

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Charles H. Philbrick, who was President Lincoln's private secretary at the time of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, died in Groggsville, Illinois, on the 17th.

About twenty thousand persons, including many roughs, gathered on the wharf at Pittsburg on the 18th to join an excursion to Davis Island Dam, where Paul Boyton was advertised to give an exhibition. The crowd rushed on the steamers and loaded them to the water's edge, whereupon, fearing disaster, the officers of the boats announced that the exhibition would be given before the wharf. This led to a riot, during which the roughs, with axes and other implements, nearly cut up two steam barges and compelled the officers to jump into the river to save their lives, because they refused to refund the money taken for tickets. Order was finally restored and the ringleaders arrested. Only one man was injured, and he but slightly.

A Western express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad ran into an immigrant train, near the Hackensack river bridge, near Jersey City, on the 18th. The latest information is that three persons were killed and several injured. All the killed were on the immigrant train.

The next annual convention of the Irish National League of America will be held in Chicago on the 30th of January next. Mr. Parnell, the Irish leader, will attend, accompanied by the Lord Mayor of Dublin and a delegation of the Irish Parliamentary party.

According to a telegram from Columbus, Ohio, each party claims that it will have three majority in the next Legislature of that State. The Democrats predict that Sherman will not be re-elected. U. S. Senator anyhow, it being alleged that several Republican members have said that they will not support his candidacy. The official count of the votes cast at the recent State election in Ohio was going on the 19th. Fraudulent tampering with the returns has been discovered in Hamilton and Franklin counties.

In the Supreme Court of the United States on the 19th the Virginia Coupon cases—six in number—were advanced on the docket, and five of them were set for a hearing on the third Monday in November.

The first business session of the Fourth National Prison Congress began on the 19th in Detroit. Rev. A. G. Byers, Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Charities, offered prayer.

The President on the 19th appointed the following among other postmasters: B. F. Cheatham, at Nashville; James H. King, at Knoxville; Charles W. Roby, at Portland, Oregon; and Daniel C. Hopper, at Centerville, Maryland. James Crowley, of Buffalo, was on the 19th appointed Appointment Clerk of the Post-office Department, in place of James A. Vose, of Maine, transferred to the second division of the Postmaster General's office. Mr. Crowley has been for many years attached to the editorial staff of the Buffalo News, and is said to be a personal friend of President Cleveland.

Robert B. Roosevelt, appointed by the President one of the Commissioners to examine the last section Northern Pacific Railroad, has declined the appointment.

Near Osawatomie, Kansas, on the 17th a farmer named Lander, with his wife, two children and Mrs. Steck, started for home in a farm wagon after making a number of purchases, among which was ten pounds of powder. A short distance from town Lander, in lighting a pipe, dropped a spark on the powder, which ignited throwing every one out of the wagon, killing Mrs. Lander and fatally injuring the others.

A coal train and a freight train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad collided on the 16th at Black Creek Junction during a thick fog. Forty cars and an engine were smashed, causing a loss of \$25,000.

A fire at Carrollton, Illinois, on the 18th destroyed several stores, causing a loss of about \$55,000. The implement house of Bristol & Son, and Zetter paint and wall paper store, at Hastings, Nebraska, were burned on the 18th. The flour mill of George F. Strait & Co., in Shakopee, Minnesota, was burned on the 19th. Loss, \$55,000; insurance, \$37,000.

Peter the Great's boots, the original model of the "Wellingtons" are still exhibited as curiosities at St. Petersburg.

The Civil Service Commission has written to the President, calling his attention to "the attempt made by the Pennsylvania Republican Committee to collect political assessments in the departments," and suggesting the propriety of making an investigation of the matter, with the view of punishing all parties connected with it who can be reached by the law. They say that "it is their belief that Chairman Cooper, who is responsible for the begging circular, is not an employe of the Government, and therefore cannot be reached by the law," and they discuss the propriety of asking Congress to extend the law to cover such cases.

The President on the 20th appointed C. H. Vaughn to be Collector of Customs at Sag Harbor, New York; James Tilton, Collector of Customs at Great Egg Harbor, New Jersey; T. F. Donovan, Surveyor of Customs at Pateogue, New York; Erhard Bissinger, of New York, Consul at Beirut, and Daniel W. Herring, of Tennessee, Consul at Tocogucalpa.

The President also commissioned the following among other Postmasters: M. N. Sunnot, at Kansas City; A. A. Hagett, at Lowell, Massachusetts; Michael D. Baker, at Uniontown, Penna.; James G. Hasson, at Edinburg, Penna.; and F. R. Barlow, at Madison, New Jersey.

The Fortifications Board met on the 20th in Washington and began the consideration of plans for defence submitted by inventors.

The Lighthouse Board, in Washington, on the 27th discussed a plan for the erection of a lighthouse of the first order on Hatteras Shoals, but came to no determination in the matter.

The annual session of the Presbyterian Synod of Virginia, opened in Lynchburg on the 20th. The Synod embraces churches in Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland.

Malcolm Hay, ex-First Assistant Postmaster General, died on the 20th at his residence in Allegheny City, Penna., aged 43 years.

Two passenger trains on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad collided on the 20th about two miles south of Williamsport, Penna. Arthur M. Middlekauff, express messenger, and Eugene Thorn, fireman, were killed, and two train hands were severely injured.

The registration of voters in Brooklyn, New York, shows a total of 109,244, against 124,623 last year and 106,354 in 1883. Most of the increase compared with 1883, has been in the Republican wards.

The New York Presbyterian State Synod, in session in Troy, on the 21st adopted resolutions deploring the publication, sale and reading of Sunday newspapers, and asking pastors and sisters to use their influence against them. A resolution was also adopted urging opposition to the Freedom of Worship bill, advocated by the Catholic Union, of New York.

A terrific explosion of gas occurred on the 21st in No. 2 slope of the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company, at Plymouth, Penna. It was caused by one of the men going into an abandoned portion of the slope with a naked lamp on his head. One miner was killed and fifteen others were injured, nearly all of them fatally. Three of the injured died in the afternoon.

The Secretary of the Interior on the 21st issued the following order: "It is hereby prescribed: That no person who has been an officer, clerk, or employe of this department within two years prior to his application to practice in any care pending therein shall be recognized or permitted to practice as an attorney or agent in such cases as shall have been pending in the department before or at the date he left the service, provided that this rule shall not apply to the officers, clerks, or employes of the Patent Office."

Frederick A. Schroeder, the Republican nominee for Mayor of Brooklyn, on the 21st declined the nomination and announced that he would support General J. B. Woodward, the choice of the Citizens' League. General Isaac S. Catlin was nominated in place of Schroeder.

Governor-elect Foraker, of Ohio, on the 21st addressed a large Republican meeting in Jamestown, New York.

The Governor of Massachusetts has designated November 26th as a day of Thanksgiving.

The President on the 23d appointed Louis K. Church, of New York, to be Associate Justice for Dakota; John C. Shields, of Michigan, to be Chief Justice for Arizona; William W. Porter, of California, and William H. Barnes, of Illinois, to be Associate Justices for Arizona, E. Van Long, of Indiana, Chief Justice for New Mexico; William Hill, of Illinois, to be Consul at Port Sarnia; Robert P. Waring, Assayer at Charlotte, North Carolina; George S. Savage, to be Collector of Customs at Cherrystone, Virginia; and S. J. Anderson, Collector of Customs at Portland, Maine.

The City Council of Indianapolis, at a meeting on the 23d, passed an ordinance raising the saloon license from \$52 to \$100 a year. Only 13 of the 25 members were present, and the ordinance was adopted by a vote of 12 to 1. Its adoption by the Board of Aldermen is considered certain.

The canvass of the vote of Hamilton county, Ohio, was finished on the 23d, and shows a plurality of 646 for Hoody, according to unofficial footings. Kennedy, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, has a plurality of 734. All the Democratic Senators and Representatives have pluralities varying in size. As soon as the footings are officially declared certificates will probably be issued to all except the Senators against whom an injunction, based on allegations of fraud, still holds.

An explosion occurred on the 23d in the Raccoon Pits, in Chesterfield county, Virginia. One hundred men were in the mine at the time, but only two were killed, the explosion being confined to a remote corner of the mine. It is not known how the explosion occurred.

Two Visitors

Lady Duffus Hardy and Miss Hardy, proposed coming to the United States with the purpose of spending the winter in this country. These women are both novelists; Lady Hardy has written a number of romances, and has now in press a three-volume novel entitled "In Sight of Land," while Miss Iza Duffus Hardy has recently published a novel called "Hearts or Diamonds," and has also written a book descriptive of a previous visit to this country, which she dedicated to her "American friends."

A correspondent writes: "At Lady Hardy's reception one meets more Americans than at almost any other social gathering of literature and art. Here one sees A. Mary J. Robinson, a pale, medium blonde of about twenty-five, London correspondent of the Boston Literary World, author of the novel 'Aden,' and of a volume of poems relating to the rustic low life of England which attracted much criticism and created much controversy because of the glowing colors in which that life was painted; Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, a frequent contributor to American periodicals; Miss Gordon Cumming, so well known in English and American magazines, and also a writer of many books of travel; Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, dressed in that perfection of taste which is so well known in literary and artistic circles of Boston and New York."

Pima county, Arizona, it is claimed, is the oldest mining region in the United States.

REST.

Toll out, ye bell! sound midnight through the air; Tick out men's lives, now groaning under care; Wear out great Time with clashes everywhere— I wait, ye long, for rest.

Stride on, stop not, ye finger-marks of woe; Haate ye, ye shades! Oh! let the sunlight go; Wing past, ye hours, life is too sad and slow— I wait, ye long, for rest.

Bud forth, ye flowers, let Sp. tag and Summer die; Bend down, ye sheaves, let Autumn too go by; Cold blow, ye winds, another Winter's sigh— I wait, ye long, for rest.

Rest cometh not, rest is not for the young; Rest liveth not, it lies the graves among; Rest cometh to age, so yonder death-bells sung— I wait, ye long, for rest.

Rest cometh not with worldly joy and mirth; Rest cometh not until the soul's new birth; Rest cometh not until we die to earth— Then cometh rest indeed.

Death clasps our lives, stealeth them carefully; Rest guards our souls now lying peacefully; Closeth our lips, which many murmur thankfully— "Now have we rest indeed."

BRIEF COURTSHIP.

"D! I look nice, auntie?"

The speaker was standing before a full-length mirror, her pretty head twisted to one side to survey the multitudinous flounces of white tulle over pale blue silk, constituting the elaborate evening dress covering her slender, graceful figure.

"You look very nice, my dear."

Miss Della Merriman had taken a long survey of the exquisite face before she spoke and was satisfied with the appearance of her portage.

"Very nice!" she repeated. "Hortense has fitted you perfectly and the dress is most becoming. Now, if you will get my jewel case you shall wear my pearls."

"Thanks!" cried Elsie, carefully lifting the heavy casket and putting it on a table beside Miss Merriman. "Oh, auntie," she continued, opening a small box in the jewel case, "I never saw this!"

She held up as she spoke a slender chain, from which depended a gold locket, upon whose surface gleamed one pearl of great beauty, pure and large.

"Oh, how lovely!" Elsie cried, clasping the chain around her slender throat. "May I wear it?"

Miss Merriman had grown very pale as the locket was held up before her. Some strong memory stirred her usually placid face, for the soft brown eyes grew troubled, and her lips quivered.

"Had you rather I took it off?" Elsie asked gently.

"No, dear, you may wear it. Put in the solitary pearl earrings."

Elsie kissed her so-called aunt and fitted away.

For Miss Della Merriman, who had inherited a hundred thousand dollars from her second cousin, greatly to her own amazement, was not Elsie Garman's aunt. Nineteen years before she had closed the eyes of the girl's dead mother, lifted a week-old babe to her own bosom and taken her home.

Though but forty, her hair was thickly streaked with gray, and premature age was the fruit of toilsome life and a sorrowful heart. Yet she was lovely still, goodness ever looking from her sad, pitying eyes, and sweetness lurking in the perfect-shaped mouth.

Memory was very busy in Della Merriman's heart as she sat over the fire during Elsie's absence—so busy that she started as if from a dream when the carriage rolled to the door as the mantel clock struck two.

There were words of parting, then light steps on the stairs, and Elsie came in not as usual, full of bright animation, but with an earnestness of purpose in her large blue eyes quite unusual there.

"Did you have a pleasant evening, dear?" Miss Della asked.

"Yes—no—I don't know. I have a strange message for you, auntie."

"For me?"

"From a stranger who was at Mrs. Walton's—Mr. Carrington—Ralph Carrington."

Della Merriman rose to her feet, her face ghastly, her eyes staring and her breath coming in short quick gasps. She tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Auntie," the girl cried, terrified, "don't look so—don't."

"The message?" Miss Merriman whispered.

"He told me to tell you that the murderer of Henry Garman was Charles Ralston, the cashier of the Hope Bank, who had confessed his guilt. He said: 'Tell Miss Merriman to-morrow I will see her.'"

"Auntie," Elsie continued, her eyes full of piteous entreaty, "what does it mean?" Was not Henry Garman my father?"

"Yes, child. It means," Miss Merriman said solemnly, "that the cross that for twenty years has laid upon my life is lifted to-night. You shall know all, Elsie, to-night. I will not send you to a sleepless bed, child, with your heart

so troubled. But give me a few moments to think of your tidings and tell me how this message came to be entrusted to you."

"Mrs. Walton came to me late in the evening and asked permission to introduce Mr. Carrington. I had noticed a stranger, auntie, who had looked at me very earnestly."

"A tall, handsome man, with curling brown hair and large, merry blue eyes wearing a full beard of waving golden brown?"

"No—a tall man, with a grave stern face, smoothly shaven and hair almost white; quite an old man."

"True! true! I had forgotten. He must be fifty-five."

"When he was introduced to me, auntie, he touched the locket upon my neck. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'if I am too curious; but your name and that trinket are connected with so much of my life that I venture to ask you something of them. The locket first. Did some one give it to you—a lady?'"

"His face was so eager, auntie, that I told him the locket was yours. Then he led on, little by little, till I told him my whole life. He said he had been here two months seeking you, but did not look for a wealthy woman, but one poor and solitary. He whispered half to himself that I had no claim on you. What did he mean? Are you not my aunt?"

"No, dear, there is no tie of blood between you and me. Your claim is the claim of love; for you have been the one comfort, the one sunshine of my lonely life. Twenty years ago, Elsie, Ralph Carrington gave me the locket you have upon your neck, a gift of betrothal, for we were engaged to be married. I was a poor girl, making artificial flowers for bread—an orphan, too. He was assistant cashier of the Hope Bank, where your father was night watchman and Charles Ralston was the cashier. Ralston was in love with me and pursued me with unwelcome attentions."

"One day to rid myself of the importunities, I told him I had promised to marry Ralph. He left me white with rage. Only one week later the bank was entered at night, your father shot through the heart, and Ralph Carrington discovered in the vault trying to revive him. He was arrested and tried. He told a story no one credited, that Charles Ralston had sent him from his house to the bank for papers after keeping him busy there over the books all the evening. But Ralston swore that he had not been at home that evening and proved it; that the keys of the vault safe, found hanging in the key-hole, were stolen from his desk, and he had not sent his clerk to the bank. So Ralph was convicted and sentenced. He escaped! Elsie, I had saved five hundred dollars for my wedding garments. I went to see him in his prison, and, knowing he was innocent, I gave him the money to bribe the keeper of his cell. The man took the money and Ralph escaped. I have never known if he lived or died until to-night."

"After he was gone your mother was taken ill. The shock of her husband's death was too severe for her, and she never rose again from her bed, though she lived the months. When she died I promised you should be my charge, and never know the shadow upon your life till you were a woman."

Elsie was sobbing quietly, often lifting to her lips the gentle hand that had given her all that she had ever experienced of life's blessings.

There was a long silence after Miss Merriman had ceased speaking, and the gray dawn was creeping in at the windows when, softly kissing the young face, Aunt Della told Elsie to go to rest.

But for herself there was no rest. Feverishly, with an agitation altogether unlike her usual quiet, she waited the coming of the lover who had fled from his unjust sentence twenty years before, but who was free now and his innocence known. The day was young, and Elsie was sleeping when he came.

Della was waiting for him in the wide drawing-room. There fell upon the knot of ribbon round her throat the locket Ralph had given her betrothed. She stood up to meet the stern-faced elderly man who advanced to meet her, trying to find traces of her lover's face. Not until he smiled a tender, loving smile, softening the whole face did she recognize him. Then her own eyes, dim with tears, she said softly:

"You are more than welcome! Thank God, the cloud is lifted from your life, Ralph."

And he, holding the little trembling hand fast in his strong ones, answered:

"I have found you at last! I began to fear you were dead, Della! My little love! my darling!"

"Ralph," she said, the bright blush rising to her faded cheeks, "you forget we are gray-haired, elderly people!"

"I forget everything but that you are here, that the hope that has seemed a dream of madness for twenty years is realized, and I look once more into your face. I have been in California, Della, all these years, amassing wealth under a false name, working for gold to drown thought. I have led a busy life, but there has not been one hour that I have not pictured such happiness as this. You are mine, Della. You will not send me from you? You will be my wife?"

"If you wish it," she said softly, her

own faithful heart thrilling under the sincerity of his tone. "I have never ceased to love you, or to pray for you, Ralph."

The Isle of Dogs.

People whose notions of London are bounded by the thoroughfares of May-fair or Clubland, and even some of us who boast a more widely-extended knowledge of this city's great arteries, have very hazy ideas as to the exact whereabouts of the Isle of Dogs. No doubt we know that it lies somewhere on the weird regions perpetually overhung by a veil of murky clouds far beyond the dim grey dome of St. Paul's. Any attempt at more exact localization few would be rash enough to venture on. The very name suggests utter desolation, and perhaps the most prevalent impression about the place is that of a mud flat formed from successive deposits of alluvial soil or city refuse, not always of the most odorous. There is a sort of a vague idea that the curious designation is derived from the plenitude of defunct animals left behind on this island by every ebbing tide, and one pictures its few human inhabitants as a sickly race of beings living among the noisome vapors of certain industries that have been driven to take refuge here after becoming intolerable in more crowded localities. Not so very long ago that would have been a fairly accurate conception of the place except as to its title, the origin of which has been somewhat obscured by the mists of time. Once a Norman monarch is said to have kept his kennels of bloodhounds there. The only survival now of this traditional association with hunting is the existence of a factory for the manufacture of "united" horseshoes and nails. Veteran politicians who began to eat ministerial whitebait at Greenwich half a century ago may perhaps remember to have gazed across the stream from windows of that famous riverside hostelry toward a place the squalor of which was in sad contrast to the luxury immediately surrounding themselves. It was a low-lying island whereon only a few scrubby poplars seemed to flourish feebly beside stagnant ditches; from a congeries of tumble-down cottages and rickety wooden huts there rose black fumes and fetid gases that were sometimes wafted across to overpower the appetizing odors of a fish dinner. About those squalid dwellings there moved emaciated forms, bent double from rheumatism and the effects of fever, or children who seemed as if they had scarcely inhaled a breath of fresh air all their lives. Though existing so near London these people were practically cut off by a strip of sluggish water from frequent communion with their fellows, and the only civilizing influence that reached them was when some noble-minded ladies fired by a spirit of purest philanthropy, came voluntarily to dwell in their midst, and brought a ray of divine light to penetrate the density of ignorance and immorality. The labors of those charitable dames, who were actuated by no fanatical zeal, are still gratefully remembered by one or two old people who have lived through all the changes that have fallen on the place since then. Voluntary missions have been succeeded by ecclesiastical organization. There are now three churches on the island, each with its vicar or curate always resident, besides schools of several denominations. A row of ancient cottages still exists to remind us of days gone by—though not of the worst days. Through their floors of irregular brickwork the damp of primitive marshes still oozes, but there is an air of modern cleanliness about them, and their outside walls are clothed with the warm colors of Virginia creepers, while in the little patches of garden grow high sunflowers. The gospel of culture seems to have extended thus far. This is the only remnant existing apparently of the older inhabitants, who have gradually given place to a busier population, as the industries in which they were engaged have to huge factories, from which no disagreeable effluvia arise, wires, and rows of decent dwellings. In all external features the Isle of Dogs now differs not at all from other dock-places, and even its identity seems lost in the modern names of Millwall and Cubitt Town.

Chinese Printing Offices.

The Chinese have invaded another industry at San Francisco. There are now three printing offices in that city which are owned by Chinese. Only white compositors are at present employed, there being no Chinamen yet who understand the trade, but that want will no doubt soon be supplied. In China native printers wholly ignorant of the English language frequently master the art of putting manuscript into type, and do it almost as rapidly as white compositors who know the meaning of the words before them. There is a Chinese printer now tramping in the East. Last Summer he worked in a Catskill office, but he was not very expert.

Recent analysis shows that the fatty substance of the brain is not, as was supposed, composed of glycerine, but of palmitin, an element of which oatmeal contains a large percentage, and which is therefore a better cerebral nutriment than wheat meal.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Circumstance is the occasion of vice. Poverty of soul is worse than that of fortune. The virtues of a man are seen in his actions. An obedient wife commands her husband. Peace in a sinful course is one of the greatest of curses. Better suffer from truth than prosper by falsehood. Consistency is an acquired habit, and of slow growth. Love can gather hope from a marvelous little thing. Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world. We consider the man undone who is insensible to shame. We can do more good by being good than in any other way. The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life. Knowledge unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold. Diligence, industry and the proper use of time represent the material of success. If you would never have an evil deed spoken of in connection with you, don't do one. If time be of all things most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality. We carry our neighbors' crimes in sight, and throw our own over our shoulders. I find the doing of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans. We have some cases of the pride of learning but a multitude of the pride of ignorance. Our misfortunes are nearly always traceable to some fault of our own commission. When a great man stoops or trips, the small men around him suddenly become greater. From our eagerness to grasp we sometimes destroy the strongest principles of favor. Wherever large estates have been accumulated the decline of the nation has followed. From our eagerness to grasp we sometimes destroy the strongest principles of favor. Good children are the hardest crop to raise; it takes a kind home and two steady heads. It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the art of looking on the bright side of things. Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making. Mystery is another name for ignorance; if we were omniscient, all would perfectly plain. The speaker gives back to his hearers in a rain what he had received from them in a mist. Let no man wax pale because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants and must have. Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame. Look after the establishment of a worthy character and leave its appreciation to others. When a dealer cries out his fish most loudly you have reason to suspect that they are not fresh. Natural conscience testifies to the eternal connection between wrongdoing and penalty. Seeing and blundering are so far good that it is by seeing and blundering that we learn. The noblest gift of God ever bestowed upon man was the liberty to work on his own salvation. He that will always do that lawfully he may, will oftentimes do that which lawfully he may not. The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others. We may make angels of our own tender and kind and loving thoughts and feelings by letting them fly to others. What stubbing, ploughing, digging and harrowing are to land, thinking, reflecting and examining are to the mind. The irresolute seize with eagerness all overtures which show them two roads, and which, in consequence do not press them to choose. He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom. The head truly enlightened will presently have a wonderful influence in purifying the heat, and the heart affected with goodness will conduce to the directing of the head. The work of nature will bear a thousand views and reviews; the more frequently and narrowly we look into them, the more occasion we shall have to admire their beauty. The human mind is always inexorable in demanding a motive for all human actions. It is only himself that each man permits to act without one, and avails himself of the privilege with astonishing frequency. Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied recently. Knowledge and timber should not be much used till they are seasoned. The greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody beside himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. The best are accused of exclusiveness says Emerson. It would be more true to say, they separate as oil from water, as children from old people without love or hatred in the matter, each seeking his like. Mirth is like the flash of lightning that breaks through the gloom of the clouds and glitters for a moment cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the soul, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.