

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Health and Happiness.

The two things which conduce most to health and happiness are labor and abstinence. Spartan severities are not recommended; nor could they be conducive either to health or happiness; but that degree of labor which may be had without being oppressive, and that quantity of food which suffices to support nature without loading the stomach. But labor and abstinence are two things which mankind take most pains to avoid. Yet what can exercise a more healthy influence both upon the mind and body than these. And not only should a man be temperate in food but moderate in all things. Moderation of disposition teaches us to restrain all the evil workings of the mind—to repress jealousies, envy, anger, malice, hatred, revenge and all those baneful passions which have ruined the health and peace of thousands. It directs us, too, to cultivate all the benevolent feelings of our nature, to moderate our desires, and above all, to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. By this means we shall insure peace and tranquillity of mind, which are absolutely requisite to the full enjoyment of health—that is that free, easy and peaceful enjoyment of all the faculties of the mind, and that thorough performance of all the animal functions of the body without any impediment, pain or molestation. The mind thus disengaged from tumultuous passions, and the body free from disorders, render existence a happiness to us, and life an object of desire. While the loss of these blessings implies the loss of everything pleasant and delectable. "To enjoy good health," said St. Evremont, a celebrated French philosopher, "is better than to command the whole world. Health is the fountain of every blessing; for, without this, we could not relish the most exquisite pleasures or enjoy the most desirable objects." Without health, we can neither be happy in ourselves, nor useful—at least not in a considerable degree—to our friends, or to society. Much, undoubtedly, depends on original vigor of constitution. But, by a judicious attention to sundry particulars, health in many cases may be preserved, where it would otherwise be lost.

Religious News and Notes.

General Sherman's only son, Thomas, has been admitted to the Catholic priesthood by Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore.

The Boston Journal lately reported the following: Protestants and Catholics of Hephkinston united in giving a silver tea service to a Methodist preacher who is about to leave for Boston. The presentation was made in the town hall, by the Catholic priest.

The Presbyterian Church of England consists of 273 congregations, and the membership for 1880 was 55,199, as compared with 54,259 in 1879. The Sunday-school teachers number 6,139 and the scholars 61,782.

A Welsh Baptist church of twenty-six members has been organized in Patagonia. They have sent to Wales for a pastor. Baptists now have four churches in South America.

The German Evangelical Synod of North America, which represents the State church of Prussia, has 258 congregations, 462 pastors and 34,000 scholars in Sunday-schools.

Ancient Nazareth is now the site of an orphanage under the supervision of the Educational society of England. It has been opened four years, and there are in it now thirty-six girls of ages varying from four to fifteen.

The mental health of Dr. Cummings, once a well known Protestant convert and writer of prophecy, is such that while physically well, he is practically dead to the world.

The Rev. Grindall Reynolds, of Concord, Mass., has been elected as secretary of the American Unitarian association, in place of the Rev. Rush Shippen, who has been called to Washington, D. C.

The Rev. James W. Dale, D.D., a well-known Presbyterian minister, died recently at Media, Pa., aged sixty-five. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1831, and studied theology in Princeton and Andover seminaries.

The Rev. William Taylor has sent some forty missionaries to South America since 1878. The missionaries both preach and teach, and draw their support from the people among whom they labor. The only expense involved is their outfit and passage-money, which is defrayed by voluntary contributions.

The whole number of Second Adventists in this country is estimated at 85,000, who exist principally in four divisions—the Second Advent Christians, the Evangelical Adventists, the Seventh Day Adventists and the Life and Advent Union. The latter holds to the non-resurrection of the wicked dead, the first to the annihilation of those who die impenitent, and the second named to the conscious state of the dead and the eternal conscious suffering of the wicked.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Woman's Temper.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in a wife and mother you observe kindness and love predominate over the bad feelings of a natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

How the Australian Savages Marry.

Mr. Howitt's account of the Kurnai people, just north of Bass' straits, introduces us to a new set of marriage customs. Here the rule is elopement. The lad and girl make love to one another without the knowledge of her parents, and run away together. The bride's family, furious, go in quest of her; and if caught and brought back she will be severely punished. Her mother and brother will beat her, and her father even spear her through the legs. As for the husband, whenever he returns he has to fight his wife's male relatives. The pair may have to elope two or three times, with new pursuit and fighting, till at last her family grow tired of objecting, and the mother will say: "Oh! it's all right; better let him have her." The wonderful thing is that this is not exceptional, but the regular marriage rite of the tribe. The anger is not real, and when the people are charged with being cruel they answer that it is not intended as cruelty, but simply to follow an ancestral custom. The consequence of this Kurnai custom is a change toward civilized ideas of marriage; it is no longer a shifting union between one group or tribe and another, but a real pairing by mutual choice of man and wife, and to some extent male descent comes in with it.

The Kurnai elopement marriage shows another interesting feature—Though it is condoned at last by the wife's family, the man is never allowed to look at, speak to, or live in the same camp with his wife's mother. This is the best fact yet produced in favor of the explanation of the custom of avoiding parents-in-law, as meaning that the act of taking their daughter, though practically allowed, cannot be openly agreed to by their acknowledging him. So deeply rooted is this custom in Australia that it retains its hold on natives under missionary influence.

A Brabrolung, who is a member of the Church of England, was one day talking to me. His wife's mother was passing at some little distance and I called to her. Suffering at the time from cold, I could not make her hear, and said to the Brabrolung: "Call Mary, I want to speak to her." He took no notice whatever, but looked vacantly on the ground. I spoke to him again, sharply, but still without his responding. I then said: "What do you mean by taking no notice of me?" He thereupon called out to his wife's brother, who was at a little distance: "Tell Mary Mr. Howitt wants her," and turning to me, continued, reproachfully: "You know very well I could not do that—you know I cannot speak to that old woman."—*London Academy.*

Fashion Fancies.

Dark greens are evidently very popular.

Dresses and suits continue to be tight fitting.

The hems of flounces are turned up on the right side.

White organdie dresses are trimmed with Spanish lace.

The new gingham are colored and plaided with rare taste.

Short skirts have the back breadths rather fuller than formerly.

The newest nun's veiling has its edge wrought in open-work design.

A pocket for the handkerchief is sewn to the outside of the newest fans.

The new purple is not heliotrope but iris, and is taken from the fleur-de-lys.

Dress skirts for street wear will probably be exceedingly simple this summer.

There is more satin manufactured at present than any other goods made of silk.

Small checked trimmings will be much used with plain stuffs this summer.

Carmelite, or old silver, is a favorite color with English girls for spring dresses.

Shirring is the capital feature of all dresses at present. Dressmakers seem to have shirring on the brain.

The handles of some of the new sun-

shades are very elegant and entitled to be classed among works of art.

The skirts of all short dresses, though very narrow, are much more elaborately trimmed than last season.

Double-breasted basques are often ornamented with cords of steel or gilt, connecting the alternate pairs of buttons on the waist.

Chenille is substituted for beadwork in the open shoulder-pieces that one sees on some mantles, but the bead-work is still used.

Basques of mull gowns are lined throughout with white or colored mull so as to preserve uniformity of color throughout the costume.

Some of the narrow pokes projecting very far above the face, worn by little girls, give demure children an old-fashioned look which is both comical and winning.

The button of 1881 is in no way extravagant either in size or shape. It is of modest proportions and a simple circle, the ovals, squares and hexagons having been quite discarded.

The new black grenadines are of the most modest armure patterns, or else with square meshes, or perhaps the smooth-faced sewing-silk grenadines, but are made up over red, olive or green satin, or perhaps black, and are trimmed with Spanish lace, and with the gayest striped satin surah.

"If I Was President."

"Now, if I was President," began Mr. Butterby, of Prospect street, the other morning, as he passed his cup over for a second cup of coffee—"if I was President of the United States—"

"Which you aren't, you know," broke in Mrs. B., in an argumental and confidential tone.

"And not likely to be," added Mrs. B.'s mother, with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"No," assented Mr. B., pleasantly, "but I was just supposing the case—"

"Then suppose something in reason," retorted Mrs. B., snappishly; "you might as well suppose you was the man in the moon, or the man in the iron mask, or—"

"So I might, my dear, so I might," assented Mr. B., still pleasantly smiling, "but that has nothing to do with it. I was merely going to say that if I was President of the United States I'd—"

"My!" burst in Miss Gertrude, aged eighteen, "wouldn't it be splendid if you was, pa! Just to think how those Wheelstrop girls would change their tune when I met them, instead of throwing out their insinuations about people who consider it Christian-like to turn their last season's silk so that they may have more to give to charity! But they might turn green with envy before I'd ever—"

"Yes, and wouldn't I warm it to Sammy Dugan, just," chirped in Master Thomas, aged twelve; "I'd go up to him an' smack him on the nose with a brick 'fore he knowed where he was, an' he'd assent hit me back then 'cos it 'ud be treason, an' they'd hang him; an' I'd slide on the sidewalk, an' shy snow-balls at the p'leecemen, an' sass Miss Ferule, an' play hookey every day when it didn't rain, an' an' I'd—"

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. B., catching the infection from her enthusiastic progeny, "and then I'd be the first lady in the land, let the next be who she would; and the senators and governors' wives would beg to be introduced to me, and I'd have balls twice a week and banquets every day, an—"

"And I'd have the management of the White House, and run things," remarked Mrs. B.'s mother, her eyes sparkling with the prospect.

"Not much you wouldn't"—from Miss Gertrude—"not if I kept my health and knew myself, you wouldn't; not as long as I was the President's daughter and—"

"Yah!" ejaculated Master Tom, "I guess the President's son would be the biggest plum in that dish! Wouldn't I be the Prince of Wales then—say? What 'ud you know 'bout—"

"Shut up—all of you!" commanded Mrs. B. "I reckon the President's wife is the highest authority in the land! Anyhow, there'd be a dusty old time if anybody questioned it, and I bet when the exercises were finished the survivors wouldn't ask for any electoral commission to decide it over again. My! I'd like to see anybody—but, by the way, Mr. Butterby, what was it you was going to say you would do if you was President of the United States?"

"Resign as soon as the Lord would let me," said Mr. Butterby, calmly but determinedly.

And then a meditative silence fell upon the family and remained there until the meeting arose.—*Exchange.*

A New Haven firm sends thousands of the red American fox skins to Russia every year. These skins, which are used in the Muscovite country to line costly garments, are contributed to a considerable extent by Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. That America should send furs to Russia is as odd as that we send wines to France; and yet both of these things are done.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SCIO.

Scene of Desolation and Horror—A Vivid Description of the Calamity Sent from the Ruined Island.

A few days after the recent earthquake on the island of Scio, by which about 6,000 persons lost their lives, a correspondent of the London News sent that paper the following vivid account of the awful visitation:

The temperature on the 3d was heavy and oppressive, and the horizon was broken by broad flashes of light that seemed to denote a coming storm. In all this atmospheric disturbance, however, the inhabitants saw nothing extraordinary, and were far from being alarmed by what they fancied would result in a thunder-storm. At ten minutes to 2 o'clock in the afternoon a terrific shock was felt, bringing three-fourths of the houses in town to the ground like so many packs of cards, and burying 1,000 persons under the falling ruins. Then commenced a fearful scene of horror. The ground rocked and danced, kneading the ruin already formed into an unrecognizable mass of stone. The survivors ran hither and thither, not knowing where to flee to escape the horrible fate that menaced them, and were tossed and flung about by the heaving earth like feathers in a breeze. On every side the sinister rumblings of the earth, the noise of falling buildings, the tearing asunder of the walls of houses and the shrieks of the wounded lent a fearful horror to the scene. All sought to leave the town and get into the plains in order to avoid being buried under the falling buildings, but even those who gained the open country were by no means safe. The earthquake attacked not only the towns and villages, but worked its ravages in the hills and mountains of the island. Enormous masses of rock and earth came rushing down the hill sides, carrying all before them, bounding far into the plains, and tearing roads in the solid rocks of the mountain such as might have been formed by a torrent 1,000 years old.

Some time elapsed before any of the survivors recovered from the terror caused by the shock sufficiently to be able to comprehend the extent of the catastrophe, or to think of looking for friends or relatives still perhaps alive beneath the ruins. The town presented a pitiable spectacle. Great fissures and crevices yawned in the streets, walls were falling with a crashing report, and entire buildings crumbled in fragments to the ground. In many cases whole streets disappeared, and it was hard to say where the different well-known buildings had stood. No one knew where to look for family or friends. The ground still heaved and tossed, bringing fresh buildings to the ground at every moment, and hurrying innumerable victims to destruction. The people seeking to escape were caught in the staircases of their houses, by falling walls, or were crushed by the entire house falling in on them as they crossed the threshold. It is impossible to say what the number of victims would have been if a second shock had not displaced the ruins formed by the first, and thus permitted thousands of sufferers to escape or to be rescued by others from the horrible imprisonment to which they had been condemned. In the town the victims have been very numerous. The quarters most damaged are the citadel, the Atzikis quarter, and the industrial quarter. Beneath the ruins of the citadel alone 500 victims at least must be buried. Among others there are forty Turkish women who were engaged in prayer in an oratory situated in the court of the castle. The government palace and buildings, the telegraph office and the mosques, are little better than tottering ruins. Hardly a minaret in the town remains upright. The Frank quarter may be said to have suffered the least of any, but even here there is not a house the walls of which do not exhibit one or more ominous-looking crevices. All the fissures and crevices run from east to west. In the industrial quarter hardly a house remains standing, and whole families of from ten to fifteen persons have perished, or must perish, beneath the ruins.

In the country the effects of the horrible upheaval have been more terrible than in the town. Here the victims may be counted by thousands instead of by hundreds. The monastery of Neomoni is completely razed to the ground, and sixty monks lie buried beneath its walls. The site of the village of Nenita presents the appearance of a disused stone quarry. Not a trace of a building remains. The inhabitants have disappeared. It is thought that the number of victims in three villages (Calimassis, Thimiana and Neochori) is over 3,000. The total population of the three districts is between 6,000 and 7,000. I have just visited Cardamali, Pythios and Davenona, which are entirely destroyed. The number of victims is unknown, but is very considerable. At Tohesme 1,000 houses, half of the town, have been destroyed. Five dead and fifty wounded have been discovered at Kato Panaya. Every house, and there are 900, is in ruins. Twenty-three dead and 150 wounded have been found hitherto. The aspect of the plain of Vouzaki is heartrending. Between

40,000 and 50,000 persons of all ages and both sexes are camped there, on the open ground, and there are as yet but few tents to shelter them, and the old and young, sick and well, and dead even in some places, are scattered indiscriminately about the plain. Parents wander from group to group in the crowd seeking their children, and endeavoring to persuade themselves that their darlings will be found among the living. Not a single baking-house in the whole island is left standing, and the entire population was without food until aid could arrive from the exterior. At one moment an entire village, built in the form of an amphitheater on the side of a hill, broke bodily away from the parent rock, and rushed crashing down into the plain. The shocks are now diminishing. In all we have counted 250 since the first three awful upheavals which have destroyed the greater part of the island. Of these 250 shocks at least forty were capable of overthrowing a solidly built house. The work of excavation has been commenced, but how few of the buried victims shall we be able to extricate from their living tombs? The scene is sickening. Here a hand makes feeble signs through a crevice, while the unfortunate wretch to whom it belongs is buried beneath thousands of tons of masonry. Here, again, a voice calls for aid from underground. A daughter, sobbing, endeavors to encourage her father, who is imprisoned deep below the surface; and at every turn of the spade or pick some horrible mutilated corpse is brought to light. Numbers of dead are unburied, and in isolated places the dogs are disputing the possession of their mangled corpses.

An Eviction Scene in Ireland.

A New York Herald cable dispatch describes a scene at Dunmanway, county Cork, a few days ago, when Dennis Leary, his wife, six children and aged mother were evicted under circumstances of unusual brutality. Leary held a farm on the estate belonging to Mr. Thomas Gillenan, of Clonakilty. The rent was \$250, and the valuation exactly half that sum. It seems that a determined resistance was offered by the two women to the action of the bailiffs, who had to be assisted by the police. The head constable aimed his rifle at Leary's wife to intimidate her, but she resisted desperately, and when the whole affair was over she was lying on the roadside in such an exhausted condition that the police deemed it advisable to send a priest and a doctor to attend her after the eviction was effected. Leary, who was evicted for the non-payment of one year's rent, entered on his farm some years ago with a capital of \$2,500, which he amassed in America. He now leaves the rack-rented holding a penniless man. Whatever opinion is entertained of the main provisions of the land bill, there can be no doubt about the universal condemnation which has been hurled against those minor clauses which propose to foster emigration. The tide of emigration has already reached alarming figures. The dispatches from New York stating the enormous numbers arriving constantly at Castle Garden appear to stimulate rather than to depress the desire to leave the country. The Irish peasant seems to argue that where everybody is going there must be prosperity and plenty, and he favors the United States as the main refuge from the evils of rackrent and eviction. The enormous receipts of the land league executive committee from America are attracting increased attention. At the last meeting it was announced that the unprecedented sum of \$300,000 was received the week previous, principally from America. Concurrently with the increased contributions, however, the sums from local branches in Ireland have fallen almost to nothing.

Lost His Temper but Found a Fortune.

A few years ago a young man named John Peck secured a situation as conductor on the Metropolitan railway, Boston, and it chanced that during the first days of his service his car was several times thrown from the track by rails becoming misplaced. One day the end of the rail flew up and became fast in the car truck. He lifted and pushed, and lost his temper in the effort to get the car on the track and the rail in place again, and at night was so disgusted with his work that he threw up his situation. But his experience set him to thinking, and in a few days he called on an officer of the road and said that he could make a "chair" that would hold the rails firmly together at the joints. The officer laughed at his confident assertions, and told him that he had heard similar stories dozens of times. But the ex-conductor exhibited his model and drawings, which appeared so promising that he was told to go ahead and make the trial. The result was a complete success. To-day John Peck's patent railway chair, for which he secured his first patent in 1872, his second in 1876, and his third in 1881, is used by all the street railways in Boston and by many of the great steam railways of the United States.—*Boston Post.*

Why does your wife's new bonnet resemble a snipe? You are silent. We will aid you. 'Tis nearly all bill.

Cold Water.

Cold water is the drink for me,
Cold water, pure and bright and free!
It sparkles on the green hillside,
In yonder meadow see it glide.

I'll take my little cup and dip,
And of the good cold water sip;
And when I am a woman grown
I'll drink cold water—that alone.

'Twill never hurt my heart or brain,
Nor make me give another pain;
So, every stronger drink I'll shun,
And drink the purest, sweetest one.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Close quarters—Those held by a miser.

In France they say, "Garcon, will you please catch me a piece of cheese?"

Why continually speak of the printer's craft? As a rule typos are as honest as any tradesmen in the world.

The new czar leads a very simple life. He rises early and breakfasts with his family, and then puts on his boiler-iron overcoat and takes a walk in the back yard.

An exchange publishes an article headed "How to Tell a Mad Dog." We have nothing to tell a mad dog that we cannot communicate by telephone or postal card.

Some men have a faculty of looking on the bright side of things. A Boston man who was refused by a girl didn't weep over missing a bride, but congratulated himself on escaping a mother-in-law.

This is the sound, practical advice that is given by a misanthrope: If ever you should be so unfortunate as to be attacked by night, never shout "murder!" for no one will bother about you; yell "fire!" and everybody will be out of doors in a jiffy.

A gentleman recently provoked a one-armed organ grinder by asking him if he was a survivor of the late war. "Why, you fool!" exclaimed the irate musician, "don't you see that I survived? Do I act as though I was killed in the war?"

A youngster was sent by his parent to take a letter to the postoffice and pay the postage on it. The boy returned highly elated, and said: "Father, I see a lot of men putting letters in a little place; and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing."

"How to train tomatoes" is the subject of an agricultural disquisition. It is easy enough. All you have to do is a tomato misbehaves itself in company is to "mash the stuffin' out of it." It may look a little seedy for a while after, but this course of training will bring it to its pulp in a hurry.

The Earth's Great Age.

In a recent lecture at San Francisco Professor William Denton gave several striking illustrations of the earth's age. First, he said, we had evidence of the earth's great age in the tiny particles of soil beneath our feet. The great trees of California, with from 1,350 to 2,350 annual rings of vegetable growth, reveal the fact that these monarchs of the vegetable world were saplings when Nebuchadnezzar was born. The great fallen monarch of the forest has been estimated to have been 4,000 years old, and grew from seed propagated by older parent trees, and these in turn from grandparents, whose crumbled dust forms a rich vegetable mold to nourish their younger progeny. How many such generations occurred no one can tell.

But older than all these are the glacial beds. When these plowed their way over the surface of North America and Scandinavia they planed out mighty beds and ground and polished down the uneven surface of a former age. In this remote age the coast of New England was like that of Greenland at the present day. Few geologists will place the glacial period at less than 100,000 years ago. But we could go back still further. In the tertiary strata of California has been found what are called the earliest human remains ever discovered. These existed many, many thousand years ago, when one-half of New Jersey, one-third of Virginia, all of Florida, part of Texas and Great Britain were under water. The Mediterranean sea was then double its present size, and the Gulf of Mexico extended to Ohio. A large part of California was under the bed of the Pacific ocean, and water then extended back to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

But older than this period and formation was the underlying stratification of chalk; still older was the Triassic, and older yet the new red sandstone. Older yet was the carboniferous formation. Then further back was the old red sandstone, such as comes to the surface in parts of Scotland. Again, still lower, the older Silurian, then the older Laurentian, seen at the surface in Western Canada, and older yet than all these the granite or great underlying rock, the parent that thrusts itself up as the backbone of continents, cutting through all others to show us on the surface what is below. What an infinity of time must have passed away in the successive formation of these rocky layers!