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PROFESSIONAL CARD.

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When the barbarous practice of stuffing one's guests shall have been abolished, a social gathering will not necessarily imply hard labor and disservice. Perhaps, when that time arrives, we shall be sufficiently civilized to demand pleasures of a higher sort. True, the entertainments will then, in one sense, be more costly, as culture costs more than cake.

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests. That plenty should produce either covetousness or prodigality is a perversion of providence, and yet the generality of men are the worse for their riches.

It is a distinguishing feature of Christianity that God is a God of love. Christianity tells us that "God is Love." This is both His nature and His name. There is no greater sign of a mean and sordid man than to dote upon riches; nor is anything more magnificent than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality.

There is a game of cards very popular in Ireland called "Spoiled Five." Any number of persons greater than two can participate in a game, but with three contestants the best points are drawn out. Each player looks exclusively after his own interests. Each trick counts five, and to win a game it is necessary to get fifteen in a single hand. But as only five cards are dealt to each player, this, it will be seen, is not an easy thing to do; and with good players the battle has often to be fought again and again, with increasing stakes and interest, before a victory is scored. As soon as the player has looked at his hand and calculated his chances, he is guided by this golden rule: "If you can't win the game, spoil it."

Truth discovers the evil; grace puts it away. Truth unfolds what man is; grace unfolds what God is. Truth brings out into the light the hidden workings of evil in the heart of man; grace brings out, in contrast, the rich and exhaustless springs of grace in the heart of God: both are needful. Truth for the maintenance of God's glory; grace for the establishment of our blessing. Truth for the vindication of the divine character and attribute; grace for the perfect repose of the sinner's heart and conscience. How blessed to know that both grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

A BABY GIRL.

A little one climbed in my lap last night— A fair little creature with sunny eyes. That seemed to have taken their radiant light From the fairest line of the summer's skies— And down on my shoulder she laid her head, And settled herself with a quaint little twirl; And then, looking up in my face, she said, "Now, sing me a song of a baby girl."

"Of a baby girl?" How my thoughts flew back To another time and another scene, Far, far adown on my memory's track. With many a joy and sorrow between— To another time, when at evening's close, Tired out with the long day's busy whirl, I, too, climbed up for a sweet repose On my mother's lap—a baby girl!

How we change, how we change, as the years go on! There are silver threads in my hair to-day; And the loving and cherished mother is gone To the pleasant land where angels stay. O, I wonder, I wonder, if'er she looks down From "the beautiful city with gates of pearl," From "the sounding harp and the gleaming crown" To follow the fate of her baby girl?

What is this, little one? Ah, her head droops low, And her fingers have loosened their clinging grasp. For the innocent slumber but children know Holds her baby brain in its soothing grasp. And I gather more closely her form to my breast, And I tenderly toy with each curl ring curl. When our labor is done, may our final rest Be as sweet as the sleep of my baby girl!

A Little Mistake.

Miss Minerva Blair, spinster on the shady side of forty, and her niece, Miss Hope Alexander, also single, but on the sunny side of twenty, sat in the pleasant sitting-room of a pleasant country mansion, listening to the rumble of the afternoon railway train, which was just arriving at the depot.

"Mr. Harvey will be here in a few minutes, Hope," said the aunt; "and you must be cordial to him, unless it is your desire to offend me."

"I wish the train had had a collision!" was the rather vindictive reply, though a sly half-smile showed that the words were hardly meant.

"I suppose," said Hope, slyly, though she felt in no humorous mood, "if you couldn't get the son, auntie, you would object to the nephew, as it would all be in the family?"

"Well," replied her aunt, after a moment's thought, "I don't know how that might have been if I hadn't met Walter Harvey. But I feel now that no other young man could replace him. Besides, Hope," and here she gave her niece a mischievous pinch, "I guess he won't be so unwillingly..."

Havana is cosmopolitan. One sees in her streets almost every nationality and hears many tongues. Coolies are employed for much of the work along the harbor front and also the ranks of the peddlers. The vanity bred in the Castilian is evinced by the many varieties of gorgeous uniforms, meeting the eye. Almost every third man is in uniform, and a score or so differently grained out may be seen at a glance. Some of the officers wear side arms also, carry Malacca sticks with a golden brown cord and tassel, which strangely suggests Cockney. One of the commonest types is a swarthy bearded man dressed in a very neat, light blue striped material, with white vest, low cut, exposing a gorgeous shirt front, small panache cap with a straight tortoise shell visor, gold bowled eye glasses, and all the decorations in cap and uniform that his rank will allow. The ladies seldom go covered in the street. Their coiffures are most elaborate, and only a film of lace is occasionally worn on the back of the head. Some of the poorer classes wear even less than the traditional Topsy, and during the morning's drive our company passed several groups of negro children with only natural covering. In the evening the social or Havana begins. The long lines of the Prado are ablaze with light, the numerous cafes overflow to the sidewalks, which in many instances are under arcades, and the theatres and the circus furnish amusement. Brilliant private equipages and less ambitious victorias dash along with their loads of dark bearded men and smiling senoritas. The Teatro Nacional has probably a world wide reputation. For some cause it is closed at present, and the fashionable house is the Theatre Payret de la Paz, a handsome new theatre, standing in a square nearly opposite the Teatro. The Playret is probably as large as the Boston theatre, which it very much resembles. There is a parquet circle and four tiers above; two of which are divided into boxes. The theatre has a fair company and a remarkably large orchestra, which discourses excellent music. The curtain remains down about fifteen minutes between the acts, and the parquet is entirely emptied. The men thrust out into the lobby or the adjoining cafes, smoke cigarettes or drink coffee. The American bar is a feature of the Havana cafe, but not the prominent feature. It is found on one side or in a corner, while most of the space is devoted to the marble-topped tables for coffee drinkers.

A New York justice of the peace was recently called on to officiate in that city to marry a couple. Putting a marriage certificate in his pocket, he started for the festive scene. Arrived at the house, under the direction of a blue-legged little boy, who pointed out the place, he knocked and went in. In the middle of the floor stood a stout German girl, sorry and plump, her blue eyes rolling out tears as large as butter pails.

"What shall I do, Hope?" cried Arthur, when she tripped back into the parlor. "I feel like running away instantly."

"That would be so brave!" was the rather sarcastic rejoinder.

"Please, then advise—or rather, command me."

"Well, then, sir, hear your orders—This delect makes me feel mean and guilty, in spite of myself, and we must have an explanation at all hazards."

"No," not now—to-morrow. You must face your uncle, and then let the truth come out."

"And then won't there be a storm!" the young man said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, we have raised it, and must meet it," Miss Hope replied, bravely. "And now let us dismiss the subject for to-day." But although they did their best to be happy, a nervousness about the coming evening overhung them, and they were much too restless for comfort that evening and the next morning.

It was ten o'clock before the train from the city arrived, and two weary hours passed after breakfast before the expected visitor reached the house.

He was received at the door by Miss Minerva, while Hope and her lover remained in the sitting room. Arthur made a virtue of necessity, and advanced to greet his uncle with as much heartiness and innocence as he could possibly throw into his manner.

"Why, Arthur!" cried the old gentleman, "this is rather a surprise. What may have brought you here?"

"Mr. Harvey, I present my niece, Miss Hope Alexander."

A slender, rustling figure was half pushed into the room, where it stood bowing with a semi-laughing air.

"I must attend to getting supper," she then said. "I will leave you together for a time."

"As soon as she was fairly gone, 'Hope!' cried the young man, 'I—did not expect you. I thought it was your cousin Walter who was coming.'"

"It will require quite a talk to explain all," Hope replied, "and I—"

"I see how it is," said he. "We have been fighting nature, which is a bit of a mistake. I guess we had better rectify it." And they did so.

At present, it is necessary to keep the right-hand side of the sidewalk should be invariably observed; anyone who persists in taking the left hand may be deemed ignorant and rude, unless there are very special reasons for his conduct. For vehicles, the right-hand side is the right side, alike in town and country. Some of the States have statute laws commanding this. In others the rule upon customs.

"I am not sure," said the justice, "but I think you are right. The law is on your side. You must face your uncle, and then let the truth come out."

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This class of persons lived before the time of the Pyramid-builders; but in their progress and their discovery, first of bronze and finally of iron, they may have been slower and later than the ancient Egyptians. The only knowledge we have of that strange people, who once lived in curious rounded houses built on platforms erected for some distance from the shore out into the lakes of Switzerland, is derived from archeology. In 1854 the waters of Lake Zurich (and of some other Swiss lakes) receded farther than they had ever been known to sink before during the historic period; and a farmer, digging the rich muck thus exposed for his garden, was astonished upon coming upon masses of pipes, and, mixed among these, bronze implements—knives, chisels, axes, etc. In other localities subsequent explorers, digging down into these lakes and in other places, came upon implements of stone as well as bronze; but it was found in every instance that the stone implements lay below those of bronze. Whether the age of bronze came for the Lake Dwellers at the same time that it did to those wonderful people inhabiting the valley of the Nile, is very doubtful, if the Lake Dwellers were earlier than the Egyptians, they were also slower, and probably later in arriving at the age of bronze. But they reached that age. They had lances, fish hooks, sickles, axes, all of bronze. It was an age in which men did not know the use of iron. And the bronze implements they had were cast in the form in which we find them. In some localities we come upon articles of bronze and of stone; in others of stone only. The question arises—was there ever a period in which mankind used only implements of stone. There is no doubt of it. From one lake alone in Switzerland no fewer than 2,645 axes have now been recovered, 145 arrows and a variety of other weapons and domestic utensils, all stone. Other Swiss lakes yield similar suggestive revelations. And it was the same in Great Britain—it was the same in France—it was the same throughout Italy, Germany, and most parts of Europe—it was so even in Egypt? Not even the Egyptians knew, at one time, the use of iron or bronze.

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The Duke of Argyle says in his Impresos: "With regard to the birds of North America, I cannot doubt that I saw and heard that as songsters they are inferior to our own. This is the testimony of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who was familiar with both. It is a curious circumstance that between one Canadian bird and the corresponding species at home the only difference I could detect was that the American species was silent, whilst our own is always talking. I refer to that charming bird the common sandpiper, abounding on the banks of every stream and lake in the highlands. Its American cousin is equally abundant on all the rivers in Canada; but whilst at home its call notes are incessant, and the male bird has even a continuous and most lively song, I did not hear a solitary sound from the sandpiper of Canada. This, however, may have been an accident, and the sandpiper of our own is no where rarer among the birds of song. One hears the migratory thrush (robin) everywhere, in the midst of the gardens and villas of towns and cities, and in every little clearing of the forest on the outskirts of human habitation. It is a pleasant song, but decidedly inferior to any of its cousins in Britain. It is inferior in power to the missal thrush, in variety to our common 'mavis,' in melody to the blackbird. Near Niagara I heard one very broken and interrupted song of fine tone and of considerable power. But although I was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the States in the richest moment of the spring, I heard little of that burst of song which in England comes from the blackcap and the garden warbler and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale. Above all, there is one great want which nothing can replace. The meadows of North America were to my eye thoroughly English in appearance—the same rich and luxuriant grass, the same character of wild flowers and even the same weeds. The skies of America are higher and wider and more full of sunshine. But there is no skylark to enjoy that 'glorious privacy of light.' The sweetest singer in the Heavenly Father's choir is wanting in the New World. I cannot help thinking that it might be introduced. Of course the winters of Canada and of the Northern States would compel it to follow almost the other birds which summer there, and to retire with them until the return of spring to Virginia or the Carolinas. It would be an interesting experiment. I do not know whether it has been tried. If not, I would suggest it to my American friends as one worth trying. It would be a happier introduction than that of the London sparrow."

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January—Will be rather warm, but not very warm; just moist, enough. There will be some cold weather, and some not quite so cold; just cold enough.