



FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.

A HORSE'S STOMACH.

A horse requires food in a much more concentrated form than neat cattle and sheep. Hence, if the meal that is designed to be fed to a horse at one time, be mingled with a bushel of cut straw, the animal will not be able to manage so much bulk in order to obtain the desired nourishment. Some writers, who have examined critically the stomach of a horse, states that a stomach of a horse of medium size has a capacity of only about sixteen quarts, while that of an ox has two hundred and fifty; in the intestines this proportion is reversed, the horse having a capacity of one hundred and ninety quarts, against one hundred of the ox. The ox and other animals have a gall bladder for the retention of a part of the bile secreted in the intervals of digestion; the horse has none, and the bile flows directly into the intestines as fast as secreted. This construction of the digestive apparatus indicates that the horse was formed to eat slowly, and digest continually, bulky and unnutritious food. When fed on hay it passes very rapidly through the stomach into the intestine. The horse can eat but about five pounds of hay in an hour, which is charged during mastication with four times its weight of saliva. Now the stomach, to digest well, will contain but about ten quarts, and when the animal eats one-third of his daily rations, or seven pounds, in one and one-half hours, he has swallowed at least two stomachs full of hay and saliva, one of these having passed into the intestine. Observation has shown that the food is passed to the intestine by the stomach in the order in which it is received. If we feed a horse six quarts of oats it will just about fill his stomach, and if as soon as he finishes this, we feed him the above rations of seven pounds of hay, he will eat sufficient in three-quarters of an hour to have forced the oats entirely out of his stomach into the intestine. As it is the office of the stomach to digest the nitrogenous parts of the food, and as a stomach full of oats contains four or five times as much of these as the same amount of hay, it is certain that either the stomach must secrete the gastric juices five times as fast, which is barely possible, or it must retain this food five times as long. By feeding the oats first it can only be retained long enough for the proper digestion of hay, consequently it seems logical, when feeding a concentrated food like oats with a bulky one like hay, to feed the latter first.

SYRIAN AND PALESTINE COLONIZATION.

A drawing-room meeting of the above Society was held on Saturday, the 20th ult., at the residence of Mrs. George Hall, Brantford-road, Lee. The chairman, Colonel Gawler, spoke of the wonderful inspiration under which Abraham had been led to select that land, for which peoples and empires had been striving from that day to this. He remarked especially upon the value of its geographical position as a great center.

Dr. Bliss urged colonization as the best means of renovating that at present neglected, wretched country, and elevating its inhabitants. Every Christian family would be a centre of light and civilization, and their lives would be a testimony to the Gospel.

Captain Warren of the Palestine Exploration Fund, spoke of the fertility of the soil, and of the hills terraced from the foot to the summit. There were difficulties, he said, to be overcome in the country, and with the Government, who were as obstructive as they could be. But to Englishmen, difficulties only meant something to be overcome, and a society of this kind would take care to clear away obstructions thrown in the way of the emigrants.

Mr. Edwards spoke in glowing terms of the beauties of the Lebanon, and urged people of the upper and middle classes, whether with good means or limited means, to pay more attention to that country, and make their homes and Winter resorts there, and the working classes would soon follow. There were about eighty ladies and gentlemen present, and the subject has excited considerable interest in Lee and Blackheath. A ladies' working party at Kensington, with 250, which they have asked may be applied towards some specific object. Col. Gawler, Tower of London, is Secretary.—London Christian.

FEMALE LABOR ON ENGLISH FARMS.

A correspondent of the London Agricultural Gazette, criticising the statement by another writer that "female labor is almost unknown in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Lancashire," says: "I have an intimate knowledge of Cumberland, and would state that my experience of that county is exactly the reverse; female labor is the rule, and consists in gathering stones in Spring from grass-land intended to be mown, spreading manure in drills for potatoes and turnips in Spring, hoeing green crops in Summer, hay-making and corn harvesting, gathering potatoes, and pulling turnips in Autumn, etc. And right good workers the Cumberland lassies are; for bone and muscle they are not easily surpassed. There is heartiness in their work, too, that contrasts favorably with many men in other districts. A Cumberland dairy-maid helps to milk the cows, prepares and gives the cows their 'drinks,' steamed hay, and roots, feeds pigs, etc., without at all thinking she is doing more than she should do, and in a way that many a unionist, whose creed is 'high wages and little work,' would do well to imitate. There are many small holdings in Cumberland, many a prosperous farmer and wife have risen from being 'head man' and dairy-maid, first to a small farm and then to a larger one."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

A farmer boy in Ohio, observing a small flock of quails in his father's cornfield, resolved to watch their motions. They pursued a very regular course in their foraging, commencing on one side of the field, taking about five rows, and following them uniformly to the opposite end, returning in the same manner over the next five rows. They continued in this course until they had explored the greater portion of the field. The lad, suspicious that they were pulling up the corn, fired into the flock, killing but one of them, and he proceeded to examine the ground. In the whole space over which they had travelled, he found but one stalk of corn disturbed. This was nearly scratched out of the ground, but the earth still adhered to it. In the craw of the quail he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vine-bugs, and one hundred chinch-bugs, but not a single grain of corn.

The French acquire their art of providing and cooking from example and habit. The skill is handed down from one generation to another, each generation adding its own improvements. Among the professional cooks there exists a marvellous skill of combin-

tion and change. They cook eggs in one hundred and twelve different ways; they have more than three hundred sorts of puddings and sweetmeats, fifty methods of cooking beef and mutton, eighty of fowls. Among the rich classes the same dishes are not used oftener than once in three or four weeks, so great is the variety. One would suppose their dishes would disorder the stomach, but dyspepsia is a rare disease in France. Although, the French are an extraordinary people, and when their habits and methods of living are understood, we cease to wonder at their health and great wealth.

As the potato beetle passes its life in all its stages, except the chrysalis, upon the leaves of the potato, the most obvious means of preventing its attacks will be to pick off the conspicuous yellow eggs and burn them. Girls and boys can be employed to do this. Then when the grubs are fairly at work they should be picked off. The use of Paris green is necessary at this time, but so virulent a poison should be used with great caution. Experiments should be made to determine its action on the soil, the plant, and the beetle itself. A discussion has also arisen in the pages of the American Naturalist as to the poisonous nature of the beetle itself, while the other members of the family to which the *Doryphora* belongs are supposed to be innocuous. This is said to be poisonous to fowl and man, though it is well known that many insects, as well as the quail, devour large quantities of them. Another important preventive measure is the rotation of crops.—Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr.

It seems to me that the Massachusetts people who are offering \$3000 in premiums for the best plantations of not less than five acres of Scotch larch and white ash are making a mistake in the selection of trees. Does that larch do well enough anywhere in this country to take precedence of the white and yellow pine, hemlock, chestnut, or even red cedar for a timber tree? These natives will accept sterile land, and the first and third named will succeed on sour, cold, and swampy land, or on that which is very poor and dry. If hemlock may be excepted from drouthy places, the yellow pine is at home there, and several of these trees can be grown from these reds without transplanting. White ash, to thrive, needs rather strong land, if not some manure. Western people who have planted the Scotch larch, are growing about it, and betaking themselves for timber belt material, to varieties of trees native to their own regions. I don't believe any Scotsman thoroughly conversant with American forestry, would plant his own larch largely in this country. I would like to know if the timber when you get it is any better than our white spruce.—Courant.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer has not an apple orchard where the trees will grow, is one of the mysteries. Let every family, in Autumn, lay in from two to ten, or more, barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, whilst boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert which can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple—sound, ripe and luscious—for the pies, cakes, candies and other sweet-meats with which their children are too often indiscreetly stuffed, there would be a diminution of doctor's bills, sufficient, in a single year, to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.

HEALTH PARAGRAPHS.

**Eucalyptus Globulus.**  
In the April session of the Rome Academy of Medicine several papers were read and discussed concerning the remarkable properties of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*. The planting of this Australian tree in regions made unhealthful by malaria has for some years been recommended. Whether its roots or leaves absorb the miasma, or the pungent aroma of its volatile oil neutralizes the poison in the air, or whether it adds ozone to the atmosphere is yet uncertain. But that malarious regions can be made salubrious by planting the tree in sufficient numbers, has been shown, it is said by experience. In all the Mediterranean countries where fevers have prevailed at certain seasons the *Eucalyptus Globulus* has become the favorite tree for planting, and it is now proposed to test its powers by planting it in clusters in the Roman Campagna. Should this experiment succeed we may soon hear the last of the Roman fever.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**The Bridge.**  
The work upon the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge will be finished next month; the anchorages will be complete a month later; the temporary wire will be laid in August; work upon the main cable will begin in October, and the whole structure will be finished in three years. This is what an engineer of the bridge is reported to say.

**Amaranth Wood.**  
This wood is imported from Africa. Its value for fine uses is of recent discovery. When first cut, the wood shows a muddy color; but when barked and seasoned, it changes to the beautiful purplish or mulberry hue which remains permanent. The wood is hard and capable of fine dressing. It is expensive, costing about a dollar a pound.

**"The Cattle in the Woods."**  
This is the designation of a fine mid-Summer picture from the easel of William Hart. A group of Jersey cows are standing in a brook, drinking. On the left is the forest, and on the right a stretch of landscape in perspective. The sunlight is concentrated in the foreground, but its glowing tones are distributed by the intervening branches of the trees, and the effect of the passing lights and shadows is very sparkling. Another new picture in his studio is a reminiscence of "Berkshire Scenery," with cows at a pool in a pasture-field, and others scattered in the distance. The view is full of sunlight and very delightful to study. The landscape represents the country near Lenox, Mass., and a hill in the background is an actual portrait of "Old Graylock."

**The recent run from here to San Francisco.**  
The distance passed over is about thirty-three hundred miles. This makes the pace at which the train moved approximate a thousand miles every day of twenty-four hours, and this was continued for three and a half days. Nowhere is there a continuous line of railway in one direction of the same extent, and that can make such connections as if under the same direction. At the same rate of speed the earth could be

girdled by steam transit in about twenty-four days. We have heard a great deal of the fanciful journey "around the world in eighty days," but here is a reality for one-eighth of the distance, which would make the whole circuit in less than one-third of the time. Although this train went through safely, a series of such jaunts could hardly be recommended as safe experiments.

**Margaret's Well.**  
The London Building News says that Mr. Ruskin has just finished the restoration of a spring of water between Croydon and Epsom by erecting a tablet over it. About £500 has been spent upon it altogether, and what was a dirty pond is now a clear pool of running water, fed directly from the springs underneath the chalk. The inscription is as follows: "In obedience to the Giver of Life, of the brooks and fruits that feed it, of the peace that ends it, may this well be kept sacred for the service of men, flocks, and flowers, and by kindness called Margaret's Well. This pool was beautified and endowed by John Ruskin, Esq., M.A., LL.D." The pool lies by the side of the highway, and is planted with trees and flowers. Margaret was the Christian name of Mr. Ruskin's mother.

**Customs Old and New.**  
At a recent aristocratic funeral in England the customary suits and trappings of solemn black were abolished, and a cloth of more cheerful hue surrounded and invested the mortuary remains. The Countess of Essex was borne to the grave in a hearse somewhat similar to a wagonette, which was trimmed in heavy purple picked out in white. The coffin was made of plain pine boards, with a lattice-work lid, and covered by a violet-colored velvet pall. The lattice-work and pine coffin are intended, of course, to hasten the decomposition of the remains and their assimilation with the earth, and is an improvement introduced by a London society, which includes many noblemen and men of science in its membership. The Earl of Essex has not yet advanced so far, however, as Sir Charles Dilke, who had the body of his deceased wife taken to Munich and burned.

**A Destructive Fashion.**  
The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has organized a movement among English women, the object of which is to discountenance, and as far as possible render odious the use of bird-feather ornaments. There is no woman deserving of the name who in view of such facts as this lady has revealed through the English press, would not regard with abhorrence the continuance of this feature in the present style of ladies' hats. So expensive has this traffic become, that at a single sale in London in the month of February, there were disposed of no fewer than 15,774 hummingbirds alone, while of parrots there were 25,000, and of kingfishers 17,000, together with 10,000 egrettes made of the feathers of a variety of other birds. As this was but one day's sale, the wholesale destruction of these beautiful creatures that is constantly going on to supply the demands of fashion in Europe and America, may be imagined. Hundreds of agents are employed throughout the world in collecting birds of the brightest plumage for the wholesale dealers in London, Paris, New York, and other centres of the trade, and so great has been the slaughter of the most beautiful and rarest birds, that it is feared that several varieties will become extinct.

FOREIGN.

**Supporting Religion.**  
The republican government of France is liberal in its support of at least one Church. It pays to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris \$12,000 per annum; the four Cardinal Archbishops of Bordeaux, Rouen, Cambrai, and Reims, and the Archbishop of Algiers, \$6000 each; the twelve other archbishops \$4000 each; and the sixty-nine bishops in France and Algeria, \$3000 each. The richest prebends in France are those of St. Denis, which are worth \$2000 each for canons of the episcopal order, and \$800 each for canons of the second order. The prebends of St. Genevieve (Paris) are worth only \$400 per annum. No mention is made of any pecuniary aid to ministers of the several Protestant denominations.

**Death of a Noted Scholar.**  
Professor Christian Lassen, the Nestor of European Sanscritists, has died at Bonn, in his seventy-sixth year. A Norwegian by birth, he received his first university education at Christiania, and afterward studied at Heidelberg and Bonn. The latter university was at that time the centre of Sanscrit studies in Germany, with A. W. von Schlegel as professor, and Lassen became his pupil and friend. He subsequently went to Paris and London for the purpose of copying and collating Sanscrit manuscripts, and on his return to Germany took up his permanent abode at Bonn, where he became first lecturer, then professor of Sanscrit.

**The Old Catholics.**  
On the 14th of May, as we learn from a correspondent in the Guardian, two curés were installed in the cathedral of Notre Dame, Geneva. The church has been a bone of contention between the Ultramontanes and the Old Catholics. It has lately been decided that the property belongs to the State, and was by the authorities offered to the Old Catholics for special services. The Romanists refusing to be concerned in any compromise, thereupon withdrew entirely from the contest, and it has become the parish church of the Old Catholics in Geneva. The letter proceeds:

"After the service I walked round to the Lady chapel, and there was an image of the Blessed Virgin above the altar, and on either side an inscription, in Latin and French, setting forth that the image had been five years in the Vatican, and the object of the private devotion of the Pope, who, in his great love to his faithful children at Geneva, had presented it to their new church. And now to scorn in that same church, was passing strange. Again, in the address of one of the new curés, among the many pledges given to the people for the due discharge of pastoral duties, there was one which made one doubt the genuineness of the whole scene: 'Je jure de combattre les doctrines romaines.' These things, in the Church of Mermillod, are signs of a vast change.

"The Federal Council has sanctioned the establishment of an Old Catholic Bishopric for Switzerland, and the election was to be held on June 7th in the parish church of Olten. There is only one man who will be voted for—so I was assured at Geneva—Professor Herzog. The Old Catholic movement in Switzerland is altogether in a hopeful condition."

Prof. Blackie throws out a good hint for students of history. He says: "Read Plutarch's great Lives, for instance, from Theæus down to Cleomenes and Aratus, in chronological sequence, and you will have a much more vital sort of Greek history in your memory than either Thirlwall or Grote can supply."

JUST WHEN THOU WILT.

Just when Thou wilt, O Master, call! Or at the noon or evening fall, Or in the dark or in the light, Just when Thou wilt—it must be right.

Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come, Take me to dwell in Thy bright home! Or when the snows have crowned my head, Or ere it hath one silver thread.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say "Rise up, my love, and come away!" Open to me Thy golden gate, Just when Thou wilt—or soon or late.

Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best; Thou shalt appoint my time of rest; Marked by the Sun of perfect love, Shining unchangeably above.

Just when Thou wilt! No choice for me! Life is a gift to use for Thee! Death is a hushed and glorious tryst With Thee, my King, my Saviour Christ.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGALL.

A LADY ENGINEER.

Until it was mentioned in the personal column of the Philadelphia Press, that the steam-engine which works the four looms and printing press in the Women's Pavilion was being run by a woman, very few persons dreamed that they would find anything more interesting in the little brick addition to the rest of the Fair grounds, than the representative of the masculine gender. Yesterday, however, the lady whose duty and honor it is to hold such an unusual position, was overrun with visitors, who gazed with unexpected spectacle with feelings half of amazement and half of admiration. There, in a light brown, neatly trimmed dress, really dainty in its delicate texture, and as smooth and clean as though the wearer were a flower-girl instead of an engineer, could be seen a young, medium-sized lady, whose regular features, intelligent conversation, and refined manner proclaimed at once the presence of a daughter of American nobleness and culture. The steam-engine, with its undeniable heat and imaginary dust and smoke, together with its very palpable noise, was there in all its blackness and power, but in the place of the average engine-tender, with his dusky skin, matted hair, and dirty blue overalls, was to be seen a lady who could have passed directly from the engine-house into a drawing-room, and graced the occasion to perfection without change of dress or manner. In a conversation Miss Allison said that she had been brought up in a little place near St. Catharines, in Ontario, and that from a child she had been a lover of machinery, and spent much of her time in the large saw and grist mills which her father then owned. These were run by engines of from two to three hundred horsepower, and though she sometimes pretended to run them for an hour or two, she did not think any lady would have sufficient strength to perform all the work of managing such monsters. In answer to a question relative to the possibility of women running engines as a regular business, she stated that there were thousands of small engines in use in various parts of the country, and that there was no reason whatever why women should not be employed to manage them. The work was less tedious than almost any of the usual avocations adopted by women, and the engine required far less attention than any woman gives daily to a child under her care. For her part, she said that though this was her first practical experience, she found it less tiresome than any other work she had been called upon to perform since adverse fortune had made it necessary for her to earn her own living. In addition to the fact that the father of the lady owned large mills in which she spent much of her time, she received a thorough scientific education, and learned much from her brother, who had made engineering a profession. She learned the method of operating the engine seated at the Women's Pavilion in a few moments, and now does all the work from starting the fire in the morning to blowing off steam at night. The idea of having a woman in the engine-room originated with Mrs. Wright of the Ladies' Centennial Executive Committee, and there was, of course, much opposition to the project, but by outsiders, being that the Committee would some day find the Pavilion blown to atoms, and it would then be discovered that the female engineer had lost herself in some interesting novel when she ought to have been watching the steam gauge.

GOD'S SUNSHINE.

"Well, Aunt Polly, here you are again on the doorsteps. It seems to me you almost live on them."

Old Polly raised her faded eyes to the face of her friend, and laughing, said:

"Yes, dear, dat's jus' so! Jim says, 'No mought build a house all doo'steps, and nothin' else,' 'o' granny, 'cause she lives dar an' nowhar else."

"I suppose you like to see the people, and to hear the children prattle as they go by to school," said the lady.

"Well, yes, I likes to see folks, 'cause my Fader up dar made 'em all; but it's most to do de sunshine dat I stays out here. O God's sunshine's a powerful blessin', dear. When I's cold I comes out and sits in it, and I grows warm; when I's hungry, and Jim's wife's got nothin' to eat, I comes out here and 'pears like I'd had my dinner; when I's in pain, and 'scorin' all dar wid de heat, and 'pears like I's bustin' like, I comes out and sits in God's sunshine, and peace comes through his beam into my soul; when old Death come and star's in my face, and say 'I comin' arter ye soon, to take ye into de dark grave,' den I comes out into God's sunshine, and dares him to frighten my soul! Says I to him 'Ye hasn't power in ye to throw one shadow into my last pillow, for ye Blessed Jesus, de Sun of Righteousness, be been down dar before me, and he left it full, heaped up, and runnin' over wid God's sunshine. I shall rest sweet in dat warm place while waitin' patient, and in hope for de 'ternal sunshine dat shall magnify and multiply and glorify all as loves de skinnin' Jesus.'"

"Antie," said her friend, who always felt that she could sit at the feet of this humble saint and learn of Jesus, "that is very lovely. But there come days when there is no sunshine—when the clouds gather, and the rains fall, and the snows come, and the winds blow. What do you do then?"

"O la, honey, by de time de storms come, I've got my soul so full ob sunshine dat it lasts a heap o' time. Dem times Jim scolds, and his heart o' wife's 'scouraged, and de child's cross, and de stove smokes, and de kettle boil wile; but I never knows it. God's sunshine is in my soul, and I tries to spend it round, and sometimes Jim's wife feel it, and she say (O she's a good daughter-law) 'Long as I keeps close to granny, 'pears like my heart's held up.'"

"Well, well, dear, you can teach me something, and ye can fetch me nice things to make mo' sunshine; but I can teach you what ye never thought on—dat God's sunshine's 'nough for rich and poor, and dem

dat thank him for it, and sit in it, or work in it, and let it into dar heart, will soon go whar it's into de sunshine. Try to make folks live in God's sunshine, and get it into dar hearts, honey."

GEORGE SAND.

George Sand, whose true name was Madame Dudevant, died on Tuesday, June 6th, at the age of 72. She had for thirty years been the Queen of Letters in France, and critics of unquestioned authority had for some time named her as the first literary artist of her age. She inherited the corrupted blood both of the French aristocracy and the French populace, the former from her father and the latter from her mother. Her paternal grandfather was illegitimate, and her own birth was legalized rather against the wish of her mother by the marriage of her parents a short time before her arrival in the world. She was married unhappily, and against her wish, when only eighteen years of age, to M. Dudevant, and after the birth of two children, to whom she was always tenderly attached, drifted into separation from her husband, a penniless artist life in Paris, and relations with one Jules Sandeau, upon which full light has never been thrown. Later she obtained a legal separation from her husband and recovered her ancestral property, the Chateau Nohant, and led a busy, social, and (so far as we are informed) a blameless life, producing about one hundred novels of rare, if not unexampled, power and perfection, whether considered as literary art or moral and political lessons. To the last remark some exception may be found in her earlier stories—we know them only by the aid of critics—but of the later forty or more we speak after reading most of them carefully in the original.

Some of these stories are rarely beautiful in their moral tone, and lifted so completely out of the atmosphere of an ordinary French novel that only the language would identify them with French literature. One we recall with especial pleasure, a story entitled "The Wings of Gouange," which is a sketch of the rise of a peasant boy to the career of an enthusiastic scientist. The perfect wholesomeness of a story in which there is not a whisper of passion, but which is sustained in interest by the strong play of the purest motives and aspirations, made us wish five years ago in reading it that our Sunday-school writers had some of George Sand's marvellous power. But the chief eminence of this remarkable woman was won by her mastery of the French tongue. No contemporary approached her in this power, which was both a gift and an acquisition. She was in this field the Shakespeare of France. Accuracy and intensity are common enough in the French writers; George Sand filled up the whole space between these excellencies, and rounded her speech into full-sphered grace and stateliness. It is like Greek architecture, solemn and playful in the same lines; exact, and suggestive at the same time of infinite spaces and vast harmonies.

Her themes have less of choice perfection. The hot pulses of France beats in her; the insoluble problems, that in an audacious age and country have been treated as though they did not belong to God and eternity, were faced by her young genius with the courage of her people. But time chastened her spirit, and at last she neither flew into the sun with waxen wings nor sought to thaw the icy poles with her woman's breath. In this later time love and law were not reconciled, no more than they are by her eagle mate, George Eliot, but she saw the mystery of evil as a vast, unexplored unknown, and counselled impatient human hearts to reverence and obey the moral law. Her themes became less abstract and more concrete; life as it is, in the narrowness of human experience, found in her a faithful painter, and she did not disdain to teach the beauty of aspiration while she held up close to the cold realism of the world. And in the end of criticism it will be doubtless set down that this woman's real theme was that of Shakespeare and George Eliot—Human Life—and that therefore her genius was essentially dramatic.

Of one period of her life, it is impossible to speak with any certainty. Everything has been charged against her, and she bears the stamp of probability; and yet it goes without saying that the rare insight of George Sand was aided by the development of her religious nature. Part of her youth was passed in a convent, where she was the subject of profound spiritual experiences. They were not such as would steady and guide a young girl thrown into corrupt conditions of society, but they awoke in her mind that higher music which is essential to dramatic art. In form, and even in substance, her creed lacked severe truth. The land of Voltaire and Rousseau gave her a choice of skepticism or vagrant belief, and she chose the latter; but the play of spiritual desire and immortal taste runs through her best work and ennobles it.

We make this extended mention of George Sand because she was one of the really great of the earth. She owed her place in human honor to hard and patient work. Her life was set round with dangers by her birth and country; and she did not escape them, but she did rise above them and rescue her genius from the worst of the contaminations of her time. Surely not a model woman, but just as surely a great artist. It would be too much to charge her faults altogether to her time; but surely we may heartily commend the reformation that made her later work possible. It is not Scott, or Dickens, or Thackeray, or Bulwer who has placed the novel at the head of dramatic art, and made the tragedy-comedy of Shakespeare's stage sufficiently large and rich to fill the book which has supplanted the stage. The honors of this achievement belong to two women. One of them was George Sand, the other is George Eliot. No conqueror or statesman can have any such glory as belongs to these rare artists. The former work for special sections of men; the latter are the servants of universal humanity. They are imperfect, and their lives are not models; but their work is nobler than that which commands greater honor. Happy the age which shall witness the marriage of spotless purity to such splendid power.—Methodist.



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