☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

A PARADOX.

I recollect how grieved I was
When Cousin Amy married.
I thought her very cruel because
For me she had not tarried.
She gave to my affection green
Encouragement in plenty,
For I was under seventeen
And she was five-and-twenty.

Fair Amy is a widow now,
Her sorrow fast outgrowing.
'Tis very singular, I vow,
The way the years are going,
With *me*, at *allegro* rate;
With *her*, a graceful *lento*—
Now I am nearing thirty-eight
And *she* is six and twenty.

I should be gratified to know
How others, like my cousin,
A twelvemonth only older grow,
One year in half a dozen.
Oh, Chronos! tell the secret me,
The power superhuman
That causes time with man to flee,
But bids it wait with woman.

—*Life.*

HAWTHORNE'S COURTSHIP.

How He and Sophia Peabody Fell in Love With Each Other.

It Was a Fatal Attack at First Sight and They Grew Tired of Waiting for Fortune, and Were Married — Incidents of Their Courtship.

The interesting thing in the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne (as told in two volumes by his son Julian) is his courtship. The mother was a widow and a recluse. The Hawthorne children, Elizabeth and Nathaniel, played timidly with the Peabody children, and, as they grew older, it became apparent that Nathaniel was getting his heart entangled in the charms of Sophia Peabody. But the road of their happiness was full of thorns and stones.

Elizabeth Peabody, who was older than the rest, tells how she read in the *New England Magazine*, between 1830 and 1836, some stories that attracted her attention. She thought they were written by a "New Light" Quaker, who had outgrown some of the peculiarities of the sect and she went so far as to write a letter to the supposed Quaker man, asking him how he knew "that sensitive natures are especially apt to be malcontent." The next year she discovered that the "Hawthorne boy" was the author of the stories. Another year passed before the two families attained visiting acquaintance with each other. One evening Nathaniel and his sister Elizabeth called on the Peabodys. Sophia Peabody was ill, and Elizabeth went up to her room and begged her to come down to see the callers. "You never saw anything so splendid as he is—he is handsomer than Lord Byron." The sick girl was not to be so easily won. She declined to make the effort to see the rising novelist. Miss Peabody recalls the "beauty of the outline of his features, the pure complexion, the wonderful eyes, like mountain lakes reflecting the sky."

Of course he called again and then Sophia saw him. It was a fatal attack on both sides. "As we went on talking she would frequently interpose a remark in her low, sweet voice. Every time she did so he would look at her again with the same piercing, indrawing gaze. I was struck with it and thought what it he should fall in love with her, and the thought troubled me, for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry and inflict on a husband the care of an invalid." Years afterward Mrs. Hawthorne used to tell her children how the presence of the young writer expressed upon her from the beginning so strong a magnetic attraction that instinctively and in self-defense she drew back and repelled him. Both found the courage to confess that they had been in love from their first meeting. The determined retirement of Mr. Hawthorne made it very difficult for the son to introduce his friends to his, and the Peabodys dwelt with some hesitation long before it was suspected by any one that the families were to be so closely united.

The widowed mother was a woman of strong will and fine individuality. She wore antique costumes and always looked as if she had stepped out of an old picture. Her face "had a lovely sensibility and great brightness." There was no sentimental confidence between her and her son, although they held each other in mutual esteem and affection. Nathaniel confided to nobody that he had asked Sophia Peabody to be his wife as soon as he was able to provide for her, and the secret of their engagement was kept for three years. He had a petty position in the Boston Custom-house—that of weigher—but he could not marry on it, and when he was dismissed from it by the change of administration in 1841 he entered upon the Brook Farm experiment to see what promise it enfolded for him and his promised wife. His rather more prosaic son says that the chief advantage it brought him was "that it taught him how to plant corn and squashes and to buy and sell at the produce market; and that it provided him with an invaluable background for his 'Blithedale Romance,' written about ten years afterward."

He had no money, but the lovers grew tired waiting for fortune. "Rents were low in New England then," and they married. His mother's attitude toward his wife proved an agreeable surprise. She told him that she had known of his engagement almost as long as he had known it himself, and that Sophia Peabody was just the wife she would have chosen for him. And how did he make love for himself, this teller of the love-making of imaginary men and maids? He rejoices because a pettish cousin has an angry political dispute with him which will separate them for a time and leave Nathaniel more hours to think of her. For "peace overflows from your heart to mine." He cautions her against walking with his robust sister Elizabeth because "she is indefatigable and wants to walk half round the world when once out doors." He assures her that although he loves her deeply he is in awe of her. "I suppose I should have pretty much the same feeling if an angel were to come from Heaven and be my dearest friend—only the angel could not have the tenderest of human natures, too, the sense of which is mingled with this sentiment." He can not understand the mystery of his awe and love; "methinks it converts my love into religion." And he never read a letter from her without first washing his hands.

As time passes and their personal interests become more intermingled he assumes that right to guide, moderate and restrain her feelings which it was inevitable he should assume even to the angel. If, however, he becomes mandatory in the sweetest of loving ways, he also becomes more caressing. He is sure he might have written poetry since he was in love if he had only the gift of making rhymes. He is sure she is a poem. Epic? No. A sonnet? No, "for that is too labored and artificial." She was a "sort of sweet, simple, gay, pathetic ballad, which nature is singing sometimes with tears, sometimes with smiles," and sometimes with both. After this frenzy of the gods had existed between them for a year, she defined beauty with all the gravity of Burke. "My definition of beauty is that it is love, and, therefore, includes both truth and good." Suspicious of the logic of her philosophy, she adds: "But those only who love as we do can feel the significance and force of this. The last day of the year she sends him a delicious message: "God bless you this night of the old year. It has proved the year of our nativity. Has not the old earth passed away from us? Are not all things new?"

She has hurt a finger; he warns her that if it is not well soon he will send her the best surgeon in Boston. She paints; the pictures will be more precious to him "than all the productions of all the painters since Apelles!" She painted him and her in a little landscape, and he goes into raptures over tiny figures doubtless looking as much like Sancho Panza and Guenevere as like that of Nathaniel and "his own Sophie." He would not hang the precious things on the wall for fear of dust and the fingers of the chambermaid. Indeed, he was the maddest of lovers. If ever one were madder than another, He closes one letter with "Beloveiest, I love thee very especially much to-day. But now it is breakfast time, and"—alas! even Love must eat—"and I have an appetite." That makes her breakfast of the tenderest importance. "What did you eat for breakfast? But I know very well that you never eat anything but bread and milk and chickens." A good enough diet for Love. Still he would know something more: "Do you love pigeons in a pie?"

From Brook Farm Hawthorne wrote his "dearest multeraddy" very plain matters—about plowing and planting and manuring and milking; while the "cunn frock you made for me" is considered "a most excellent article." It might even attain the dignity of besmirching the summer uniform of the community. He assured her that he had also a warm frock, though rather deficient in grace, and that he wore a tremendous pair of cow-hide boots with soles two inches thick. These realities are charmingly sprinkled with the daintiest and sweetest of tidbits of devotion, all spooned out as it were with the grace of a cavalier and the softness of a nurse coaxing a fractious child to try to eat and be good and get well, for Sophia Peabody was an invalid all this time. No proof of her lover's affection could be more explicit than his assurance that he would rather she should never paint or sculpture, if her health was to be in the least injured by the effort. "It would be no trouble to me if you should never touch clay or canvas again."

The sad sarcasm we have had of late on such love the Bulwer Lytton letters, of similar intensity and surpassing ardor, but lacking the dignity and nobleness of these—happily finds no corresponding sequel in the wedded life of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody. There was no disenchantment. Faithful and fond to the end, they made life blissful for each other, and the perfume of the roses of their courtship was scattered over their graves. "Year by year we shall grow closer to each other, and a thousand ages hence we shall be only in the honeymoon of our marriage." Twenty-two years of domestic life never surprised a shadow on the heart of either to the other, and when death claimed the widow she anticipated his summons as if she saw the hand of her husband beckoning in the vista of the thousand ages of happiness to which the lover had written.

WHY HE LIKED THE GOVERNOR

A Story Which Tobacco-Chewers Will Appreciate.

Governors and Presidents have queer visitors occasionally, and as in a republican commonwealth the chief magistrate is probably a "self-made man," he is likely to have callers now and then who remember him when he wore overalls and worked in the dirt. He is sure to be popular if he welcomes such persons, and shows that he is not disturbed by allusions to his old business. Ex-Governor John J. Bagley of Michigan (who made a fortune as a tobacconist), used to tell the following incident of his official experience:

One day, while engaged in the Executive Chamber, there was a rather peculiar knock at the door, indicating that at least the caller was not of the usual sort. When the door was opened by an attendant, the caller was found to be one of the seediest, dirtiest, most loafersh-looking tramps that ever slept under a hay-stack. His clothes were not only shabby and dirty, but stained with tobacco-juice, while a liberal stream of that fluid meandered from a corner of his mouth.

The tramp eyed the attendant curiously, and after a little delay said: "Is this the place where Governor Baggley stops?"

"Yes, sir," said the attendant; "this is his office."

"Is he to hum?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir; would you like to see him?" said the amazed attendant opening wide the executive portal.

Just then the Governor, who was seated at his desk, caught sight of his old caller, and thinking there might be some amusement in store, called out to him:—

"Come in, neighbor! come right in!"

"Are you Gov'nor Baggle-ly?" said the tramp, awkwardly ambling toward the desk with hat on and hands in his pockets.

"Yes, sir; that's what they call me."

"That's so, is it? I swan. I'm glad to see ye!"

"Thank you," said the Governor. "Now, what can I do for you?"

The tramp took a pretty thorough survey of the State Executive, upward, downward and sideways, chewing vigorously all the while, and then, as it seemed, said, as he began to edge away:

"Oh, nothin'. I reckon. B'lieve I never seed ye afore. Often thought I'd call for 'cause I've chawed lots o' your tobacco."

The Governor could not have felt flattered by this sample specimen of old business, but he had his laugh, and was undoubtedly relieved because the dirty fellow did not ask for an office.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The beginning of the Christian era is not so very remote, after all. Theodore Parker once said that eighteen old men touching each other's hands carried us back to Christ.

CYNICISM

Discovered to be a Mental Disorder Resulting from Dyspepsia.

It is pleasing to observe how the philosophy of the cynics has of late years fallen into low regard, until now the disciples of Antisthenes are seriously considered by themselves only. After flourishing with varying vigor for over two thousand years the philosophy of the cynics has at last totally collapsed since it has been discovered that the cynics' snarl is but the manifestation of a distorted liver. There is, too, great lack of romance about a fit of indigestion, and an ill-regulated liver is too naked of dignity to permit, either to exert, any influence on human thought outside of the mind immediately affected.

The disrepute and final disregard into which cynicism has fallen may be written down as one of the happiest victories of modern science. The world would have been saved much unhappiness if it had always been possible, as science has made it now possible, to classify all cynicisms under the heads of their respective causes, as "indigestion," "liver complaint," etc. It was witty for Socrates to say that he saw the vanity of Antisthenes through the hole in his garments, but it is much more to the purpose that a spectacled physician of today can trace the modern cynic's most cherish opinion to a piece of undigested pie or an ultra-pessimistic view to a sluggish liver.

That cynicism, pure and simple, has come to be regarded thus is fortunate, too, for the reason that it was at once the cheapest, and, to certain sophomoric minds, the most attractive school of philosophy. It only required of its disciples that they sneer when the preachers snored. Now that it is considered bad form to repeat a cynicism, as if one were to introduce the question of rival events, for instance, into polite society, the budding philosophers are forced to adopt some other school; and as none is as easy as the cynics the general average of philosophy must improve. That it has improved is apparent from all sides. Men are now no longer ashamed to confess preferences for cheaply moral in other, and in this wise virtuous. Most of our women are even heard to boast of the possession of physical health, and with their sex a spiral disease is no longer the sole sign of gentle birth and good breeding. Nations no longer boast of their vices, and strong men are afraid that square shoulders and a tanned face in the modern young lady are so far from being equivalent to a mark of vulgarity as to be usually striven for, and their possession a cause for unconcealed pride.

It is a simple task to prove these things some of the fortunate results of the world's indifference to the bark and snarl of the cynic. Until now, the world has been afraid of cynicism, from the time Antisthenes constructed and Diogenes preached the cynic philosophy, which placed the ideal of virtue in the disregarding of every interest, honor and enjoyment, and in the independence of every restraint of life and society. That philosophy would not have outlived Diogenes had there been some one there to prove him not a correct philosopher, but a confirmed dyspeptic. Now that science has at this remote day supplied the necessary proof, no one is any longer afraid to preach enjoyment for its own sake. It has become popular to praise the homely domestic virtues, to uphold the conventionalities of society as the obligations imposed by good taste. So charmingly natural is the philosophy begotten of a release from the fear of cynics that men are now found bold enough to assert life worth living for the mere enjoyment of good health and a clear conscience. Since to be a cynic is merely to acknowledge a vulgar bodily infirmity, what the cynics most scoff at are the things which the healthy world now most applauds; and thus it has come to pass that a man is no longer ashamed to confess that he loves his wife, believes in his friends, has not found life a bore, considers immorality disgusting and believes in God.

Some there are of this new school of philosophy, now that cynicism has been rooted by the superior claims of healthfulness, who are so advanced and daring in their views as to assert that the time is not far distant when a man may marry for love and say so without fear of being sneered off the face of the earth. Perhaps this is too hopeful a view of the future, yet what is already assured makes us thankful that, among its many triumphs, modern science numbers that of having labeled cynicism a mental disorder resulting from a not nice bodily ailment.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE HORSE.

How a Carson (Nev.) Blacksmith Strives to Make It Pleasant for Him.

Mr. Torreyson, the blacksmith of this city, is noted for his kindness toward animals. He has just built a road cart, now on exhibition at his blacksmith-shop, which is destined to revolutionize traveling by road and so materially lighten the labors of that noble animal the horse. The idea is to occasionally give the horse a chance to ride in the cart as the driver. The idea was first suggested to Mr. Torreyson by seeing a turtle move along the road carrying his shell with him. The vehicle made by Mr. Torreyson has four high wheels and the place between them arched, so that the horse is hitched under the wagon between the wheels, his head projecting a little beyond the front wheels and his tail just barely clearing the hind wheels. The driver sits just over the horse's neck, and the others in the wagon face outward on each side. The horse is so fastened that the pulling is distributed over his body and does not all come on his neck and shoulders. In this position he is greatly protected from the sun and storm, and thereby enabled to make long journeys with less fatigue.

But the principal part of the invention lies in a fellyband about four feet wide passing under the horse. When you reach the top of a long hill, down which a horse would have to go slowly as he held back the load, you simply turn a crank and it lifts the horse off his feet several inches from the ground, and the vehicle then runs down the hill of its own momentum. It is provided with a steering apparatus and a brake, that the vehicle may be steered and its velocity regulated.

Several times during the day the tired horse has a chance to ride and is very much rested. Also when the horse attempts to run away you wind up the crank and he is lifted off the ground perfectly helpless.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

—A market reporter says that his sweet heart encouraged him, and he thought of marrying her at once, but that a further advance was followed by a decline.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

CAN'T FIND OUT WHO DID IT.

Oh mamma! just look at my dollie,
I declare I don't know what to do;
Her poor face is beaten and bruised so,
Do you think it will turn black and blue?
Her pretty pink dress is so dirty,
You see it's been dragged through the dust,
Do you think that a doll can feel badly?
Oh, I'm certain that my dolly must;
She was always so neat and so tidy,
But now—Why, she looks like a fright;
If I only could find out who did it,
I'd scold and I'd scold, all my night;
How did it happen? Why, Towser
And dollie and baby and I
Were all playing keep house together,
Then dinner-time came by and by;
I had to go to the market,
To buy them some bread and some pie,
So I made them sit nicely together,
And told them be sure not to cry,
The pie was so high in the cupboard
That I was a long time away,
And when I came back to my children,
There that on her face dolly lay;
And baby just laughs and says goo-goo,
While Towser eyed dolly so queer,
I never can find out who did it,
Do you think that you can, mamma dear?

—*M. Nolan, in School and Home.*

A BRAVE BOY.

He Thought a "Heap" of His Mother and Was Willing to Help Her.

"If Ethel's ma will let him off from the dishes, why, he'll go. If she wants him, why, he says he will stay at home."

This was shouted in a mocking tone to a group of boys who had gathered on the street corner one Saturday morning.

It was greeted with jeers and laughter.

"Before I'd let my mother make such a girl of me!" cried one.

"My mother wouldn't do such a thing. She says a boy's place is out of doors, and not in the kitchen," said another.

"That's just what my mother thinks," cried a third. "Why, she'd work her fingers to the bone before she'd let me touch a broom."

"Well," said a fourth boy, and one who seemed to be the leader among them, "if Ed. is going to be such a milk-sop as to be satisfied with house-work and baby-tending, we don't want him along."

"He used to be the liveliest one among us," remarked a sly-eyed boy, rubbing his fingers through his curly locks. "I wonder if we can't bring him round."

"Here he comes now," said the first speaker; "let's see what we can do with him."

As he spoke a bright-eyed handsome boy came around the corner wheeling a baby-carriage.

"Hello!" he shouted, cheerfully. "I thought you'd be off by this time."

"We're waiting for you," answered the leader. "Come, Ed, take the baby leaves. You're too good a fellow to be toned down into a nurse-girl. Come get your bicycle and come to the park."

"Come on, Ed," urged all the boys, and one added: "I want to try my nice wheeler against yours."

"Don't plague a fellow, boys," laughed Ed. "Of course I'd go if I could."

"Pshaw, you can go if you want to, can't you now? Your mother will never say 'No' if you ask her."

"That's so," said Ed; "she'll let me go if I only say the word."

"Well, then, what's to hinder?"

"Nothing to hinder you that I know of."

"You're hindering us; now come along, that's a good fellow."

"No; I'm promised mother to wheel the baby to the park. You go on your way and I'll go on mine."

"You're a silly fellow," said the ringleader, as Ed pushed the cart through the crowd.

"You know better, Jake," said Ed, pleasantly, stopping again. "You're a pretty fair sort of a fellow; suppose I set the case fairly before you, and you decide whether I'm right or wrong."

"That's fair," shouted the boys. "Let's hear the story." They ranged themselves like so many crows on the fence; Jake took his stand on a horse-block, and Ed stood between.

"You know what a monstrous family we have, boys," he began. The boys nodded. "And you know we can't afford to keep a girl. That's our misfortune, not our fault. Mother and the girls have more than they can do to keep things straight on ordinary occasions. But, mind you, to-day we have unexpected company. The chores are my special duty, of course, but very often when they are all done mother and the girls are still rugging away, and I tell you, boys, a fellow that will sit down and twirl his thumbs while the women folks are slaving themselves to death may think himself pretty big, but I tell you he is no man at all. I despise a boy who would rather see his mother kill herself than touch a dish-cloth. I don't care one whit how much you boys laugh at me or 'Ethel' me. I think a heap of my mother, I can tell you, and I'm mighty proud to give her a lift occasionally. If you don't mind the kind of fellow I am, why, just keep your distance. Now, Jake, am I right or wrong?"

Jake hesitated half a minute, and then snatching his hat from his head, shouted: "Three cheers for Ed! he's the biggest fellow among us yet!" and most of the boys joined in the shout with a hearty good will.

"Thank you, boys," said Ed, blushing to the roots of his hair. "Don't you ever go back on me again, and I'll promise to keep even with any of you on the bicycle, for all my housework."

—*Sabbath Home.*

AN EXCELLENT MOTTO.

If You Want to Pick Berries Stick to Your Bush.

One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm and was just going out of the gate when my father called me back.

He took hold of my hand and said in a very gentle voice:

"Joseph, what are you going for—to pick berries, or to play?"

"To pick berries," I replied.

"Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries. If you do as they do you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries *stick to your bush.*"

I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said.

No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and they ran off to the new found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had a very few berries. My father's words kept ringing in my ears, and I "stuck to my bush." When I had done with one I found another and finished that; then I took another.

When night came I had a large basketful of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half as tired as they were.

I went home happy; but when I entered I found that my father had taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe berries and said:

"Well done, Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush."

He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could.

But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forget the experience of the whortleberry party. I stuck to my bush.

When I had a fair place and was going tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When the other men said: "Come with us and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and "stuck to my bush." Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stuck with the old house until the principals died, and then I took their place. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me and gave me a character. I owe all I have to this motto: "Stick to your bush."

A "REALLY TRUE" STORY.

A Little Indian Baby Worth More to Its Mother Than a Pair of Gold Ear-Rings.

One day when the steamer "Montana" stopped at one of the landings on the St. Marys River an Indian woman, carrying a papoose, came on board to look around. The papoose was a cunning little thing, and a lady on the steamer took a great fancy to it. She thought she would like to carry it home to show to her friends.

"What will you take for your baby?" she asked.

The Indian woman did not answer for a moment. She seemed to be thinking what to sell for. Then she pointed to the lady's long gold ear-rings.

The lady took the ear-rings out and gave them to her, and she walked off, leaving her papoose with her.

The steamer had hardly left the landing before the child began to cry, and the lady tried in vain to quiet it. She wished at last that she had her ear-rings again and that the baby was back with its mother.

Just before the steamer reached the next landing she saw the Indian woman on the bank of the river, running at the top of her speed. The moment the steamer stopped she came on board, rushed up to the lady, dropped the ear-rings in her lap, and, seizing the baby, ran off with it. She held it close, as if afraid some one would try and get it away from her again.

It had not taken her very long to find out that her little pappoose was worth more to her than a pair of gold ear-rings.—*Florence B. Hallowell, in Our Little Ones.*

EARLY FIRE-ARMS.

The Invention of Gunpowder Not Modern as Is Claimed.

There is no good reason to doubt that the invention of gunpowder was prior to the Christian era, and many reasons for believing that it was in actual use among the Chinese in the age of Moses. The earliest mention of it in written documents is in the Genteo laws, written at the time of Moses. The quotation is: "The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, or with cannon or guns, or any kind of firearms." It is, indeed, quite possible that in his Eastern campaign Alexander the Great did actually encounter such firearms in India, as has often been conjectured from a passage in Curtius. However this may be, gunpowder was introduced into Europe by the Moors, and there is a treatise in the Ecorial library dated 1249, upon the best method of making it. From this book Roger Bacon, who spent some time in Spain, gained his ideas and gave them to the world in his book, dated 1267. The book was studied by Berthold Schwartz, who gained the credit of introducing gunpowder into European warfare, his first public announcement of the discovery being about 1320. But some time before Monk Schwartz announced his discovery, the Moors of Spain had made practical use of cannon in their wars with Christians. Cannon throwing stones were used at the siege of Seville in 1247, also in 1253 at the siege of Algiduneca, and artillery of various kinds is frequently referred to in the wars of the Spaniards and Moors, the allusion to it being so much a matter of course that they furnish a good reason for believing that cannon were not uncommon. The early cannon of Europe were known by different names. In Italy they were called bombards, from two words signifying noise and beat; the Frenchmen called them quenon, the Germans bachsen or boxes, there being besides many other names denoting the different kinds, but it was not until the fifteenth century that cannon were classified according to their size. The first were of wrought iron, but in 1378 a founder of Augsburg cast thirty of a composition of copper and tin. In 1413 Mahommed II. at the siege of Constantinople had an enormous cast cannon, the bore being forty-two inches in diameter and the stone bullet weighing 600 pounds. One of the French museums has a wooden cannon from China, made of three pieces of wood and fourteen hoops. Besides wood, leather and rope have been used in the manufacture of cannon. In the arsenal of Venice there is a large mortar made of several thicknesses of coarse hempen rope covered with a strong casing of leather. This weapon was captured from the Turks and bears a shot about eighteen inches in diameter. The arsenal at Malta contains several mortars of paper, very strong and covered with leather. These curious weapons were used by the Crusaders and were of Eastern manufacture. One odd feature of the early cannon was found in the fact of the metal at the muzzle being always much thicker than at the breech, the idea being to prevent the muzzle jumping up at the moment of the discharge, and, mechanical knowledge not being sufficiently far advanced, there was the additional notion that the gun was in more danger of bursting at the muzzle than at the breech.—*Cor. London Telegraph.*

—Watch the young trees and see that the rabbits and moles do not peel them.

RELIGIOUS READING.

UNKNOWN.

There standeth one among you whom ye know not.—John 1:26.

One whom you do not know
Is standing here;
His garments who to us are snow,
His tears like fountains flow,
Will he see us come and go
Year follows year.

A man of sorrows He,
From manger to the cross;
He shall set prisoners free;
None majesty may see,
Nor glorious can be
His visage marred.

Forgotten now His face,
His name is still,
Yet ye may know His grace
Who imitate His ways
Who fill His holy place
And do His will.

Brief was His work with men;
It seemed in vain
Yet we if He come again,
Not all unknown as then
But crowned with glory when
He comes for reign.

Then know Him while ye may;
His path pursue,
His gracious call obey
Yield to His gentle sway,
Lest sudden on that day
He come not you.

—Rev. J. N. Fitchett, in Congregationalist.

International Sunday-School Lessons.

[illegible]

THE PRODIGAL SON.

One of the Lessons Taught by This Wonderful Parable.

At some important points we believe the common interpretations miss the import of this marvelous parable. They make it, when the younger son asks for his share of the patrimony, this with the plan already formed of departing to the far country. But one second object of the story is to exhibit the gradual lapse of a soul into sin and gradual recovery from it.

The son is not yet, in heart, fully divorced from the father. He goes home, while spending his portion of the goods, the endless big things, before. He longs much while remaining at home to gratify the love of separate ownership. But this selfish heart-core admits of no nearer approximation to the divine mind; it begins to crack. The crack of no nearer approximation is followed by more and more alienation. The crack becomes an open rift. The son with growing greed, he has "gathered all together," expecting to enjoy solely, as if his hands were always to remain full, and of opening wide and more widely, and to put from him the sight and remembrance of his father, flies to the farthest corner he can reach. The selfish impulse has swept into its current his whole being. It is as with the slender rill that starts from a broad Alpine lake; cold, when spring days come on, which as the sun rises higher, day by day, slowly gathers into its embrace the lake in countless streams from around it till all plunges down in one surging torrent together.

But in the far country the unhappy wanderer covers that "this own iniquity shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden in the cords of his sins." He meant to be only a sojourner. He finds, after his wild revel and the wasting of his substance, that he must become an inhabitant of the strange, sin-ridden. He is obliged to put his neck into the yoke, to sell himself to a citizen of a distinctly and intensely inhospitable of the land.

Driven from the door of this man's mansion to be a servant of swine, his falling fortunes touch bottom. And, for a time, without rebound. The spring of hope within him is broken. There is no elasticity left.

But in time the work of self-recovery begins. "When he came to himself" was from the distant world of insanity within him without form and void, either begin to receive itself, when the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, with a gleam of light upon the darkness that was upon the face of the great deep in his being, he did a man. He turned, of course, as a weeping penitent. Is this failure? Not at all. His first utterance has not a trace of a nearer approximation or aspiration in it. I enjoy the crystalline influence from stones in every form, how clear and pretty it looks! Good stronger to pity to the wretched [illegible] to which the poor sinner has fallen. Mr. Gough has a story of a lady who, having dropped a jeweled ring into the office of a sewer, promptly stripped her arm bare of its silken sleeve and plunged the full length of it into the foul sewer, feeling about after her treasure. So here. The lost soul is taken at its own self-induced depths, and tenderly drawn upward.

In other words, the recovery of the prodigal is as gradual as had been his fall. It is at first not the repentant sinner longing for purity, but only the starving man hungering for bread. "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish." "What a fool I am! That, in the first words, is the high-water mark of his righteousness.

But the very mention of "father" brings a freshet of bitter memories and pelting reproaches flooding upon him. The dear, old home, the venerable face with its look of love, the shameful return for so much tenderness, the renegade flight from a heart that yearned after him—it is more than he can bear. His plan ripens rapidly, as it ripens, grows sweeter and poorer. When at last he starts homeward, it is not for bread that he will chiefly plead. The soul in the anguish of her self-reproach has almost quelled the body's pangs: "I have sinned against Heaven and before thee." "I am no fit son to such a father. Let me be shorn of the old honors of sonship. Let the outward answer to the inward shame. Debase me to my own, the level among the swineh of the house."

We trace no further, at present, the wonderful story of which every sentence gleams for an electric light with more fresh originality. We have aimed only to show what the interpretations seem to have missed, the gradualness, first, of the descent to the very dregs of guilt and woe, with then the slow recovery and ascent at a soul redeemed along the radiant pathway to the crown of gold.—*George Alderson.*

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS.

This Desirable Condition Attained Only by a Right Way of Thinking, Study and Living.

It is part of wisdom to let worldly cares and enjoyments hang loosely about us, so that, when "the inevitable hour" comes we may let them fall like a mantle, and take our departure unregretfully. Ripened fruit falls easily. So when the heart of the Christian is truly weaned from the world, death may come at any time and find him ready. It is possible to be in the world and yet not of it, to perform its proper tasks and allotted duties fully and bravely, while yet our supreme desires and affections are set on things above. If we allow worldly cares and perplexities to weave themselves about our hearts so firmly that they can not rise above the level of our common life, then we are companioning ourselves with the beasts of the field who live in the present only, and whose whole range of being is comprised within the circle of sensual gratification. Heavenly-mindedness comes from a contemplation of the things that are pure and right and holy, and from a study of God's word, and an application of its precepts to our daily life. It is not possible to have this frame of mind except it be with a consciousness that we are accepted of God, and have received the forgiveness of sins. While the windows of the soul are darkened by sin and unbelief, we can not expect that the sunshine will pour in to cheer and lighten its innermost recesses, and draw its thoughts Heavenward. The mind that is set on spiritual delights, that loves to commune with God, and finds its chief joy in doing His service, will not be ruffled by every disappointment in life, or broken by its continuance for these things it rightly regards as transitory, and not account its compensations with things that come after, and that are sure and eternal. Clothed in every seriously and joyous, the mind may move through the world of trials and griefs, such as come to all of us, like a great, strong angel, whose presence is not stayed by the rustling of the wind and whose footsteps are as a voice that poets to guide and encourage those who know how to guide.—*Baptist Reading.*

WITHOUT CARE.

The Desire to Be Free from Disquietude—A Higher Aim Than What We Call Happiness.

There are few who have not felt a wishful thing that they might need [illegible] care, and when of a man affected [illegible] that freedom from every care [illegible] are wont to regard it as a [illegible] human happiness. And [illegible] those who have felt [illegible] been and always [illegible] know better than [illegible] man may be where we will [illegible] But, as Carlyle says, man is [illegible] higher than happiness, and [illegible] blessedness. Perhaps [illegible] hanging thread from all [illegible] lously could not be [illegible] be happy as the birds are happy [illegible] cattle of the field are, but [illegible] be men in the full [illegible] manness, [illegible] man's power, [illegible] responsibilities. There are [illegible] tion of him alone who was made in God's own image. And the [illegible] exist where there are no [illegible] Well, therefore, does George W. [illegible] claim in his "Gradualism," in [illegible] mouring upon the hapless freedom [illegible] care of the fourteen sentences [illegible] tion of wholly elaborate [illegible] tribute to the poor negro. "What a crime we commit when we [illegible] and women of their cares!"—*Dr. A. [illegible]*

The Heart and the Feelings.

There is a grave popular error in the prevalent habit of confounding the heart with the feelings. A man may have the best feelings in the world, and yet be very far from having the best heart in the world or, again, he may be very deficient in his sentiments, nature without being at all deficient in the better endowment of heart. A good heart is not necessarily a heart which is continually bearing with the livelier emotions; it is rather a heart from which habitually proceed good promptings which lead to good actions, feeling or no feeling. Good feelings are a valuable endowment for a good heart, but a good heart always includes a great and much than good feelings. This is for you to think about the next time that confident that your heart is what consciousness proves that you have a good heart. If you really have a good heart, your good feelings will be accompanied by good purposes, and those again will be followed by good deeds, or by wise resolves. This is the true meaning of a good heart; the oft-said and more popular one is an error.—*S. S. Times.*

Truth Its Own Best Defense.

There are many cases where error has to be combated, but the best defense the truth has is itself. If the simplicity of the Gospel is presented and taught without an endless and weak-backed apologetic, the truth will be better advanced. All along the line of philosophic thinking there must be war between the schools. But the pulpit will do well to leave these discussions as much alone as possible, and the Sunday-school teacher to avoid them altogether. Popular defense of the truth is too apt to be superficial and exact defective "dry." It is not with theological treatises that men are to be influenced, though theological treatises may be a safe foundation for the building above ground. Parents and Sabbath-school teachers will find their influence more in practical example and earnest dogmatism than in theory and elaborate apologetic.—*Christian Hour.*

WISE SAYINGS.

—For knowledge to become wisdom, the soul must be rooted in God.—*Mrs. Mumford.*

—The heart must be beaten and bruised, and then the sweet scent will come out.—*Jackson.*

—Your "few things" may be very few and very small things, but He expects you to be very faithful over them.—*Exchange.*

—When one has learned to seek the honor that cometh from God only, he will take the unlocking of the honor that comes from man very quietly, indeed.—*George Macdonald.*

—God requires no such faith, nay, He accepts, nay, He crowns no such faith as believes without reason, believes, he knows not why. As faith without fruit, without works, is no faith, so faith without a root, without reason, is no faith, but an opinion.—*Dr. Donne.*

—Your honest opinion as to what is the proper standard of conduct for yourself, is better shown in what you think would be right and proper for your pastor, than in what you are willing yourself, to do. It may, indeed, be that your standard for him is lower than it should be, but any lower standard than that which you think he should conform to is lower than you at heart think to be right, whatever your practice may be.—*S. S. Times.*