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Poetry.

"WHAT HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?"

As one by one the waves of thought
Sweep onward from the unexplored,
And with love's holy incense fraught
And by the mental bonndaries shored,
The poetry of long ago,
And the dear present blend in one,
Like rays and beams that gleam and glow,
In burning splendor, round the sun.

The Hebrew poet's mystic rhyme,
Concealed beneath the posaic word,
Floats down the rolling stream of time,
Like music o're the waters heard,
Till, in her wooing voice of Truth,
I hear sweet mother Nature say,
As once Naomi said to Ruth, [day.
"Daughter, what hast thou gleaned to-

And as *her* gladden'd heart replied,
So I can answer back again:
"The Master nothing hath denied—
Behold my sheaves of golden grain!"
"In faithful, trustful love for thee,
Through all thy woes thy path Iv'e trod;
Thy people shall my people be—
Thy God shall ever be my God!"

Within the crucibles of mind,
By love-fires heated seven-fold,
At length the alchemy we find
That turns all matter into gold—
The gold that thieves can never steal,
That nothing can corrupt or rust,
Whose molton mirror doth reveal
The great Refiner whom we trust.

Again the "harp of thousand strings"
Is thrilling all the earth with song—
Again enchanting music rings
From the unseen angelic throng.
God's love uplifts us like a tide,
Returning from a distant shore,
While gladly on its bosom ride
Back to our arms the "gone-before."

What prophet saw and lyrist sung,
On old Judea's hills of green—
What from Isaiah's harp strings rung,
And spoke through the pure Nazarene—
Itensified to seven-fold power,
In wisdom's harvest-ripening ray,
Like the rare fragrance of the flower,
We glean in the richest fruit to-day.

Again old ocean's moon-lit waves,
Are peopled as in days of yore,
While mountains, grottoes, hills and caves,
With fairy torches gleam once more;—
Fair nymphs and naiads throng the streams
That sing their joy through vale and glen,
While through their days, nights, and dreams
God's purest angels walk with men.

For since we've found the magic key
That *Universal* thought will fit,
All fable and mythology
Is "sacred song" and "holy writ;"
As the imperial beams of day
Night's sable curtains backward draw,
Religious science sweeps away
All "miracle" from changeless law.

When Brahma rears the funeral pyre,
Or Allah calls the soul to prayer,
Or magic light the sacred fire
On Iran's hills and vallies fair—
'Neath Pagan dome or Christian spire,
Or in the Temple of the Sun,
We kneel, for lo! *our* God is there—
The God of every race in one.

"O, great magician, Truth! thy ring
Is on this Era's outstretched hand:
Touch it, and countless Genii spring
To execute thy high command.
The mountains fall, the vallies rise,
Thought-fibres stretch o'er land and sea,
While lightning leaps from out the skies,
Proud of its embassy from thee.

We own thee Master, though our kin,
Great servant of the Undefined!
We know through thee alone we win
Our glimpses of Eternal Mind.
Still in thy harvest fields I'll keep—
Still by thy reapers will I stray;
Sweet Mother, we'll no longer weep—
Behold what I have gleaned to-day.

Darkest Before Dawn.

Locust Cottage was deserted. The auction was over, and the buyers had departed, bearing with them to their several houses the pretty furniture, the ornaments, the graceful little nicknacks that had once made this home so much pleasanter than others.

Every room was dismantled, every wall was bare, save one.

In a small parlor at the southern end of the house nothing had been touched.

A neat carpet of crimson and green 'three ply' covered the floor, and the windows were shaded by damask curtains of the same color, looped up in graceful folds and held back from the clean panes by clasping hands of gold. In the jet black grate a fire was laid neatly, just ready for lighting; and the shaded lamp, its companion for the cozy evening hours, stood on a round table, with a crimson cover, drawn up before the hearth.

On either side of the table stood a tempting-looking easy chair, with foot stool to match. The recess of one window accommodated a pretty sewing table and a low chair, and a cottage piano, with a carved music stand beside it, filled the remaining side of the wall.

On the other side of the room, exactly opposite the piano, was a tall book case with glass doors, mounted on a kind of secretary, and well-furnished with standard volumes, whose bright bindings were a pleasant sight to see.

A few good pictures, and one or two pretty statuttes and busts completed the decoration of this room which, in its beautiful order of arrangement, bore traces of a woman's hand.

The woman herself, however, was only present by proxy. That is to say, her picture over the mantel-piece represented her, and had done so for some six months past, during which time her voice and smile had ceased to make music for her husband in their once happy home.

Dead? No; alive and well, and likely to remain so for many years!

But gone? Yes; gone from her own lawful shelter and refuge, in a moment's anger, and longing to return, and ready to return, but for her foolish pride, every hour and moment of every day and night that had seen them parted.

Pride was Ada Harrison's besetting sin, and stubbornness, which he called firmness, was the great fault of her husband's character.

Between the two, as they were both young and fiery, and hasty, they had managed to make shipwreck of the happiness of their lives.

The young wife was at her father's house some twenty miles away. The young husband had made, with one scrape of his pen, a clean sweep of all that belonged to their married existence, with the exception of the furniture of this one small room.

With the sum thus realized, he intended to start on the morrow for California—for Australia—for any place, in fact, where strength and courage and reckless impulse might work together to win a fortune—for whom?

He was asking himself this question somewhat bitterly on this evening of the auction. The money which had been paid to him for his "household goods," was lying on the table in a glittering heap, and he was separating it into two equal parts, pushing it to and fro, with an absent expression, as he gazed up at the portrait of his faithless bride.

'For better, for worse!' he said aloud, musingly, counting the heap of money that he had separated from the rest. 'Not quite a year since I hung that picture up there, as the Guardian Angel of my home, and now,'—his lips quivered, and he saw the picture dimly for a moment through his tears.

Some one knocked at the door.

Dashing his hand across his eyes, Richard Harrison went and opened it, starting back the next moment, and looking as if he wished himself a thousand miles away.

For there, hat in hand, stood a noble-looking old man of sixty—Ada's father, with Ada's own straight features, and large blue eyes, and waving, silky hair!

Involuntarily, the young man looked out into the hall over his father-in-law's shoulder as if expecting to see another and a slighter form lingering in the twilight on the threshold of its deserted home.

But the hall was empty, and Mr. Mamers came in and shut the door behind him, and held out his hand in friendly greeting, as if he had not noticed that yearning, questioning look.

'I only heard of this two days ago, Richard,' said he, in a hearty, kindly voice, 'just after the sale was announced. I am sorry for it, very, very sorry. Why didn't you apply to me, my boy, if you were pressed for money? You know, or at least you ought to know, that for your own sake, setting everything else aside, I would help you out of any difficulty exactly as I would help a son of my own.'

The kindness, the familiar voice, the warm pressure of the hand, and the friendly, concerned expression on the old man's handsome face, were all too much for Richard in this hour of loneliness and despair. He muttered something, he scarcely knew what, and turned away.

'Is everything sold?' asked Mr. Marmers when he was more composed.

'Everything, sir.'

'And who is to take these things?' inquired the old gentleman; glancing around the rooms.

'I—I kept them,' stammered Richard turning red.

'For yourself?'

'Yes. Perhaps I ought to send them to your daughter—to Ada, I mean. But they are all that I have left of what was once the happiest home on earth, and I do not feel as if I could part with them.'

'Hum! Ha! And shall you live here, Richard?'

'No,' said the young man looking surprised. 'Did not your informant tell you that I was going away?'

'That is imprudent—is it not, my boy?'

'How so, sir?'

'You have a good business here.'

'The business is sold too, sir.'

'Indeed! May I ask what you intend to do now, Richard?'

'I am going to California first. If I do not like it there, I may sail for Australia, and may stay there—will depend entirely upon my success.'

'Going into business there, Richard?'

'Yes sir.'

'The same kind?'

'I suppose so, sir.'

Mr. Marmers walked up and down the room a few times, with his hands clasped behind his back.

'But you can scarcely carry this furniture with you for so great a distance,' he began.

It will be carefully packed and left here in charge of a friend, who has kindly offered me a room in his house for that purpose' replied the young man—'all but the portrait. I shall take that with me, wherever I go. If I should die abroad, it will be sent back to you.'

'Die!'

They both glanced up at the laughing, sparkling face of the bright little blonde, who seemed to smile gayly down upon them.

'Ada has lost something of that happy expression since you two parted,' said the old man, gently. 'But if you should die while in a foreign land, my boy, no one would ever see a smile on that sweet face again.'

'Do you really think she would care, sir?' asked Richard, huskily. 'See, I have been dividing the money that this sale has brought. With the sum that I have received for the business, it will make a little nest egg for her and for me. Give it to her, if you please, when you go home to-morrow, and tell—tell her—'

He paused. The old man did not touch the money, but kept his eyes fixed upon his son-in-law's face.

'Tell her,' continued Richard, with an effort, 'that I will send her more money from abroad, as soon as I light upon a vein of luck. There were many little luxuries in the way of dress, equipage, and amusements, that she longed for, while she was here. I could not always give them to her then, for I was just beginning business, and my little capital seemed to be needed in a thousand ways. But if I once succeed out yonder, she shall never have cause to complain again. I care nothing for the money except to throw it at your feet.'

'She will receive all the gold of California for her old place in your heart, my boy,' said Mr. Mamers, wiping his eyes.—'Nothing can comfort her, now that she knows you no longer love her.'

'I! Who told her that? I do love her; and shall love her till I die!' exclaimed his son-in-law, warmly.

'Yet in all these six months of separation you have never cared to see her, although she lives but a day's journey away. You have never even written to her, or to me.'

'Dear sir—father, if I may call you so, for this last time,' said the young man, taking him by the hand—'on the day of our parting, almost the last words Ada said to me were, that she never wished to see my face or hear my voice again.'

'And have you never said anything to her or to others when you were angry, that you would give the world to recall when anger was at an end?'

Richard hung his head.

'Yes. Often and often. There were things that I said to her that day that have sounded in my ears ever since. But it is now too late to atone for them.'

'Perhaps not, my son.'

'I think so. These things once packed, I sail at once for the land of gold. It is possible she may forgive me when I am so far away.'

'At all events, you can send her a message by me,' suggested Mr. Mamers.

'True. Tell her then how much I regret these cruel speeches of mine on that last day. Tell her that I lied when I said I did not love her. Tell her that my life ever since she went out yonder door, has been made up of nothing but penitence and regret. At last I could endure it no longer. I would have gone to her—I would have told her this myself—I would have asked her pardon on my knees,' said Richard, excitedly, 'only I thought she would spurn me away. And yet you say that she loves me still! If I had known it in time this home would never have gone. I kept this room to the last, half hoping all the time that Ada might come back. But it is too late now—far too late! I am a ruined man! I am a begger! Thank God she is safe in your home and under your care, where she will want for nothing. Poor Ada! When we were first married—yes, for many months after we came to this house, I was just as happy with her as the days were long. Poor, poor girl! It would have been better, perhaps if she had never met me, since it must all end like this.'

He laid his head down upon his folded arms beneath his wife's picture.

The door of the parlor opened a second time, and a lovely lady glided noiselessly across the floor, bearing a sleeping infant in her arms.

One glance from her face to that of the portrait would have been sufficient to reveal the secret of her identity to any stranger.

The child upon her breast had the dark hair and level brows of his father and eyes like his, that were now closed in a quiet slumber. Motioning his daughter into the window recess, where the damask curtains temporarily concealed her, Mr. Mamers laid his hand on Richard's shoulder, saying kindly:

'My dear boy, if you would go to Ada now, you would find her more willing to receive you than she ever was before.—These six months of pain and separation have taught her how much she loves you. Come, do not be so downcast. Go with me to my home if you do not care to go on living here; get other goods and chattels about you in the place of those that have been associated with your quarrels and happiness; take back your business, and with me to assist you, and Ada to love and cherish you, be a man again, and do a man's work here in the place where you were born, and among the friends who have always known you. Let California swallow up the waifs who have no home or friends; yours are both here, and do not wish to spare you.'

'If I had a fortune to give Ada, if I had this home once more which I have so dismantled in my trouble, I would accept your offer,' said Richard, dejectedly. 'But if she was discontented before, when I was a hundred times better off than I am now, what will she be when she knows me to be a begger, without even a comfortable roof to cover her head? No, sir; let me go and seek for gold, as I have planned. If Ada cares for me, nay, even if she does not positively hate me, I shall have all the encouragement I need to labor. One year, or at the most two, and then, if God spares my life, I will return to her, and try to give her a home far happier than the one that I have lost here to-day.'

'Richard,' said his father-in-law, 'the home is yours—now—at this moment. The auction has been nothing but a blind, for your friends, seeing you so determined on dismantling the place, as you say, sent tidings to me, and bought the things up to-day only to restore them to you to-morrow. Your business will be your own once more on condition that you take the new purchaser as your partner—a change that I recommend heartily, as he is an honest and energetic young man, with a large amount of capital unemployed. For the rest, since all my arguments have failed to pursuade you, listen to this one, and tell me what answer you will give.'

He stepped back and lifted the curtain from the window. Richard, looking up, saw only Ada, and fell at her feet with a cry from the depths of his heart, for forgivness, and for love once more.

But she kneeling down beside him, drew away the handkerchief from her bosom with a heavenly smile, and showed him the infant nestling there.

'We can never quarrel again, love,' she said, placing her arm around his neck, and drawing his cheek down beside the child's, so that her lips might touch them both in one fond kiss.

'My wife—my child!' said Richard, in an awe-struck tone; 'and I thought myself deserted and alone in the world. I had even thoughts of suicide floating through my mind, in my despair. Oh, Ada, forgive me, and pray to God for me, that I may be a husband and a father, such as your sweet love deserves. My wife—my child!' he repeated again, and bending his face down upon her shoulder, he burst into tears.

Before twenty-four hours had passed by, their pretty cottage smiled the old welcome to friend and neighbor once more. A happier home than Locust Cottage you will scarcely find in the world; for, warned by the sufferings of the past, its inmates set a guard upon their hearts and lips, never forgetting how near they came to shipwrecking their peace forever, in that darkest hour that heralds the second dawn of faith and love.

A New Enterprise.

Have you ever seen a man in the first strain of a new enterprise?

It may be a new cider-mill; it may be a new newspaper; or even a new washing machine. It matters not. It is a great crisis in that man's life. He lives thirty days in one. Old, trite proverbs take on new and startling meanings. He looks upon all men and all things in a strange, new light. He judges all men and all things with regard to the accomplishment of his one supreme design. During a certain time the stars in their courses fight for him; then the very universe changes its direction, and pushes with all its weight against his tottering walls; another change, and a thousand accidents are in his favor. He does not know till years afterward with what concentration he labored in those days of beginning. It all comes back to him like a dream. The long days spent in the work-shop; the nights of study and calculation.

How patiently and carefully he labored at that little object on his work bench; how he watched it as it gradually took shape and form, and grew until at last the triumph of his art stood before him complete in all its details.

With what pride and joy had he gazed at it, his invention that was to startle the nations; the shot that was to be heard 'round the world.

He smiles at himself now, as he remembers all this, and tells pleasant stories of his make-shifts and absorption; and when he sees another and younger person starting *his* cider-mill, with the old outworn enthusiasm, he looks on with the same half sympathetic, half cynical interest, with which an old married couple contemplate two young people who have just fallen in love.

The Wrong Man.

Ex-Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, used to relate the following, which a correspondent avers has not been in print:

In the old stage-coach an Irishman was traveling in New England Arriving late at the town where they were to spend the night Pat discovered to his dismay that the only chance for sleep was to share the couch of a colored man. The natural repugnance of his race made him loth to accept the situation, but being very tired, he submitted with as good grace as possible. In the night some mischievous boys blackened his face. In the morning some fifteen miles were to be traveled before breakfast. Our Celtic friend was awakened just in time to spring into the carriage as it was moving off. At the stopping place he found no convenient place for washing.—Stepping up to the glass, to arrange his hair, he started back with horror, exclaiming: "Be jabers you woke that durty nagur, and left me fifteen miles behint?'

Apoplexy.

The most superficial observer must have noted the alarming increase in that sudden and fatal disease Apoplexy. More of our eminent men are carried off by this disease, or one of its attendants, Paralysis, than perhaps by any other cause, and authors are especially liable to an attack.

The cause which lead to this condition is best accounted for in a late number of the Popular Science Monthly by Dr. J. R. Black. He says that in middle life blood vessels in the brain are apt to lose some of their elastic strength, and when food is abundant and digestion good, blood is copiously formed and but little is worked off by exercise, the tension upon every artery and vein is at a maximum, and at the weakest point a vessel gives way, blood is poured out, and a clot is formed, which produces unconsciousness by its pressure on on the brain. This is an apoplectic stroke. The cause of it is clearly a lessened strength of vessels and an increased tension upon them. No vessels are so frequently ruptured as those which carry blood to the brain; the causes of which are a fatty degeneracy which is apt to take place in the middle arterial coat of the cerebral vessels, whereby their elastic strength is most impaired, the great irregularity of blood distribution to the contents of the pulpy substance of the brain gives to the embedded vessels.

There are two forms of degeneracy found in the arteries of the brain, the fatty, and the calcareous. The microscope shows that in many cases the strong elastic fibres which should make up the substance of the middle arterial coat, are, in places here and there, no longer to be seen, their places being occupied by fatty globules, which have very little resisting power.

He attributes this change mainly to the use of ardent spirits and tobacco. These are the agents which affect the nervous system. Delirium tremens, insomnia, tremulous hands, and nervous headaches, show the effects of the habitual use of stimulous and narcotics. Ardent spirits tend also to produce overfullness of the cerebral vessels, and influence injuriously the nervous centres, and any interference with the nutrition of any part of the body is simple to impair the life and power of the structure. The evidence of impairment are seldom apparent during the prime of youthful vigor, but the mischief is going on and the organ upon which the weight of infringement falls, will at length manifest signs of disease, and through it death will make its final conquest. The first apoplectic attack is frequently not a severe one, the rupture may be small, but it shows the condition of the vessels and soon larger rents will be made, which the powers of nature are incapable of repairing. When the sort of life has been led, which is most likely to produce weakness and fragility in the coats of the vessels of the brain, the remedy obviously is to diminish and keep the tension of those vessels at a low rate all the time. This can be done by cutting off supplies. When water hose are weak, prudence avoids forcing water too strongly into them. High pressure must produce fatal results. The death of Charles Dickens was a case in point. The brain-work he performed was immense. He used wine and meat liberally, disregarded the signs of structural decay, and forced his reluctant brain to do what it had done with ease, until, under a greater tension than ordinary, a weak vessel gave way, flooded the brain with blood.

A stroke of Apoplexy most frequently occurs after eating a hearty meal.

In advanced life it is not uncommon to find portions of the middle coat of the arteries of the brain, especially at its base, displaced by lime particles, which renders them easily torn. Proper regulations in eating and drinking are the only means to be relied on for prevention. Blood-letting was formerly resorted to, but it is very unsafe. After bleeding blood is more rapidly formed, and the difficulty is constantly renewed, while the patient, who is led to suppose this is the true remedy, is apt to rely upon it, and otherwise take no care. When advancing age puts a check upon exercise, a decided check should be put upon daily consumption of food, otherwise an accumulation of surplus blood must result. Men well past the middle age who exercise but very little, often eat as freely of nutritious food as in their younger days. This is extremely dangerous as producing too great a tension on the vascular system. To keep down superfluous blood vegetable food is the best. Animal food makes blood with dangerous rapidity. Even vegetable food should not be used so liberally as in middle life. The true rule is, not to eat to entire satiety. Even those of younger years and sedentary habits will feel lighter and better in every way by leaving the table a little hungry. All strong liquors are unsuited to those with an appoplectic tendency; one of their prominent effects is to cause a degeneration in the coating of the blood-vessels, and another is to drive more than ordinary to the brain.

INTEMPERANCE.—Socrates, (450 years before Christ) said of intemperance:—"Does it not rob us of reason, that chief excellence of man, and incite us to commit the very greatest crime? Or, if he could, is not his judement so conquered by his appetite that, seeing the right path, he deliberately rejects it? However intemperance may promise pleasure, it can never bestow any, for this is a gift of sobriety. It is this virtue alone which places both the body and the mind in the utmost degree of perfection.'

The Seto Uchi.

THE GREAT INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

In the far East, lying between the islands which compose the Empire of Japan—that ancient and mysterious realm but recently explored and introduced into the circle of nations by the greed or enterprise of Western commerce—there ebbs and flows and sparkles, with a gorgeous beauty truly Oriental, a fair Mediterranean, known as the Seto Uchi, or Inland Sea. Though smaller by far than its namesake of the West, it has many physical characteristics much more striking. It abounds in harbors, bays, snug anchorages, deep channels, and sheltering islands. It basks in a climate almost perfect in its serenity and freedom from its extremes. The mariner fresh from the chilly spring-time and ungenerous summer of our own islands navigates its waters in June with a cloudless sky.

Beneath a roof of blue Ionian weather, unprotected by awnings and fearless of the sun, which at the same season off the Spanish and Italian coasts beat down on those who sail beneath it with an insupportable and even deadly fierceness. Here are no tideless waters; a strong ebb and flow, running to and fro between fairy islets, and round verdant capes, with an almost headlong fury, purifies and freshens every inlet with an influx from the wide Pacific Ocean without. Remarkably free from storms and rain, the frailest fishing boat is pushed fearlessly out to the mid-waters of its widest part. No sirocco blows across it to render life scarcely worth having through the length of many an Autumn day. In fine weather the bosom of the sea does not undulate sufficiently to rock even the smallest bark; yet there is no lack of breeze. It should be the very paradise of pleasure seekers.

The scenery is truly lovely, a Daven fore ground set in a background of the Alys. Lofty mountains bound the landscape. In summer light fleecy clouds hover about the higher slopes while through dips in the stately range of heights glimpses are caught of still higher peaks beyond bathed in violet haze or dissolving into the misty distance. Fronting the water are pine clad hills, with the varied and fantastic outline natural to a once volcanic country. Their sides are seamed with valleys, in which nestle pleasant villages, half hid in the verigated foliage of shady trees. The temperate zone meets the tropics in groves and coppices of pine, and fir, and camphor wood, and graceful bamboo.—Above the lilac waves in clusters, while underneath the steeps are all aglow with azaleas in crimson masses.

The quaint gables and high-peaked roofs of temples peer out from leafy groves, traversed by glades of brilliant green. Streams gushing from the rocks trace silvery lines upon the abrupt hill sides. Rocky promonotories festooned with creepers and crowed with clumps of firs, jut out into the sea and divided white, sandy beaches, or form placid little coveys and bays.

Here a huge mass of gray granite stands out as a monument of some ancient convulsion of the soil; there a succession of grassy knolls and hanging woods undulating backwards from the shore introduces a park-like fearture into the panorama.—Art complets the picture. The slopes of the mainland and of innumerable islands,

That like to rich and various gems inlay,
The unadorned bosom of the deep,

are clothed with fields of waving corn, of a really golden hue in the dazzling June sunlight. The style of cultivation is high. The fields are arranged in terraces, which climb in a long series of steps the sides of hill and ravine to a goodly height above the lower ground. Here and there the fields are dotted with the brilliant emerald of tiny patches of the young rice plant.—Blue reaths of smoke rise from the bonfires of brushwood, lighted to bream the sharp-bowed craft hauled upon the beach below. The sea is studded with the boats of fishermen, and flecked with the white sails of scores of native trading vessels.—*Fortnightly Review.*

An Extraordinary Flow of Stones Etc.

While boaring for water on the farm of a man named Hoar, three miles west of Marine City, an explosion of gas took place, the result of which is simply wonderful.—Instead of having a well overflowing with clear and sparkling water, Mr. Hoar has a miniature Vesuvius at his door, and altogether too close to be comfortable. The well had been put down one hundred and twenty-seven feet, and at that distance had struck a vein of water, sand and gravel.—Up to this time there had not been a drop of water in the well. One morning the gas began to escape from the well, and an hour after the force was so great that stones, one of which weighed eleven pounds, were thrown hundreds of feet in the air, several coming down with such force as to penetrate the roof of the house and barn, two stones going through both roof and ceiling of the house on to the second floor. Water soon began to follow and in such quantity as to flood the whole premises. This mass of stone, sand and water was forced out in an unceasing stream for more than six hours. Then instead of a well seven inches in diameter (as the tubing of the well was that size), there was a hole of more than three feet in diameter, every particle of the tubing having disappeared, everything having given away to the power beneath. There was a heavy rumbling sound, which at the well was deafening, and could be distinctly heard in the village.

The Annihilationists—What these Queer People Believe.

Over near Allentown a queer set of so-called Christians are holding a camp meeting. A local paper makes the following sketch of their beliefs:

"The sectarian division of the Annihilationists is not complete, because the sect includes those who accept the general doctrine of annihilation to different degrees, and hold it in connection with the faith of some other sects. Out West the sect is known as "The Sleepers," and they hold that after death the souls of all men and women enter a comatose state, and stay there until the day of resurrection, when the ungodly are annihilated and the godly put in a state of bliss. Another division of the sect holds that at the resurrection those who have led unholy lives are adjudged to enter a place of punishment where they are compelled to stay until they have suffered enough to expiate the sins of their earthly existence, the worst sinners suffering the most when they are annihilated. A third division of the sect, if we correctly understand our informant, oppose any efforts in this life to convert unholy people from the error of their way, on the argument that God has placed the wicked here to work out a given purpose and will take care of them in his own way, so that any conversion from sin to righteousness, if it were possible, would defeat the Almighty end of fulfillment. This would seem to involve an extreme idea of predestination or fixed destiny, making and keeping the good good and bad bad. Some Adventists are to a limited extent Annihilationists, and other queer beliefs are sometimes found to contain a spark of Annihilation doxy."

Curious Condition of the Great Eastern.

Mr. Henry Lee writes in *Land and Water* concerning the examination he has made of the bottom of the Great Eastern: "There were traces of a few barnacles (balanus tintinnambulum apparently) near the level of the water line especially about stern-post, and between it and the rudder, and the latter itself, as well as the propelling screw, was covered with the common acorn barnacles, or chitters; but all the hull usually submerged was clad with enormous multitudes of mussels, clustered together in one dense and continuous deposit, extending over a surface of 52,000 square feet of iron plates, and in some parts six inches thick. Mr. Beckwith had made a calculation, which I was able to verify with him, of the total weight of the mussels thus accumulated. It was found by careful experiment that the average weight of those on each square foot was from 12 to 13 pounds; therefore the vessel was encumbered with not less than 300 tons of living marine animals adhering to her—mussels enough, in fact, to load with full cargoes two ordinary collier brigs!—Although the mere weight of this mass would not perhaps, much affect the buoyancy of a vessel of 25,000 tons burden, it will be readily understood that the friction of such a rough, jagged incrustation passing through the water would materially diminish her speed. As these troublesome adherents were scraped off with shovels by workmen employed under contract to remove them, they were carried away by cartloads and boatloads, and buried along the shore of the haven. In some localities they would have been heartily welcomed by the fishermen as valuable bait.

Too Big a Booh.

A man being about to purchase a young horse, was fearful he might prove skittish, as the phrase is; and in order to test the soundness, or strength of nerve, directed his boy to go a little way off, behind the next corner, and he would ride the colt down opposite to him, when he should start suddenly out, and cry "booh!" and if the colt could stand that, it would be proof enough of his being firm and well broke. The boy took his station, and the man mounted and rode along; but when he came opposite the corner and the boy jumped out and cried "booh!" the colt threw him off. The rider picked himself up soon, however, and rubbing his shoulder, and shins, asked the boy what he did it for.

"Why, father," said the boy, "you told me to say "booh!"

"Yes," said the old man, "but there was no need of saying such a big booh to such a little horse."

POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION.—Mr. Blivens, an old bachelor of Rochester, who is much absorbed in politics, visited the widow Graham the other day, just after reading Grant's letter, and asked her what she thought of a third term. Now the widow has been twice married, and in response to the question she made a rush for the astounded Mr. Blivens and taking him tightly in her arms, exclaimed, "O you dear, dear man! What a happy woman I am!' At last accounts Mr. B. had locked himself in his wood house, and was endeavoring to explain the thing to the widow through the keyhole.

A couple of neighbors became so hostile that they would not speak to each other; but one of them, having been converted at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog.'

ONE of the meanest things a small boy can do is to put tacks in the chairs when he knows that a young man is coming to call on his sister that evening.