

Written for the Messenger.
Outward Bound.

The day was fair, the bright sun threw a flood of silvery light o'er all the sea. A proud ship cleaved the wild and watery waste, as if in consciousness of its own strength, it even defied the kingly seas, and mocked the dark and swelling waves that rolled in solemn grandeur at its prow. The blue sky clasped the dim and fast receding shore; and ever and anon came floating through the azure vault a fleecy gold tipped cloud, and sea gulls flitted o'er the white broad sails, or played and sported in the blue and ambient wave, and bathed their plumage in its traitorous surf. And many a hopeful heart beat high in fond anticipations of a far off land, and jest and song went round and rang far out upon the wild and rolling wave, but others stood, with sadness, mingled in the farewell view of their bright native land, and loth to leave the scene, while dim the swift receding coast was fading from their gaze.

But there were two who trod with slow and lingering step the vessel's deck, and gazed out dreamily upon the dark expanse of waters, and ever and anon they stopped to speak some kindly cheering word. And by the bold and fearless bearing, as one born to command amid the ranks of men we read in one the proud commander of the noble ship, the other was a gentle girl, fair, slight and beautiful; the dark and glossy hair was braided in soft bands around a queenly head, and as he paced with anxious thought and gazed into her dark eyes, lit with a starry loveliness, a stranger might have read a brother's love, as with a tender grace the manly form upheld the gentle girl, even as the sturdy oak upholds the clinging ivy. They stood alone, the last ones of a proud and noble race, and death had set his seal upon her fair young brow, but hope beamed in his eye, for he was bearing her away to seek a "warmer world, a milder clime," with the fond dream that soothing air and sunny skies would bring new life unto the one he loved. She was the idol of his soul, the one lone being on whom his yearning heart had lavished its deep wealth of love. And she must die; must die long ere another moon shall pour its silver flood upon the sea.

Days passed, the lazy sails flap idly in the wind, as now the proud ship moves o'er southern seas, while fair and verdant islands meet the view on either side, as soft perfumes are borne from isle to isle, and many an eye glanced in enthusiasm at the scene, as some lone bark come dancing o'er the waves. But the soft air and sunny skies brought no new hope unto love's weary heart. The languid step was heard no more upon the vessel's deck. Time fled apace. The sun has sunk behind the rolling wave and twilight lingers o'er the waters blue. No more shall her sweet eyes gaze forth, upon you cloudless sun. Lowly upon a couch the gentle lady rests as if in sleep, when wistfully the dark eyes open and gaze around dreamily as if in search of something, until they rest on him, the one beloved of all the earth. The pale lips move as if they fain would speak some parting word, and a low murmur of "Farewell, my brother," comes in a gentle whisper from the dying lips. 'Tis done, thy bitter sting is past, O, death, and thus she died. "She died on whom his love devotedness was cast." The music of the voice he loved is hushed forever. The loving eye is closed, no more to meet his gaze, and never more through all the coming years, shall her soft hand clasp his with sweet electric thrill. And long he sat, as one grown dumb by misery's stroke. No tear bedewed his burning eye, but statue like he sat, and chafed the cold and clammy hand. His heart was broken. And when the stars looked forth in their calm stoic beauty o'er the sea, he slowly rose, and with wan face he left the chamber

of the dead, as one goes in a deep and troubled dream, and paced the deck beneath the midnight sky.

Words hath not the power to tell the utter woe and loneliness of those whom death has robbed of all they love, and in his agony he prayed that he might die, but long and bitter is the woe ere grief may find a grave. The leaden hours dragged heavily along, but when the morning dawned, calm and serene, we saw, dim rising on our lee the cloudlike headlands of a tropic coast. Vague and intangible at first they seemed, but press of sail and stress of steam, soon bore us to the port.

There, by the sounding sea, they laid the form of one who was in life so fragile yet so beautiful. It was a lovely spot. A grove of palm trees, ever vernal waved their broad foliage above a low bright sanded shore, and cast their swaying shadows in the bay, whose waters rippled in a murmur up the beach, and kissed the white sea shells that gleamed amid their sands. And there, locked in eternal sleep, they left her mid the dark dim shades, where orange flowers ever blow above her tomb. And he, the brother, turned from her low home and wandered forth upon life's weary pilgrimage, lonely and broken hearted. He could not see her spirit disenthralled, and revelling in purer light than gilds our fairest earthly scenes.

For her soul unseen on the shadowy sea,
Was outward bound, for eternity.

MRS. MALLIE STAFFORD.

An Inviting Dining-Room.

If possible, the dining room should be the most attractive room in the house—perhaps not quite the sunniest spot to be found, although the sunshine must by no means be banished; but it is said that a subdued light is all that is necessary, or really wanted, to complete the perfection of the dining-room. It must be decidedly noted for its bright cheerfulness and its look of perfect cosiness. It may not be the finest room the house affords, and the furniture may be of the simplest character, but a little individual taste may be exercised in its adornment. Pictures of fruit, flowers and game are most suitable for the walls; and if you are the fortunate possessor of a piece of rare old china, a plaque or saucer, you may have one spot that will glow in beauty. If nothing so choice has fallen to your lot, you can still paint a single branch of apple blossoms, or a single flower, on one of the chip-plates on which your butter comes; but if this should be beyond your abilities, you may, with the aid of the mangle-pot, place a pressed fern frond on it, with a small bouquet of field flowers, then varnish over with French spirit varnish, and your plate will be complete. The large shells which are found on the sea beach may be utilized in the same manner, and form very pleasing and attractive objects of ornamentation.

A handsomely arranged dining-room lends a subtle charm to the well-appointed dining-table, and the most exacting order and neatness are the requisites of both. The linen may not be of the finest and richest that foreign looms send out to us, but there is nothing that can hinder the spotless purity of the whiteness of tablecloth and napkins. The tablecloth should be folded in the most accurate manner, and I prefer the simple squares to the more elaborate and showy diamond-shaped formations; but this is a mere matter of taste and choice for each lady to determine for herself. Let the tablecloth have a small quantity of starch in it, sufficient to have it come from under the iron with a highly finished glossy surface. The napkins should never have any stiffness in them.

Under the cloth place a piece of cotton flannel the width and length of your table. This is now deemed a necessity. It imparts a heavier,

richer look to your tablecloth, besides absorbing any spots of gravy that may be spilled, which would also injure the appearance of the table; besides, it saves the noise of the dishes in being removed. The handsomest table mats are those made of coarse white cotton, and of these there should be distributed as many as there are dishes to be disposed of. A large mat may be placed at the head of the table to receive the dish of meat, while two smaller ones, of equal size, are placed on the opposite sides of the table about half way down, for the convenience of the vegetable dishes, and still another is placed at the foot of the table to hold the salad bowl, or any other dish that you may choose to have. The center usually occupies the central and most conspicuous position on the dining-table, but a graceful innovation may be allowed here. Have, in place of mustard, pepper, vinegar, etc., that no one may need, a handsome dish of fruit arranged with corresponding leaves between it, and on either side vases of flowers of delicate perfumes—strong odors are not pleasant in the dining-room.

Details of the Table.

At the right hand of the plate place a spoon with a bowl turned downward, at the left hand have the fork with the tines reversed, and at the head of the plate will be found the knife, with the napkin on the right of the spoon. The goblet, or tumbler, must be on a line with the knife at the right, while the saltcellar, if individual ones are used, will be at the left. Should large salts be used, as they sometimes are at dinner, let them be placed on the corners of the table, diagonally, opposite each other, with a salt spoon laid on each. At breakfast and lunch, or supper, the bread board is placed at the left hand of the person whose duty it is to serve the bread and the butter, and butter plates may take the vacant place between the fruit and flowers on one side, while the pickle-dish may occupy the other side. The butter plates I know are usually distributed on the left hand side of the plates, beside the saltcellars, but it seems nicer to have them served out by one person, and then passed around. But this is optional with each person—a mere fancy. Bread for dinner is cut much thicker than for other meals, and may be served on a plate, or a piece placed in the fold of the napkin, to be laid at the left side of the plate when taken from the napkin. The plates must be nicely warmed (not heated so hot as to burn the fingers) and placed before the master of the house or person carving. All dishes should be wiped with a soft cloth to remove any dust that may have accumulated upon them, as well as the traces of fingers.

The tea tray should have a doily upon it, and be placed before the mistress of the house. The sugar bowl, milk ewer, etc., should be arranged across the head of it, while the cups and saucers are in little piles of two or three on the left side. Many persons do not have the tray upon the table, but have the spooinglass, etc., on the table at their left hand, and when the tea or coffee is served, the table is clear before them.

The carving knife and fork should be placed on the rests at the left hand of the meat platter, and two table-spoons on each corner of the table, reversed, and the bowls turned down. The large salt cellars may stand between them. The salad plates and vegetable saucers may be put at convenient distances from the dish to which they belong. The water pitcher should stand on a side table, on a tray or plate, or if there is no waiting it may stand on one corner of the dining table. The water is always helped at the right hand. When the dishes are removed to give place to the dessert, the table must be brushed clean from crumbs. When there is

fruit of any kind, finger bowls become a necessity. They are set before each person, on a prettily folded doily laid upon the dessert plate, and when taken from the plate should be placed at the left hand of it. Have the prettiest dishes you can afford. If plain porcelain, let them be of the thinnest texture procurable. If china is used let the ornamentation be of the most delicate character, with the very smallest hair line of gilt on the edges of cups, plates, etc. Your glassware may be of ordinary pressed glass, but have it perfectly plain and thin, remarkable only for its clearness and sparkle. Have your silver washed in pure hot water, innocent of soap, if you would have it retain its new look. Polish it with a soft towel.

The table should undergo the close scrutiny of the mistress. She should see that everything is not only on the table, but that it is neatly and systematically arranged; also that the carving knife is sharp; that the butter knife, pickle fork, sugar spoon, gravy ladle, etc., are all in their proper places. This will save a great deal of unnecessary confusion when the family are seated at table. A really nice dinner may be spoiled by the want of a little forethought and care on the part of her whose duty it is to see to all these things. A constant jumping up from one's seat to get this, that or the other thing, will produce anything but a pleasant feeling on the part of the guests. All these details tend to the comfort and consequent happiness of the family. Remember that the old philosophers tell us that "simple diet is best," and that "the chief pleasure in eating does not consist in costly seasoning or exquisite flavor, but in yourself.—Country Gentleman.

The Period at which Great Minds Reach Maturity.

"The richer a nature," says Carlyle, "the harder and slower the development." Two boys were once of a class in the Edenburg Grammar School; John, ever trim, precise and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time John became Bailie John of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott, of the Univer. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage. This slowly developed "Sir Walter Scott of the Universe" was 34 when he made his first draft of "Waverley," and 43 when he re-wrote and published it. Nearly every one of those tales which conferred immortality upon him was composed after he had reached the age of 46. He wrote the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" at 47; the "Bride of Lammermoor," "A Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe" at 48; the "Pirate" and "Peveril of the Peak," at 50; the "Tales of the Crusaders" at 55, and the "Chronicles of the Canongate" at 57.

Carlyle was 42 when he published the "French Revolution," the first work of his to which he formerly put his name. The publication of this work was, it is true, delayed, owing to the burning of the manuscript of one volume through the carelessness of Mrs. Taylor, to whom it has been loaned by John Stuart Mill; but, if that mishap had not occurred Carlyle would have been over 40 before his work could have appeared. His "Cromwell" was published when he was 50; the first two volumes of his "Frederick the Great" when he was 63, another two when he was 67, and the last two when he was 69. Swift was 59 when he published "Gulliver's Travels," and certainly did no work on it before he was 57. Tennyson had reached 50 when his first idyls, "Enid," "Elaine," "Vivien" and "Guinevere," were published and was about 62 when he completed the series with "Gareth and Lynette." Macaulay was 48 when he issued the first and second volumes of his "History of England," and the third and fourth did not appear till he was 55. Good as are the essays of his early

manhood, they pale when compared with his work of his mature years.

John Stuart Mill was 53 when his essay "On Liberty," was published, and 56 when he gave us that on "Utilitarianism." Milton was certainly more than 54 when he began to compose his "Paradise Lost." He was 59 when he sold it to Simmons, the bookseller. George Eliot composed "Middlemarch," between the ages of 46 and 51, and since then "Daniel Deronda." Bacon was 59 before he published his great work, "The Novum Organum." Cowper was over 50 when he wrote "John Gilpin" and the "Task," and Defoe, 56 when he published "Robinson Crusoe." Darwin published his "Origin of Species" when 50, and his "Descent of Man," when 62. Grote wrote the largest part of his "History of Greece" between the ages of 52 and 62, and Hallam occupied nearly the same period of life with his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe." The two works by which Thomas Hood has survived the grave, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt," were composed when he was 46, and on a sick bed from which he never rose.

Longfellow gave us "Hiawatha" when 46, "Tales of a Wayside Inn" when 56; and since then has been as prolific as he has been excellent. We need only mention his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedia," and his exquisite poem, "Morituri Salutamus." "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was published when Holmes was 40, and "Songs in Many Keys," when 65. Washington Irving completed "Tales of the Alhambra," at 49, published "Mahomet" at 67, and the "Life of George Washington" after that age. Prescott wrote, we believe, the "Conquest of Mexico" between the ages of 41 and 47, and the "Conquest of Peru" between 47 and 51. Motley completed the "History of the United Netherlands" at 53, and after that began the history of "John of Barneveld," which he published when he was 60.

Frenchmen have produced very remarkable books long after the noonday of life. Laplace did an extraordinary amount of mathematical work after three score and ten, and Victor Hego scarcely "got under way" before he was 50. He published "Napoleon the Little" at 50; "Les Chateaux" at 51; "Les Miserables" at 57; the "Toilers of the Sea" at 64; "The Man Who Laughs" at 67, and "The Animals of a Terrible Year" at 70.

The great physicist and mathematician, Ampere, did not begin to devote his attention to the phenomena of electro-magnetism till he was 45, and it was from 51 to 53 that he published his "Observations," a work characterized, as has been said, by "profound thought and extraordinary philosophical sagacity." Racine was 56 when he wrote his drama of "Esther" and at 52, that of "Athalie," the finest production of his genius, and a masterpiece of dramatic eloquence. Thiers was 65 when he completed his "Consulate and Empire," and Chateaubriand 63 when he republished his "Etudes."

Cervantes had passed his 58th year before he published the first part of "Don Quixote," and was 68 when he issued the second part. He and Shakespeare died on the same day.

Cicero composed most of his philosophical treatise between the ages of 58 and 62. Galileo published his "Dialogue on the Two Principle Systems of the World" at 68; the "Dialogue on Local Motion" at 74, the age at which he discovered the moon's diurnal librations.—Boston Courier.

—Professor (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student: "What time is it, please?"