

SUNDAY READING.

No Time Like the Old Time.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young.
When the buds of April blossomed and the birds of springtime sang!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But Oh, the sweet sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born.
Where we first our eyes opened on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us, that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days,
No great unlike his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the seedless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold
But Friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride,
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're falling side by side;
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine, when our daystar is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives.

(OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.)

The Life of Samuel.

Samuel's mistake: "And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, Samuel laid down to sleep. And the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I! And he ran unto Eli and said, Here am I, for thou calledst me! And he said, I called not, lie down again." I. SAMUEL, iii, 3-5.

The life of Samuel, the father and founder of the Prophetic order, is one of the grandest and most romantic records to be found in the history of humanity. From the first page to the last of his wonderful biography there is not a page that is not worthy of careful study. As the judge and ruler of a great people, who as yet had not become consolidated into a nation, he commands the reverence of the world. As the prophet of God with words of thunder on his lips, we stand in awe of him. As the founder of the schools of the prophets, we honor him as the first great teacher who girds the brow of Saul with Israel's first Kingly crown and then retires unassumingly into the quietude of private life presents an example of dignity of character almost unequalled in the history of the ages. But we are just now concerned with a familiar episode of his early boyhood. The child Samuel was, in a special and significant sense, what we call a child of prayer. All the world knows by heart the beautiful story of the yearning, prayerful mother. The music of her songs of joy when Samuel was born over breaks through all the years, and the tender gracious consecration of her child of God as inspired the hearts of mothers the wide world over with a similar spirit of gentle love. The story of the annual visit to the temple with the newly brodered coat is as beautiful as an angel's dream. One night in the sacred silence Samuel hears a voice calling him by name, and thinking this was Eli's voice, he goes to the venerable priest and says: "Here am I." And Eli says, "I called thee not my child, go lie down again." A second and a third time Samuel hears the voice, and goes to Eli. At last it dawns on Eli that God is speaking to the child. The rest of the story we know. How God in wonderful words revealed to this child what should come to pass. But let us pause here a moment. Samuel made a mistake, he thought it was Eli calling when, in fact, it was God. What could he have done? This boy was accustomed to be roused by Eli, and was he not ever ready when that voice broke the silence to hasten and obey? What boy, however devoted to the service of the temple, would expect to hear God calling him when the High Priest was near at hand? If we read carefully the Old Testament we shall find how over and over again God lays his hand upon the young and speaks with solemn commands to mere boys. Jeremiah was but 15 years of age when God called him to confront a sinful and perverse generation. We should teach our children that they are never too young for God to call them. Never too young for His sacred service. Samuel thought it was Eli calling, but he was mistaken; God was calling. God often calls when we think the voice is another's. In the common and ordinary experiences of life we make these grave mistakes. God is speaking to us through the voices of our loved ones. Our fathers and mothers are often the medium through which God is calling. The voice from the pulpit is very often the voice of God. Through all sorts of experiences of health and sickness, of joy and sorrow, God is calling and we know it not. Samuel's mistake was corrected. He was in the line of duty. He was the boy of the listening ear and the obedient mind. And it is to the listeners, to those who watch and wait, and who at the first call are ready to obey, that God grants the revelations of His will; and to such He appoints the noblest destinies of sacred service.

The Vice of Idleness.

It is exceedingly difficult to understand the cause of this vice or its reported increase; but we incline to believe that while it is in a few a sort of disease it is in the majority nothing but a low form of selfishness, curable only by punishment, whether the natural punishment of starvation or an artificial one. The man hates the self-suppression involved in work, just as a savage does; but he can suppress himself if he chooses, and invariably does choose, if for any reason he passes under the terrible though avoidable discipline of a convict prison. The compulsion which usually falls upon the idle takes the form of bad food, bad lodging and want of tobacco and beer, and it is not sufficient. Such wants are all horrible things, but there are none of them so horrible as steady work, which presses and tortures and almost maddens the really idle, just as civilization, which in its essence is a multitude of small restraints, does the savage. They will not put up with the suffering for the time necessary to teach them that it is endurable, and will

rather break away into the desert, often a street, where there is only bread to eat and water to drink, and no shelter, but where also there is no work to do.

The vice is nearly incurable and we do not know that our ancestors were unwise when they reckoned it among the greater sins, devised the many sayings which condemn it, and held it to be deserving of any punishment short of the gallows. We cannot resort to the old methods, at least until society has grown harder, but we heartily wish Gen. Booth could be allowed a certain measure of compulsory power like the superintendent, for example, of a reformatory; for he would not hesitate to use it, and it might make men, say of 10 per cent. among his least hopeless patients. As it is, he will, we fear, in about three years, feel justified in turning his energies to another field of labor, with this conviction well engraved in his mind, that there are tendencies in man which, in their consequences to his social well being at all events, are as injurious to him as tendencies to vice.

Pity.

"That was a fine passage between the Executive of Kentucky and the wife of the condemned man, who went to Frankfort last Friday to ask for a pardon. She had presented her papers and sat breathless whilst the arbitrator of her fate perused them; and, as she waited, a mastiff, the playmate of the Governor's little son—a beast not given to strangers—uncoiled himself from the rug, where he had been lying, and came up in that friendly way which only dogs know how to affect with perfect sincerity, and, seeing suspense and pain in the agitated features of the poor woman, he put his paws gently upon her knees and began to lick her hands. The Governor finished the papers and the petitioner was about to speak when the grim old soldier said: "It is not necessary, madam; the dog has spoken for you," and straightway signed the document which was to release a dying man from prison and enable him to go to his grave from his own home.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and it is hard to say which moves us the more, the spectacle of that brave gentleman and soldier, whom it is a delight and pride to hail as our Chief Magistrate, stirred to the depths by the silent eloquence of a dog, or the thought of that noble brute, inspired by we know not what to become an irresistible pleader for mercy before the highest Court.

"The Governor felt that, if he followed the lead of that dog's pity and love, he could make no mistake. And he did not; and, then and there, the angel that writes in a errand angel's way, left his mark for that Governor.

After the Battle, Rest.

Rest will be sweet in the evening, when the day's long labor is done—
Now, I must be up and doing, for my work is scarce begun!

Peace may be dear to the veteran, grown weary of war's alarms—
But now I'm longing for battle, the clash and the clang of arms!

Death by and by will be welcome, if I have been faithful and true—
Now there is life to be lived, and I have so much to do!

Once in the early morning, when the dews were not yet dry,
In the misty summer morning, or over the sun was high.

As I looked along the road whereby I must presently go,
And saw how great was the journey, how fiercely the noon would glow.

Life felt too heavy a burden, and I so weary and worn,
Weary before I had labored, and longing for night at morn.

Weary before I had labored; but labor has brought me rest—
And now I am only eager to do my work with the best.

What right have I to be weary, when my work is scarce begun?
What right have I to be weary, while aught remains to be done?

I shall be weary at even, and rest will the sweeter be;
And blessed will peace be to them that have won the victory!

But now is the time for battle—now I would strive with the best;
Now is the time for labor; hereafter remaineth rest.

"Christ's Incarnation"

has lifted the world into the sunshine of hope and into the promise of heaven. It has levelled society by lifting the downtrodden—levelled it up. It makes lowliness loftiness, meekness mightiness, and gentleness greatness. Guizot says that "Christianity has carried repentance even into the souls of nations." Pagan antiquity knew nothing of these awakenings of the public conscience. Tacitus could only deplore the decay of the ancient rites of Rome, and Marcus Aurelius could only wrap himself up sorrowfully in the social isolation of the sage; there is nothing to show that these superior minds suspected the great crimes of their social state even in its best days, or aspired to reform them. The world's hope in every relation in life is in this old gospel. It must have its place in every social circle; it must throw its radiance over every home; it must be in every workshop and counting house, in every home and heart.

The Cynic.

"If the Lord left any serpents in Paradise they took the shape of the man who is a confirmed cynic and pessimist. The man who has no faith, no enthusiasm, no candor, no sentiment. The man who laughs at the mention of good in the world or virtue in women, or honor among men. The man who calls his wife a fool because she teaches his little children to say their prayers, and curls his lip at any belief in a world beyond the grave. The man who never saw anything worth admiring in the sky when the dawn touches it, or the stars illumine it, or the clouds sweep it, or the rain folds it in gray mists of silence. The man who lives in this sparkling, shining world as a frog lives in a pond or a toad in a cellar, only to creak and spit venom. The man who never saw anything in a rose aglow in the sunlight or in a lily asleep in the moonlight, but a species of useless vegetable, the inferior of the cabbage and the onion. The world is overfull of such men, and if I had the right sort of broom I'd sweep them away as the new girl sweeps spiders."

PERSONALS.

The late Miss Marianne North was one of the most notable of English women. About twenty years ago, being rich and independent, she went alone to India, China, Japan, Australia, California, the South Sea Islands, and the West Indies to study the native flora. She penetrated where few men had set foot, and in twelve years of exploration made a priceless collection of plants and drawings, which she deposited at Kew Gardens, in a museum built at her own expense, and presented as a free gift to the nation. Miss North was not only a naturalist, a linguist, and an explorer, but an artist, a musician, and a most brilliant talker, as well as a noble-hearted woman.

Monsieur Charles Francois Fehn, the famous armless painter of Flanders, pronounced the greatest living copyist, and eminent also as a portrait-painter, has lately celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Born without arms, but early showing artistic instincts, he was taught by his devoted mother to use his feet almost as nimbly as other children use their hands, and he owes her not only fame and fortune, but a cheerful spirit which has made him hosts of friends.

Dr. Rose Wright Bryan, of New York, has established something new under the sun. This is a euphonic lunch-room, where the dyspeptic may go and be happy. This refuge is called "The Aryan," is found at No. 20 East Twentieth Street, and is furnished with such foods only as nature, interpreted by Dr. Bryan, intended mankind to eat.

Miss Sabry Scamans, of Factoryville, Pennsylvania, a thrifty householder, seventy-three years of age, does her own domestic work, keeps a large henry, takes care of her garden, weaves hundreds of yards of rag carpet every year, and works out her road tax with shovel, hoe, and wheelbarrow, and with an honest thoroughness that makes the heart of the road-master to rejoice.

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, well known for her successful attempt to prepare sterilized milk on her New Hampshire farm for the use of New York babies, has been sifting statistics to ascertain whether college-bred women are indifferent mothers. She finds that nine-tenths of their children survive infancy, a record never before equalled in any class, age, or country. Mrs. Wood is herself a graduate of Vassar, a trustee of Barnard, a strong writer, a steady and brilliant speaker on social and reformatory topics, a power in society, the scientific secretary of her husband—a well-known physician—and a model mother.

Mathematical honors multiply for women. Miss Julia Rappicourt, of Melbourne, Australia, took honors in Greek and French at Now, at the age of nineteen, in the Victoria civil service, with one hundred and ninety-six competitors, the diligent young lady secured 492 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics—the highest rank ever taken in such a competition. She hopes to take her degree of M. A., and to study law.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, when Miss Dorothy Tennant, was almost the first lady in London to practice "slumming." She used to frequent little street vagabonds, and reward them for good behavior by teaching them to play familiar airs with one finger on her piano, and sing them to this accompaniment. She relates of her experiments with much delight, that one young gutter-snipe was heard to render "Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the wave!" as follows:

"Rule, Britannia!
Britannia rules the waves.
True-hearted Britons
Never, never shall be slain."

Two pretty stories are just now told about Von Moltke. One is that on taking out his purse to pay a cabman after a rather long ride, the cabman started his horse, cried out, "No, no; it has been a great honor for me, Herr Feld-marschall," and drove off, to receive next day the Count's photograph, with the words, "To his cab driver." And the other is that an American lady, with a young daughter, staying at the hotel where the great soldier was attending a regimental banquet, sent him a photograph of herself, which she asked him to sign, and so give more pleasure to the girl on her seventeenth birthday than all her presents had done. In reply, mother and daughter were invited to the supper-room, were treated by Von Moltke with the kindest hospitality, and received the photograph, on which was written, "I have been young, and now I am old, but I have not seen the right ones forsaken."

How the Months were Named

In looking up the peculiar names given each of the twelve months of the year, it becomes necessary for us to go back to the old Romans who have imposed upon us a set of names equally as absurd as those which the Norsemen, Scandinavians and Saxons applied to the week, says an exchange.

January is named from Janus, the god of doors and gates, because the month opens the year; and some say that he is a two-faced god and could look back on the last year and forward to the coming.

February is from Februus, to purify. March was originally the first month and was named for Mars, the god of war. April is from aperire, to open, because the buds open in that month. May is Maia, a goddess. June is from Juno, the patron of marriage, and is, therefore, the favorite month for weddings.

July was named for Julius Cæsar, and August for Augustus Cæsar. Originally August had but thirty days and February twenty-nine in the common year and thirty in leap year.

Augustus was jealous that Julius' month should have more days than his own, therefore took one from February and added it to August.

September, October, November, December, are so called because they were originally the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months of the year. The names are now inappropriate and rank misnomers as now applied.

Michael Dumont, nephew of the redoubtable Gabriel, was fatally stabbed at Neche, North Dakota, in a drunken row.

The following advertisement appeared recently in a Parisian newspaper: A lady having a pet dog whose hair is of rich mahogany color desires to engage a footman with whiskers to match.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister at Washington, maintains that the Behring Sea dispute is quite susceptible of settlement by arbitration, though the President and Mr. Blaine apparently refuse to admit that much.

On Mince Pies.

To give new recipes for Christmas dishes is not so easy a task as the uninitiated might imagine. There are certain dishes that have long been considered sacred to Christmas, and no new ones, however excellent, that the most transcendent culinary genius could devise, can ever hope to displace them. Mince pie, for instance. Ever since long before that famous hero of song and story, "Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner eating a Christmas pie," that dainty has been one of the principal features of every Christmas dinner menu. Probably no delicacy has ever been the subject of much controversy or has occupied so prominent a place in history as has this delicious edible. Even its very name has been a subject of fierce contention. The English Puritans of Oliver Cromwell's time insisted that it should be called mince, and not Christmas pie, and at length positively prohibited its concoction and consumption, devoting a great deal of superfluous energy to "putting it down" in a prohibitory—not a gastronomic—sense, and being bitterly lampooned for their pains by the satirical poets of the time, one of whom thus delivers himself:

"All plums the prophet's sons deny,
And spice broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot."

Another rhymes on the same subject, as follows:

"The high-shoe lords of Cromwell's making
Were not for dainties, roasting, baking;
The chiefest food they found most good in
Was rusty bacon and bag pudding;
Plum broth was Popish, and mince pie—
Oh, that was flat idolatry."

But the Puritans were not alone in their opposition to mince or Christmas pie. The Quakers also fought against it, and at length many good people of the Church of England began to think that clergymen should abstain from it, against which foolish notion the clergy strongly protested, and one of the most prominent wrote against it a remonstrance in which he said: "The Christmas pie is, in its own nature, a kind of consecrated cake, and a badge of distinction, and yet it is often forbidden the Druid of the family. Strange that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire is exposed to the utmost deprecations and invasions, but if minced into small pieces and tossed up with plums and sugar it changes its property and, forsooth, is meat for his master."

Selden, the antiquary, tells us that Christmas pies were formerly baked in a coffin-shaped crust to represent the cratch or manger in which the infant Jesus was laid.

NEW MINCE MEAT A LA REPUBLIQUE.—Take one and a half pounds of lean beef and same quantity of suet. Mince finely. Add allspice, one ounce; cinnamon, one half ounce; cloves, three quarters of an ounce of stoned raisins and four pounds 50 Baldwin apples. Chop all finely and add them to the other ingredients, together with one pint of best French brandy, one pint of white wine, the juice of an orange and a lemon, two and one half pounds of sugar, and four ounces of citron. This will be found a most delicious mincemeat.

A Lake of Pitch.

"Near where we live," said William Greig, of Trinidad, West Indies, "is a pitch lake. It's at La Brea. It covers about ninety acres and it is soft enough to take the impression of your shoes as you walk over it, but take up a bit of it and strike it sharply and it breaks off with a conchoidal fracture like a lump of anthracite. I don't know where it comes from, but I do know that it is awfully hot there. The sun pellets down like fun, and the black pitch absorbs all the heat. All down to the coast and under the sea and across in Venezuela there is a streak of this same formation. The British Government owns the lake, and a monopoly pays a royalty of not less than £20,000 a year."

A Queer Hobby.

Men suffering from a superfluity of cash have strange hobbies. Some men delight in collecting expensive pocket handkerchiefs. At Harborrow's, in Cockspar street, they told me that this was the hobby of many of their customers. They showed me a couple of dozen handkerchiefs made of the finest hand-woven cambric, that they had just finished for a young swell. The handkerchiefs were a guinea apiece, and the young gentleman's monogram was elaborately embroidered in the corner of each one. Such extravagance is almost incredible, is it not? It is very galling to us poor women who think a guinea a long price for a hat.

Her Majesty's Crown.

The British crown is one of the costliest baubles in the world. In the lower circle there are twenty diamonds worth \$7500, two large diamonds, each worth \$10,000, and fifty-four small diamonds, each worth \$500. The four crosses, above the circle and between the arches, are composed each of twenty-five diamonds, the value of the total number being \$60,000; a large diamond, worth \$5000, is on top of each cross. Twelve large stones in the fleur de lis, with eighteen smaller diamonds, are collectively valued at \$60,000. In the upper cross are twenty-six stones of magnificent luster and valued at \$16,000, while bestowed in various corners of the crown are 141 small diamonds, valued at \$25,000, and about 300 pearls, the value of which is \$15,000. The value of the precious stones exceeds \$500,000, while the gold employed and the cost of the workmanship would considerably increase that sum.

Ocean Wonders.

As oceans cover three-fourths of the earth's surface, it is interesting to know certain facts regarding them. The water at the bottom of the ocean is much colder than at the surface, and in many places the water freezes below before it reaches the surface. At the depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying very little from the poles to the equator. Waves are deceptive—water does not travel; it stays in the same place and the motion goes on. Sometimes, in storms, waves are forty feet high. The base of a wave—the distance from valley to valley on either side at the bottom—is reckoned fifteen times the height. A wave twenty feet high, for instance, has a base extending over 300 feet. A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton to every square inch. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt 230 feet deep if the water should evaporate. The force of waves breaking on the shores is said to be seven-ton tons to the square yard.

From School Room to Altar.

When the girl enters the world after her education is "finished" she does not always find it what she expected. The schoolroom is one thing, the world another.

She may have been popular with her teachers because she was a diligent scholar and carried off the honors of the school. But she finds that book knowledge does not make her popular or successful socially.

Some of the most intellectual people I have known have been among the most disagreeable, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Ladies' Home Journal. A woman whose intellect is aggressive, who parades her knowledge before those of inferior intellect or education, is an object to be dreaded.

Mere learning in a woman is never attractive. It is on the contrary, offensive, unless coupled with feminine graces. School-learning should sink into the character and department, and only exhibit itself as the perfume of a flower is exhibited—in a subtle, nameless and unobtrusive manner.

A woman's knowledge of grammar should not make her talk like an orator in daily life. It should simply make her conversation gracious and agreeable.

Mathematics should render her mind clear and her judgments true; her geographical studies should teach her that the world is too small for falseness to find a hiding place, and history should impress her that life is too short for unworthy ambitions.

The time between the schoolroom and the altar should be not a mere harvest time of pleasure, but a sowing time for all the seeds of kindness and self-sacrifice for others, and of unselfishness and benevolence, which alone can make her a successful wife and mother.

Aphorisms.

Never did any soul do good, but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act.—[Shaftesbury.]

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—[Lavater.]

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finishes a fop. Contempt is the only proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.—[Johnson.]

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease: Many without labor would live by their own wits only; but they break for want of stock.—[Franklin.]

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense, are out some one of these things of ill manners, with-behave himself ill for want of experience, or what in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.—[Swift.]

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—[Swift.]

The brightest blaze of intelligence is of incalculably less value than the smallest spark of charity.—[Nevins.]

Animals Using Fire.

A knowledge of the use of fire and artificial lights has always been regarded as distinctly human, and a sharp line of separation line between man and the lower animals. It would appear from a paragraph in Stanley's new book, "In Darkest Africa," that this distinction can no longer be claimed.

On page 423 of the first volume of that work the author says that among other natural history notes which he gleaned from Emin Pasha was the following: "The forest of Msongwa is infested with a large tribe of chimpanzees. In summer time, at night, they frequently visit the plantations of Mswa station to steal the fruit. But what is remarkable about this is the fact that they use torches to light the way! Had I not witnessed this extraordinary spectacle personally I should never have credited that any of the Simians understood the art of making fire."

London Underground Wonders.

Probably the most striking sight in Europe to-day is the annual inspection of the Paris catacombs; yet for all that, underground London is far more wonderful than underground Paris. Take, for example, its 3,000 miles of sewers, its 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, its 4,500 miles of water mains, its 3,200 miles of gas-pipes all definitely fixed. What can be more marvellous than the harmony of these things as viewed when a street is up and one is permitted a furtive peep at the bowels of London? Yet not even these compare with the vast cellarage area beneath the feet of the pedestrian. In Oxford and Regent Streets alone the capacity is said to exceed 140 acres.

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

The famous black hole of Calcutta was a small room, 18 feet square, in which the English prisoners, 146 in number, were placed by Surajah Dowlah, Nabob of Bengal, when Fort William was taken in 1756. The room could contain the prisoners only while they remained standing, and the heat of the Indian summer being scarcely supportable under the most favorable conditions, such crowding in a room with but one small grated window in the door was equivalent to a sentence of death. In less than an hour several of the prisoners were delirious, and before the fifth hour had passed, most were frantic or insensible. Eleven hours after the imprisonment began the doors were opened and the survivors brought out. Only twenty-three lived to emerge from the terrible prison, and these were all ill of fever, from which a number of them died.

Cloaks of soft wadded silk have taken the place of dust cloaks.

Steel trimmings are in great vogue in cords, galleons and bandeaus.

The London Daily Graphic's Rome correspondent says: The pope approves of the Irish bishops anti-Parnell manifesto, but he declines to make a public statement on the discussion in the Irish party.

"My dear," said the caller, with a winning smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, the eminent literary man, was at his dinner. "I suppose you assist your papa by entertaining the bores."—"Yes, sir," replied the little girl, gravely, "please be seated."