

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

(From Schiller.)

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In teachings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ
now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn—
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is
driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's smirth;
Know this—God rules the host of
heaven,
Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not live alone for one,
But man as man, thy brothers call,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt
find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

SINGULARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Suetoneus tells us that, "During the winter, Augustus would wear four tunics beneath a thick toga; to these were added a shirt and a woollen under-garment; his limbs were as carefully protected. In summer he would sleep with both doors and windows open, and frequently even under the peristyle of his palace, where jets of water refreshed the air, and where, moreover, was posted a slave, whose duty it was to fan him; he could not endure the sun—not even the winter sun—and he never walked abroad without a wide-brimmed hat on his head."

Ferdinand II, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in 1670, says the Abbe Arnauld, in his *Memoirs*: "was the slave of health. I have frequently seen him pacing up and down his room between two large thermometers, upon which he would keep his eyes constantly fixed, unceasingly employed in taking off and putting on a variety of skull-caps of different degrees of warmth, of which he had always five or six in his hand, according to the degrees of heat or cold registered by the instrument. This, I can assure you, was a mighty pleasant sight to behold, for there was not a conjurer in all his dominions more dextrous in handling his cups and balls than this prince in shifting his caps."

The Abbe de St. Martin, who, in the seventeenth century, rendered himself so ridiculous with his pretensions and his manias, always wore nine skull-caps upon his head to keep off the cold, with a wig over all, which, by the way, was always awry and disheveled, so that his face never appeared to be in its natural position. In addition to his nine skull-caps, he wore also nine pairs of stockings. His bed was made of bricks underneath which was a furnace, so constructed as to impart the precise degree of warmth that he might require; this bed, had a very small opening through which the abbe used to creep when he retired to rest at night.

The Jesuit Ghezzi, a writer of the eighteenth century, used to wear seven skull-caps beneath his wig. The learned French mathematician, Fourier, had returned from Egypt a martyr to rheumatism, and with a constant

sensation of cold, he suffered dreadfully whenever he was exposed to an atmosphere lower than twenty degrees Reaumur: a servant followed him everywhere with a mantle, in readiness for any sudden change of temperature. During the latter years of his life, exhausted by asthma from which he had been a sufferer from his youth, he kept himself, for the purposes of writing and speaking to his friends, enclosed in a species of box, which permitted no deviation of the body, and left at liberty only his head and hands. The Florentine sculptor, Donatello, who died in 1466, among other singularities, had the habit of keeping his money in a basket which hung from a nail in the wall of his room. Into this basket his workmen and friends used to dip at discretion. Beethoven, the composer, had two imperious habits, by which he was constantly swayed,—that of moving his lodgings, and that of walking. Scarcely was he installed in an apartment ere he would discover some fault in it, and commence looking out for another. Every day after dinner, despite rain, wind, hail, or snow he would issue forth on foot and take a long and fatiguing walk. The French astronomer, La Caille, had contracted the wearisome habit of reading and writing with one eye only; the other eye was specially reserved by him for the purpose of telescopic observation. By this means, however, he succeeded in obtaining very interesting results; for instance, he was enabled to discern with ease and precision the height of the stars above the horizon of the sea; an observation generally very uncertain, on account of the difficulty of clearly distinguishing the horizon in the obscurity of night. It does not appear that any astronomer since his time has sought to conform himself to so difficult a practice.—*Selected.*

PRESERVING EGGS.

A writer in the English Mechanic says: "In the year 1871-72, I preserved eggs so perfectly that after a lapse of six months, they were mistaken when brought to the table for fresh laid eggs, and I believe they would have kept equally good for twelve months. My mode of preservation was to varnish the eggs as soon after they were laid as possible with a thin copal varnish, taking care that the whole of the shell was covered with the varnish. I subsequently found that by painting the eggs with fresh albumen, beaten up with a little salt, they were preserved equally well, and for as long a period. After varnishing or painting with albumen, I lay the eggs upon rough blotting-paper, as I found that, when allowed to rest till dry upon a plate or on the table, the albumen stuck so fast to the table or plate as to take away a chip out of the shell. This is entirely obviated by the use of the blotting-paper. I pack the eggs in boxes of dry bran."—*Selected.*

If religious controversialists would look more into the vocabulary of love and less into Greek Lexicons for their definitions, there would be more Christian unity in the world.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION AND INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

There seems to be no natural connection between the two, but it is a historical fact that the persecution of the Huguenots in France proved of great and lasting service to English industries. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it is said that 100,000 French exiles settled in England, —10,000 from Rouen alone. Hence arose the silk trade of Spitalfields, and numerous minor branches of silk and cotton manufacture. The making of buttons and other small but costly articles was introduced by the Huguenots; and beaver hats, which had previously been all brought from France, were made in Wandsworth, and, as Mr. Fox Bourne tells us in the "Romance of Trade," had to be "bought there for the Continental dandies, who loved them as much as they hated their makers." Glass manufacture, till then hardly known in England, except in its simplest and coarsest branches, was soon turned by the Huguenot refugees into a great produce. It was the same with paper-making. Paper had been made on the Darent since the time of Henry the Eighth, but the trade had never assumed important proportions. With the arrival of the Huguenots it made a great advance. Among those who followed this trade was Henri de Portal, whose ancestors had been leaders of the Albigenes and sturdy Protestants for centuries. He set up a paper manufactory at Laverstoke, and managed it so well that he was chosen to furnish the peculiar material required by the Bank of England for its notes, and the monopoly is still possessed by his descendants.—*N. Y. Observer*

We have all sorts of laws to meet all sorts of misdemeanors and crimes, but one is needed to abate scolding in our schools. It should read something like this:

AN ACT TO ABATE A CRYING NUISANCE. *Whereas*—it is known that scolding is a crime and cruelty, and; *Whereas*—in school it is equally destructive to good feeling, and consequently to good health, and thus a means of shortening life; *Therefore be it enacted*,—That whenever a teacher shall be known to scold more than twice in one day, or more than six times in one week, he shall, on the testimony of six pupils of known good behaviour, be convicted of a misdemeanor, and be fined not more than fifty dollars, nor less than one cent, and confined in the county jail for one month, and be compelled to read aloud to his fellow-prisoners, Oliver Twist, Hamlet, and Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Sundays excepted, when he shall be required to do nothing. A law of this kind, thoroughly enforced, would soon tend to abate the nuisance.—*National Teachers' Monthly.*

The dead-head system is very common now-a-days: there are many dead-heads even on the "old ship of Zion;" but no public carriers are responsible for damages that may happen to dead-head passengers.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN ON PERFECTION.

Mr. Spurgeon, writing over his signature of John Ploughman, expresses the following terse and homely views on the subject of human perfection:

"He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I neither did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, 'Lifeless, faultless.' Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred, more or less, with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's-cap I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and its quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There is no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it's in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle."—*Selected.*

—THE Eastern war has begun. And every school-room should have a suitable map and the progress of the contending armies pointed out. Not only this, the teacher owes it to his school to point out in a clear and exact manner, the causes of the conflict. It is an historical problem that should be clearly stated.

There should be a beginning made at the time when Rome governed the whole of Europe; then there was a separation; then succeeded the fall of the Eastern Empire. Now Russia has ever considered herself as the heir to the Eastern Empire; her subjects are all Christians of the Greek Church order and she is in sympathy with those who occupy the provinces under the sway of Turkey. All the oppression the Greek Church suffers Russia feels.

It may be that she feels it to make political capital out of it, but that she is the head of this order of Christians is an historical fact, and no one can understand the present condition of affairs who fails to admit it. That Russia dreams of possessing Constantinople and with the title of Czar (which means Cesar) repossessing herself of the Eastern Empire.—This is a national idea, too. Every Russian peasant shares it. For the glory of the Greek Church demands it.

Now, in June, 1875, the Greek Christians in Herzegovina being cruelly oppressed by the Turks, rose in rebellion. (Here it will be remembered that the territory now Turkey was a Christian country and was conquered by the Turks, and hence a large portion of the inhabitants are Christians yet). The disturbance thus caused spread into Bosnia, and roused the strong sympathies of the people of Montenegro and Servia. Hence these provinces as well as Bulgaria have been seeking encouragement from Russia which has been secretly granted.

Germany, Austria and Russia have attempted to draw concessions from Turkey, and although promises have been made, nothing efficacious has been reached; the second attempt to procure peace was thwarted by England; but the third she joined in with great earnestness. The offer made by the Conference was, however, rejected by Turkey—in January last. These powers proposed that the Christians should have rights equal to those granted to the Turks, and a demanded reform in her civil government.

The failure to induce Turkey to accept these conditions led the members of the Conference to leave Constantinople; but Russia is determined by force to compel Turkey to carry out these conditions, and hence has declared war against her.—*New York School Journal.*

Time was when geology was cited as a witness against the Mosaic record of creation: perhaps the time is not far distant when Moses will be deemed the Great Geologist, the father of the decree that demands "infinite time" as its postulate. In a recent conversation, a gentleman who is a disciple of Darwin and an enthusiastic geologist, made this remark: "Geology and Genesis agree so perfectly in the great outlines of creation that I am at a loss to know where Moses got that information."

An old Highlander, rather fond of his toddy, was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the amount, and ask his son, a school-boy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drachms make one ounce," was the reply. "Sixteen drachms! What an excellent doctor!" exclaimed the Highlander. "Run and tell Donald M'Tavish and big John to come doon the night."