The Inner Man.

You have not changed, my Geraldine; Your yoice is just as sweet and low, You are as fairy-like in mien As four-and-twenty months ago, Since Hymen tied the fatal knot I've basked within your glance's beam; Your beauty has not dimmed a jot, You realize a poet's dream.

A poet craves for boundless love, And beauty of the first degree; I'd do with less than that, my love— I'm much more moderate than he. The glean from dark-fringed cyclids sent, The witchery of tone and look u would force to some extent I would forego to some extent, My Geraldine-if you could cook.

ANECDOTES OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Reminiscences of an Old Maine Friend His Obstinate Hearer-How He Conquered a Donkey.

Contribution to Portland Me. Press

I was intimate with Mr. Browne from boyhood-have worked with him, and boarded with him-visited his home frequently; knew many of his family well; was the occasional victim of his lowish pranks; and was perhaps the last person to bid him fare-well when he left his native State to embark at New York for Liverpool. During the week before his departure 1 saw him daily, and our intercourse was of the most confiden-tial character. In his serious moods he manifested great anxicty regarding the result of his proposed venture.—for it was daring in any man to attempt to win English applause for, last of all, American humor. But he de-pended much for success on his agent's knowledge of the English people and his own shrewdness in overcoming their prejudices. One day Browne referred to the financial question, and gave me excellent evidence that he was possessed of at least \$5,000 of available means, and he closed his statement manifested great anxiety regarding the result available means, and he closed his statement with the remark that he expected to spentl a good deal of money before he "got hold" of the English people; but if he made a total failure in the foreign lecture-field he meant to save enough to get him safely home

Artemus went to England under the "management" of E. P. Hingston. I knew Hingston, also, very well. He was a man of small stature ; a genuine cockney of quite unattractive appearance. Showmen are proverbially an audacious race, but Hingston had more effrontery in his composition than any other specimen of the genus I ever en-countered. He came to America from Australia via Liverpool, as agent for Anderson the English wizard, as agent for Anderson, the English wizard, and landed in Portland in the latter part of 1862, I think. From the time of his arrival until his departure with Artemus Ward I saw him frequently, and had excellent opportunity to form an estimate of the man. So far as I know he was strictly honest; but Artemus had a de-wire the his add acheedmate and a communicasire that his old schoolmate and companion. Maxfield, should accompany him to England and I think the pecuniary uncertainty of the trip alone prevented such an arrangement. I do not know whether Hingston ever rendered any business-like account of his stewardship; but as he has now been dead some two years, no solution of the mystery as to what became of Artemus Ward's earnings will over come from him. I am sure that, liberal as he was, Mr. Browne did not spend all his gains.

So many ancedotes have been told, and well told, of Browne's keen sense of the ludi-crous, and the facility with which he gave the most ordinary incidents a humorous turn, that the subject would seem to be exhausted; but some of us can recall laughable incidents in our personal recollections of him. I once shared his room and bed at a miscrable tavern in Oxford County. The house was old and ricketty, the window rattled hideously in the basement, the chill November wind came through a couple of broken panes with too much force for comfort, and sleep was nearly impossible. After turning and tossing awhile in a vain endeavor to court for-getfulness, Artemus rose, and, lifting the getfulness, Artemus rose, and, httmg the lamp, made a most solemn survey of the room in every part. Presently he emerged from a deep closet in the corner with a dilapidated hoopskirt in his hand, which he gravely hung up before the window. "Now, what are you doing?" was asked of him. Artemus slowly placed the lamp on the floor, turned on me a look of pity, and with an turned on me a look o pity, and with an argumentative gesture of his right hand, half-muttered to himself, "'Twill keep out the coarsest of the cold, anyway !" Artemus was known in the family and among his schoolmates as "Chub," a name given him by his facetious brother Cyrus as a satire on his tall, gaunt makeup. I do not remember to have ever seen any notice of Artemus' happy use of pantomime in his humorous moods among his friends and associates. There was an unapproachable eloquence sometimes in it. He had a way of making "quotation marks" in the air with his left and right forefingers, on occasion, that was irresistibly funny. Once he was engaged to fill an evening in the lecture engaged to fill an evening in the lecture course of a popular literary institution of a New-England city. On making some in-quiries beforehand in regard to the capacity of the hall, the probable make-up of the audience, &c., he was informed that the platform had scats for upwards of a hundred auditors. "Oh, yes, I understand," he said; (pantomime signifying "first families," "very respectable," &c.) "Good! Be sure and have 'em there; they'll (quotation-mark pantomime) lend dignity to the occa-sion (pantomime;) and if they lose some they won't miss it." During the lecture an in-'t miss it." During the lecture an in dividual who occupied a seat on one of the front benches seemed determined to resist the speaker's efforts to make him laugh. Artemus soon discovered both the listener and his intention, and concentrated all his powers on him. For a long time it seemed as if the man had the best of it, but by and by one of Browne's queer conceits took effect. The obstinate fellow gave way and laughed and kicked like a delighted school-boy. Artemus celebrated his victory by coolly announcing to his audience : "Ladies and gentlemen, this will terminate the first act, and we will drop the curtain for a few moments ; while the scenery is being arranged for the next act the lecturer will take perfect sang froid he left the platform for the ante-room, where he quietly refreshed himself with—weak tea and a cracker, and gleefully told the story of his contest.

one day in his room at the village hotel where he boarded, when an old woman drove up to the store opposite with a pair of donkeys—a jack and jenny—hitched to a little waggon. Jack was the noisiest brute in the country. He had a voice worse than the handle of the town pump on a frosty morn-ing, and was proud of it. In a minute his all rose to a horizontal, his nose was thrust forward, his lips parted, and the beast bew his infernal blast. A second and a third time it was repeated. Artemus quietly thought "that thing might be fixed," and disappeared from the room. He went over and appeared to make a careful inspection of the fore wheels of the wagon, the harness, and the hitch-up, and came back saying that the donkey was all right; the brute must have made a mistake about something. Presently there were indications of a move the lips curled, and the tail rose—to the pivotal point, and no further. The trumpet didn't sound. Ja k thought there was a mistake somewhere—hesitated—reflected mistake somewhere—hesitated—reflected— and tried again. The front part—some of it —was all right, but the equilibrium cented not be reached. After a time an oner at-tempt was made and failed – jack turned his head round to ascer any the cause of the failure, but contact see any. The fifth vain attempt to bray was followed by a spiteful kick at Jenny, but it didn't cure the matter. At last he cave it up, and stood at that store At last he gave it up, and stood at that store door the most neglected looking, discontented donkey in existence. Meantime Artemus enjoyed the fun, and discharged a rattling fusillade of pungent humor that kept the party in a roar, and made the whole affair one of the most ludicrous that I ever expe-rienced. Artemus had attached a heavy stone to the donkey's tail, leaving just play

ODDS AND ENDS.

enough to the cord to allow the beast to get his tail nearly up to "concert pitch."

SIMS REEVES, the English tenor, is very ill, and his life is despaired of.

THE only form of oath among the Shoshone Indians is, "The earth hears me, the sun hears me. Shall I lie?"

A WESTERN society paper announces that at Deadwood balls it is no longer considered en regle to smoke a clay pipe while dancing. A STEAMER is about to leave St. Johns, Newfoundland, for Lady Franklin Bay, with relief for the party who went there last summer in the "Gulnare."

CAROLINE S. BLAKE, who died at her home at Long Branch, on Saturday last, was at the time of her death the oldest actress of native birth in this country.

A CHICAGO firm devotes nearly a page to an illustrated advertisement, giving the dif-ferent changes of costume from the time of Adam and Eve to the present.

THE largest offer ever made to an actor has been made to Irving. Just think of it ! Twenty thousand guineas for a seven months' America, and yet it was declined tour in with thanks.

Two New York boys ran away from school on Monday last, found three horse shoes, sold them for ten cents, hired a skiff and got drowned in North River. A short history quickly told.

A new sect of Adventists have sprung up in Indiana. They are called Soul Sleepers, and believe that the body sleeps till the re-surrection, the soul being in a state of quies-cence till that time.

A MAINE jeweller has been made seriously ill by inhaling the dust from an old clock he was repairing. The clock had been used as a repository for paris green and it came near putting the jeweller out of the world.

THE Glasgow News gives an account of a very queer funeral at Sheffield, England. The person interred was a deaf mute, and the twelve mourners were also deaf and dumb. The funeral ceremony was conductea entirely by signs.

According to the London World the asthetic people who have furnished London with such food for jest and laughter by their queer costumes, their affectation, their long hair and their general tomfoolery, are known as the "Dadocracy."

as the "Dattocracy." Coleridge was a very awkward and ungainly man physically, but intel-lectually he was a match for the best. When trudging along a country road he was met by a wag, who thought to have some sport. "I say, man," he cried out, "did you meet a tailor on your way?" Cole-ridge looked up and mildly said: "Yes, and he told me that a little further on I should see his goose." see his goose.' JOHN HENSLEY had long suffered from a diseased spine, and, thinking he could make it no worse, but could make money, he found an unprotected hole in an Indianapolis street which he carefully fell into, sued the city for damages and got \$1,500. Then he went for damages and got \$1,500. to Chicago, went through the same process and got \$2,500—and then he was arrested for perjury, and that put an end to the spine business

A FAILOR'S JOKE.

A tailor on Fort street east got hold of a red-hot idea the other day. He heated up his pose to the blistering point and placed it on a bench at his door with a sign reading: • Only 25 cents." In a few minutes along came an ancient-looking colored man with an cye out for bargains, and as he saw the goose and read the sign he made up his mind that he had struck it rich. He naturally reached out to heft his bargain, and that was where he gave himself away. The tailor almost fell down with his merriment, but it didn't last over sixty seconds. At the end of that time the victim entered the shop and began a sort of gymnastic performance, which did not end until the tailor was a sally mashed not end with the tailor was a samp mashed man and his shop in the greatest confusion. The two were fighting in front when an officer came along and nabbed both, and both were brought before his Honor togeth-er. The tailor appeared with a black eye and a finger tied up in a red rag, and the African had a scratched nose and was minus

African had a scratched nose and was mini-two front teeth. "Well?" queried the court as the pair stood gazing at him. "Vhell, I shall shpeak first!" replied the tailor, "I likes to have a shoke sometimes when I with det more with dors. It whas

tailor, "I likes to have a shoke sometimes und so I put dot goose oudt dere. It vhas all in funs, und I am werry sorry." "I couldn't see whar' the fun cum in," said the other. "Dis yere han' am all burned to a blister, an' I won't be able to use it for two weeks." "Did you put that hot goose out there for a joke?" queried the court. "Yaw—it was only a shoke."

"Yaw-it was only a shoke," "And were you joking when you entered the shop and made things hum ?" he asked of the other.

"No, boss, I wasn't. I'm an old man an' not much giben to laffin' an' cuttin' up. When I let go of dat goose I made up my mind to mash dat tailor flatter dan a billyard ball. It was my first fout for ober forty y'ars, but I'd got de bulge on him an' was usin' him up when de officer stepped in. No, boss, 1 wasn't jøkin' 'bout dat time." "Were you very tickled?" he queried of

the tailor. "Vhell, 1 vas tickled until he pitched into

me. "You were the only one who had any fun

out of it ?" "Vhell, I 'spose so." "Then you'll have to foot the bill. I shall let him go and fine you \$8." "Dot ish pooty high." "Yes, but it was a rich joke, you know."

"Maybe she vhas, but I guess I let dot goose cool off now. Here is five, six, seven, eight dollars, und now I shall go home. I bid you goot day."

Advice to Equestriennes.

A Frenchman, noted for his fine horseman-A frenchman, noted for his fine horseman-ship, almost frenzied at the poor riding of his own and American country women, gives this practical and much-needed advice to fair equestriennes:] "Sit easy with the arms close to the side. To elbow is bad enough, but when the left arm is raised nearly paral-lel to the shoulder it looks, to say the least of it, odd, especially when the rider's eyes are fixed to the left with a look as much as to say. "Now what do you think of my to say, 'Now, what do you think of my style of riding?' In my humble opinion, ladies cannot ride (or, for the matter of that, do anything in public) too quietly. The arms should fall naturally from the shoulder, with the elbow well in at the waist, hands low and light, and shoulders well squared. This gives a perfect seat. I know that wo-men inclined to embonpoint, as a rule, can-not sit as straight and square as thin women; all the more reason for them to try and do so, and, above all, to keep their elbows well in. To affect an attidude on horseback is a very great mistake."

English women wear very plain riding costumes, mostly dark colors, usually of cloth, but sometimes of velvet, with only a bit of the collar and cuff showing, and a narrow bright cravat under the pointed standing col-lar. Instead of the chimney-pot hat, like those worn here by gentlemen, and which the American ladies wear, they have inaugurated the fashion of wearing the bell-crowned hat, which is not considered so becoming or lady-like for town wear. In Paris they have at-tempted to modify the scant grace of the riding habit. Black is no longer fashionable. Blue or bottle-green is the color, and the dists are quite a short as these to be found skirts are quite as short as those to be found in the hunting field where ladies are among worn blouses and riding boots; no skirts, No cravat is worn; the plain collar is fastened by a brooch or badge, and the tall hat has disappeared in favor of the round felt one, with long floating veil or plume. On the bodice is worn a rose bud, or on the lapel of the coat if a vest is worn ; no white is seen about the dress, only the very narrow collar and cuffs, and the gloves are deep gray or buff gauntlets. In America there is no prescribed rule and with the sex's usual perversity they wear what they choose, making as much diversity of costume on horseback as on the street promenade. As long as there is no prescribed costume here, it would be well for our countrywomen if they could follow their English or Parisian sisters; the first noted for sense and simplicity of their costume and the second for their style and chic-chic being the only word that expresses the style and charm of their equestrienne dress.

Absence from Church.

That a large majority of people outside of the Catholic communion not, in large towns and cities at least, attend church, and that the influence of large towns and cities, will, in this as in other things, produce in time like results in country districts, is on all hands conceded. The causes have been discussed and rehearsed, but the remedy seems no plainer than before. The Boston Congregationalist takes up the subject and, after enumerating the various alleged causes —the demands of social life requiring for a fine house and fine clothes all the money that is earned; the outgrowth from orthodoxy and the lack of simple preaching-it recites an incident happening recently which, it declares, throws considerable upon the whole subject.

whole subject. A young married couple, the wife accus-tomed to attend church regularly at home, were called upon by a lady who asked where they attended service. "We go from one church to another, but would be glad to take a ieat in —— Church if we only knew any-body there," said the wife. "My husband has lived in a boarding house for some years and has gotten out of the habit of attending church, but he is willing now to go with me. "The lady at once called upon several in the church mentioned and said, "Here is an opportunity to win two excellent young in the church mentioned and said, "Here is an opportunity to win two excellent young people." The results were not encouraging. One lady knew all the friends she could pos-sibly visit, but she would try to call some time. Another had her spring sewing to at-tend to, and would see the young bride if possible. Another belonged to several so-cieties outside the church, and did not know when she could possibly find time. Weeks went by and nobody from that church call-

went by and nobody from that church call-ed. Finally a lady whose hands are al-ways full of good work, whose two children were ill, and whose spring sewing was un-touched, was asked to call. She did so at once and if the church gains these two people as members, it will be partly because one overworked woman made them welcome, and with no thanks to the others who were in-different. In this case, at least, one reason for the lack of church going lay at the doors of several busy but professing Christians. This incident, which we presume is not

peculiar or exceptionable, goes a very little way towards explaining the general want of interest in the church, the doctrines and the important subjects which the church repre-sents. It only shows that the members of the church are themselves affected to indif-ference by the same influences which keep ference by the same influences which keep people away altogether. It shows that soci-al pleasures, social duties, social cares, in other words what is evangelically known as "the world," engross their time and their thoughts, and that they prefer these to the increase of church attendance and even to the nervenal spiritual wolfare of those outthe personal spiritual welfare of those out-side of the church. In the very nature of the case such members cannot and do not re-gard the church as essential to salvation, any more than those outside of it regard it as essential. If they did, they would sacri-fice their other cares and their pleasures to the upbuilding of the church and the in-crease of its members. In these respects the attitude toward the church, both of the the attribute toward the church, both of the members and non-members, is strikingly alike. Both are swayed by the same forces away from the church. The one do not much care to go; the oth-ers do not much care whether they go or not. The one are already outside of the church boundaries, the others are indif-ferent about their coming in. If the young married woman and her husband had wished to go to church, they would not have waited for an invitation. They would not have waited for an invitation. They would have volun-tarily united with one. If the members of the church had deemed their membership an affair of importance either to the churh or to the husband and wife, they would have needed no urging, nor even an invitation, to per-suade the non-attendants to join their communion.

Hence the same trouble and the same temper lie equally behind the paralysis of the church-going, and of the church-abstaining, world. When this is recognized there will be an attempt at a more searching analysis of its caus., and perhaps a more satisfactory answer, than has yet been offered.

Swift's Lonesome Little Comet.

From the Providence Journal.

MEN AND WOMEN IN EUROFE.

MR. Joseph Hatton sailed from Liverpool recently for New York in the Guion steamship Arizona. The object of his visit pertains to the publication there of his new Mr. Nathan Appleton as a representative of the Panama Canal Company in this courtry.

MR. and Mrs. Gladstone, a fortnight ago, were the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle. When they had concluded their visit they were driven to the railway station in one of the royal carriages, and as they alighted on the platform near the Queen's private waiting-room passengers and citizens had congregated in large numbers to salute them them.

HOBART PASHA'S former service in the English Navy, and, indeed, his early life al-together, have sadly confused some of the French newspapers. After admitting that he is supposed to have been an English naval he is supposed to have been an English naval officer, one of them declares that it has learned his origin was much more modest. "He began life," it says, "as a vendor of second-hand clothes; in order to sell them he fitted out a ship and devoted himself to the coasting trade in the East. Thus he learned a little navigation and was made a Turkish Admiral."

MRS. JONES, who died recently in London, was an old and faithful servant of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are said to have been attached to her. Originally she was employed in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but when called to the royal house-hold some your area property to stick hold, some years ago, personally to attend the Princess of Wales when she was ill of rheumaitsm in the knee, her duties were so well performed that Mrs. Jones was retain-ed as a permanent fixture of the place. When the Prince afterward became ill of a severe attack of typhoid fever, she was unwcaried and invaluable in the care of him.

MR. BLAGDEN is the Rector of the Church of Hughenden where Lord Beaconsfield lies buried. By a proposition to enlarge and complete the church he has caused criticisms to be made that are of anything but a kind likely to prove agreeable to him. The spire of the church remains to be added, the in-terior is still in an incomplete condition, the organ is small and there is no peal of hells organ is small, and there is no peal of bells such as Mr. Blagden would like to see in his church. His plea is that the church should be restored as an honor to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, and efforts to raise money have been put forth. Mr. Blagden is told that his proposal is in very bad taste.

MR. J. THOMPSON, who has recently died in England at the age of 69 years, was an early friend of Charles Dickens, and the last survivor of that amateur company, including George Henry Lewes, John Leech, Douglas Jerrold, Dickens, and Forster, which per-formed for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. Not only was Mr. Thompson the last survivor of the company, he was the only member of it who did not achieve forms in ster i literation. who did not achieve fame in art or literature. Possessed, as he was, of an ample fortune, he found no necessity for pursuits in which it is believed that he might have made a mark. Another man, recently dead, who was associated in his way with the career of Dickens was M. Beaucort-Mutuel, who owned the house at Boulogne in which Dickens for a time lived, and to whom allusions are often made in Mr. Forster's book.

THE finding of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' sapphire brooch, which was lost some weeks ago in Buckingham Palace during a reception, took place in this wise : Along the corridor leading from the carriage entrance runs a water-pipe, and beneath this a house-maid, while searching, discovered the missing article. With a long brush she was able soon to extricate it from its hiding-place. Authorities at the palace, anxious to investigate the circumstances still further, desired the Baroness to inspect the place herself. On doing so she was satisfied, it is said, that the brooch, after it became unfastened from her dress, was swept aside by her own train or by those of others who passed in, until it got away into the obscure nook where the servant found it. News of the recovery of the jewel was immediately tele-graphed to the Queen.

It is related of Mr. Freeman that in his or the old English and Anglo-Norman period of history his children had been named after the manner of those times. The one is called .Elfred, another Eadward, and a third .Ethelburgh. Simon de Montford is one of his favorite men, and he is fond of calling him Earl Simon. Early in life Mr. Freeman is said to have nearly become a convert to Rome, and it was his contemplation of the character of Edward the Confessor, who, to him, appeared to be no saint, but an impecile, or nearly one, that his mind was finally dissuaded from the step. He argued that a Church which invited men to address their prayers to so weak a being as Edward could not be a safe guide in matters of conscience. Of literature beyond its value as furnishing facts in history he is said to know comparatively little, and in example of this it is cited that, while he could give a list of the Doges of Venice backward from late to early times without using a book, it would be quite beyond him to write a good paragraph on the character of Shylock. LORD Beaconsfield and his friends have denied, or seemed to deny, that his earliest venture into politics was in the editorship of a newspaper, started by John Murray, and called the *Representative*. Some one, however, has found in the London Magazine for September, 1826, a statement which shows that the younger Disraeli did have an actual ward journal. The Representative was shart-ed to put down the London *Times*, the writer says, and the first number appeared in January, 1826, the last a few months later. Disraeli was the original projector of it, and, though he finally quarrelled with Murray, he appears to have edited it, or had a great deal to do with editing it, for a considerable portion of its brief career. Com-pliments, however, are not bestowed upon him by the London Magazine writer for the work he did. "He was utterly ignorant," says the writer, "of the management of a newspaper; nay, I am pretty certain he would have thought it an insult to his gentility to impute such knowledge to him. As a political writer, he was, of course, nothing ; as a mere literateur, poor ; even as a theatrical critic pert, superficial, and teeming with affectation of the meanest and most despicable kind."

Half a dozen of his associates were sitting

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

THERE is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant word.

LET our lives be pure as snowfields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

Love is a weapon that will conquer men when all other weapons fail.

THERE cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then betray it.

DECEIT is invariably the refuge of the weak, commencing, perhaps, in mere ex-cuses, and thence descending, by almost imperceptible gradations, to sin and crime.

WE may seek for friends, and fail to find them-we may even zealously strive to make friends, and yet realize in our sad experience that we have but made enemies; but we have it in our power to be able to say, "It has been my privilege to be a true friend; and better suffer as the friend deceived, than be the base deceiver of a friend."

MAN'S APPRECIATION.-It is a proof of man's adoration of the other sex that in all ages the virtues have ever been represented by females, showing that women have always been more pleasing, pure, and at-tractive by their perfection and grace. Like women, the virtues are the guardian-angels of the world. So also the graces, the muses, philosophy and religion are all typified under the lovely forms of women.

A Funny Restaurant.

There is a cheap restaurant in New York which sells coffee at one cent per cup, soup at two cents per bowl, with roasts, fries and various miscellaneous dishes, such as fried brains, liver stews, roast heart, starting at two cents, and ending with macaroni at five cents. No plates or knives are furnished except for meat, and crullers, known as "float-ers," are served flat on the table. The air is full of music like this: "Put up two livers;" "coffee in a cup;" "let her come in the dark;" "twice on the pig's head;" "Friday, your brains " "two frogs in a bowl ;" "let it be thick ;" "flam that roast beef this way lively;" "more fire on that stake;" "send out a full brass band;" "floaters to the front." The fellow who said that restaurant was derived from two Latin words, res, a thing, and taurus, a bull-restaurant, bully thing"-ought to see this one.

A ridiculous bill has been introduced in the Michigan Legislature imposing a fine of \$1,000 and imprisonment for a year on any person publishing an account of a murder hanging.

r comets have played a sman part among the portents of this momentous year. Four months have passed without one trailing wanderer in the celestial depths. The inveteratecomet-seeker, Prof. Swift, succeeded on the 1st day of May, in picking up an in-finitesimal member of the family, too small to be seen in anything less than a powerful telescope. No other observer has thus far had a peep at the stranger, and there seems to be little probability of its growth into one of those monstrous prodigies, spanning the heavens, that a few centuries ago were such frightful omens of evil to those who witness ed them. The comet that made its appearance May morning will probably do little harm to our planet. It seems to be a bearer of good fortune, instead of a prophet of disaster, for the discoverer will win a prize of \$200, as well as a gold medal. Comets must hurry their footsteps to make this a comet year. More than one-third of the "great year," 1881, as astrologers call it, has already slipped away with only one tiny comet recorded on its annals. Prizes of \$200 each are in readiness for seven more comets to be discovered before the year fulfils its course. These astronomical tidbits are therefore more earnestly desired for comet-seekers than they are dreaded by those whose superstitious fears regard them as heralds of de-struction. The nineteenth century chronicles the advent of two superb comets, that of 1858, or Donati's comet, and that of 1861. According to the law of averages, we can hardly again expect visits from such distin-guished members of the family before the But we shall see as time century closes. passes what the future has in store, for nothing is more uncertain than the advent of se mysterious strangers, and one may suddenly beam upon our vision when we least expect it. There are but two things to fear, a great comet plunging headlong into the sun, or one coming into collision with the earth. The probabilities that these events may occur are of the slightest kind, and need not give the least anxiety.

A St. Louis divine, eminent enough to have D. D. attached to his name, declares that those newspapers which do not suppress reports of Ingersoll's lectures are enemies of Christianity.