INCOMPATABILITIES.

A thin, little fellow had such a fat wife, Fat wife, iat wife-Goi bless her! She looked like a drum, and he looked like

fife.

And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
God bless her!
To dress her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes.

Fat toes, fat toes—God keep her!

For bonnets and bows and sike n clothes.

To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her.

God keep her!

To drink her!

And keep her!

And sleep her!

She grew like a target; be grew like a sword, A sword, a woo deter spare her! She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her,
God spare ber!
To bear her!
God spare ber!
To bear her!
To bear her!

Bhe aprend like a turtle; be shrank like a pixe,
A pike, a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like.
For they had to were glasses to shave him,
God save him!
To shave him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she busted one day, Exploited, blew up—God take her! And sit the people that saw it say Sue covered over one acre! God take her! An acre! God take her!

Wren Lore.

The wren, the smallest of English birds, is almost as great a favorite with the "pet"-loving public as the robin-redwith it. Many of the vulgar actually believe it to be his wife, hence its name in nursery lore of "Jenny Wren," "Kitty

It is commonly supposed to be unlucky to kill or injure it. In Cornwall the children say,

"Who hurts the robin or the wren, Will never prosper, sea or land." Halliwell in his Popular Rhymes has the

"The robin and the redbreast, The robin and the wren, If ye take out o' their nest Ye'il never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast, If ye touch one o' their eggs
Bad luck will sure to forlow."

A translation of the Welsh couplet may be rendered:

Whose doth a wren's nest stea. Shall God's bitter anger feel."

Aristotle and Pliny treat of the reverence in which this little bird was held; it was then believed to be the heavenly messenger that brought fire to the earth, though it disputed this honor with the According to the Popular Legends of Normandy, in performing this kind office its plumage was unfor-tunately secrebed, but the other birds made up this loss, in consideration of the service it had rendered, each of them presenting it with a feather, except the owl, which has ever since been ashamed to show itself in the daytime; or, as some say, the cuckoo is for this reason universally despised. Again, the robin wished to add his feather, but came too near, and was himself scorched.

Notwithstanding these favorable opinions of the bird, in France, Ireland, the Isle of Man, etc., they formerly carried their dislike of it to great extremes, it being the barbarous custom to hunt this innocent songster. For this purpose they procured two sticks, one to beat the es, and the other to throw at the bird. Yarrell, in the British Birds (vol. 2, p. 178), tells us, "It was the boast of an old man, who lately died at the age the times when this practice was observed. In Ireland the "wren-boys," as they were designated, decorated themselves with various colored ribbons, and went round with the birds they had killed placed on a holly bush, singing a characteristic song, and soliciting gratu-

ities for the service they had rendered. This practice was very prevalent in Galway, Cork, Clare, and other parts of Ireland. The aversion to the poor creature is founded on a tradition that during the Irish rebellion a party of Royalists, tired out after a day's skirmishing, sank to rest, and soon the sentinel also succumbed to sleep, when, as the enemy approached them, a wren tapped on his drum three times, which awoke him, and saved a surprise, the rebels being defeated. Different versions of this story are related. Another tradition we read in the Science Gossip is that our Savior, desirous to be concealed, took refuge under a tree; the robin, perceiving this, carried moss and laid it on the tree, making the covering more dense, at which the Lord was so pleased that He put forth His hand and left the red mark on its breast. But the wren came and carried the moss away, and exposed the retreat; hence it is called by them the "devil's bird." In the Isle of Man they hunted it from sunrise to sunset, and placed it on the top of a pole, and when all the money they could get was gathered in, they laid it on a bier, and carried it in a procession to the churchwith mock solemnity sang dirges over it its knell. Afterward they formed themselves into a circle oatside the churchyard and danced to music. Now they sometimes go about with a wren sus-pended by the legs between two hoops clothed with evergreens, and in exchange for a coin give a feather of the bird, and it is not uncommon by the end of the day to see it quite featherless, The feathers are kept as relies and safeguards against shipwrecks for a year, and sailors take a dead bird to sea with them as a charm against all danger. In Train's "Isle of Man" we see they now bury the bird, not in the church-yard as formerly, but near the seashore, singing

"We hunted the wren for robin the bobbin. We numbed the wren for jack of the can. We hunted the wren for robin the bobbin. We hunted the wren for every one."

Their legend is that, in days long gone by, a fairy of uncommon beauty, exerted such undue influence over the Manx warriors that she induced many of them to follow her footsteps till she gradually led them into the sea, where they perish-ed. This continued so long that it was feared the island would be depopulated, when a knight-errant sprang up, and finding a means of counteracting the

suming the form of the wren. But a spell was east upon her which compelled her to reanimate the same form every New Year's Day, with the sentence that she was ultimately to perish by human

Sonnini relates a hunt at Ciotat, nea Marseilles: When they had caught the bird they placed it on the middle of a long pole, and carried it as though it was a heavy burden; then they weighed it in a pair of scales, after which they made merry. They call it the pole-cat, or pere de la becasse (father of the woodcock), which is supposed to be engendered by the polecat, a great destroyer of birds.

Halliwell mentions another ceremony still observed in Pembrokeshire on Twelfth Day, where they carry this bird, called the king, in a box with glass windows, surmounted by a wheel; or a stable lantern is sometimes substituted, for which they have various colored ribbons. Men and boys go about with this, sing-

ing as they walk. The wren has been called "king" from time immemorial; and Col. Vallancey, in the thirteenth number of his Collectanea de Rebus Hiberniis, page 97, says that the Druids represented this bird as the king of all others; and that the superstitious respect shown to it gave offense to the hunted by the peasants on Christmas

That this poor creature should be so generally hunted, and for so many alleged different reasons, does indeed seem

The names for it in all countries seem to coincide in declaring that it is a supeperior bird. In Hone's Year-Book we breast, and often popularly connected find the following amusing legend concerning the origin of its royal title: "The birds, being determined to elect

a king, assembled, and decided that the bird among them which flew the highest should have the preference. Among the candidates which competed were the eagle and the wren, the latter being determined to accomplish the feat by stratagem. To perform this, it got unperceived on the back of the eagle, which felt not its weight, and flew the highest; it had begun its descent, when the wren seized the favorable opportunity, sprang from its perch and flew higher still, and was unanimously pronounced king, though how it reached its elevation puzzled all." A similar tale is current on the Continent.

"The Babes in the Wood" has given rise to the pretty idea that the wren, with the robin, covers with leaves, flowers and moss any exposed dead body they may find. Shakspeare, Drayton and Webster, in his comedy of Vittoria Corombona, 1612), allude to this notion. Reed, in his old plays, has the following lines:

"Call for the robbin-redbreast and the wren, Since o'er shady groves they hover, And with leaves and flowers do cover The friendless nodies of unburied men."

In many places it is thought by the superstitions that to dream of wrens denotes great happiness and content through life.

Shakspeare, with his all-seeing eye, has immortalized the courage of this tiny bird in Macbeth:

"The poor wren, The most diminutive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in the nest, against the owl; And in Richard III., act i, scene 3: "Wrens may prey where eagles dare

-Harper's Weekly.

Gone to the Bot.om.

Next to the pirate ship Alabama the Shenandoah, whose loss off the island of Scotia in the Indian Ocean was reported the other day, was the of 100, that he had hunted the wren for the last eighty years on Christmas Day." Christmas Evo, Christmas Day, St. Stephen's Day and New Year's Day were the times when this approximation of the rebel privateers which preyed on the commerce of the North during the late war. She was built at Glasgow, Scotland, and launched under the name of the Sea King. On September 20, 1864, she was purchased for the Confederates, and after being fitted out, cleared for Matamoros. At Madeira she met the steamer Laurel, which had previous ly sailed from Liverpool with a cargo of war materials, and officers and of the fragments of forms experimental, men for the Shenandonh. These were transferred to the rebel ship, which then began her piratical career. She subsequently went to Melbourne, and | natural progression toward the heights of there strengthened her armament, spiritual being. New natural powers and departing from that port in February, 1865. On July 28th, in that year, intelligence was received in New York that the Shenandoah had destroyed eight whaling vessels in the splendid cup of the Victoria Lily, but Naples. the Arctic seas. This news came by way of San Francisco, where it was brought by the bark Milo, which had been spared from destruction in and preserve the lamb; or to make the them, as ever in the realm of Nature, by order that she might take the crews of the burned vessels to the United States. This and subsequent reports | ward march among men. The germs of of the ravages worked by this scourge of the seas created intense excitement and anxiety throughout the New England whaling ports. Hostilities had long before come to an end, but still reports continued to yard. There they made it a grave, and arrive of the Shenandoah's destructive work. Her captain, it was said, in the Manx language, which they called | had been told of Lee's surrender, but refused to believe it, and consequently continued his cruise. Finally, on November 6, 1865, the rebel pirate ship arrived at Liverpool, and was there given up by her commander to the British authorities. Her officers and crew, numbering 133 men, were allowed to depart without punishment, and after some delay the Shenandoah was surrendered to the consul of the United States at Liverpool. She was subsequently the subject of almost as much diplomatic corres pondence as the pirate Alabama. The Geneva arbitrators decided that the British Government, by the failure to exercise due vigilance, became responsible for all the acts of the Shenandonh after her departure from Melbourne, and the losses to Ameri can citizens caused thereby were included in the Geneva award of \$15,-

"There never was any situation so bad that it could not be worse," says an American philosopher, For instance, a the fields of our mental and spiritual as felous, sneak thieves, paupers and prosting that stood, like a mighty prophet, and only the dark world below its woods without even a dog for company, is a costly gift. When one soul ascends me years ago, of which I have already first faint promise of the morning. Other charms of this siren, sought her destruction, which, however, she escaped by as- woods without even a dog for company.

AN ABLE LECTURE

ON PARASITISM IN NATURE AND SOCIETY, DELIVERED BY PROF. H. B. NORTON AT THE INDXPENDENT CHURCH, OAKLAND,

Dr. Le Conte has suggested that evolution is the law of time, as universally as

gravitation is that of space. There is a divine, flery, infinite energy pervading all the infinitudes of matter and spirit.

It projects itself into the realms of warmth and light, and produces flowers, birds of paradise, and all the children of the light. It pours through the dens of darkness, and produces organisms that are incomplete, larval, monstrous, shapeless and terrible.

The physicist speaks in our ears words incomprehensible in their vast meaning. He talks about atoms and forces; heat as a mode of motion; light and life, not as entities or substances, but forms of vibraory activity. He bids us to imagine in a whirling dance of infinitesimal spheres, going on and on, without beginning or end, forever; atoms clasping hands in tiny groups and systems, vibrating, pulsing, scattering, but ever forming anew, first Christian missionaries, and it is still | into ever fresh structures of organic life. And yet God, working in nature, does so without any reference to our human moralities or tastes.

"It pleaseth Him, the Eternal Child,
To play His sweet will, glad and wild.
The vault that glows, Lamense with light.
Is the inn where He lodges for a night.
What recks such traveler, if the on erre
That bloom and fade like meadow flowers,
A bunch of fragmant litles be,
Or the stars of eternity?
Alike to Him the better, the worse;
The glowing Angel, the outcast corse."

Nature seems to care nothing for vastness, or beauty, or refinement, in our sense of the words. She loves the rattlesnake as she does the dove; she creates more toadstools than roses; she gives us many mosquitoes, but few birds of para-

Devils are legion, but angels' visits are few and far between, and God is one. The scorpion or centipede is as splendally armed as Sir Galahad, going forth in quest of the Holy Grail. The tares cheke the wheat. There seems to be no force in nature tending inherently and neces sarily upward, to higher levels of spiritual being.

Involution or devolution equals evolution. Recoil is as powerful as propul-

sion. There are grand houses on California street hill (San Francisco), but each topresents a myriad of ruined fortunes and ives. There must be a thousand bankbroken homes, saicides, in order that the world may have one bonanza

king. The preservation of the fittest means too often the preservation of the swiftest, fiercest, most cunning, best armored. Out of the infinite wreck and waste of past ages have come to us the gazelle and humming bird, the palm tree and the rose;-but how much agony, struggle, deatn, forgotten lives, destroyed races, do these triumphs of her work represent? And far oftener her selective choice rests upon diametrically opposite endowments. The gazelle perishes that the hyena or tiger may grow strong; the vulture tears the humming bird; the poison oak strangles and outlives the rose. Out of mil- wild beasts. Room for the king! Room mediocrity, a few gi seem like Assyrian bulls and lions restored to the flesh; men with the brain of a god, the physical presence of Hyperion, the physical passions of a king of beasts. Such men we see in the stock exchange, the places of political power, sometimes in the pulpit, sometimes guiding armies. Byron, Goethe, Danton, Mirabeau, Bismarck, Napoleon I were of this type.

Only once among millions of instances do we see a great brain fitted to be the temple of a still diviner life. One Richter one Washington, one Lincoln, one Victor Hugo-aspiring, unsettish, divine, shining like stars above the dusty desert of history. But these great ones are few indeed. Nature seems best to love averages, mediocrity, the petty and the comin torture. She forgives no sins, Keep step upon her treadmill or you shall go under the wheel. She experiments crudely; she casts away her failures mercilessiy. Our geological museums are full tentative, transitional, too clumsy and unrouth to keep pace with the march of to long endure. I cannot find any law of forces only intensify inherent tendencies. Evil is positive, aggressive, self-reproductive. It is not a vacuum or negation. The equatorial warmth and moisture have produced the vast frond of the palm and they also distil the deadly venom of the woorali and the cobra. I cannot find in nature any force tending to change the hon into the lamb; or to destroy the lion upus or crotaius less deadly; or to diminish the power of sin and arrest the hellevil have a strange and terrible fecundity. If Nature had been left to her own will, Guiana would still have been a tropical swamp, brooded over by a deadly miasma, ruled over by the anaconda and

It had been built up out of the waste, the slough and slime of the continent, vomited from the mouth of the Amazon and flung, as a mass of abhorred refuse, upon the shore. Black, stagnant rivers wound through its swampy forests; hideous reptiles and the unclean pelican breasted its wa'e s, and a cloud of poisonous efflavium forever hung over it. But at last a generation of laborious, sturdy Dutchmen overthrew the reign of Nature: the ax and spade, wielded for centuries, have turned the pestilent morass into a tropical paradise. So it must be every where. If the earth and man are to be fully redeemed it must be through the working of forces higher than those merely natural.

Our evolutionist philosophers speak of the three forces working toward the end of which they are the expositors. 1. Heredity. This tends to produce fixity of type, by handing down to each generation the characteristics of its an-

2. The influence of environments. This works mainly upon germs and em-bryos, modifying them spward or down-ward, according to the nature of circum-

8 ances.

3. Natural selection. By the operation of this principle, the strongest, most ctin-ning, best protected and best concealed

the upward way, we, looking from the merely natural stand-point, seem to see a throng pressed down thereby to lower Human vermin and weeds, like levels. their congeners in lower nature, have a fecundity. The double flower, the costly product of a century of culture and bears no fruit. The large-brained American race is dying out of its birthplace; but how the Five Points, the sand

lots, the Chinatown swarm. One of the strange phenomena of the life of lower nature is parasitism. This word refers to animals and plants that grow, feed, prey upon others. In all the life of the sea parasitism is almost universal; and the wonderful growth of medical science is teaching us things concerning the relation of parasitism to disease, in regard to which ignorance is bliss. The German peasants ate the raw sausages at their harvest leasts, and died in horror of gnawing death worms, as terrible as that which overtook Philip II. or King Herod. assumes that all The "germ theory" zymotic diseases, like cholera, diphtheria and yellow fever, are caused by different species of minute fungous plants, bred in filth, whose spores, floating everywhere invisibly, are inhaled and germinate in

human tissue. But this much we learn from nature: parasitism is always degradation. The dodder, with its pale, bloodless tissues, and its feeble, loathsome life, is closely related to the beautiful convolvulus. Some naturalists speak of the sacculina, a lively and perfect little crustacean, which sometimes attaches itself to the head of a fish, and begins to feed upon the living tissues of its host; and at last its brain disappears, its limbs are changed into clinging rootlets, and it becomes a mere sac of unconscious or semi-conscious jelly, its individuality gone, its identity practically merged in that of the animal it had selected for a prey. In the realms of hu-man life the same law holds; parasitism is degradation.

The grand things of nature are always separate, individual, distinct. The stars occupy each a central position in some region of the vastness of space. keeps the secret of its own fiery heart. The grand men concede little to prece-

dent; each, in his inmost nature, tends to solitariness; he wants air, light, elbowroom, freedom from abstresive contacts, for body and soui. The Polyd-life of the sea is crowded and massed, each form penetrating and feeding upon the other, till parasite can hardly be distinguished from its host. The lower grades of human life show a similar gregariousness and tendency, mutual suction and absorption. The feeble student intensifies his feebleness by feeding upon the fruits of his brother's work. Every popular minister is surrounded by a parasitic group, feeding upon his thoughts, and therefore sinking into mental feebleness through the desuctude of their own reasoning powers. I need not speak of the helpless wives, sons, daughters, drunken husbands, parasitic upon partner or parent, and going down into torpid decay; nor of the stock jobbers, political rings, thieving adventurers, systems of religious oppressions, which are, in some measure, parasitic upon the world's life; but confine my thought to the degraded tramps, vagrants, beggars, sneak thieves, the acari and pediculi upon the body politic. The fast multiplication of these is one of the most terrible of the phenomena of our social evolution. Our social order is about that of lions of lives sunken in torpor, squalor, for the strong arm, the vast cold brain, the heart or granite, the cheek of brass Room for the largest competition, the most meritless monopoly. Every one for himself. Ah, how sad that we must complete the proverb, "the devil take the hindermost!" In the pitiless struggle the weak go down. To him that hath shall be given; from him that hath not, that which he seemeth to have is taken away. The best government, we say, is that which governs least. All that humanity needs is free schools and the ballot in every hand. The saying is unspeakably,

monstrously false. The tramp is a new phenomenon upon this continent. Whence does he come? It is a complex problem. Formerly, America was building 5000 to 8000 miles of railroad per year. Many thousands of monplace. Like a Comanche, she rejoices laborers, endowed with little but mere muscle, were spading those endless lines of embankments. That work is measurably done. The vast multiplication of labor-saving machinery has enormously increased the demand for educated, skilled labor; but the work has less and less a place for the two-fisted bog-trotter and clumsy clodhopper. The work which time, too torpid in fibre and feeble in brain | these can perform pertains less and less to the world's life. They sink lower and ower in every facet and fibre of their being, as humanity sweeps onward and past them. Their mental and physical characteristics are hardened into hereditary types. We are breeding up a mighty swarm of human beings, as parasitical, verminous, loathsome, as the lazzaroni of

> And what are we doing to care this great evil? We must do all Nature will do nothing for us. She loves and multiplies her baser types. We must overcome special and artificial methods.

Thus far we have worked according to o system or forethought. We have made of these degraded and sinking men, each a sovereign voter. We have enacted laws imposing short terms of imprisonment upon vagrants; we have given sporadio half-dollars to men who are sunken deeper thereby; we have imposed upon starving and desperate men the stern command, "Move on!" Alas! whither? But in all our legislation and methods

of execution we have followed no large, comprehensive, remedial policy. criminal law involves a vast system of nake shifts and temporary expedients. There is in it no healing for the terrible ulcer which is enawing the vitals of society. The presumption of our laws is that every man has, or can acquire, self control, the power of self-support; that every criminal may be reformed, if he only be punished enough to learn that the way of the transgressor is hard. The pre- on, shutting their eyes and ears to the inamortion is false.

Life is too heavy a burden for thou-

ands. There are men organically weak, needing aid, guidance, the helping hand. The tendency to crime is a disease, a recent report of the surgeon in charge at an eastern peultentiary aunounces that the dissection of the brain of many hundred men who have died in prison on the gallows conclusively proves that crimi-nals are diseased and deformed in their men. We all remember the terrible story which Mr. Dugdale has told us concerning "The Jukes," now "Margaret, upther of anima's live, while others perish in the struggle for existence. This force tends to ward physical perfection. It works in the fields of our mental and spiritual as felous, sneak thieves, paupers and proscriminals," an abandened woman, sent

spoken in print, but concerning which, perhaps, a repetition is pardonable, for it has been the experience of you all. A ring at the door bell announced the coming of a tramp worthy special notice. He was a bull-necked giant, with a face on every line of which nature had written beast." He wanted clothing and money; he was just out of the penitentiary at San Quentin; he could get work nowhere; nopody wented a felon in shop or home. I could well believe his story. There was no place for him in society. Seven years of prison life had blotted out the last vestige of manhood. Only the cowardly cruelty of the hyena remained. Doubtless my half dollar was spent at the dram shop, and paved the way to a renewal of crime; for no other life was possible for such a being as this.

A little later, journeying in a coasting steamer along our lower coast, my thoughts dwelt upon the range of islands enclosing the Santa Barbara channel. At present they are pastured with sheep, but very few people ever set foot upon them. One of them has a considerable stream of water and a large fertile valley. Why not purchase this and found a penal col-ony here? Why not begin to weed these isonous stocks out of human society' With mere impulses and tendencies law has nothing to do; but, when these have ripened into the overtact, the duty of the executor of the law begins. It should say to the organic criminal: "This island is henceforward to be your home. You shall have abundant, healthful work, sufficient for self-support, rigidly enforced. You shall be cleanly in person and surroundings, and decent in speech. You shall have, at proper seasons and intervals, opportunities for moral and intellectual culture, such as you are capable of utilizing. But here your root shall per-ish; you shall not go forth again into society, to rear a family in your own like ness, and send the stream of your brutalizing life down to curse the coming

generations." I cannot but feel that society has the right to protect its own future; that it is suicidal to turn the organic criminal loose upon the world, to an inevitable repetition of crime. There is no kindness in such procedure; no mercy to the criminal, or to the commonwealth upon which he is parasitic. Healthful labor, restraint, enforced order and cleanliness, and the final extinction of his debased race-these are the highest blessings that can be conferred upon him. As to the criminals who are not organically and hopelessly such, there should be a court of pardons, composed of our wisest physicians, which should decide whether any one of these could safely be released to the life of so ciety. Only in some such fashion as this can the criminal elements be weeded out

As for the pauper and vagrant classes we must take positive and remedial action. There should be in every country a farm and shops, furnishing work food, shelter, enforced cleanliness and abstinence from poisons to every tramp, vagrant and habitual drunkard, There should also be a place for worthy men, temporarily needing shelter and food, and willing to give in re-turn honest work. There might also be a school for children, and such a gradation in relations and style of clothing, among those forcibly restrained, as would encourage well-doing. At present society supports its parasites at enormous cost-in the way of arson, highway robbery, insurance, and policy expenses. It were far better to do this work in a systematic and orderly fashion. manner which tends to uplift and heal. Very often the vagrant has no organic tendeney to evil. His sin is weakness. Place around him the strong arm of legal restraints; keep him busy, clean, well fed, healthy; stimulate the brain with new ideas; and perhaps we are laying the foundations of a new and higher life for him and his.

I have timidly ventured one or two suggestions, only hoping that these will turn other minds in the direction of social science. The law of human society is yet to be written. Our modern social framework is the product of ages of barbarism, and of blind, stumbling emperiment. Like Topsy, it has "growed," as best it could. It is evidently true of it, as of Topsy, that God did not make it.

It is time to begin, with heart and soul the study of the science of society. Looking at the seemingly hopeless confusion that prevails-the questions concerning land limitation, water-right, suffrage, divorce, and thousand similar themes-we can see that society is neither standing upon open sea nor solid land, but is built upon a quaking quagmire. Strong, loving, thinking men and women must drive deep the piles and lay the granite foundations upon which the structure of the redeemed world shall yet arise.

But here we should take our stand; that legal precedents, common laws, existing constitutions, must not be permitted to hamper our thoughts. Laws and constitutions if they are not, at least should be, the outgrowth of human needs. Man has no natural rights, especially where such alleged rights are incompatable with the best good of the great socia unit. Life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, for the individual, must stand aside to make way for the needs of our integral

humanity.

I rejoice that there is the prospect of a more careful study of these great themes; that the scholorship and culture crystalizing about our university are organizing for such momentous research. It is wel that the giant brain of Herbert Spencer has led the way, laying broad foundations for future work; but it is needful that others enter the field, studying the spiritnal as he has studied the material relations of man to society; contributing the complement of the vast circle of research. Hitherto, philosophy has been hopeless. This great rolling orb, with its life-long tragedy, sorrow, sin, suffering, was too much for man's weak arm to grapple. In Epicureanism, in Asceticism, in pleasure or despair, eating the lotus and dringing the nepenthe, men were content to live huite misery, and waiting till God's puri-fying fires should sweep where the deluge swept before. But I thing that the day spring of a higher hope is arising in hu man hearts. The measure of human sin malformation in many instances. The and wretchedness is almost infinite, but not to much for divine and human knowledge, labor and love. What sweet suggestions, promises, visions of better days, sometimes come to us out of nature! such a one came to me, not long ago, as I looked from the window of my mo nerve structure in a vast majority of home upon the Pacific, sleeping below.

Cases, and this malformation is an heredi
It was still night, but a faint gray glimmer tary characteristic of great generations of along the eastern horizon showed that the morning was at hand. The ocean was dark and still, and heavy mists hung over it like a pull. But, as I watched and waited the dawn sent forth its first purple down to posterity a generation of who a ray, which was caught and reflected upon the bosom of one great mountain cone

peaks caught the radiance; soon the whole earth was illuminated with the perfect day. The poisonous night dews, the shadows, bats and owls, things of darkness, mystery and horror, vanished away and were seen no more. But the lark flew heavenward; the flowers opened their cups; the earth was full of the forms of beaty and melody. The mists swept away from the surface of the ocean, as we trust they yet will from the soul of a glorified humanity, and it lay like a sea of glass mingled with fire, the perfect image of the gold and crimson skies above. My heart accepted the promise of that hour. Nature whispered hope and I thanked the father that he had given to earth a promise of her Golden Age in the dawn of every morning.

The British and Their Beer, The importance of beer may be seen

by the fact that the English make Baro-

nets out of their brewers. The Lion Brewery, which is the first object which strikes my eyes as I wake up in the morning, looking out of the window of my lodgings near Waterloo Bridge, is a marvel of resource. It has a vast well from which it pumps up the thousands of barrels of water always in the tank on its top; it cools two hundred barrels of boiling beer every hour; its cellars and store vats are enormous, and you little realize, when you are walking in the streets in its vicinity, that beer is gliding in pipes beneath your feet, in great streams voluminous enough to drown every London brewer at one and the same time. A single brewer has a coopering establishment capable of turning out eighty thousand barrels yearly, and maintains a veritable army of draymen and porters, every one of whom is a giant in stature. The brewers' employes of London, if enrolled in a few regiments and sent into a foreign land, would create a most formidable impression as to the size of the inhabitants of Albion. And when one thinks that all this industry is for the simple purpose of making a liquor, which befogs the senses and deadens the ambition of the working classes, he cannot help marveling much The English, like the Germans, are born thirsty; their climate enables them to drink immense quantities, but no one has ever heard that the climate prevents the liquors of all grades from having the same disastrons effects that they have elsewhere. Beer, beer! Hot and cold, morn and night-beer-beer-beer This sums up the British workman's life. A friend of mine required some extensive repairs in his studio, and was obliged to employ two or three workmen for a couple of weeks. He says that they begged beer money of him on an average every two days. When he indicated that he did not care about giving it, they managed to lose an hour or two of time. so that he lost more than he gained by refusing. Beer seems to be omnipresent. Mr. Flower, the worthy man who has done so much for the Shakespeare memorial, is a brewer, and his establishment makes Startford-on-Avon better known to nine out of ten Englishmen than than Shakespeare's tomb does. The beer trade in India is enormous. Why Englishmen wish to drink, in the East Indian climate, a liquor which is as unhealthy as possible, it is difficult to say. The out-Africa will be an enormous brewery Then, indeed, the negroes will be civilized. Think of an establishment like that of Barclay, Perkins & Co., in Southwark, where thirty-five hundred barrels of porter may be seen in a single vat. These thirty-five hundred barrels of porter are worth, at market rates, fortyfive thousand dollars. If the men who are brewing were engaged in manufacturing cheap food, to be sold at the same price as beer, I wonder if the half-starved public would buy it as readily as they do beer, which does them no good. No, I am sure they would not. One of the crazes of the English common folk is that unless they can see an immense piece of meat before them the are having nothing to eat. They waste enough to keep them in plenty, if they only had a small amount of education in cookery. They like, too, the pot-house, with its steaming odor of malt (mdeed, I think the smell of beer permeates every nook and cranny of London), and they prefer to spend their money there rather than around their own tables They sit in a kind of befuddled beatitude on the clumsy benches, with their pewter mugs in their hands; and on particularly wet and nasty nights it is as much as the publicans can do to get them to stir from the place, when midnight "and the half have sounded. Fancy them drinking hot beer (and adulterated beer, also) as if it were Rectar. - London Corr. Boston Jour-Another Invention .- The versatile

distant future when the forests shall cease to clothe the hills and dales, and the demand for lumber shall prove vastly in excess of the supply, has succeeded in devising a substitute for the natural product of the virgin or the cultlyated soil. His plan is to use that fragile vegetable, straw, and by peculiar process make ito a substance as hard and indestructable as oak timber. It is claimed that this process converts wheat straw into timber which is susceptible of as fine a polish as mahogany and black walnut, at a cost not in excess of that of the best clear pine. The straw is first manufactured by the ordinary papermill process into straw-board, and a sufficient number of sheets of this of the right size are taken to make the required timber. They are soaked and softened into a chemical solution, which is, of course, the inventor's secret. After the fiber of pasteboard is sufficiently saturated the pile of sheets is pressed between a series of rollers, which consolidates them so that when they dry the whole is a hard stick. It is also claimed the process renders this wood substitute impervious to water, and the chemicals

ingenuity of a Western inventor, who

doubtless foresees the time in the far-

Dean Stanley says Theodore Parker gave the strongest impulse to the study of scientific theology in this country.

used are such as to make it fireproof.

But, the sanguine inventor has only

made samples thus far .- New York

Tribune.

Ex-Governor E. D. Morgan has recently dispensed \$100,000 in gifts to churches and hosp tals. The Eye and Ear Hospital, of New York City, got 825,000, and the debt (\$11,000) of the old brick church near his house on Fifth