RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—At the recent convention of the Episcopal Diocese of North Carolina it was resolved to divide the State into two dioceses. Bishop Lyman ineffectually opposed the plan.

—Dr. Willis G. Craig has accepted the chair of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Seminary of the Northwest to which he was elected, and will be present at the opening of the next session.

—The Archbishop of Taurida, which See includes the Crimea, who was for many years head of Russian missions in China, and prepared some valuable works in the Chinese, is dead at an advanced age.

—One of James Freeman Clarke's parishioners, a lady of great wealth, sent him a present of $3,000 on the eve of his departure for Europe. He is now more than seventy years of age, and hopes to preach until he is seventy-five.

—Socrates, Aristotle, Gnosticism, Platonism, Christian Mysticism, Philosophy of the Bagavad Gita and Fichte's works, are the subjects of some of the lectures to be delivered before the Concord school of philosophy next summer.

—A Sunday-closing movement has been started in Russia under the auspices of Archdeacon Bogoyavlensky. Most of the clerks in St. Petersburg have signed a petition to the Emperor asking him to enforce a cessation of all mercantile business on Sunday.

—The new French version of the Bible, by Prof. Segond, has attained a great success, and a copy of the New Testament at three-half pence has been published, of which 100,000 were sold of the first edition. Of the second 50,000 copies were sold in three weeks.

—A flood of manuscripts has been pouring into Rome in response to an offer of four gold medals as prizes for the best eulogium upon Leo XIII. They were reduced by selection to seven for final decision. Two of the winners are American, and not one Italian. The Pope has, however, rewarded all with the decoration of his benediction.

—The American Baptist missionaries speak well of the Telugu converts. In a recent letter one of these missionaries says: "Three years have passed since then—years of persecution and trial to a great many of the new converts and of sifting the chaff from the wheat. Some chaff has been blown out, but only enough to show the genuineness of what remains. Nowhere are there any indications of a collapse, unless it is in the interest of friends at home. During the last year 2,757 were baptized, and about 1,800 so far this year—a number which will probably reach 2,000 before the end of the year, and perhaps more than that. In fact, there is no one who can tell what might not be done if the missionary force were what it ought to be in this field. I have baptized with my own hands converts who have come from villages ninety to one hundred miles distant, and who came all that distance on foot, through mud and rain, entirely at their own expense, merely for the sake of being baptized. Out of two hundred candidates for baptism there are seldom more than ten from any one village, often only one or two; and they tell of great numbers at home who are believing, but who cannot come so far."

Wipe My Tears!

She was nothing but a baby, a little quaint old-fashioned thing, with tumbled locks of sunny hair and deep soulful blue eyes that were always full of clouds or sunshine, one following the other in rapid succession. Only a baby, toddling about after her weary mother, falling down and hurting herself a dozen times a day, and going just as often to hold up a sweet flower-fair face all wet and dewy, with the lisped request: "Please, mamma, wipe my tears!" or to other members of the family in a more dictatorial and peremptory voice: "Wipe my tears!" Either she could not or would not make any attempt at brushing away the tears of sorrow herself, and sometimes we laughed to see the shut eyes and tightly drawn features, bathed in a liquid shower; sometimes there was a pitiful accent in that little household wail that made our hearts ache, but oftener we talked nonsense as we wiped away the pretty drops from the long curled lashes, the dainty cheeks, the small, quivering chin, and we drew gay pictures of the baby going about with tear-bottles hung around her neck, and crooned her to sleep with an idle repetition of Tennyson:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."

And we wondered among ourselves what she would do as she grew older and learned to know real sorrow, and if there would always be some dear one near to wipe away the ready tears as there was now.

And God Himself shall wipe away all tears!

We had never thought of Him, and she was still only a baby, a sweet, winsome little thing that we thought we had safe in our hearts under lock and key, with love for the keeper, when all at once her tears were dried and ours began to flow, for we all stood beside her, and she knew us not, was insensible to her mother's voice, to tears and prayers. There was a short, sharp struggle with the destroyer, hours of insensibility even to pain, and then for a moment the baby woke and knew us, and as she felt the last pangs of dissolution, her dear little face knotted and seamed with the deadly pain, she put one tiny, trembling hand up to her mother and said in a whisper, the old, quaint words: "W-i-p-e m-y t-e-a-r-s." Then a sweet, glad smile followed, and she was gone where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Six Days With Brigands.

The reappearance of brigandage in the distant neighborhood of Palermo so soon after the recent rejoicings has painfully impressed the inhabitants. The particulars of the treatment of the ex-Syndic, Signor Notarbartolo, by the brigands have become known since his return. As soon as his companions had been disarmed by the pretended patrol the ex-Syndic perceived his mistake. His captors were dressed in new Bersaglieri uniforms, spoke the jargon of soldiers, and had a thoroughly military appearance, rendering it likely that they had all once served in the army. When Signor Notarbartolo saw the state of affairs he at once told his captors in a decided manner that all threats or bad language toward him would be of no avail, and such was the effect of his superiority of character that during the whole term of his detention the brigands treated him with deference and respect. His companions had been sent away with a letter to his family, apprising them of what had occurred, and that a ransom of 75,000 francs was demanded. The brigands first took Signor Notarbartolo into the woods, and then to a grotto, or rather deep ravine, in the mountains, where he was detained for six days. The cavern was constantly guarded by two of the brigands, who had changed their uniforms for the torn dress of peasants. The light penetrated this ravine for only a few hours of the day, and during that time the prisoner could read a number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which he happened to have with him.

This was his only amusement. He was not allowed to smoke during the day, lest in so doing he should betray the place of his concealment. The brigands called the ravine their best palace, saying they had others in places more difficult of access, but that they had chosen this as it was more comfortable for "his Excellency." During the first evening they conversed frankly about their affairs, recounting their exploits, and then begged their prisoner to excuse them if it annoyed him, but they did not know how to talk about anything but their own affairs. At the end of the six days (during which, in accordance with the petitions of the family and a high functionary, the brigands had, by order of the Minister Depretis, been left unmolested) the sum of 50,000f was conveyed to them, with which they expressed themselves content, telling their prisoner that he would be immediately released. The latter then asked for his watch, saying it was a keepsake very dear to him. With characteristic courtesy it was immediately restored to its proper owner; not, however, before one of the brigands had eyed the chain with great envy, exclaiming that it was very tasteful and beautiful. The ex-Syndic immediately declared with vivacity that efforts to deprive him of it would be useless; on which the brigand who had taken a fancy to it declared that he wish to have it was quite certain, and that he would gladly pay for it. At this time the band had assumed very good cloth clothes, had rings on their fingers, and gold chains to their watches. Signor Notarbartolo was received in Palermo with great demonstrations of joy, the street in which he lives being illuminated by the inhabitants. Measures for arresting the malefactors were then immediately taken, the district around Termin, where they are supposed to be still hiding, being surrounded by military. No news of their capture has yet arrived.—*Naples Cor. London News.*

The Newer Arithmetic.

If a man buys a box of strawberries with the bottom shoved up half-way to the top for twenty-five cents, how many can he buy for $2?

Bought a horse fourteen years old for $65 and sold him to an editor for $120 as a six-year-old stepper. How much did I make?

If it takes eighteen men to do the bossing and four men to do the lifting when a street car horse falls down, how many bosses and lifters will it take to put five horses on their feet?

Julia has five beaux and Emily has three, while the old maid next door has none. How many beaux in all, and how many would be left if they should give the old maid half the crowd?

How many are $18 less the $5 you lent a Congressman's son to help him pay his fare to Iowa?

A certain city has a population of 420,000. The census man can't find but 231,580. What is the difference, and where did the remainder hide during the census taking?

A. has an overcoat for which he paid $18, and his wife trades it off for two red-clay busts of Andrew Jackson worth thirty cents each. How much money will she get from her husband to buy a fall bonnet?

If six men who talk politics and dispute on Biblical questions can build a wall in five days, how long will it take two men who whistle and flirt with the widow on the corner to do the same work?

A man pays thirty cents for three pounds of evaporated apples and gets a $14 newspaper puff for sending them to an orphan asylum. Does he gain or lose, and how much?

How many peck peach-baskets, each holding six quarts, will be required to hold seven bushels of peaches, each bushel of which is short four quarts?

How do you obtain an abstract number? Answer: Hire a strange boy to take a dozen oranges to your house.

How do you obtain a concrete number? Answer: Mix one part Akron cement with two parts of sand and spread.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Every farmer ought to be able to boast of having a cold spring on his farm this year.

The Sanguine Man.

The sanguine man lives in the future. The pleasures of life are, for him, in the hopeful to-morrow. He is controlled by hope and imagination. He sees a larger area of silver lining in the dark clouds than other men do, and, to him, everything that glitters has some gold in it. He is a strong comfort to those who are despondent and unsuccessful, and affords them much encouragement. All schemes are feasible to him, and no matter how often his best laid plans "gang aglee," still he is full of unbounded confidence in the success of the next enterprise he engages in. Times are always going to be better with him. The sanguine man is usually very credulous, and is often the victim of the dishonest promoters of some wild-cat scheme, because he is easily influenced to believe in the probable success of it. He does not reason from cause to effect, neither does he tamper with logic, but allows his feelings to take the place of his judgment. He counts all his chickens before the old hen has laid the eggs. He is a very cheerful cuss, even in the presence of a meeting of his creditors. He is sure that the business will come out all right somehow. When he has to wait for a train that is reported four hours late, he is the most cheerful man at the depot. He sits down on a baggage truck and soothes the savage breasts of his fellow-sufferers by prophecying that "she'll catch up on some of her lost time and be here directly."

The sanguine man is a useful member of society. He starts many enterprises that other men, more practical and calculating, take an interest in and complete, after he has failed on them. He never commits suicide, and he seldom dies a millionaire. Altogether, he is a man more to be envied than disparaged; we are [illegible] at all over the world there is a sprinkling of sanguine men.

The e[illegible] of a [illegible] this [illegible] popular newspa[illegible]rstand [illegible] not been able to [illegible] Dobson, one of [illegible]s, and a man of [illegible] almost total ba[illegible]anting-room [illegible] his paper [illegible]w-ever, [illegible] on ta[illegible] his q[illegible] about two [illegible] were to occur[illegible] read it to his f[illegible] very interesting [illegible] finding the days [illegible] by it, when he ha[illegible]ch celestial phen[illegible] paper when he h[illegible]ough the acco[illegible]he children how [illegible]or the coming displ[illegible] were much elat[illegible]en Mr. Dobson got [illegible] glass and [illegible] them how to smoke it over the lamp, and the youngsters got smut all over their noses, as they looked through the obscured fragments, and Mr. Dobson, himself, blistered his finger and thumb by taking up a red-hot piece by mistake for a cool one. After half an hour of this sort of recreation attention was given to the conclusion of the article. Then Mr. Dobson read that the only places where one could see the eclipse were situated in remote sections of Asia and Africa. Thereupon he said he would not take such a paper any longer, and the very next morning he stopped his subscription. Which shows that a newspaper cannot be too careful in the arrangement of its facts.—*Boston Journal.*

White vs. Green Asparagus.

One of the queerest things in connection with the benighted tastes of city people is that they select bunches of white asparagus instead of green. "It is blanched, and therefore it is tender," is the reasoning which seems to guide them. They seem to associate it with celery, the green portions of which are worthless. The strangest part is that they do not learn, while eating it, that the white part of asparagus is worthless, and that the green portion is all they eat. The asparagus grows from the tip the same as other plants. A mark made at the surface of the ground on a given shoot will show that that part of the stem remains where it is, and is never carried up as the shoot increases in height. It is plain, therefore, that the deeper underground we cut the shoots off, the older, harder, more stringy—woody is the stem, and that the nearer we cut to the tips of the shoot, the younger and more tender it is. We do not wish to imply that the shoots are tough because they are white. The absence of color is merely owing to the exclusion of the rays of the sun, without which the coloring principle, be it green or purple, cannot develop. If the shoots were hilled up as they grow, blanching would render them more tender. This is practiced in France, but not in our country to any extent. It adds too much to the cost of production in labor and care.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Oh, doctor, do you think my little darling will live?" inquired an anxious mother of the family physician who had called the seventh time with his bill. "Live! Why there isn't anything the matter with him, is there?" "Well, no, not now; but you know, doctor, there are so many children's diseases around." "Huh! If the child takes after his father, he'll live where an honest man will starve to death. Good morning."—*New Haven Register.*

—Out of a population of over 1,000,000 in South Carolina only 7,000 are Episcopalians.

The Queen of Burmah.

The Queen kept us waiting two hours. At length there arose a slight hubbub, which meant that she was coming, and all the court put itself into the usual attitude for receiving majesty in Burmah, i. e.: they prostrated themselves, and folded their hands far in front of them as if in prayer. The Queen is only twenty-one years old. She is very nice-looking, unusually fair for a Burmese, and her expression is really good, and makes me inclined to credit the assurance, given me by Sister Teresa, that she knew nothing at the time of the horrible massacres that took place at Mandalay about eighteen months ago. I had to sit in front of her Majesty, who herself did not occupy the throne, but sat on a purple velvet carpet, with a cushion for her elbow to rest on. Sister Teresa then introduced me by name. By the way, "Gamp" had been questioned about me in the morning, and, to my great amusement, I heard that she had described me as a personage only second to royalty itself in rank. "The more they think of you the better" was the explanation she afterward gave me of this wonderful romancing. My presents were then mentioned, and then a maid of honor handed me a beautiful gold cup, and a piece of silk—the Queen's gifts. I made a low bow. The Queen then took a puff at a huge cheroot, and then asked my age, and several other personal questions. She seemed a little shy herself, and when the conversation flagged she once or twice laughed like a school-girl, and made all the prostrate ones, including the nuns, laugh, too, by some remark of hers. A mischievous little dog that would run all about the throne-room upset her gravity first, and for once it took off all the stiffness of the thing to see the general giggle. The Queen asked how I liked Mandalay, and of course I had nothing but praises of all I [illegible]

Upon this she said that these next [illegible]days would be a great Burmese [illegible]l, and that there would be all sorts of entertainments at the palace that she would like me to stay and see. I really feared there would be no escape this time, but begged Sister Teresa aside in French to get me out of the difficulty. So she expressed my thanks to the Queen, but said my husband was obliged to leave at once for Rangoon. I then asked if I might see the Princess—the baby. The Queen smiled a gratified maternal smile, but said baby—aged two months and a half—was asleep. After a few more formalities the interview came to a sudden end through my foot being a little cramped, so that I tried to wriggle into a more comfortable position, seeing which the Queen considerately remarked to Sister Teresa that I must be tired of sitting on the ground, and, rising herself, left the room. Here I must say that women fare much better than men at these interviews. All that is necessary is to keep one's feet out of sight, and a woman, thanks to her skirts, can easily do this, sitting tailor fashion, and as comfortably as she would on her hearth-rug by the fire. But the unfortunate men—Europeans—must twist themselves into positions that soon become torture in order to keep their feet behind them. We did not talk politics, or say a word on either side that could give rise to discussion—only one thing I told the sister to say emphatically, and that was that I complied with the Queen's wish to see me because I heard that she herself was a good and humane woman. I was very glad the King did not appear—one could not pay him the same compliment. When the Queen left, the Princesses clustered around me again, and one of them took my hand and said something that seemed very amiable. It turned out to be that she loved me very much. Already! Poor things, they have not much outlet for their affections, for they are more closely immured than the nuns in the convent. There are about 30 of them, all, I believe, daughters of the late King, who had 53 wives and 110 children, of whom only 59 were alive at the time of his death.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A Narrow Escape.

—An engineer on a Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western railroad train, recently, by rare presence of mind, averted what would have been a terrible accident. Between Reynolds Station and Mechanicsville is a deep cut. On one side is a hill of clay and on the other a deep ditch. The train was just entering the cut when the engineer, Charles Siloway, of Mechanicsville, discovered that the hill was moving and that in a moment it would be down upon the cars, causing great damage and probable loss of life. He knew he could not stop in time to avert the accident, so he grasped the throttle with a strong hand and pulled it wide open. The train sped with lightning-like rapidity, and it had barely cleared the cut when the earth fell with a terrific force, covering the track ten feet deep for a distance of two hundred feet. Had the earth struck the train it would without a doubt have been hurled down the embankment and the loss of life must have been great.

—A number of Chinamen have become portrait painters in San Francisco. The chief merit of their work is cheapness. They do not undertake to paint from life, but only make enlarged copies of photographs in oils, at $2 each. These pictures usually reproduce the blemishes of the original with remarkable fidelity, and the eyes are likely to be a trifle aslant, yet they sell.

—The Galveston *News* gives estimates of acreage from fifty-six railway stations, showing an acreage this year of cotton, 843,477; corn, 459,812. Increase over 1881—cotton, 23,459; corn, 40,580.

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