and, with an assumed air of innocence, look down upon moral precipitation. You had better get down on your knees and pray almighty God for rescue, and next thank him that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that Juggernaut.

In our estimate of the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and usefulness we must take into

consideration the conjunction of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten a person who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has trust funds. He risks a part of these funds in investment. It does not turn out quite as well as he expected and he makes another investment. Strange to say, at the same time all his other affairs get entangled, all his resources fail and his hands are tied. He wants to extricate himself. He goes a little further in the wrong investment. He wants to save his home. He wants to save his membership in the church. One more plunge and all is lost. Some morning at ten o'clock the bank door is not opened and there is a card on it indicating that there is trouble, and the name of the defaulter or the defrauder heads the newspaper column, and hundreds of men say, "Good for him;" hundreds of other men say, "I'm glad it's found out at last;" hundreds of other men say, "It's just as I told you;" hundreds of other men say, "We could not possibly have been tempted to do that ourselves," and there is a superabundance of indignation, but no pity. The heavens are full of lightning, but not one drop of dew. If God treated us as society treats that man we would all have been in hell long ago. Wait for the alleviating circumstance before you let all the hounds out of their kennel to maul and tear that man; find out if he has not been brought up in some commercial establishment where a wrong system of things prevailed; find out if he has not an extravagant wife who was not satisfied with his earnings, and if in the desire to please her he has not gone into that ruin where enough men have fallen and by the same temptation to make a procession from the New York Battery to Central Park. Perhaps some sudden sickness may have touched his brain and his judgment may have been unbalanced. He is wrong, he is awfully wrong, and he must be condemned, but there may be mitigating circumstances. Perhaps under the same temptation you might have fallen. The reason some men do not steal \$200,000 is because they do not get the chance. But you say, "I am sorry that the innocent should suffer." Yes, so am I. Sorry for the widows and orphans who lost their all by that defalcation; sorry for the honest business man whose affairs were crippled by it; sorry for the venerable bank president to whom the credit of the bank was a matter of pride. Yet I am sorry also that he sacrificed body, mind, soul, reputation, heaven and went into the blackness of darkness forever.

Do you say, "I would not be tempted in that way." Fifteen years go by; the wheel of fortune turns several times, and you yourself may be in a crisis that you never could have anticipated. Now all the powers of darkness come around, and they chuckle and chatter and they say, "Aha! here is the old fellow who was so proud of his integrity, who bragged that he could not be overthrown by temptation." God lets that man go. God, who had kept that man under His protecting care, lets that man go and try for himself the majesty of his integrity. I see you some day in your office in a state of great excitement. One of two things you can do—be honest and be pauperized, have your children brought home from school, your family dethroned in social influence, or you can steer a little aside from that which is right, and then you have all your finances fair and straight. You can have a fortune for your children, endow a college and build a library in your native town. You halt and wait, you wait and halt until your lips get white. You decide to risk it. Only a few strokes of the pen now; but oh, your hand trembles! How dreadfully it trembles! The die is cast. By the strangest conjunction of circumstances any one could have imagined you are prostrated. Bankruptcy, commercial annihilation, exposure, crime. Good men mourn and devils hold carnival. You see your own name at the head of the newspaper column in a whole congress of exclamation points, and while you are reading the story it seems to you how much this is like that of the defalcation fifteen years ago. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

I have come to this conclusion, that most men want to do right, but they don't exactly know how. The vast majority of the people who fall are the victims of circumstances; they are captured by ambuscade. Be easy on them.

Affection is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox.—*St. Evremont.*

Insuring an Apple Crop.

Singular modes are still taken to improve the apple crop in different parts of Great Britain. It is the custom to offer prayers in some countries; in others, drinking and poetry are used; and in one district instrumental music is added. In the "Manuale in Hymn Larum," now in the vicarage library of Marlborough, England, there were two beautiful Latin prayers, to be said on St. James' and St. Christopher's day (February 28th) in the orchards, when the trees were to be sprinkled with holy water. In Devonshire a bowl of toast and cider is taken out into the orchard on Christmas Eve, and a piece of toast put in the principal tree, and verses repeated as follows:—

"Apple tree,
We wassail thee
To bear and to blow
Apples enow.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

In Somersetshire a similar custom prevails, but the poetry is extended to fourteen lines; in Sussex is a custom called "blowing the trees," or "wassailing," which is performed by a number of young men blowing a cow's horn under the apple trees, and each taking hold of a tree and repeating verses a little difficult, but evidently of the same origin as those repeated in the other countries. The custom also prevails in Normandy.

Paying the Fiddler.

There were plenty of seats in the car, but as he walked down the aisle he looked sharply to the right and left until he reached a pretty girl who was sitting alone.

"Seat engaged, miss?" he asked, with a knowing wink.

"No-no, sir," stammered the girl, looking around in dismay.

Down he plumped and braced himself for the campaign. He was a regular passenger, and held his commutation ticket in his hand.

"Shall I open—"

"Tickets!" roared the conductor, who had watched him from afar.

The regular passenger smiled sweetly at the pretty girl, and put up his pasteboard, out of which two sides were promptly nipped.

"Tickets!"

"Hold on!" protested the regular passenger, "you punched this twice. This lady isn't with me."

"Sorry," replied the conductor, "but you walked in, sat down and went to work on the regular married style. Supposed, of course, it was your wife. Too late now. Take a vacant seat next time. Tickets!"

And the passengers went to the conductor and asked him to drink, and offered him cigars and bought out the train boy for him.

"I knew they weren't married," said he, as he squinted at a glass of extra prime. "I've seen him before, but this is the first time it cost him a couple of dollars to play it."

"Do you know who the lady is?" asked an inquisitive man.

"My wife, gentlemen," replied the conductor; and even the flask chuckled a merry "glug-glug" as he spoke. *Travelers' Magazine.*

Entertaining Company.

I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at the village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent, and in your behavior, your heart and your earnestness, your thought and will; what he cannot buy at any price at any village or city, and which he may travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and bed be dressed for the traveller, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake, and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.—*Emerson.*

The Statue.

There was a statue, only common clay,
Which in the sunshine stood one summer day,
And just through one brief magic hour—I'm told,
Because the sun shone so, seemed finest gold.

There was a hero, hero but to one,
Who had his gilded hour beneath Love's Sun,
And then, Ah me! the sunshine died away,
And left the hero—bare, dull, common clay.

L'ENVOI.

Are you the hero, or are you the sun?
A word, *mon ami*, and my fable's done,
If you must blame,—be just and blame the sun

Frances Hodgson Burnett in Century Mag.

A Russian Map in 1800.

A map largely circulated in Russia at the beginning of its century represents America as the largest of all islands. It states that the country was discovered by the Spaniards a title while before. The people are said to live about five hundred years; to be very ignorant, not knowing anything of letters; to know nothing of a God, or religion; and to feed chiefly on baked meats and nutmegs.

In this same map the city of Moscow covers a much greater space than either the whole of Africa or America. It is shown in detail with its walls, churches and chief buildings. Well, therefore, might the Russian peasant, who had such a map, look upon Moscow as the greatest city of all the world,

A. R. B.

Superstition in China.

A witch story, which well illustrates a certain form of superstition, apparently of Buddhist origin, appears in the columns of the *Shen-pao*. The general belief in China is that if any person kills an animal from wantonness or cruelty, its soul will return and take possession of the murderer's body until his guilt has been fully expiated. It is said that an instance of this occurred not very long ago, at Yatgehov, where there resided a man and his wife who had a pet cat, the mother of three kittens. The cat and the kittens, after the manner of the feline tribe, were constantly stealing the tidbits and the delicacies which the servant girl had intended for her own consumption. Punishment had no effect, and at length she killed them, one after another. Before long, however, she became ill, and displayed all the symptoms of rabies. She mewed and scratched like a cat. Her mistress, in great distress, apostrophized the dead cat, and asked why it thus tormented the girl. The cat, speaking through the girl's mouth, described the ill-treatment it had received from her during its life, and told her how its kittens had been put to death before its feline eyes. One had been drowned, another worried by a dog and a third burned. More than this, the cat herself had been put to death, and its spirit had now come to torment the murderer. Justice, however, was at last satisfied, and the girl died in convulsions at the feet of her mistress. Extraordinary stories of this kind are firmly believed by the Chinese.

Men and Women.

Men love things, as facts, passions and estimates, and women, persons; and while men regard only abstract scientific facts, a woman looks only at the person in which they are embodied. Even in childhood the girl loves an imitation of humanity, her doll, and works for it; the boy gets a hobby-horse or tools and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is an object of love and kisses and watching, and answers them only by complaints and anger; and the feeble creature that requires the most repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows the stronger, the greater the need, and the greater the unthankfulness of its object; and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous

Burdette's Version.

When Penn appeared to receive his charter, he came into the royal presence in his usual easy manner, with his hat on and his hands in his pockets. Charles at once removed his own hat. "Keep on your hat, young man," said Penn, "keep on your hat, and people won't know you're bald." "It is the custom of this place," the king replied, "for only one person to remain covered at a time." "Then you ought to have more covers," said Penn. "It's a queer custom; but I don't lay my hat around loose in a strange house unless I get a check for it. I've travelled, I have."

A Dear Ride.

The boys tell a good story on a certain member of the board who is greatly interested in pork, and has just returned from Europe. He was at the sea of Galilee, and one of those fellows who rent out little pleasure-boats to tourists asked him to take a boat and sail on water that "Christ walked upon." He objected, and they asked him where he was from. "I am from Chicago, in the United States of America," proudly answered the pork manipulator. They reproachfully asked him if he was going back without a ride upon the lake "where Christ walked," and he gave in. When they landed again the Chicago man asked how much, and was told twenty-five dollars. He thoughtfully pulled out the money, but remarked, "I don't wonder that Christ walked."

—*Christian Union.*

For Forty Years.

There died in Delaware County, Pa., recently, a prosperous and generally esteemed farmer, nearly 100 years of age, who for forty years had never spoken a word to his wife nor had she to him, nor had any one of their five children, of whom three, with their mother, are still living, spoken a word to any other member of the family. And yet they all lived peacefully under one roof and were in full possession of their faculties. Forty years ago, it is said, the wife was bequeathed a small sum of money by a relative, which her husband desired to use in purchasing farming implements and otherwise improving the property. She said no. He vowed that unless he was given the money he would never speak another word to her. This vow he steadfastly kept to the end of his life. The three daughters, then quite young, at first tried to reconcile their parents, but failed. Then one sided with the father, another with the mother, and the third became disheartened with the whole job. So they quarrelled, the two sons died, and never again a word was spoken in the household, save to visitors. The death of the husband and father has made no change in the situation, and the survivors move about the house as if utterly oblivious of each other's presence.

Matrimonial Sufferers.

In most things in this world that involve error, women suffer more keenly for the imprudence than men. Take unequal marriages, for instance, of which so many have occurred of late. A young man who marries beneath him is to be pitied; but we cannot commiserate him as we do a young girl who has perpetrated an equally fatal blunder. He had all the world before him from which to choose. He yields, by natural right, a more powerful, further reaching sceptre than she. Cophetua may woo the beggar maid, and the chances are ten to one that the beggar maid, wearing royal robes, shall do him honor on the throne she shares. Were the case reversed, the old homely proverb would be far more likely to be realized, that "you cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear." A man's character, and tastes are generally formed before he is 21. But a woman's desire to please is so great, that she may be almost entirely remolded after marriage, so the marriage be one of love, and the husband good enough, patient enough and wise enough to conduct the experiment. But if a woman, whose life is spent in her home, makes a mistake with regard to him who is to be the king and lord, the house-bond and support of the home, she is a fit object for the pity of angels and men. Then look after the intimacy of your daughters, and do not leave them to rely upon their own judgment, however wise they may seem for their years.

God's Measure.

God measures souls by their capacity
For entertaining his best angel, Love.
Who loveth most is nearest kin to God,
Who is all love or nothing. He who sits
And looks out on the palpitating world,
And feels his heart swell in him, large enough
To hold all men within it, he is near
His great Creator's standard, tho' he dwells
Outside the pale of churches, and knows not
A feast day from a fast day, or a line
Of scripture even. What God wants of us
Is that out-reaching *bigness* that ignores
All littleness of aims, or loves, or creeds,
And clasps all Earth and heaven in its embrace.

—Ella Wheeler.

Remembered.

The Kentuckians tell with keen zest even now many anecdotes illustrative of the kind heart and fine courtesy of their old idol, Mary Clay. The following we do not remember to have seen in print:

On one occasion, when a young man, Clay was travelling up the Ohio on a small steamboat. He was taken sick with violent cramps and colic. An old colored woman who was on board took charge of him, administered medicine, etc., and nursed him faithfully until the boat touched at Wheeling, where he could be put under a physician's care.

Ten years afterwards Clay, then at the zenith of his fame, was making a political speech in Louisville, from the steps of a public building. The square was crowded with men, while a line of black faces fenced them in. In the cheers that rose when the orator had finished a shrill voice was heard:

"God bless Mars Henry!"

Mr. Clay, who was surrounded by his eager friends, paused.

"A moment, gentlemen. I think I hear the voice of a woman who was very kind to me," glancing around searchingly. "There! That old mammy on the edge of the crowd. I should like to see her."

He stepped down into the street, and way was eagerly made for the old woman, who was brought up to shake hands with the great man. It was the proudest moment of her life, and the happiest. But Mr. Clay was not satisfied with conferring this simple pleasure. He secured situations for her husband and sons, which enabled her to spend her remaining years in comfort.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Coming Woman.

In a lecture by Col. J. T. Long, occurs the following passage: "The coming woman will astonish the coming man by her talents, inventions and energy. She will not cultivate her heart at the expense of her head, nor make marriage the be-all and aim-all of her life, but she will crown the hand of her husband with the royal heart of a queen, his home with the magic power of her skill, and his heart with the loyal light of her love. She will discount the mother of the Gracchi by rearing sons who will not have to go to war, and will convert the shields upon which the sons of Spartan mothers of the past were carried home from sanguinary battle fields, into benignant shades under which the little children of the future can repose in the lap of plenty or gather at their will the flowers of beauty, security and peace."

The Fall of the Leaf.

If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness fall upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without one's understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world-monument, by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.—*John Ruskin*.

A Mother's Responsibility.

"Mamma," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken my china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs and wait till I send for you." And this was a mother's answer to a tearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look the sweet child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to blossom into life. O, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison! 'Tis true "an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother." It needs an angel's powers. The watch must not for an instant be relaxed; the scales of justice must be nicely balanced: the hasty word that the overtaxed spirit sends to the lips must die there before it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season; the forward and presuming, checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no trickery, for the keen eye of childhood to detect, and above all, when the exhausted brain sinks with ceaseless vigils, perhaps, and the thousand petty interruptions and unlooked-for annoyances of every hour almost set at defiance any attempt at system, still must that mother wear an unrufléd brow, lest t' smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown. Still must she rule her own spirit, lest the boy so engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all the duties faithfully performed, a mother's reward is in secret and silence. Even he, on whose earthly breast she leans, is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle till, too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in unceasing flow the thousand springs of his domestic happiness.—*Toledo Saturday American*.

The Matter with the Telephone.

"I don' know what I shall do mit dat telephone of mine," observed a citizen as he entered the headquarters of the company yesterday and sat down in a discouraged way.

"Out of order, is it?"

"Sometimes it vhas, and sometimes it vhas all right. If I go to speak mit der coal man, or der city hall, or der butcher, it vhas all right, und I can hear every word. If somebody vhants to order my peer I get the name shust as plain as daylight."

"And when does it fail?"

"Vhell, shust like two hours ago. A saloon man he owes me \$18, und I rings him oop und calls out 'Hello! hello! I likes dot monish to-day!' Den he vhants to know who I am, und he says he can't catch der name. I tell him oaser, und bye und bye he call out dot he doan' deal in watermelons, und dot he goes in to pave Gratiot street, und dot he is scry he can't sign my betition to der council. Den I haf to go all oaser again, und he tells me to stand back, und to come closer, und to speak louded, und at last he gits mad und tells me dot if I call him a dandy again he'll poke my head. It's no use—I can't make one of my customers hear me. If sometings doan' ail my telephone, it may be ash my voice is giving out. I vish you would examine me und see if I had better let my son Shon do der talking while I keep der pooks."—*Detroit Free Press*

Salvation Army Bill.

"General" Booth, of the English Salvation Army, does not seem to pay much attention to the kindly critics, who have taken exception to his posters. They seem to grow wilder. Here is the conclusion of the latest bill: Monday, at 2.30 in Barracks; Yankee Lass will sing and talk for Jesus, with other officers; 6.30, Soldiers meet at Barracks for

PARADE IN FULL UNIFORM:

Red Handkerchiefs, White Aprons and Jackets.

GREAT DOINGS ALL THE WEEK; TERMS OF PEACE GIVEN TO ALL REBELS

Of our King. By Male and Female Warriors.

The Army Doctor will attend to the Wounded.

By order of King Jesus and Major Cadman.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the Immortals.—HAZLITT.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The letters from our young friends this month were numerous, and many will be eagerly looking for this issue to see whether they have been awarded the prize, as many have answered all the puzzles correctly notwithstanding the slight error which occurred in the sixth line of the enigma. It was indeed a difficult task to decide who should have the prize. The penmanship was in several of the letters very good and the grammatical and literary construction faultless. After due consideration of style and general neatness, we have awarded the prize to James Gill, London.

Correct answers have been received from Hartley J. Doan, Thornton; Mary Sheppard, Berlin; Hannah Kinnisten, Parkhill; Minnie Mulvoney, Parkhill; Ida Craig, Walkerton; Ellen Ralph, Goderich, Annie Emery, London; C. M. Stewart, St. Catharines; Laura Tretheway, Stratford; "Rose," Holland Landing; George H., Toroute; Wm. Smith, Ottawa; and John Anderson, Sarnia.

Another handsomely bound story book will be given for the best set of answers in this number. Answers must be in by the 5th of November.

OCTOBER PUZZLES.

1.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- A vowel.
- A covering for the head.
- A painter's frame.
- A number.
- A consonant.

2.

POETICAL PL.

Eth ghetish yb targe emn herdace dan pekt,
Rewe ton tibanode yb dunsed glifh,
Tub yeth, hewil cirth onionscamp pelts,
Erew giltion wrapud ni het thing.

3.

CHARADES.

Each of the following name a county in Ontario:

1. Rind.
2. A nickname; an assembly.
3. An animal; a we ght.
4. A male bovine; to wade through.

4.

SQUARE WORD.

- A direction.
- Always.
- To wither.
- A natural shade.

5.

CROSS WORD.

- In nuisance, not in pest;
- In quiet, not in rest;
- In east, but not in west;
- In good, but not in best;
- In trial, not in test;
- In search, but not in quest;
- In coat, but not in vest.

One of the wonders of the American continent.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES'

1. Enigma:—Croquet.

2. Square word:

R O M E
O D E R
M E S S
E R S T

3. 11½.

4. Charade:—Both-well.

5. Arithmetical puzzle:—Ea-gl-a.

Telling Fortunes.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad—
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn-door;
See the fanning mill whirling so fast;
I see the men threshing out wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed,

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's,
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men with rage,
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish,
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

—Alice Cary.

An Imprisoned Owl.

The owner of a large farm not far from Lancaster had an opportunity in the early summer of witnessing how an interloper is punished by the martin species of birds. A pair of martins had taken possession of a small box, and were building their nest. One day, while they were absent, a screech-owl took possession of the box, and when the martins came home at night would not let them enter. The smaller birds were puzzled for a while, and in a short time flew away, seemingly giving up the fight. But if the owl was of this opinion, he was sadly mistaken, for in a short time the little ones returned, bringing with them a whole army of their companions, who at once set to work, and, procuring mud, they plastered up the entrance to the box. They then all flew away. In a few days the box was examined, and the owl was found dead.—Chatterbox.

The Moss Rose.

The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them a dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rosebush. When he awoke he said:

"Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it."

"Adorn me then with a new charm," said the spirit of the rosebush, in a beseeching tone.

So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in its modest attire, the moss rose, the most beautiful of its kind.]

Those who are always busy rarely achieve anything; they haven't time.