GLOBE SUPPLEMENT

ST. JOHN, N.B., SEPT. 12, 1896.

THE GREATEST FACT IN SCIENCE.

[John Fiske in the July Atlantic]

In the course of the foregoing survey [of A Century's Progress in Science] one fact stands out with especial prominence: it appears that about half a century ago the foremost minds of the world, with whatever group of phenomena they were occupied, had fallen and were more and more falling, into a habit of regarding things not as having originated in the shape in which we now find them, but as having been slowly metamorphosed from some other shape through the agency of forces similar in nature to forces now at work.

Ever since our earth cooled to a point at which its solid crust acquired stability, since the earliest mollusks and vertebrates began to swim in the seas and worms to crawl in the damp ground, if you could at almost any time have come here on a visit, you would doubtless have found things going on at measured pace very much as at present,—here and there earthquake and avalanche, fire and flood, but generally rain falling, sunshine quickening, herbage sprouting, creatures of some sort browsing, all as quiet and peaceful as a daisied field in June, without the slightest visible presage of the continuous series of minute secular changes that were gradually to transform a Carboniferous world into what was by and by to be a Jurassic world, and that again into what was after a while to be an Eocene world, and so on until the aspect of the world that we know to-day should noiselessly steal upon us.

A PARSON'S WORLDLY VALUE.

[Toronto World.]

The announcement that the Reverend Montgomery Hunt Throop, of Jersey City, was going to sue the vestrymen of his church for his salary and $20,000 back pay for overwork was well calculated to arouse much interest; but it was rather too bald. Mr. Throop says the suit is a friendly one and merely undertaken "because he needs the money." This applies, however, only to the arrears in salary, which is comparatively a trifling sum. The larger amount, $20,000, involved in the breach of contract suit apparently is not needed by Mr. Throop, for he has notified the vestrymen already that if he wins and they pay him he will turn the money over at once to the church.

As the vestrymen have been unable to raise the pastor's salary the probability of his getting the $20,000 is somewhat remote. But this does not concern Mr. Throop, for he is battling for a principle only. He is seeking an official ecclesiastical ruling on what constitutes a minister's working day, whether it shall be any particular number of hours from one to twenty-four and how much wear and tear of nerves and brain he is supposed to endure with complacency during that undetermined period. In laying his case before the bishop he has filed a bill of partial particulars in which the following are the chief items:

1—Sacrifices made for the benefit of the parish.
2—Overwork for the benefit of the parish.
3—Mental pain and anxiety for the material welfare of the parish.
4—Ditto for the spiritual welfare of the parish.
5—Unpleasant newspaper publicity endured for the benefit of the parish.

The details of these specifications have not been given out, but some idea of their extent may be gained from the size of the financial comparison. Mr Throop considers that he has sacrificed, overworked and endured mental pain and anxiety and unpleasant newspaper notoriety to the extent of $20,000 (presumably gold), and it will be the duty of the bishop to weigh the items and pass judgment on the merits of the claims.

The suit is important, because it includes pastoral distresses that are almost universal. All ministers are concerned more or less in the spiritual and material welfare of their parishes, or if they are not they ought to be, and it would be a fine justice if some court could determine just how much anxiety is expected and how it can be measured in coin of the realm. Unpleasant newspaper notoriety would be a more difficult item to adjust to any exact financial valuations, but even this perhaps the bishop may be able to reduce to a fixed rule out of his wide experience in other similar cases.

The matter of sacrifices is more abstract and [illegible] general proposition will be awaited with marked interest by all ministers and all others who help to pay ministers, and undoubtedly by Rev. Montgomery Hunt Throop.

RUSSIAN CENTENARIANS.

Dwelling in the Caucasus Seems to Prolong Life—Ages Run Up to 140 and 150.

[The Lancet.]

Last year an old peasant named Ivan Kouzmin was reported to have travelled from Moscow to Kief at the age of 140. He was said to be in good health. He had formerly been coachman to Count Sheremetief, but in 1840 was sent to Siberia, where he spent fifty-four years, returning in 1894. His is not the only instance in which a Siberian exile has survived to extreme old age. Two years ago there was said to have died in Samara one Lavrentii Efimof, who had attained the age of 150. According to the newspaper report of him he took part as a boy in the famous Pugatchef rebellion in the reign of Catherine the Great, and for his share in a brief but sanguinary outbreak spent thirty years of his life in Siberia. Recently there was said to be living in the village of Vank (Saratof Government) an Armenian aged 110, the proud ancestor of ninety one descendants, of whom seventy one were still living. His name was David Kazarian. Another Armenian, a priest named Ter-Mikaeliantz, was reported not long ago to be living at Gori in the Caucasus at the age of 108; he was still able to walk to church and once a year performed the liturgy. If recent history in the Turkish empire continues to repeat itself such instances of longevity among Armenians seem likely to become rare. Last December there died in the Government of Kharfkof an old man, Theodore Liptzof, who was said to have reached the age of 115. He well remembered the Napoleonic invasion of 1812. It is worth noting that he drank vodka freely, and that he took snuff, and was an inveterate smoker of tobacco, which he not infrequently chewed as well. The Caucasus would seem to be a region favorable to length of days; in addition to the instance of the Armenian priest already quoted the following other instances have been reported from there. Last year, in the town with the unpronounceable name of Mizkhet, a peasant with the appropriate, but equally unpronounceable name of Adam Marto eskishwili, died at the reputed age of 130. Unfortunately some doubt must be thrown on the accuracy of this instance, for the newspaper (the *Kavkaz*) from which it is quoted, adds that Adam left two sons, the eldest 60 and the youngest 40 years of age. If this be true the youngest son must have been born to his father at the great age of 90—an almost incredible feat in non-patriarchal time. Adam is said to have left a widow of 100; and this same town with the impossible name is stated still to shelter several old men and old women between 90 and 100. Three years ago one of its favored inhabitants, a woman, died at the age of 120. Happy Mizkhet. In Tiflis, not long ago, a woman named Urumsima Arutunova died at the supposed age of 120; and as recently as May last a brutal murder was brought to light in the district of Tiflis, in which the victim was said to be 108 years old. The object of this crime was not discovered. The case of Nicolas de Savin, the old French soldier, who was taken prisoner by the Russians in 1812, and died two years ago in the Saratof at the age of 126, was commented upon at that time in the English press. About the same time the case of another old soldier was brought forward, a Finn living in Wyborg, whose age was said to be 122. This summer there was said to be living a still older Cossack soldier; this man, named Solodof, residing in the village of Jovnino (Poltava Government), is reported to have passed his 125th birthday. Finally an old woman, aged 117, is, it is stated, still living in Nikolaief. She is a Pole and remembers well the taking of Warsaw by the Russians in 1793. In closing the list it is well to add that in many of the instances quoted a closer investigation might materially diminish the ages of the persons in question. Only last year a paragraph appeared in the papers relating to an old man who had come from Siberia and who had reached the age of 138. A later paragraph stated that on examining his passport his true age was found to be only 99.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

Would Take 500 Years to Cover It at a Swift Steamer's Pace.

"The sun is about ninety-three millions of miles distance from the earth," writes Alden W. Quimby in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "It varies through the year because the earth's orbit is elliptical, and the sun is at one focus of the ellipse. The earth is more than three millions of miles nearer the sun in December than in June, at which time the latitude south of the equator receive his direct rays and experience the great heat of their summer.

"Let us try to comprehend the figures stated. The other day two racers of the sea proudly lowered the record of trans-Atlantic passage. Could they turn their prows to the sun, and drive their great engines day and night in the crossing of the either main, it would be five hundred years before they could reach harbor.

"Most persons have noticed the appreciable interval of time between the stroke of an axe at a distance and the resultant sound; could we hear the sound of a solar explosion we would know that the explosion had occurred fourteen years before. Perhaps the most striking illustration is that which imagines a little child to have an arm long enough to reach the sun. The child might thrust its fingers into the seething fires, but it would grow up to maturity, and calmly descend into the valley of extreme old age, blissfully unconscious of any pain from the burning; in fact, it would require another such a lifetime to bring the news to the brain."

RUSSIA'S RULERS.

GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR THEIR VISIT TO PARIS.

The Pan-Anglican Synod—Affairs in Egypt—Effects of Bicycling.

[Correspondence of the GLOBE.]

PARIS, Aug. 29.

Their Russian majesties while accepting to be the guests of France will not the less make the Russian Embassy their home—diplomatically it is part of Holy Russia, as every embassy is accepted as a portion of the country it represents. The government is fitting up the mansion with all the marvels of historical and modern upholstery, so that Baron Morenheim, the ambassador, may be excused rubbing his eyes at the transformation scenes. The imperial visit being now conducted on formal official lines, people ask is it not possible it may become too solemn and frigidly affectionate; restrain in a word the outbreak of heart enthusiasm? Such is not to be anticipated, because the heart that has once truly loved loves on to the close. The Czar is welcomed as an ally, which is a different kind of reception from that extended by other hosts, whether co-monarchal, as by the Emperors of Austria and Germany, or as family intimacy by their grandparents in England and Denmark. No matter or not whether the Franco-Russian alliance be as incomprehensible as the Trinity, the French believe in it and grapple it to them with hooks of steel. The Czar's visit will be the affixing of an additional seal to the Union. Query: Which of the alliances, the triple or the dual, most staves off the European outbreak and has fewest axes to grind? Both claim to be charged with the Holy Grail of Peace—like the Quakers.

As to Crete the Sultan appears to be fiddling while the island is burning. Opinion has decidedly arrived at the conclusion that the Cretans ought to be accorded their independence, and if they desire to wed Greece let none forbid the banns. Another notch off the tail of the Ottoman empire will be a salutary pruning. One never misses a slice off a cut loaf. Lord Salisbury's suggestion was at the time the best: obtain from the Sultan the necessary reforms for Crete; let the six powers who are so harmoniously united guarantee their execution, and then resort to the Sexanary blockade in case of bad faith. That might prevent the "gangrene" in southeastern Europe extending. It would compel Germany to send a ship and not a court plaster to the other unionists. It would be a mistake to conclude that the six powers send their united benediction to the Porte, or that all behind the scene disapprove of Greece. To suppress the latter will be more difficult for the Sultan than to quiet the Armenians—by extirpating them.

THEOLOGY

has never been held in the odor of sanctity by the French: they regard it as "canned" between the walls of colleges and utilized for debating societies by ecclesiastical students or winter pastimes by the elect. The masses feel about as much interest in the Fathers and Doctrines as in "Coke upon Lyttleton." But the French are keenly alive to the political and social action of a church; hence, why they endow missions abroad while stumping the country for the separation of church and state at home. The former aids the tricolor in making "its circular tour round the world." The "missions" will expel the British Biblists from Madagascar and that will be one victory over *les Anglais*. These remarks are necessary to understand the political importance with which far-seeing Frenchmen—there are few to be found—regard the Episcopal congress to be held next year under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth palace. It is another link added to the lengthening chain of Pan-Anglicanism; it aids imperial federation and attracts and centralizes the scattered molecules of the Protestant church power over the world, for it is the commencement of a great movement, destined to affiliate in common Christian effort the many sects of dissent, as well as of the members of the Established Church. The Pope has failed, say the French, to gather Protestantism into his fold, so all the Protestants are taking thought to form a fold of their own. It is the appearance, the birth, of a new politico religious power, receiving its impulse from a central heart, the Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth, and that the future must count with it. Another element of strength, though a long time in acquiring, is the opening of the eyes of the clergy to the necessity of becoming and keeping permanently in touch with the masses; happily they have washed in time in the pool of Siloam. The Synod has pronounced the "Ephphata!"

The conversion of the Prince of Naples to Benedictism and of his intended, the beautiful Princess Elena, to Catholicism are

EVENTS OF GRAVER IMPORT

than is generally thought. If the Greek church loses one of its maids of Athens it has scored by Prince Mortara-Boris, whose father offered him, though Catholic, as a propitiation for the dangling crown of Bulgaria and the sins of the extra [illegible] His Holiness and the Archbishop of Canterbury in securing peace on earth and good will toward men. But he, too, is head of a church triumphant. The Muscovite advances by enforcing his language and religion where he conquers; sometimes he falls back on "scientific missions" and caravansary. As the Prince of Montenegro has many girls and sons he could well take up the running of their majesties of Denmark or the German courts in supplying brides to heirs apparent or candidates to vacant crowns or consorts for maiden queens. The Prince of Naples has just the fiancee he requires; she will correct his "neglected education;" make him a soldier and a statesman, not a Dry-as-dust and a Dominie Sampson. Even Li Hung Chang admits that the "upper suckies" of China have been ruined by having their minds saturated with philosophy and literature instead of industrialism and modern armaments. He himself has never known any other sport than kite flying; he is unaware of the magnitude of the dates of the twelfth of August and 1st of September; his gunning feats in this vale of tears have been limited to shooting rebels—"a mighty hunter and his prey was man." News is impatiently awaited from

SIR KITCHENER.

The public is as curious as a child; it wants more glimpses into the interior of Mahdism, almost as closed a book as the North Pole. No one expects the Anglo Egyptian expedition will long remain at Dongola; it waited for the cool and flood season to arrive there; the same reasons must be invoked to push on to Khartoum. The advanced guard of British civilization at Uganda is beckoning to the Sirdar to come. The sooner all the English African grabs are swallowed the quicker can ensue the processes of digestion. The independence of the Khedive must be secured; the conversion of the debt effected and the annual tribute to the Yildiz Kiosg stopped. These measures would be as efficacious against "gangrene" as Holloway's ointment against bad legs of thirty years standing. People are feeling queer at the awkward turn internal affairs are taking in Germany: there is always the possibility of seeking in exterior complications the extrication for a home deadlock. It is remarked the Kaiser has been down on his luck ever since his memorable and unhappy wire to President Kruger. The Matabele outbreak being regarded as crushed, discussion is now taking place as to the pace the development of Rhodesia will acquire; that it is in for a "big boom" no one seems to deny; that the Transvaal will come into line for the general interests of the colony is not doubted; she cannot maintain the position of a lone star, nor is she seriously credited with the ambition to lead a separate movement against English rule. The impression exists that the story of the "Raid and the Johannesburg Reformers" has yet to be written. The sooner that is done the better, while so many of the actors are still in the flesh; this effected the whole matter ought to be in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

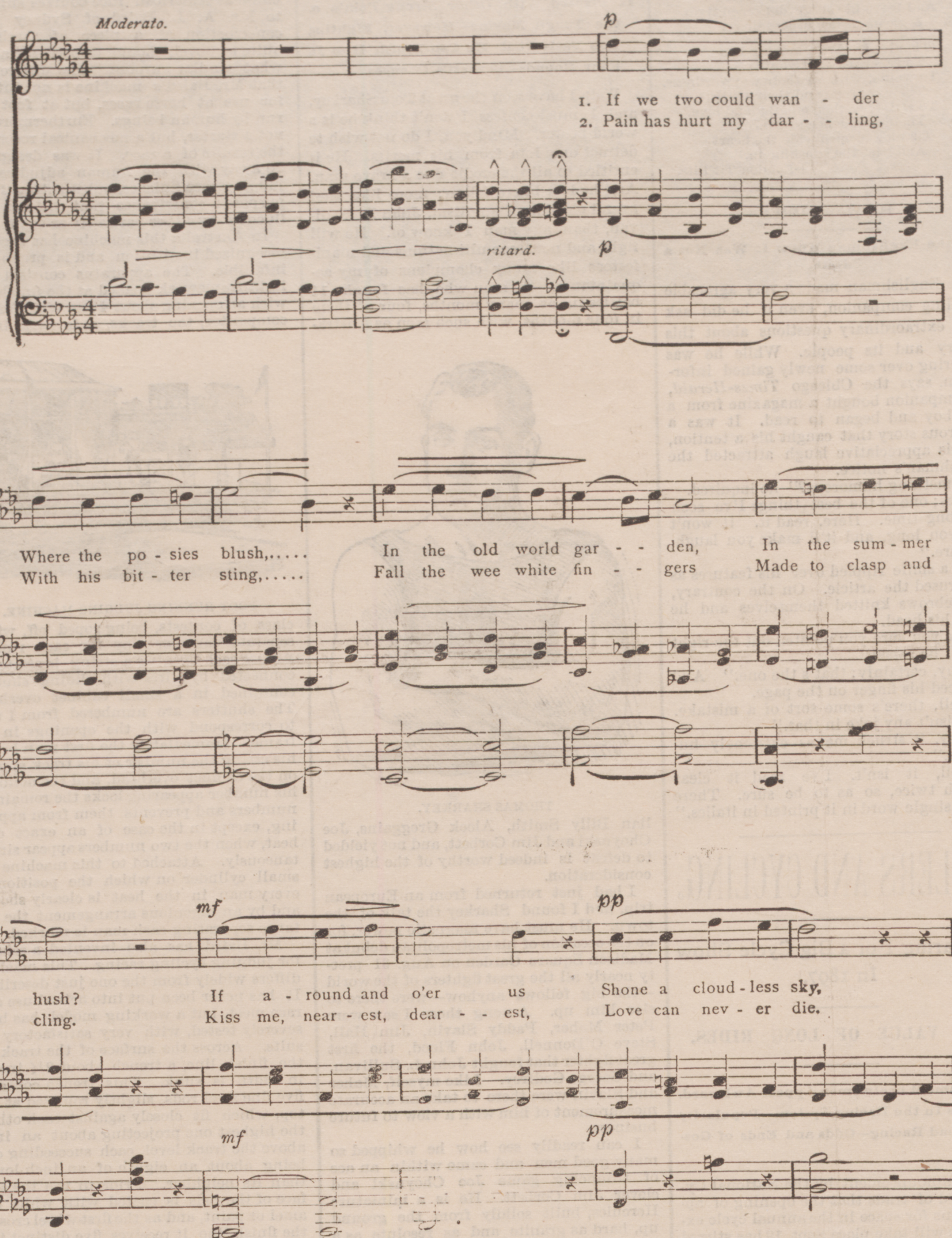
EFFECTS OF BICYCLING.

It would not be surprising if all the trades flew to arms against the bicyclists; the great wheel movement is creating a profound change in manners and customs. It certainly saves outlay on luxuries: it begets a democratic indifference to the stucco and starch facades and sides of society. The book sellers are prepared for the worst; literature was said to only enrich publishers. Now the profit-receiving class lack profit. Every day seems to have its new nail; the fashionable boot and shoe makers rage like the heathen, assert that the ladies despise now their cinderella slippers at 40 fr. the pair, preferring the untanned bicycle shoe with its buckle for 10 fr. It is true that ladies after an exhilarating spin feel averse to changing costume, or getting into a gala toilette, or reading, or doing anything else save enjoying a siesta. Beyond doubt the bicycle and the Turkish bath have restored many to robust health. Then gentlemen commence to take a pleasure in ladies bewitching the world with their wheeling, especially when the costume, elegantly simple, is in keeping. The auto-car—about three new ones appear in Paris daily—is also laying its mark on the time-worn institutions of locomotion by the noble animal. Livery stables are quietly closing, and horse dealers figure of late unusually large in the list of bankruptcies. But life springs from death. "Frigotherapathy"—that is the new cure Parisians will be invited to try from next October, when suffering from dyspepsia or sluggish stomach: no more life pills, or big or little ditto, of any sort. Engineer Pictet has his Froglodyte wells ready, by which the patient, after being examined by two doctors, will be slowly lowered into the antarctic depths, to be bathed in a temperature of 110 to 212 degrees *below zero!* The patient will then be wound up—in the cord sense—not a block of ice, or as stiff as a leg of mutton from Australasia, but cured of his ills. It is hardly yesterday since Turkish baths have been invented to cure us of all ills by heating the mortal frame to 212 degrees about *above zero;* now it is that many below that leads to centenarianism.

Parisians are in their glory; since the death of "Paul and Virginia," the Darby and Joan chimpanzees at the Zoo, their cage apartments have remained vacant. Now they are occupied by "Monsieur" Baboun and "Madame" Baton, two chimps from French Guinea. They are models of domestic bliss: walk arm in arm round their cage, and after eating their dinner—fried eggs and meat—they wipe the plates with a napkin and smile thanks to the waiter.

ONLY YOU AND I.

GENEVIEVE M. CANNON.


Moderato.
p
1. If we two could wan - der
2. Pain has hurt my dar - - ling,
ritard.
Where the po - sies blush,.....
With his bit - ter sting,.....
In the old world gar - - den,
Fall the wee white fin - - gers
In the sum - mer
Made to clasp and
mf
pp
hush?
cling.
If a - round and o'er us
Kiss me, near - est, dear - - est,
Shone a cloud - less sky,
Love can nev - er die.

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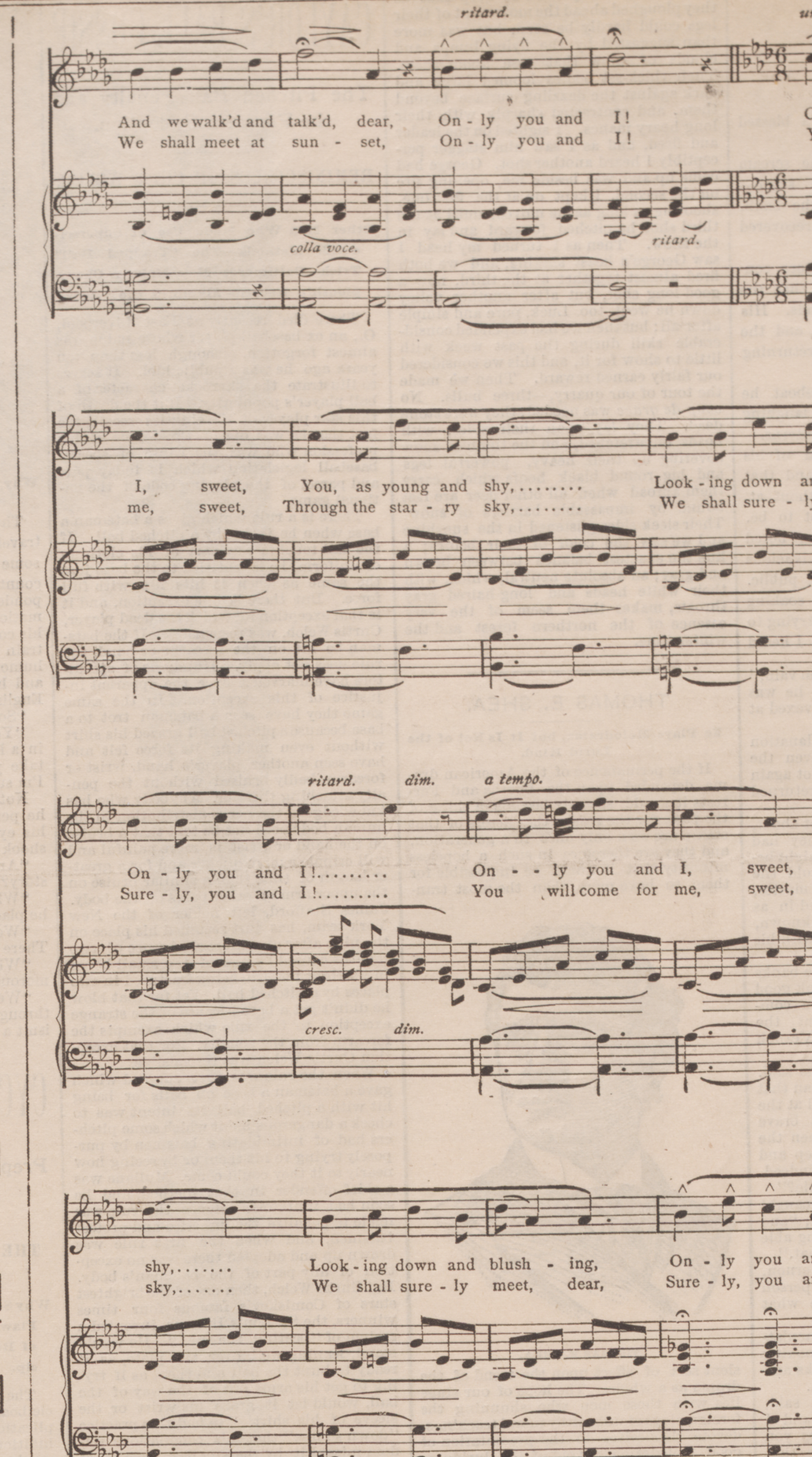
ritard.
un poco agitato.
And we walk'd and talk'd, dear, On - ly you and I!
We shall meet at sun - set, On - ly you and I!
On - - ly you and
You will come for
colla voce.
ritard.
I, sweet, You, as young and shy,........ Look - ing down and blush - ing,
me, sweet, Through the star - ry sky,........ We shall sure - ly meet,.......
ritard.
dim.
a tempo.
On - ly you and I!......... On - - ly you and I, sweet, You so young and
Sure - ly, you and I!......... You will come for me, sweet, Thro' the star - ry
cresc.
dim.
shy,....... Look - ing down and blush - ing, On - ly you and I!............
sky,....... We shall sure - ly meet, dear, Sure - ly, you and I!............
ritar

Only You and I.—2.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND IRELAND'S FUTURE.

[W. F. P. Stockley, M. A., in Donahoe's.]

Needless to say the beginnings of Trinity College were in the midst of strife. The waters of the century of religious upheaval were boiling and still rising; and the subduing of Irish-speaking, Celto-Norman Ireland was being undertaken by the "great" queen, the conqueror of Desmond and the deceiver of O'Neill.

The foundation of Trinity College was part of this policy of political and religious conversion which was tried for so long in Ireland by martial law, plantations, penal law and coercion; hence the complex Ireland of to-day and the complexity of that Irish question whose infinite variety no age can wither, nor any custom stale.

Hence also the Trinity College of to-day, eighty-five cent. of whose students are members of the Church of Ireland, that is, of the Anglican Church disestablished in 1871, which yet numbers only fifteen per cent. of the population. Of the remainder of the students five per cent. are Catholics and five per cent. are Presbyterians.

Trinity College is not unpopular in Ireland notwithstanding all the past. There is something pathetic in what seems not only a general respect in Ireland for Trinity College—not unnatural—but also a positive pride in its existence, and a pleasure of thinking of it as an Irish institution. Perhaps one may see in that sentiment not only an expression of the sympathetic heart of the people, but also a sign of their desire to be allowed to take interest in learning, and of their respect for what is not to be had for money; and one may also see there one of the proofs that, stormy as the air seems to be in Ireland still, yet comparative calm might come before long, and suddenly, if Irishmen of various creeds and classes found within their own Ireland institutions to which their loyalty and patriotism might cling, and to which their sentiments might bind them in common.

And another proof of what has been said is indeed seen in the very manner of the proposals made by the Catholic hierarchy with regard to University education in Ireland. Every foreigner would agree that the present state of things is unsatisfactory. Trinity College is nominally open [illegible] of the founding of a Catholic University.

The attempts to settle this Irish University question have resulted for the present in the foundation of the Royal University of Ireland, which is an examining board in Dublin, with a system of affiliated colleges throughout the country where candidates for examination study. But where is the university where Catholics may or will study? And surely, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said when speaking of this matter, the object is to provide means of study that will be taken advantage of. It is useless to legislate for imaginary or abstract beings without such and such beliefs, customs or prejudices.

The Archbishop of Dublin says: "The bishops, as the responsible guardians of the religious interests of the Catholics of Ireland, have put forward a definite claim for equality as regards all the privileges and emoluments enjoyed by the Queen's colleges or by Trinity College."

The object is the education of the people. The means must be, as Burke tried to teach rulers in his day, by understanding and acknowledging people's ideas, circumstances and even prejudices.

CIRCULATION OF BIBLES.

Enormous Numbers Have Been Printed in All the Known Languages.

[New York Herald.]

Six millions of books are a great many, and that number represents the world's output of the Christian Scriptures during the last year. The number of Bibles distributed since the organization of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of London, in 1804, is 260,000,000, or enough volumes, if laid end to end, to reach a distance of more than 50,000 miles. The British Society and the American Bible Society, of New York, since its establishment, in 1816, have been the two great organizations of the world for the translation, publication and circulation of the books of the Bible. Their work has been a tremendous and a growing one, yearly exhausting their increasing resources and reaching a magnitude that is surprising.

From a rare and the most expensive book the Bible has become the most common and the cheapest publication in the world. The increase in the supply has been as wonderful as the decrease in the cost. Before the age of printing a copyist would work for months to produce a single copy of the Bible, that was almost priceless, to be secured to its place with a chain, and handled by a fortunate few only, with the greatest of care. Then, though the introduction of printing increased the supply most marvellously, the high price yet held them beyond the reach of the average reader. It was only after organized societies took charge of the printing and distribution that no one who wished a Bible need go without it. And the people have wished them with a desire that has increased with the advancement of general learning, the cultivation of thought and the growth of the spirit of criticism. This growing demand for the Christian Scriptures has, on the most part, been met, whether it has come from Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand, and whether in the language of a Chinese, a Zulu or any other tongue more nearly approaching the English.

Last year the British and Foreign Bible Society distributed 2,85,618 Bibles in foreign countries, and the American Bible Society exported 634,025 copies. These books were printed in forty one different languages. Many complete Bibles and portions of Scripture were also printed by the American Society at Beirut, Constantinople, Shanghai, Bangkok, Yokohama, Paris and Bremen.

An idea of the vast territory reached by the New York Society and the variety of languages employed may be gained from the fact that last year the Chinese received from the New York Society 1,205 Testaments in their language; the Zulus, 2,000; Portuguese, 2,462; Italians, 4,717; Poles 3,406; Bohemians, 1,778; Dakota Indians, 324; Marshall Islanders, 630. The list includes Irish, Dutch, Danish, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Turkish, Russian and Ojibwa.

The distribution of these books and the teaching of their contents means the employment of an army of missionaries and colporteurs, who have to encounter many and great obstacles in the way of poverty, illiteracy and prejudice. They suffer from accusations, arrest, imprisonment, antagonism of other religions, uprisings against them and war itself. Yet they work on and will continue to work.

While the heathen of foreign lands are supplied with copies of the Scriptures those at home are not neglected, and increasing work in the direction of a systematic distribution of the English Bible is being carried on. During last year about 950,000 Bibles, Testaments and portions of Scripture have been distributed by the various home societies. Six thousand families have been visited. About one fifth of them were found without Bibles and were supplied.

Then thousands of volumes of Scriptures are being distributed among destitute Sunday schools, given to the army and navy, to immigrants, freedmen, the poor and criminal institutions. In this connection the blind are not lost sight of, for fifty years ago was begun the publication of the entire Bible in the Boston line letter, and the books are yet manufactured in increasing editions and sold at a price slightly below their cost.

Professor Stowe, the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, often said that he saw visions of people in whom he was interested and Mrs. Field recalls an instance of this in *Review of Reviews*. On one occasion Mrs. Stowe was in her room when it was supposed she was out of town. Professor Stowe came in, looked about him with a preoccupied air, but did not speak to her. She thought his behavior strange, and amused herself watching him. At last the situation became so extraordinary that she began to laugh. "Why," he exclaimed, with a most astonished air, "is that you? I thought it was one of my visions."

DESTROYING MANIA.

WELL-DEFINED CASES OF THE CURIOUS INSANITY.

Sad Case of a Child—Institutions for Confinement and for Cure Unless the Fire Stage Has Been Reached.

[New York Times.]

Physicians could tell strange and startling tales were it not for the seal of silence which is seldom broken by the honorable practitioner. Now and then the medical papers refer to interesting cases without names, but none more interesting than a tale told by a prominent doctor of this city to a few intimate friends the ot[illegible] has ever been made public. This ph[illegible] not divulge the name of his pat[illegible] learned from another souce, a[illegible] of the lad's parents, who fea[illegible] injure his chances in li[illegible] boy's father is secreta[illegible] who was so cunning in [illegible] against the lad that even his own mother was deceived and believed him possessed with an incurable mania. He is now 13 years old, and was one of the prize winners at a recent school commencement in this city, in which he has passed six years of his life. The other seven were spent in an institution in Massachusetts, where persons possessing a destructive mania are treated and kept from doing harm to themselves and others. Here are confined men and women and children who cannot help destroying and burning everything within reach. Physicians say it is impossible to cure persons possessed with this mania, although the founder of the Massachusetts institution has a firm belief that it can be cured. "In the institution are old men and women, who are as sane as you or I," said the physician, as he commenced his story. "They have just that one failing of wanting to destroy everything. When their mania reaches the fire stage they have to be confined and kept confined the rest of their lives. So you can readily understand how badly the parents of this boy felt when there was every reason to suppose he was cursed by this mania about seven years ago. He was an exceedingly interesting and intelligent little fellow, and when I was called in on the case I felt 'qualms of conscience when I left my prescription.' I recommended several very firm doses of birch rod. In the case of children birch rod is as good as anything you can recommend, if they haven't reached the fire stage.

"This boy had not yet been desirous of burning down the house, and I hoped severe whippings would cure what might after all be a mere childish prank. His nurse had caught him in the act of tearing up a silk umbrella, which, being put in evidence, certainly was a wreck. Articles of bed clothing, several of the pieces of bric-a-brac in the parlor, the furniture, in fact everything in the house, was commencing to suffer, when I received another call from the head of the family. He was heartbroken over the unfortunate affliction of his favorite child. There had never been any taint of any kind in either branch of the family, and the boy's actions were explainable on the ground alone that he had become a victim of destructive mania. I could only give the parents sympathy, and request them to have the nurse, who had been in the family seven years, to be extra careful of her charge. I again advised them to whip the boy every time he was caught destroying anything. The father and mother couldn't bear to do this themselves, so the nurse girl, Etta, was instructed to do it every time she caught him destroying anything about the house.

"The girl was then about twenty-one, of Irish and French parentage, with grandparents of German and French. That is, her grandmother was a German, who went over to France and was there married to a Frenchman. Their son married an Irish girl in this country, so there was the blood of three nations in Etta's veins. She had a strong arm. She didn't spare the rod on the boy, and his mother would have to intercede very often, even though the whipping had been recommended as a cure for the boy's destructiveness. The lad would tell his mother he never knew he destroyed anything. 'It must be so, if you say so, mamma, but I don't remember anything about it,' was his invariable answer to his mother's questions as to why he persisted in destroying everything within reach.

"I warned the parents in the presence of the nurse, who was always called in to tell what had happened since my last visit, that as soon as the boy commenced to start fires he would have to be sent away. The lives of every member of the family would be in constant peril. The cunning displayed by persons afflicted with this mania is almost past belief. It has been exemplified in the past few weeks by the case of the young girl who tried to burn down a church, and started several fires before she was finally detected. That was a clearly defined case of which I speak. To send her to prison or to a house of correction is very unwise. She is not guilty in the sense that a person who knows what he or she is doing is guilty. She is insane on that one point, and no matter what you do to her the desire to start fires and watch them burn will master everything else in her mind.

"But to return to the boy. A week after I warned his parents the nurse reported that she caught him starting a fire in the closet, and sure enough there were the burned clothes and the charred closet floor. That settled the lad's fate, and my instructions to send him to the institution for such cases were carried out, but not without great suffering on the part of the boy's parents. The little fellow had just reached the age when he was the pet of everyone he met, and his mother was ill a fortnight after his departure. He got on admirably at the institution. What was most gratifying to us all was the fact that the managers of the institution reported he hadn't been detected destroying anything. So we had hopes of his cure and in six months we thought him cured. During that time not a single thing had been molested in his room, and articles placed carelessly about to test him were not touched. He was brought home amid great rejoicing, of course, and the nurse, Etta, fairly hugged him for joy. She was even more demonstrative than the boy's parents. But the second night after his arrival there was another fire and this time the house narrowly escaped complete destruction. So back the boy went to the institution, as everything pointed to his having been the incendiary.

"For seven years the boy was kept in the institution, and now what do you suppose this letter from the boy's father tells me?" and the physician picked up a letter from his desk.

"Tried to burn down the building?" meekly suggested the physician's friend. "No, guess again."

"Well the boy is either dead or cured, then?"

"No, wrong again. The boy, as it now turns out, was never guilty. That nurse girl, Etta, died last Monday, and confessed it was she who destroyed the things and set the fires and caused this poor little fellow so many whippings, given by her hands; caused him to be incarcerated, and might have ruined his life if she had not confessed on her deathbed. Of course, the boy has been brought home and the girl laid away to rest. I hope the Lord will forgive her for causing me to give those birch rod prescriptions. The first thing I will do to ease my conscience will be to send up a pony and dog cart. If I don't do something I won't be able to sleep, for I remember how severe were the whippings, and just to think of my stupidity in not discovering that it was the girl, and not the boy, who should have been confined.

"This letter says the girl gives as a reason for her acts that she was always possessed with a hatred for the boy. She first tore up the umbrella, so that he would be punished, and she was, of course, commissioned to do the whipping. She didn't dare whip him without orders, for fear of losing her position. When she got angry at him again for some childish prank she destroyed something else, and continued on until the time she heard we advised sending him away if he ever started a fire. That was what she very much desired and her work, of course, would be much lighter. She it was who was insane. Her hatred for the child could have been nothing short of insanity. You see she had been so long in the family—since childhood, almost—that she was believed implicitly and fooled us all.

"I tell you what it is. This country is going to turn out some remarkable criminals, owing to [illegible]

WHAT THE FRENCH PEOPLE VALUE IN THE RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

[June Review of Reviews.]

But this is not enough to make the Russian alliance popular in France. Those who know France well do not attribute too much importance to the noisy demonstration of a few newspapers or a few hot heads; they know how much the French people desire to maintain peace and that their preference would be, without any doubt, to have an understanding with the whole world rather than have a firm pact with a single country. (I know that in saying this I contradict prejudices which are widespread among foreigners, but the French people should not be judged on deceitful appearances. It is unfortunate that this is done so often.) What has made the Russian alliance popular is that we have seen our recovery in it. When the third republic was established, in 1871, it was not only imperial institutions and the form of government which had to be replaced. Of the plaster statue raised by Napoleon III. nothing remained. The army had to be made over; public education had to be reorganized; political liberty had to be created; the colonies were uncared for; promises had been made to the workman which had not been realized; deceitful hopes had been raised among them; the finances had been badly managed; foreign and civil war had added the last straw to our misfortunes.

A great deal of courage was necessary to take up the work. Americans to judge at this should turn back to the sad days of the War of Secession. When that war was finished how many of them were horrified at the sight of what had been destroyed, and what was necessary to be done not only materially but morally! For in such circumstances the moral ruins are much more difficult to repair than the material ruins. The French undertook this heavy task. They did it without hesitation, and their energy was rewarded, when in 1891 the Emperor Alexander decided to have an alliance with the French Republic. The latter was in a flourishing condition; its army and its navy were in the first rank of military powers. Foreign students sought Paris for the instruction of her distinguished professors; education was widely spread; a vast colonial empire had been formed; the terrible epoch seemed already far distant, and the nation realized joyfully the distance which had been travelled. In a way the alliance between France and Russia emphasized the progress made and accentuated the moral victory which the republic had won. What wonder, then, if the French people, in taking the hand extended to them, gave vent to expressions, not of stupid vanity, but of legitimate pride. That which they valued was not so much the support offered them as the recognition given to the great results won by their efforts.

THE CENTENARY OF LITHOGRAPHY.

The Discovery of the Art Celebrated in Philadelphia.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

One hundred years ago Aloys Senefelder, of Munich, a poor Jack-of-all-trades, working on an idea that was to make possible the completion of his education at the University of Ingolstadt, scrawled a work list on a smooth stone that he had been polishing in an ink that he had mixed for an experiment. He wrote on the stone because his last bit of paper had been used for drawing proofs of etchings and paper was dear and he was poor. Not many minutes later it dawned upon him that he had made a discovery, not quite what he had been working for, but something far easier—the art of lithography.

The Lithographers' Association of Philadelphia celebrated that discovery Monday, July 13, and they called together the lithographers of the whole dountry to attend the congress held to mark the interesting centenary.

There is a National Association of Lithographers, but, as the organization is not very strong, the Philadelphia association had taken up the idea of the centennial congress and were made enthusiastic preparations for it. Lithographers in this country are not counted by the hundreds and hardly more than fifty were present at the meeting. The affair was important, nevertheless, for its interchange of trade ideas, but more than anything else for the collections of historic lithographs that were gathered in the gallery of Young Maennerchhor Hall, where the congress met. The exhibition comprised about 180 lithographs, showing the development of the art through every decade of the century. Some of the examples shown were priceless. There were specimens of the work of Senefelder himself, and of all the masters of the art whose works are now rare and precious. The Grolier Club, of New York, which held the exhibition in March, loaned the whole collection for the occasion, and it was supplemented by the noted collection of Louis Prang, of Boston.

John Sartain, who, early in his life, drew on stone, was present, and he contributed many interesting reminiscences of lithography in London, early in the century, when Hulmandel led the art, and his new rivals, in Benjamin West's old studio, in Oxford street, were doing their best to dim his prestige.

Louis Prang, the Boston lithographer, who is acknowledged the leader of the art in this country, was the honorary president of the congress, the active duties of that office being discharged by Julius Bien, of New York. Among the papers that were read were "The Historic Development of Lithography, Artistic, Commercial and Technical," "The Artistic Influences of Lithography on the Fine and Useful Arts," "The Comparative Statis of Lithography in Europe and America," and "A glance into the Future of Lithography."

Misunderstood.

[From the Washington Times.]

"Doctor, will my husband be able to recover—"

"Oh, yes, Madam; he is not seriously hurt, and—"

"I was going to ask if he would be able to recover damages from the company."

MUTABILITY.

Old Matters of Fact.

A wondrous, changeful world is this—
Where somewhat always seems amiss,
And woe seems plentiful, and bliss
Is not—
For things which yesterday held space
In Heaven's vault or on Earth's face
To-morrow will to some new place
Have got.

With noiseless motion, to and fro,
Alternate seasons come and go,
And tidal waters ebb and flow
Apace;
And stellar worlds, in view, on high,
With myriad more by mortal eye
Unseen, keep changing as they fly
In space.

Thro' balmy Summer's golden hours,
Fed by the sunshine, dew, and show'rs,
The smiling landscape blushing flow'rs
Illume,
[illegible]
Those minstrels gay, the feathered throng,
That fill the glades with gladsome song,
To distant woodland dells ere long
Will fly;
And insects, which seem but to come
To sting us, and prove troublesome,
Soon stingless, stiff, and—bless them—numb
Will lie.

The streamlet winding to the sea,
Now down steep hillslopes merrily,
And now athwart, with bated glee,
Fair plains,
Goes, babbling forth for years its song,
Till, some time as it sweeps along
A channel fresh, new scenes among,
It gains.

The wind-god's breaths in gentle sighs
To-day pass softly through clear skies,
But may, ere night's close, wildly rise,
And swirl
O'er cloudland's scope in masses grand;
And cause huge billows on some strand
To crash, and dash, and thunder, and
Up-hurl.

While round Creation's vasty range,
On lines to human knowledge strange,
Things lifeless subject are to change,
For men
Comes Death, to summon each and all,
Dwell they in hut or stately hall,
But after he has wound his call,
What then?

* * * * * * * *

Ah! yes, a wondrous world is this,
Where some who feel Miss Fortune's kiss,
And some whose joys misfortunes mis—
Arrange
Abide; and changed grow the affairs,
For loss or gain, of him who dares
To mingle with the "bulls and bears"
On change.

St. John, September, 1896.

A QUERY.

He was English, you know, and the style he affected
Was extremely annoying to other mankind.
As tho' by the width of the ocean protected,
He boasted of ancestry double-refined.

A motto and crest, with accompanying grandeur
He claimed as a heritage justly his own,
And the height of respect that he fervently planned for
Was equal to that of King Solomon's throne.

A commonplace man, rather homely of feature,
But dressed like a fashion plate wond'rous to see,
Of average brains but conceit for a dozen,
No dude in the town was more noted than he.

One day, as he boasted in eloquent language
Of pedigree long as Methuselah's own,
In great condescension he praised his forefathers
For radiance they on his pathway had thrown.

"We're proud of our ancestry, dear boy," he murmured,
"They were noble and generous, kind, courteous and true."
"I doubt it not," answered a listening stranger,
"But what would your ancestors think about you?"

A. O.

THE NEWEST KIND OF NEW WOMAN.

"And so, my love," 'twas thus I wrote,
"Thou'lt list not to my pleading note
Of love? And the brief, happy year
That we have lived—each joy, each tear—
Is of the past? No more we'll float

With love blown sails, in Cupid's boat
Adown Life's stream?"—But, there, why quote?—
She read the lines, the fickle dear,
And, so, my love

Made answer fleet, "If you so dote,
As you have vowed, then I'll devote
My life to yours, and, full and clear,
We'll sing Love's song that all may hear,
And I shall cook—sweep—brush your coat—
And sew, my love!"

K. C. T.

ENGLISH BOYS AND GIRLS A CENTURY AGO.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

It is the commonplace of the day to congratulate our children on their singular good fortune in having been born some sixty years later than their grandparents. If comparative luxury with far greater indulgences be an unmixed good, there is no denying the proposition. Whether they are better, or even happier, are questions less easily answered. The old-fashioned discipline was one of Spartan severity—for obvious reasons. Children were treated neither better nor worse than their fathers and mothers before them. It may be worth while to glance at the contrasts between those ascetic times and the present. Social and domestic England had changed but little since the Revolution. Communication, no doubt, had greatly improved, but it was still slow, costly and precarious. Isolation, even in considerable towns, was the prevailing rule, and the remoter country districts were shrouded in benighted darkness.

The metropolis was a city sui generis, and the Londoner was regarded with awe by the rustics as a foreigner of strange experiences. There were no railways to instigate a craving for perpetual movement. The shortest journey was a matter of serious thought, and to be undertaken lightly. For days on the great roads the intending traveller might have to wait for the chance of a seat on a stage coach, or the opportunity of a return post-chaise. The sovereign of those days would have thought it an Arabian Nights' dream, had he been told that one of his proximate successors would spend a good part of the year at a castle in the Scottish Highlands. Old Farmer George lived in peaceful content between the slopes of Windsor and the beach at Weymouth, as the gayer Regent divided his time between Carlton House and Brighton Pavilion. George III. was an affectionate and indeed a doting father, but in Mme. d'Arblay's Memoirs we hear much of the ceremonial reverence with which he was treated by his daughters in the quiet domestic circle.

WILL THE WEDDING RING GO?

[From Pearson's Weekly.]

[illegible] the world, but will that hold be as firm in the future? It must be remembered that, after all, the ring is nothing more than a symbol, that the putting on of a ring is not necessary to complete the legal contract of marriage.

Nor are signs wanting that its star is already on the wane. The engagement ring may be regarded as doomed, since Princess May substituted an engagement bracelet for the conventional ring of betrothal. She has not, indeed, declined the "mystic symbol of the union of hearts" presented by the Welch people to the Duke of York, but the refusal of the engagement ring might fairly be regarded as the first step in the path toward the abolition of its more important successor.

There is yet another argument against the wedding ring. The ring was adopted as the outward and visible sign of power and authority. In the olden days, when messages were sent by word of mouth, it was the custom, in order to prove the authenticity of the bearer, to intrust him with the signet ring of the sender.

Thus, when a man took unto himself a wife, whom he placed at the head of his household, that delegated authority was made visible to the world by conferring upon her the all-potent ring—the only distinction being that the woman wore her ring on the left hand, as being the inferior hand of the two, while the man, as lord and master, carried his upon the right or superior hand.

In a day, therefore, when the woman claims the authority in her own right and scornfully repudiates the idea of being "delegated," it would be only consistent for her to refuse the symbol. If, indeed, there should be a conferring of rings at all it would be more in keeping with the man to receive it, since the spirit of the age is all in favor of his being the delegated authority.

It is not generally known that in all there are about 24 different makes of rings and three qualities of gold. The cheap quality is in favor with the Scotch and Irish, while in the north of England heavy rings are in demand. Of the two styles of ring—the round and broad sort—the popular taste most approves the latter as being most showy. The wants of the United Kingdom in this respect are supplied for the most part by Birmingham, where the trade is so brisk that it is no uncommon thing for one establishment to turn out batches of from 60 to 70 dozen a week, and so far as we can see at present, there seems no prospect of any decay in their thriving trade.

WINGLESS BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND.

It Is a Queer Looking Fowl and Feeds Only at Night.

[From the San Francisco Call.]

E. Harrow, an Englishman, who has lived in New Zealand for the last fourteen years, arrived on the Mariposa with a fine specimen of the apteryx, or kiwi, the wingless night bird, found only in New Zealand.

The strange looking creature is about the size of a domestic fowl, and is covered with what is called a hairy coat of mottled brown. This apteryx probably has the honor of being the first one of its kind that has ever breathed the air of America, though live kiwis have been obtained for botanical and zoological gardens in Europe.

If there was any foundation in fact for the notorious filleyloo the kiwi must have furnished the suggestion.

It is most active at night, and then it goes about rapidly thrusting its long, slender bill into the earth in search of worms on which it feeds. While thus hunting it keeps up a continuous audible sniffing, its nostrils being situated very near the end of the upper mandible. The kiwi, for by this name it is best known in New Zealand, is sluggish in the day time, and seems to have great difficulty in seeing. At night it oftens catches the large, luminous fire worms, crushes them against the ground and swallows them. During the operation phosphorescent particles adhere to the beak, and the hermit-like bird can be seen in the darkness continuing its search for food. A remarkable thing about the kiwi, in addition to the absence of wings and regular feathers, is the great size of the egg it lays. The kiwi egg weighs over twelve ounces, or a quarter of the bulk of the bird itself.

This kiwi Mr. Harrow long ago accustomed to a meat diet and that is the reason he has got it here alive. He hoped to dispose of it for $25 to the Park Commissioners, but was told that they would willingly accept it for nothing.

That Dreadful Child.

[Texas Sifter.]

Little Mamie Peterby attracted considerable attention at a social gathering in Dallas by asking where Mrs. Yerger got her new baby.

"It came down from heaven on a rainbow," said Col. Yerger, somewhat embarrassed.

"I know that," replied Mamie, "but how did it get into the house?"

"Through the window, I guess."

"So that's the way it got into the house? Grandma, is that the reason you goes around every night to see that the windows are all shut?"

The Jury Soon Agreed

[Green Bag.]

"The late Judge Amasa J. Parker, of Albany, was as waggish as he was learned. Having had a five days' trial of a breach or promise case, the jury disagreed and averred that a verdict was impossible. Said Judge Parker: 'This is unfortunate, and I am sorry for the uncomfortable night you have passed, but I have a circuit term to hold in New York which cannot take longer than a fortnight, when I shall return to receive your verdict, if by that time you have reached one. Meanwhile I shall direct the Sheriff to make you as comfortable as circumstances will permit.' The foreman stared at his fellows and they glared at him; but the foreman, recovering his presence of mind, scurried up and down the row of double sixes and in a few minutes announced a verdict for the defendant. But the fair plaintiff obtained from the Appellate Court a new trial on the novel ground that the Judge had coerced the jury."

PUGNACIOUS BISMARCK.

How He Almost Precipitated a Second Conflict With France.

The rapidity with which France was repairing the disasters of the war and the ease with which she met the financial obligations it imposed on her astonished Europe and perturbed the statesmen at Berlin. Her military force was being judiciously reconstructed, and it seemed also as if the calculation of Prince Bismarck as regards the constitution of her internal government might be falsified. The German chancellor desired to see established what a Russian diplomatist happily described as a republique dissolvante.

Notwithstanding his efforts to bring this result about and the impracticable character of the Comte de Chambord, which rendered the restoration of mon[illegible] would be founded which would enable France to recover a strong position in the community of nations. Prince Bismarck was resolved this should not be, and suddenly, in May, 1875, Prince Hohenlohe, the present chancellor of the German empire, who was then embassador in Paris, appeared at the French foreign office and asked for explanations regarding the scheme for the reconstruction of the French army. The Duc de Broglie, in his interesting account of the embassy of M. de Gontaut-Biron to Berlin, describes the consternation which followed this attempt to provoke another quarrel with France. Another war seemed inevitable. England and Russia interfered to prevent it. Prince Bismarck could easily have disregarded the remonstrances of both. England would certainly not take up arms if he paid no attention to her representations, and Russia would have thought twice before incurring the hostility of Germany in view of coming events in the Balkan peninsula.

The fact, though not generally known, is that the greatest influence in preventing war was that of the Grand Duke of Baden. While the relations with France were becoming complicated the Emperor William happened to be staying at the Meinau, the seat of the Grand Duke of Baden, on the Lake of Constance. One morning the grand duchess, who was the emperor's daughter, came into her father's study and showed him a number of extracts from the press. He perceived at once that the country was drifting into war, and, after a consultation with his son-in-law, who was strongly opposed to provoking a war, which, however successful for the moment, would have been most disastrous to the name and character of Germany, the aged monarch went off that very evening to Berlin, and Prince Bismarck had to beat a retreat.—Quarterly Review.

FREE TRADE.

[Goldwin Smith in the Sun.]

One of the most curious phenomena of opinion just now is the belief, real or affected, that free trade is an acknowledged failure, and that even Cobden, if he were now alive, would renounce his own creed. Why should Cobden renounce his own creed? The one nation which has embraced his policy, Great Britain, has flourished economically and financially above the other nations of the earth. Her wealth has trebled, she has a large surplus revenue, notwithstanding agricultural depression; she has paid off a considerable portion of her debt, and hardly knows how to invest her superabundant accumulations. What stronger proof of the soundness of a fiscal theory does anybody want? Before the triumph of Cobden's fiscal policy hunger was striking through the great manufacturing cities of England, multitudes of workmen were out of employment, wedding rings were in pawn by the hundred, and people were actually digging up carcases for food. On the other hand what is the commercial and financial condition of nations in which high protection has prevailed? What have been the fruits of protection in the United States? Has not Canada, after a trial of protection, just rejected it at the polls? In the United States the iniquities of the system and abuses, fiscal and political, to which it has led, are in no small measure answerable for the present crisis. Not a single member of Cobden's school, not a single economist has avowed his conversion to protection. Where protection has prevailed it has not been so much owing to a genuine change of opinion produced either by argument or experience, as it has been to the influence of sinister interests acting in powerful combination and too often appealing to international enmities for further support. That free trade makes for good will and peace, protectionism for ill will and war among nations, nobody can doubt. As little can it be doubted that free trade makes for political corruption. The whole history of American protectionism is a history of log-rolling combinations with the corruption which they involve. Already there are signs that the world is beginning to be tired of the attempt to produce wealth by monopoly. Cobden, perhaps, may be open to the charge of having taken too sanguine a view of humanity. He thought that the good sense of mankind was stronger, and that the prejudice and sinister motives were weaker than they really are. But his theory, instead of being exploded, has been signally confirmed by events, and were he now alive, instead of renouncing free trade, he would advocate it with more confidence than ever.

Mr. Reynolds is a bright and well-preserved old gentleman, but to his little granddaughter Mabel he seems very old indeed. She had been sitting on his knee and looking at him seriously for a long time one day, when she asked suddenly:—

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Why, no, my dear," gasped her astonished grandparent.

Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment.

"Then, grandpa," she asked, "why weren't you drowned?"—*London Answers.*

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

I.

Now let no passing-bell be tolled,
Wail now no dirge of gloom,
Nor around purple pall unfold
The trappings of the tomb!
Dead? No; the Artist doth not die;
Enduring as the air, the sky,
He lets the mortal years roll by,
Indifferent to their doom.

II.

With the abiding He abides,
Eternally the same;
From shore to shore Time's sounding tides
Roll and repeat His name.
Death, the kind pilot, from His home
But speeds Him unto widening foam,
Then leaves Him, sunk from sight, to roam
The ocean of his fame.

III.

Nor thus himself alone He lives,
But, by the magic known
To His "so potent art,"* He gives
Life lasting as His own.
See, on the canvas, foiling Fate,
With kindling gaze and flashing gait,
Dead Statesmen still defend the State,
And vindicate the Throne.

IV.

Stayed by His hand, the loved, the lost,
Still keep their wonted place;
And, fondly fooled, our hearts accost
The vanished form and face.
Beauty, most frail of earthly shows,
That fades as fleetly as it blows,
By Him arrested, gleams and glows
With never-waning grace.

V.

His, too, the wizard power to bring,
When city-pent we be,
Slow-mellowing Autumn, maiden Spring,
Bracken and birchen tree.
Look! twixt gray boulders fringed with fern,
The tawny torrents chafe and churn,
And, lined with light, the amber burn
Goes bounding to the sea.

VI.

Toll then for Him no funeral knell,
Nor around aisle and nave
Let Sorrow's farewell anthem swell,
Nor solemn symbols wave.
Your very brightest banners bring,
Your gayest flowers! Sing! Voices, sing!
And let Fame's lofty joybells ring
Their greeting at His grave!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

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*The Tempest, Act V., Scene 1.

The Popular Military Jacket.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

A popular jacket is of blue cloth and fitted both in the back and front, fastening in front with hooks and eyes that are, of course, invisible. An elaborate braiding in black soutache is down each side of the front and extends well across the bust, shaping in toward the waist, while seven rows of soutache braid are the edge finish. The high collar is the usual military one of blue cloth overlaid with seven rows of the black braid. The sleeves are full puffs gathered in to fitted cuffs, on which is the braiding pattern in long designs to harmonize with that on the front.

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MR. W. P. DOLE will re-open his classes on Tuesday next, 8th September, at 32 Sewell street.
Instruction given in all the usual English branches, and in the Latin, Greek and French languages.
Pupils prepared for mercantile occupations, or for college courses, or Civil Service Examinations.
Persons wishing to take up special studies may, as heretofore, make arrangements for convenient hours.
MISS M. P. DOLE'S school will also be re-opened on the same day.
St. John, 3rd Sept., 1896. 9-4

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