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UNDER THE SNOW.

Ah, me, my garden lies under the snow.
The shrouding drifting snow,
Each flower that I reared has bowed its head,
Its sweet bloom withered, its fragrance fled,
I so loved them, living, and mourn them dead!
Dead under this winter snow.
Lying beneath it, still and low,
Dead! and I loved them so!

But the sun by and by will melt the snow,
The glittering shroud of snow,
And the beautiful bud and the stately tree
Will shed their fragrance again for me,
And my heart shall be glad when my eyes shall
see

My treasures from under the snow
That my yearning love hath cherished so,
How fair in the summer glow.

God's garden lies under the shrouding snow,
The beautiful sheltering snow,
And the buds that He took from your hand
and mine.

Are not waiting the time when His voice divine
Shall bid His sun on the garden shine,
And warm to life in its glow
The precious germs lying under the snow,
That He took when He loved them so!

The Victory.

"Howard!" and the voice was low and tender which spoke; but the boy never heeded, and the soft fingers clasping his felt no answering pressure.

"Oh brother," went on the same entreating tones, "do not give up so, as if there were no hope left; there's many and many a thing you can do yet; only think, dearest, how much worse it might have been; only think if you had been—"

But she could not finish the sentence. "It would have been better, Ethel," he answered, passionately, his voice hoarse and broken. "Better, far better, that I had died, than live only to drag out a miserable existence, a burden to every one and myself."

"No burden, Howard," sobbed the girl. "Oh, no! How can you say that, when we love you so dearly? It would have broken mamma's heart to part with you, O brother! Think what it is to have the sweet privilege of still exchanging acts and thoughts of love."

His heart was softened; tears filled the large hazel eyes and he flung his arms about her neck and silently kissed her cheek. For a while each was busily thinking; then the sister rose to go.

"I cannot stay longer, Howard," she said, regretfully. "It is time to make the tea"; then, as she bent to give him her good night caress, she fondly whispered, "Remember, dearest, they also serve who only stand and wait."

"Dear Ethel!" mused the boy, when she had gone, "what a brave, loving spirit she has! No, I will not despair; for her sake and mamma's I will achieve something."

And he lay still there in the quiet twilight, his large eyes looking out into the shadows, and his mind busy, planning for the future, until his thoughts took a different turn, and strayed back over his infancy and happy boyhood, down to the first great sorrow, his father's death, and on to the accident a week before, which had made him a cripple for life.

He was not what was called handsome—Howard Lee—though tall and well-formed. There was nothing in his face or manner to strike the transient beholder; his was one of those natures with which there must be soul-union in order to know its true worth. His love, where he did love, was intense, and the whole devotion and ardor of his wealthy heart was centered in his mother and sister. He was gifted, too, though as yet he scarcely knew it, and all his high resolves and aspirations met with a keen shock when he heard that henceforth his vision would be bounded by that little room. But Ethel's words sank deep into his mind. He was fifteen; the next five years he could devote to preparatory study. Mr. Weston, who had been his staunch, tried friend, would supply him with books from his library. What might he not do in five years? And then—and then!

Mrs. Lee was not rich, as might be seen by the room, the only article of luxury in which was the sofa on which Howard was lying. Still, there was no sign of poverty; the carpet and curtains were warm, if not expensive, and all the furniture was in keeping. But constant industry was needed to support the household in comfort. Mother and daughter kept a little millinery establishment in a suburban village; the family was respected and wished well by all; and not only this, but every one knew that whatever was bought at Mrs. Lee's would really be worth the price.

Howard, who wrote a good hand, had been employed as copyist in a lawyer's office, in London; so that each member of the little group had been happily and cheerfully occupied, until this misfortune cast a cloud over their sky.

It was morning—a clear, cold, December morning, and Ethel had just cleared away the breakfast things, and arranged Howard's room, which was now used as the sitting-room, and was preparing to sit down to her work, when a brisk step sounded on the walk, and, in a moment, some one knocked at the door.

"O Howard!" said Ethel, archly, as she opened it, "here's another of these interminable visits, don't you wish it was over?"

"I only wish it could be interminable," said Howard, as he extended his hand for Mr. Weston's friendly grasp; and a smile, the gayest that had been seen on his face for days, chased across his face.

Mr. Weston was a widower; his wife had died many years before, and it was not long ere his only child followed her. "People suspected that he had met with reverses of fortune, but he never

hinted it, and none could tell; all they knew was that he was extremely simple in his habits, and books were the only luxury he indulged in. It has been already said that he had a fine library. But, however it might be, neither poverty or grief had power to contract the gentle heart that found its delight in doing good to others, although he felt, as keenly as any could, the blight that rested on all the fair promises of its own life. To none was he more attached than to Howard Lee, and his affection was fully returned by the warm-hearted boy, and the feeling of sorrow and disappointed hope was hardly less keen to him than to the sufferer.

He had been absent for a month, and this was the first time since the day after the accident, that he had seen Howard, who was now eagerly pouring into his attentive ear his plan for studying.

"To be sure, my dear boy, to be sure," was his ready response, when he had concluded. "And I will propose something more Howard, which you have not thought of. I should like to come and give you some little assistance myself. Now, no thanks," he continued, smiling, as he noted the look of delighted surprise that beamed in the earnest eyes gazing into his own. "It will be as great a pleasure to me as to you."

So, with Mrs. Howard's consent—a consent how willingly given!—it was thus arranged that Howard should study with Mr. Weston, a few hours every morning. Ah, me! that little room where the young cripple lay, what sweetly mournful memories clustered around it in after years!

Thus five years passed tranquilly away, and it was not until the fifth that Howard resented to his friend his long-cherished scheme of becoming an author, begging him to keep the knowledge sacred.

Mr. Weston was delighted. He had far less fear than the trembling aspirant that he would be successful, and readily proffered his aid in the laborious task of writing and correcting. So the two worked steadily on, while Ethel and her mother little dreamed of the ambitious scheme entertained by those so near them.

Though Howard had the general plan and scope of his work already sketched, it took two years to finish it for the publishers. How hard it was to appear indifferent during the time its acceptance was pending he only knew; but he went bravely through the ordeal. If it should not succeed, he asked himself again and again, what was the use of all these long years of study? But ah! if it should—if it should! What a happy competence it would provide for them all, releasing his dear ones from all toll and care!

And there were other and nearer considerations that increased his anxiety. Howard knew, although his mother tried to conceal it, that she was greatly straitened for want of means.

The summer had been an excessively hot one. Day after day the scorching sunlight fell on the parched earth, but the bright beams brought no joy to the hearts that were palpitating with hope for a shower. No balmy wind brought relief to the fevered brow of Ethel, as she tossed on her little bed, her whole frame wasting away under the fever that burned in her veins; her thoughts wandering back unconsciously to other days.

Poor Mrs. Lee forgot her perplexity about the want that impended in attending her darling; in watching, with trembling hope and fear, each beat of the fluttering pulse, each gasping, painful breath. Long seemed the contest between life and death; but youth and vigor conquered at last; and one bright, beautiful morning, after weary days and nights of tears and watching, Mrs. Lee came into Howard's room, her eyes dim, and her voice tremulous with joy, to tell him that Ethel was pronounced out of danger.

"Oh, we should not repine at anything when we have our darling restored to us!" she whispered. "Everything else will come right in time; but, oh! if she had gone, there would have been no joy left."

She had just closed the door when Howard heard a quick step in the hall, which he well knew, and his breath came and went hurriedly as Mr. Weston entered. He could not trust himself to speak; but one glance at his friend's face, flushed with joy, revealed the truth, and a fervent exclamation of thankfulness burst from his full heart.

"They have sent a sum of money in advance," said Mr. Weston, as he turned to depart. "I cannot stay any longer, but dear Howard, no one rejoices more at your success than I do."

Howard caught his hand, and bowed his head over it, and Mr. Weston felt the tears that would not be restrained fall upon it.

Mrs. Lee was surprised at her son's emotion as she looked in to bid him "good-night."

"Stay one moment, mother," he entreated. "I have something to tell you. I know you are troubled about money for the rent and the things you have needed for Ethel's illness. Take this and use it as you will; it is a little gift from me."

She looked astonished.

"Ask no questions now dear mother," he said, gaily; believe me, you shall know all soon. And remember the promise I once made, that though my life was a narrow one, it should not be a useless existence.

Ah! what a pleasure it was to be able to supply the little delicacies so grateful to the invalid; to see the happy look of contented peace come back to his mother's eyes; to feel that, but for him, a relapse might have carried the one so dear away from their yearning hearts—to know that it was his work. It was worth a life-time of pain to have reached that hour.

Slowly, at first, the bloom of health returned to Ethel's cheek, its sparkle to

her eye, its elasticity to her frame; but, after a few weeks, she grew rapidly better; and when, on a lovely evening towards the middle of August, Mr. Weston walked down to the cottage, he thought he had scarcely ever seen her look so blooming. He had brought a new book, he said; and the little group gathered around to hear him read it.

Hour after hour stole on unnoticed, while they listened, entranced, to the glowing thoughts that spring fresh from the heart of the author—a heart beating warm and tender towards his fellow-battlers in the great contest of life, urging them ever not to despair, not to yield to doubt, to remember that the promise is to him that "overcometh." Lavish were the praises bestowed on it by the listeners, though Ethel wondered slightly why Howard should be so silent.

When their exclamations of delight had subsided Mr. Weston said, half smiling—"Perhaps you would like to know the name of the writer."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Ethel eagerly.

"He does not live far from you," was the reply. "Can you not guess?"

But he was interrupted; she caught the glance of her brother's eye; something in it told her the tale, and she sprang to his side with a glad cry. Her mother pressed forward and caught him to her heart, while their tears mingled.

It was long ere the happy trio separated, but at length Mrs. Lee, fearing the effect of such excitement on his delicate frame, drew the reluctant Ethel away that he might get a little repose. As she drew the curtain to shade his eyes, she said—"You have worked too hard, I am afraid, dear Howard; you are looking pale and thin; try and rest awhile." Then, as she looked back from the door at the face lying with closed eyes on the pillows, she murmured with a fear she did not wholly admit, to herself—"My blessed Howard, heaven grant him to us a little longer."

Five weeks had flown by and the little household had settled back to something of its usual calm when they were startled by the arrival of a letter, saying that Mr. Courtney, of the great publishing house of Courtney & Co., was coming down to the village to rusticate awhile, and had thought it better to have a personal interview with Howard, regarding a new edition of his work. So one evening he alighted at the village inn, and the next morning walked over to Mrs. Lee's.

He was refined and talented, and they were all captivated; he, on his part, seemed no less pleased, and his visits became more and more frequent. Indeed, the villagers began to hint that there was an attraction more powerful than Howard's presence at the cottage, and that when, after a prolonged stay, he at last departed, the pretty Ethel's heart went away with him. They must have been right, for there was so much busy preparation; and when he returned there was a quiet wedding, and the timid, blushing Ethel was the bride.

Of all the happy hearts, assembled on that bright spring morning, none beat more joyously or thankfully than he who gave away the bride—Mr. Weston. He lingered, after the guests had departed, to say a few parting words, and it was not till after the bridal party had gone that Howard saw a packet directed to his mother in his friend's well-known hand-writing. He called her attention to it. When opened it was found to contain a deed, made out in Mrs. Lee's name, of the home that had sheltered them so long. The letter went on to say that he had unexpectedly fallen heir to a large fortune, and he hoped that they would accept this slight token of his friendship. It would have been unkind to refuse, and they gladly received it.

So the mother and son lived on in the old home, Howard from time to time sending forth a volume from his retreat and she finding her happiness in his. Every summer Ethel and her little ones spent with them; and their grandmother could hardly be blamed for branding a little partial to one fair boy whose dark eyes and auburn hair were the very bue of his namesake's.

But the tenth summer brought with it the sad knowledge that the life so prized was drawing to a close. Howard was dying. It was on a summer evening that he died, just at sunset; the fading light streamed through the window, resting like a halo of glory on the calm face, losing itself in his wealth of auburn hair, creeping tenderly around those kneeling beside the bed, falling warm and bright over the quaint old Bible lying open near.

Mother and son were not long parted. A few short months and the hearts that clung so fondly to each other were together evermore.

A Model Wife.

A popular essayist writes as follows: "As I went up the new Massa road the other day I met a rugged, stout and rather dirty woman, with a large shallow basket on her head. In it lay her husband, a large man, though, I think, a little abbreviated as to his legs. The woman asked aims. Talk of Diogenes in his tub! How must the world look to a man in a basket, riding about on his wife's head? She put him down beside the road, in the sun, and almost in danger of passing vehicles. I suppose the affectionate creature thought if he got a new injury in this way his value in the beggar-market would be increased.

"This custom of carrying one's husband on the head in a basket has something to recommend it, and is an exhibition of faith on the one hand and of devotion on the other that is seldom met with. It is at least a new commentary on the apostolic remark that the man is the head of the woman.

There's lots of men in this world that are like a rooster—take the cockade and spur off from them and you couldn't hardly tell them from a hen.

Some Curious Ways of Observing St. Valentine's Day.

Our own ancestry in England and Scotland have observed some very funny customs within the last three centuries. At one time valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and while still selected by lot, it became the duty of a gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, as gloves, were more common.

A gossipy old gentleman named Pops, whose private diary has come to our times, tells how he sent his wife stockings and garters for her valentine. And one year he says, his own wife claimed to be his valentine, and he grumbles that it will cost him five pounds.

There was a tradition among the country people that every bird chose its mate on Valentine's day; and at one time it was the custom for young folks to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded, it was a good omen, and entitled them to gifts from their villagers. Another fashion among them was to write the valentine, tie it on an apple or orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in.

The drollest valentine I ever heard of belongs to those old times in England, and consisted of the rib of a small animal wrapped in white satin ribbon, which was tied in true lover's knots in several places. This elegant and suggestive gift was sent to a bachelor, and accompanied with verses:

"To contemplate the lovely sign
Haste thee away to London town,
And bid to her voice,
No more illusive shadows pursue,
That glimmers this gives the clue,
Make but a prudent choice."

So far, it is uncertain whether or not the lines refer to the pleasures of eating, suggested to modern minds by a rib. But they go on to explain:

"Till Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden bloomed like heaven,
His bliss was incomplete,
No soul from the joy of his share,
Gave the gay world a valentiner,
She came, 'twas all complete."

which leaves nothing to be desired, I'm sure.

Those were the days of charms, and of course the rural maidens had a sure and infallible charm foretelling the future husband. On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the anxious damsel prepared for sleep by pinning to her pillow five bay leaves, one at each corner and one in the middle (which must have been delightful to sleep on, by the way). If she dreamed of her sweetheart, she was sure to marry him before the end of the year.

But to make it a "dead sure" thing, the candidate for matrimony must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill its place with salt. Just before going to bed, she must eat egg, salt, shell and all, and neither speak nor drink after it. If that wouldn't insure her a vivid dream, there surely could be no virtue in charms.—St. Nicholas for February.

Tales from Bologna.

Bologna is full of beautiful stories. There is that of King Henstius, or Enzo. I remember reading in an old annual, many years ago, this story, told by Mrs. Norton. I think the very gift edges of the precious volume rustled in my memory as I entered a grand room in the Palazzo del Podesta, and was told that here poor King Enzo was a captive for twenty-two years.

Enzo was the natural son of the Emperor Frederic II. He led a Ghibelline army against Bologna, was taken prisoner in 1249, and kept in confinement for the rest of his life; but love laughed at locksmiths in his, as in many cases. The priest who came to confess the royal prisoner was accompanied by a beautiful boy, who brought wine and fruit, and who begged to be allowed to remain as his page. King Enzo had a fever, and in one of his delirious moments he imagined that the page took off his cap and allowed to flow down some long golden hair. Perhaps instead of being delirious he was gaining his senses. Certainly the page was a wonderful nurse. King Enzo was sorry to recover, but finally he was well enough to sit up at the window and look out at the glorious view of the Apennines. The poor fellow realized that he was a prisoner, and wept bitterly. He heard a sobbing behind him; it was the page, sadly sympathetic. "See, boy, this great beautiful world which I can enjoy no longer. Life, love, and liberty—all, all are taken from me." Then the beautiful Lucia Vendagoli, alias the page, let down all her back hair, and throwing herself on his bosom, asked him if love would console him. No one knows what King Enzo replied, but the good priest coming in opportunely, married them on the spot. For the long years of his imprisonment this noble creature lived and wrought for the King Enzo. She baffled magistrates and jailers, and carried to him whatever of comfort and solace his life thereafter knew.

He left some beautiful verses in her honor, and the noble family of the Bentivoglio are proud to claim descent from Lucia Vendagoli. May they not owe their name, which being translated meaneth "I wish thee well," to the whispered adieu of their royal ancestor, as Lucia crept away from many an interview fraught with danger?

Another and a sadder story is that of Propertzia de Rossi, called the Sappho of Bologna. This woman was a poet, a sculptor, a painter, musician, and engraver. Bologna is full of her works now, bearing the marks of genius every one of them. She madly loved some man who did not care for her, and died of a broken heart. The great Pope Clement VII. expressed a wish to take her to Rome with him, so much did he admire her works in the church of San Petronio. "The church holds only her dead body," said a monk to his Holiness. She died that day.

The imposing Basilica of San Petronio contains some angels painted by

this gifted and extraordinary woman. Her bust, sculptured by herself, is over one of the doors. Her story adds another to the many bearing this legend: "A woman of genius is seldom a happy woman. Happy they who have no history." *The Galaxy.*

Hot Pudding.

The students in one of our colleges being frequently annoyed by the nocturnal and inquisitorial visits of a Professor, who suspected them of playing cards, one evening prepared a kettle of mush, otherwise called hot pudding, and by the time it was boiled, had seated themselves around the table in the attitude of card-playing, waiting patiently for the well-known step of the Professor. It was no sooner heard than a large outside pocket of one of them was forthwith filled with hot hasty pudding and all were seated as before. As soon as the professor had opened the door, the student who was loaded with the mush, made a sudden sweep over the table with his hand, as if to gather up the cards, and with another motion, apparently put them into the pocket containing the mush. These movements could not help being noticed, as they were intended to be, by the Professor, who, considering them as a pretty strong evidence of guilt, broke out with the following:

"Well, young gentlemen, I've caught you at it at last, have I?"

"Why, yes, sir, we are all here."

"So I see you are, and you have been playing cards, too?"

"No, sir, it's not so."

"It isn't, ha? What have you got in your pocket, young man?"

"Hot hasty pudding, sir."

"Hot hasty pudding, ha? Hasty pudding, have you? I'll hasty pudding you," said the Professor, at the same time thrusting his hand, half-way to the elbow, in the hot hasty pudding.

The dolorous looks, the shaking of fingers, the groanings, and capers of the Professor, are better imagined than described.

German Wives.

The culinary art forms of a part of the education of the women in Germany.—The well-to-do tradesman, like the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object, the girl on leaving school, which she does about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman, or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may almost be termed the post of servant, and doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship to domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this—she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her, as well as her clothing.

This is the first step in her education as housekeeper. She next passes on the same condition, into the kitchen of a rich, private family, or into that of a hotel of good repute. Here she has control of the expenditures of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as *fräulein*, or miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion, or a royal residence. There is a reigning queen in Germany at the present time, who was trained in this way. Consequently, the women in Germany are perfect models of economy.

A Heidelberg Sunset.

"While in Heidelberg," says a recent writer in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, "we walked one evening up to the imposing ruins of the old castle, and during the hour that every one else was fascinated by the music in the concert grounds, we strolled down the terrace that overlooks the old city, gray with age and teeming with historic reminiscences. The Neckar flowing down between the Königsthal and the Heiligenberg, the hills covered with vineyards, the curious old bridge, the red-tiled roofs, and the church spires were all glistening in the rays of the sun. As the god of day gradually sank below the horizon there came a soft atmospheric haze over the scene that would have delighted the heart of Claude Lorraine, and which is often found in the lights and shadows of his landscapes. The sky changed from a golden yellow to so brilliant a crimson that no preparation of cinnabar could have reproduced it, unless it be the carmine prepared by Madame Cenetta, of Amsterdam, of so brilliant a hue that it is painful to the naked eye. Twice, while among the Alps, we had the pure Alpine glow so vivid and intense that the whole world seemed clothed in crimson fire, but in no country have we ever witnessed a scene so grand as the one that lay before us. It was a vision of enchantment."

Muscles and Steam.

A bundle of muscle-fibres (as a recent German writer puts it) is a kind of machine, consisting of albuminous material, just as steam engine is made of steel, iron, brass etc., and, as in the steam-engine, coal is burnt in order to produce force, so in the muscular machine, fats, or hydrocarbons, are burned for the same purpose; and just as the constructive material of the engine—iron, etc.—is worn away and oxidized, the constructive material of the muscle is worn away, and this wearing away is the source of nitrogenous constituents of the urine. This theory, it is asserted, explains why, during muscular exertion, the excretion of urea is little or not at all increased, while that of carbonic acid is enormously augmented; for, in a steam engine moderately fired and ready for use, the oxidation of iron, etc., would go on quite equably, and would not be much increased by the more rapid firing necessary for working, but much more coal would be burned when it was at work than when it was standing idle.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Sit in your own place, and no man can make you free.
Soft hearts often harden, but soft heads never change.

Talent and virtue are so frequently hereditary than the gout.

To deception, Faith dies; Happiness is more resilient than misfortune.

To confide too much is to put your lemons into another man's squeezer.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

A good action is never thrown away, and that is why so few of them are seen lying around loose.

We all see at sunset the beautiful colors streaming all over the western sky, but no one can behold the hand that overturns the urns whence these streams are poured.

The great bell of China, at Peking, is thirteen feet in diameter. The daughter of its founder is said to have thrown herself into the molten mass in order to secure through human sacrifice, a perfect casting.

In a collection of fans in London, is one made by a lady of Normandy. The beautiful lace work is woven of her golden hair, and the sticks are inlaid with delicate polished crescents made of her finger-nails.

The successor of Lord Northbrook as Governor-General of India, Lord Lytton, is better known by his *bon de plaisir* Owen Meredith. He entered diplomatic service in his eighteenth year, at Washington, and has been in service ever since. He is now forty-five years of age.

A custom observed in many old French castles at this epoch is the fete of the first fire. After dinner an immense bowl of punch is introduced and the hostess invites her guests to sit around it; it is set on fire, and the blue flames serve to light a piece of paper which in turn is applied to the logs, and soon the chimney takes the bright aspect it will retain for seven months.

It is Mary Murdoch Mason who divides her sex into three classes—the giddy butterflies, the busy bees and the woman's righters. The first are pretty and silly, the second plain and useful, the third mannish and odious. The first wear long, trailing dresses and smile at you while waltzing; the second wear aprons and give you apple dumplings; and the third want your manly prerogative, your dress coat, your money and your vote.

Sir John Bennett, the Alderman and well-known watchmaker in the city of London, delivered a lecture the other day, during which he made the following happy metaphor: "You can stop a clock at any moment," he said, "but you cannot stop a watch. So it is with the talk of men and women. Man is a great, ugly, coarse machine, but you can silence him. Woman is a beautiful, fragile, jeweled thing—but she will run on till she stops herself."

Imagination is central; fancy is superficial. Fancy relates to surface, in which a great part of fancy lies. The lover is rightly said to fancy the hair, eyes, complexion of the maid. Fancy is a willful, imagination a spontaneous act; fancy a play as with dolls and puppets which we choose to call men and women; imagination, a perception and affirming of a real relation between a thought and some material fact. Fancy amuses; imagination expands and exalts us.

St. Andrew the apostle is the "patron saint" of Scotland. He was first a disciple of St. John the Baptist, and appears to have been the first to follow Christ. For this reason it is supposed that the place of honor has been given to him in the Anglican prayer book, where he comes first of all those commemorated. But little is known of him, although he is believed to have suffered martyrdom at the Patra, in Greece, A. D. 70, by being crucified on a cross in the form of an X.

What folly is it, that with such care about the body which is dying, the world which is perishing before our eyes, time which is perpetually disappearing, we should so little care about that eternal state in which we are to live forever, when this dream is over? When we shall have existed ten thousand years in another world, where will be all the cares and fears and enjoyments of this? In what light shall we then look upon the things which now transport us with joy or overwhelm us with grief?—*J. Venn.*

Longfellow was at one time a professor in Bowdoin College, and the college paper, *The Orient*, recalls an amusing anecdote of him. During a French recitation he called upon a student who had evidently made little or no preparation and was prompted by his classmates very audibly. The professor gave no heed to the prompting, but let the student blunder through his paragraph, and when the young man was seated quietly said: "Your recitation reminds me of the Spanish theatre, where the prompter plays a more important part than the actor."

Sir Edmund Denison the designer of the Westminster clock, recently gave a sort of "clinical" lecture upon it at London. The clock-room, a lofty chamber, 28 feet by 18 feet, was well filled. The clock was made in 1854. The lecture was delivered from behind the clock itself—the frame of which is nearly 16 feet long by 4 feet 7 inches wide, the flies revolving some 20 inches overhead. The winding or the striking part, which is done by hand, is contracted for at \$500 a year. It takes place twice a week, and lasts five hours at each operation. The first stroke of the hour is given when the clock reaches the 60th second of the last minute of the hour preceding the fourth quarter, being let off about twenty seconds before the hour, so that it has finished before the hour begins.