THE DRUM.

O, the drum!
There is some
Intonation in thy grum
Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,
As we hear
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere,
The rumbling palpitations roll in upon the ear!

There's a part
Of the art
Of thy music-throbbing heart,
That thrills a something in us that awakens with a start,
And in rhyme
With the chime
And exactitude of time,
Goes marching on to glory to thy melody sublime.

And the guest
Of the breast
That thy rolling robs of rest
Is a patriotic spirit as a continental dressed;
And he looms
From the glooms
Of a century of tombs,
And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty blooms.

And his eyes
Wear the guise
Of a nature pure and wise;
And the love of them is lifted to a something in the skies,
That is bright
Red and white,
With a blur of starry light,
As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and night.

There are deep
Hushes creep
O'er the pulses as they leap,
And the murmur fainter growing, on the silence falls asleep;
While the prayer
Rising there
Wills the sea and earth and air
As a heritage for Freedom's sons and daughters everywhere.

Then with sound
As profound
As the thunderings resound,
Come thy wild reverberations in a throe that shakes the ground,
And a cry
Flung on high
Like the flag it flutters by,
Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the sky.
—James W. Riley.

"DORY."

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

III.

A sky of fleecy clouds, only dimly illumined by the crescent moon, which seemed to sail slowly behind them, and then would suddenly burst into a clear space, throwing a silvery light upon the earth. The stars and planets peeped out at intervals like bright eyes through a mist. On the lawn of Erlsmere, the lights from the windows of the house falling upon the shrubbery cast strange shadows. Two figures passing slowly up and down the lawn, indifferent to the dangers of the effects of evening dew penetrating thin shoes and thin boots, seemed to make the largest shadows of all. Now they grew long, now short, and then disappeared altogether, as the moon was hidden by a cloud, or as they passed behind some shrub.

"I am so glad you came," said Dory, resting upon Arnold's arm, and looking up into his face. "We should have been awfully dull without you."

"How could you have been dull when Montgomery was there?" was the answer, with a tinge of bitterness in the tone.

"Now you are not to be disagreeable tonight, Mr. Arnold. I want you to be very happy, because this is your last night here. That is why I have come out with you, in spite of the grave warning that Agnes gave me, that I should be sure to catch cold and rheumatism and all that kind of thing. So you ought to amuse me, and not be gloomy and fretting like a school-boy who has lost a marble."

"Well, then, I shall try to laugh, although what I have lost is something more than a school-boy's marble. It is—"

"Something very precious, I suppose," she said, clasping both hands on his arm.

"I do not know. At what rate do you value a man's heart?"

"That depends upon the man, unless you put it in a scale and weighed it, and sold it at so much a pound."

"You could never value it that way; its value must depend upon the estimate put upon it by the woman who cared for it."

"Now, that is one of your serious problems, Mr. Arnold, and I won't try to solve it."

"No matter; that is what I have lost. I staked it against another heart, and lost."

"Dear me! How very sad. Did you feel it very much?"

With an impetuous movement he halted and clasped her hands, and with suppressed emotion spoke—

"I want you to be serious, Miss Willis, for two minutes—if you can."

She was startled by his movement, and disturbed by his words, and so she trembled a little as she replied:

"But I am serious, Mr. Arnold; and if you are—if you are" (she stammered a little here) "troubled about anything, and if I can help you, I shall do it gladly."

"Thank you," he said, drawing a long breath, and checking the passionate words which had been upon his lips. "I was only going to offer you another problem for solution, but I need not do so now. Pardon me; I have frightened you, but it was only a joke."

"That is not true," she cried passionately, flinging her hands away from her. "There was something you were about to say which now you withhold from me. Mr. Arnold, if I am still to call you my—friend, tell me what you were thinking about?"

The little lady in her light dress, stood with her back against the blaze of light which shone from the dining-room windows, and her shadow seemed to envelop him. She could see how pale his face was, and even detect the quivering of his lip. At that moment the moon sailed from behind the clouds and gleamed upon them both, touching the leaves of the evergreens with silver, and encircling the man and woman with a halo of tender light.

"If I could only feel that you cared to know," he said impulsively, and then checking himself, "but I have no right to speak in this way to you. I was only going to say that I start for London to-morrow morning, and probably I shall not see you again until—"

"Until what?" she asked impatiently.

"Until you are married?" he answered huskily.

Then there was such a meary peal of laughter rung out upon the night air that even Arnold stepped back a pace in wonder, serious as he was at that moment. She made a profound bow, and yet there was something in her movement which indicated that the laugh was not entirely of mirth.

"And if you please, sir," she said with mock humility, "when is that important event to come off?"

"That will depend upon yourself, I suppose."

"Then, if it depends on myself, it will be a long time before you return to Erlsmere."

"Why, is it not all settled?" he queried bewilderedly.

"Perhaps it is, but I never heard anything about it; and one would suppose that I should have some voice in the matter."

"Then you are not engaged to——"

"I am not engaged to anyone," she interrupted indignantly, "and do not mean to be till I am quite assured of the nature of the man to whom I have to be tied for life. Mr. Harcourt is a very wise man, and he has impressed upon me the important principle of an old Scotch proverb," (this with great solemnity) "Never to buy a pig in a poke."

"Then a husband is a pig, in your estimation?"

"Well, if he isn't a pig he's a fool, and there is not much to choose between the two;" then, making a reservation, as she looked slyly up into his face, "but there *may* be exceptions. Now we had better go in, or they will be thinking we are off to Gretna Green. Would you like to be there?"

"Yes, if you were with me," he answered gayly, for his heart was filled with joy and hope. He had not lost her yet.

As they ascended the terrace they encountered Montgomery and Agnes walking slowly along, apparently engaged in earnest conversation.

"We are all out of doors to-night," cried Dory, laughing. "Where is the Squire? He ought to be looking after you young people."

"Hush! He is fast asleep under the *Times*," answered Montgomery with mock gravity. "He attempted to read a leader to us, and the *lead* was too heavy for him."

"For goodness sake, Mr. Montgomery, don't. You have said you did not want to make me cry."

Then the four young people laughed merrily, and had a pleasant promenade up and down the terrace.

IV.

A front chamber on the second floor of a genteel lodging-house for single gentlemen in the neighborhood of Russell Square, London. There was an air of faded gentility about the heavy dusty curtains, the well-worn chairs, and the threadbare carpet. A lamp was burning on the table, casting a lugubrious light about the lugubrious room. Folding doors of faded oak painting conducted, when opened, to a bed-room, the window of which overlooked a narrow channel darkened by the backs of the opposite houses. The folding doors were closed at present. On the table lay piles of manuscript, letters and long sheets of proofs.

It was past midnight, and there entered a gentleman in evening dress. He flung his crush hat on the table, went to the faded sideboard and poured out a glass of water, which he drank thirstily. Then he sat down—or, as it might be said, sank down—exhaustedly on an easy-chair.

It was William Arnold. He had been two months in London, and this was the first night of his play. It had been emphatically condemned, and in a few hours the bright hopes of years had dissolved into thin air, and the youth was obliged to own that all his labor had been in vain—he had failed.

He could have borne the failure if it had been only himself who was concerned in it, but the stake he had played was a high one. He had risked upon his one stroke the possibility of winning Dory, and the possibility of satisfying his father that he had not blundered in the course he had chosen.

How could he return to them now, a shame-faced prodigal, and own that in defiance of all their good counsel he had dared to take his own course, and found it was the wrong one? He knew that they would not laugh at him; they would pity him, and in his present mood the thought of pity was even more painful to him than that of laughter.

The pale face of the man, and the limp hands falling over the arms of the chair, indicated how utterly despondent he was. There had been no loud cries for the author, for which in imagination he had prepared himself; there had been no shower of bouquets upon the heroine; the only flowers thrown were those provided by the manager. Arnold had run away from the theater without speaking to any one, eager to hide his head anywhere, so that he might not hear the horrible jests of the audience, or see the melancholy looks of his friends.

He was in a sort of stupor, through which he had visions of the old home; the bright garden in front of the vicarage, overlooked by the gray tower of the old church; the placid face of his father, as he bent over his book—or, leaning on the arm of Milly, when visiting some of his parishioners, and then strolling leisurely through the green meadows where the lazy kine chewed their cud in peace, never thinking of the past or the future.

Never had green fields and perfumed hedgerows seemed to him so precious as at this moment, when he had to meet failure in a form which seemed to imply the loss of hope as well as of love. He longed to smell the hawthorn hedges, the wild rose and the honeysuckle, and in imagination he did inhale their perfume, so that he grew angry with himself, and called himself a fool for leaving deserted all those real joys for the glare of the footlights, the atmosphere of gas, and the hope of winning the fickle applause of a fickle crowd.

He had not been idle during his stay in London. His collegiate attainments had enabled him to obtain some employment as a reviewer of scientific works on two important journals. But here was the satire of the thing; he, who sought reputation in the airy realms of fancy was compelled to earn his bread and butter by writing articles on the most serious subjects, frequently dealing with very technical matters of science and philology. But he had manfully set himself to do with all his might whatever was given him to do; and he had already earned some reputation for skill and care in his handling of the work which was intrusted to him. Unfortunately this work was of the kind that he liked least; and he had waited with bated breath for the production of his comedy, which he had calculated would relieve him from all this drudgery and enable him to follow the bent of his own mind.

At length the time had come; the curtain rose upon his hopes and fell upon his despair.

He knew that it would be useless to attempt to sleep, and so, after he had rested a little while, he threw off his coat, put on a dressing-gown, and marched up and down the room restlessly. He tried to count his steps and to walk deliberately, in order that he might by physical exertion subdue the feverish condition in which he found himself to be.

His impulse was to burrow his head in the sand like the ostrich, in the hope that the simoon would pass over him. Of course all this was exaggerated sensitiveness, due to his nervous depression on account of the result of his adventure. The words which Dory had spoken last had raised his hopes high. And now! She had been in the theater; he had seen her watch anxiously the progress of the play; and he had seen her draw back the curtain of her box when the hooting of the audience proclaimed its doom.

She had promised to be there, and she had kept her word. He had dreamed vaguely that he would be able to go to her and, clasping her hand, say. "Now fortune favors me, will you be my wife?"

But fortune had not favored him, and he almost feared to look upon her face again. Something in her expression—an expression of disappointment, as bitter as his own—made him quiver with the feeling that his failure had cost him the loss of her love and her respect. But how dared he think that she loved him! That she liked him he believed, and now in his miserable state he fancied that all her regard for him must be extinguished.

Then he became bitter.

"Women are won by tinsel," was his mental exclamation. "Success wins them as it wins the rest of the world, and failure makes them withdraw their sympathy when it is most needed. One tender word from her might have rendered this wrack endurable."

The foolish fellow forgot that he had given her no opportunity of speaking a word of sympathy; but his better nature told him that he was doing her injustice in his thoughts. Women might be all that satirists have said about them, but she was different from the others, and therefore his loss was the greater.

The room felt close; he threw open the window and saw a clear sky illumined by a full moon. He instantly put on a walking coat, a felt hat and took a thick staff in his hand. He put out the light, went quietly down stairs and out of the house. He walked rapidly and blindly forward, not heeding whither his steps might lead him, so that his violent exercise might work the fever out of his blood. He passed through squares in which the grass was green, and there were still a few leaves on the trees, of many colors in daylight, but quite black to his dim eyes under the radiance of the moon. He passed along terraces of high houses, still seeing nothing and hearing nothing.

At length the houses lay behind him, and he entered upon a country road; he drew breath then, for the green fields and the trees reminded him of home. But there was sorrow in that remembrance, and he tried to run away from it.

The dawn slowly crept upon him, and as the sun rose he began to feel fatigued. He dropped from the high state of feverish imaginations and regrets to the commonplace sensation of hunger. The morning was well advanced when he arrived at the old-fashioned village. In front of a little white cottage were a number of carrier's carts, and above the door he read, "Home-brewed ale sold here." He entered the house and saw several carriers seated at a deal table drinking ale and eating great hunches of bread and cheese.

A stout, kindly-faced woman of middle age came toward him from an inner apartment, and in a cheery voice bade him "good morning," as she showed him to a seat by a table which was unoccupied. He was speedily supplied with the same refreshment as that on which the carriers were feasting, and he thought the finest wine could not have compared with that first draught of his mug of ale. As he partook of his simple fare he listened to the strong, healthful voices of the men near him. He glanced at their brawny figures, noted their rough, brown hands, and he almost envied their happiness. They knew nothing of nerves.

Two of the men rose, and as they passed Arnold nodded to him respectfully, saying, "Fine morning, sir." Then there was a clatter of chains and horses' hoofs, and presently a rumble of wheels as the carts rolled away townward, and the sound of a merry voice was heard trolling a country ballad.

Arnold inquired if there was a railway station near, and, finding that there was one, took train back to town.

V.

On arriving at his lodgings, the servant informed him that a lady and gentleman had called for him about 10 o'clock. He was tired, mentally and physically, and in a listless way put the question:

"Did they leave cards?"

"No, sir, but when I told them you was out the lady asked to be shown to your room to write a note for you. The old gentleman didn't like this, and said as there was no necessity for writing, as they would call again. But the lady would have her way, and I showed them up to your room, sir, and you will find the letter on your desk."

He ascended the staircase wearidly, and by the time he had reached his room he had forgotten about the letter. There was a sense of dull pain in his head, and yet he could not attempt to rest. He walked to the window and looked out upon the dull gray street. An organ-grinder was turning out a polka, and a number of children, mostly girls, were dancing merrily and singing to the hoarse accompaniment of the instrument of torture to many and of ecstacy to the street arabs.

"What a difference!" he muttered, gloomily; "youth can be charmed in this way, neither thinking of nor caring for to-morrow."

He turned away, blaming himself much for the envious spirit which possessed him, and had engendered such bitter thoughts about those whom he loved most.

Work was his only resource; work would drive away the demon; and as he had some proofs to correct, he sat down at his desk.

Staring him in the face was the letter which he had forgotten. He clutched it eagerly; his eyes brightened; his whole face flushed with joy, although his hands trembled. The superscription was in Dory's handwriting. He opened the envelope and read:

I wanted very much to see you last night, but Mr. Harcourt would not allow me to go behind the scenes, and when I inquired for you I was told that you had gone away. We came here this morning hoping to find you, but were disappointed. Come to me the moment that you receive this at Aunt Willis', Park lane. I am waiting for you, and shall not leave the house until you come.

Strange things have occurred since you left Dunthorpe. Now, don't be a fool—if you can help it—but do my bidding. This is a command, and one you dare not disobey. DORY.

P. S.—I am *very* sorry about last night, and I know you will be miserable, but *I* have hope. That is why I want you to come to us, and try to learn to hope also. Your father and some other friends will be here this afternoon.

He read the note a hundred times, and still he did not know what to think of it. There was the tenderness of the Dory who had fired his imagination with love and ambition; and there was the whimsical fairy who tantalized him with hope and fear. But it was like a rush of sunlight into a darkened room to read the courageous words, "I have hope."

Should he go? Yes—and yet no; he had failed. What right had he to go to one who was so dear to him when he was in such a state of utter humilitation, when instead of the laurels he had hoped to offer her, he could only say: "My father was right, and I was wrong; I have failed, and I must say good-by?"

But weak as he felt, this token of her sympathy had given him strength, and he went to Park lane.

Apparently instructions had been given to the servant that he was expected, for as soon as he gave his name he was ushered into the boudoir of Mrs. Willis, and there he found Dory. She rushed toward him with an exclamation of pleasure, and clasped both his hands. The happiness which he experienced in feeling the touch of her hand once more; the delight which he felt in meeting the bright eyes so full of sympathy, made him ashamed of the morose broodings which had occupied him during the night.

"I am so glad you have come," she cried, still holding his hands; "because I was so very angry with you last night for running away from me. I could see you; I could see how troubled you were, and I wanted to tell you that, no matter what these nasty people might mean by hissing your play, I thought it delightful, and I wanted so much to tell you so. I don't know much about those things, but Mr. Montgomery tells me that it is a very common thing for a new author to fall under the censure of an ignorant crowd."

The warmth of her reception made his heart leap with joy, but the mention of Montgomery's name jarred upon his overstrung nerves. Still there was something in her expression which charmed away all jealous thoughts.

"You are very kind, Miss Willis," he said, in a faint voice; "and I have no doubt that with your sympathy I shall get over this disappointment."

"You will do more than that; you will prove yet that the verdict was pronounced by a prejudiced jury. You *must* succeed."

"Yes," he answered, with a sad smile, "I shall succeed, but not in the way you mean. I shall succeed in gratifying my father by obeying him and going to the bar. There—I have not yet made up my my mind as to what I shall do. Probably I shall go to India or America."

"What! go away from your father, your sister, and—and—all of us?"

She had been about to say "from me," but altered the phrase and blushed.

He hesitated for a moment, and then—

"Shall I tell you why I think it is advisable to go away for a time?"

"I do not think you can have any good reason for doing so."

"I have a very good reason indeed—you are the reason."

"Me?" she exclaimed, her eyes opening wide with wonder. "What have I done to drive you away?"

"You have done nothing—except that you have engaged yourself to Mr. Montgomery."

She snatched away her hands; drew back, and gazed at him for a moment almost in anger. Then she turned away from him very quietly, and he saw that one of her hands passed rapidly across her eyes. Could it be tears that she was wiping away, and of what folly had he been guilty to cause them?

She opened a book which lay on the centre-table, and carelessly turned over the leaves.

"I have offended you," he said, moving a couple of paces toward her.

"You have!" she replied, with her usual frankness; "and I do not know that I should tell you why."

"I hope you will do so. I beseech you to do so."

"Well, in the first place (this somewhat nervously), I never was engaged to Mr. Montgomery, and never thought of his being anything more to me than an agreeable friend. Mr. Harcourt certainly had other ideas of our probable relationship; but he made a mistake. In the next place, Mr. Montgomery is to marry Agnes in January."

"Agnes! Why I thought—I thought—"

"I know; but you were wrong, as Mr. Harcourt was; and of course" (raising her eyes pleadingly to his) "there was a good deal of perverseness on my part, chiefly because I did not quite know my own mind. But when you went away I understood myself and—"

She was not allowed to say any more, for he had clasped her in his arms and smothered her words with kisses.

"Then you can wait, Dory. My failure is my success. You can wait a few years till I can offer you a fitting home," he cried, in wild joy.

"Twenty years if you wish," she whispered, laying her head upon his breast; and they were happy.

There was a very merry dinner-party in Park lane that evening. Mr. Harcourt was satisfied in spite of some chagrin at the change of programme. The Vicar and his daughter were made happy by the determination of William Arnold to give up the idea of writing for the stage, and to the lovers all the world and the future had never before appeared so beautiful.—[Good Words.

WHAT SEVERAL EMINENT DIVINES SAY OF THE NEW BIBLE.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: In the last *North American Review* Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby gives much information in regard to the work by the commission to revise the Scriptures. Dr. Crosby himself is a member of the American branch of the commission. It consisted at first of 79 members in all, 52 in England and 27 in America. Several gentlemen in both committees have died, however, within a few years, and there are not now so many.

The work has been in progress ten years. The American branch began its labors in 1872. The New Testament revision has already been completed, and that portion of the Scriptures will appear in its new form before this year is out, probably. The Old Testament Committee, although they have already worked ten years at it, will not finish their important task for two years or more.

The American Commission consisted of men of all denominations except, perhaps, the Universalists. That particular one is not in Dr. Crosby's list. But Unitarian and Methodist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, united in a spirit of the most friendly harmony, so that their task became to all a source of genuine pleasure. "Not a sectarian note was ever heard." They perhaps reserved their respective sectarian thunders till they got into their own private pulpits.

President Woolsey was chairman at their meetings. The late Professor Hadley, the Greek scholar and author, was one member of the committee. Another was Philip Schaff, the renowned church historian and commentator. Dr. Crosby confesses that the learned and dignified body laughed sometimes.

Few people have any idea of the immense labor the Commission have performed. In preparing the version of the New Testament now in use some twenty Greek manuscripts were consulted, only one of them—the "Codex Bezae"—of a very ancient date. The version has been accepted since 1633. Over a thousand different manuscripts have been discovered since then, which are now all accessible to scholars. The first task of the present revisers was to carefully examine all this tremendous pile, and decide which writings were most correct. German scholars, the most patient and laborious in the world, did this work, and it took them a lifetime. Tischendorf, Lachmann and Tregelles were the names of the most prominent. After them came the Greek scholars who translated the Testament into English. It was necessary for them to be profoundly versed in the Hebrew language, too, so as to detect Hebraic idioms. They must know, too, the difference between classic Greek and Hellenistic Greek, so as to catch the full meaning of each. Then each line and verse had to be gone over carefully, in order to note the Old Testament quotations and allusions, and to compare more particularly the usage of words in the New Testament with those of the Septuagint Greek of the Old Testament. After all this was done came the work of the English scholar. He must see that the book, which had passed through so many hands, was written in pure classical language, that, in short, it was a "perfect English model." Then, and then only, is the New Testament ready to be given to the people, which is at length the case. The new version of the Testament will be looked for with such a world-wide interest as no book ever excited before.

Dr. Crosby expresses the fervent hope that the result of all these faithful years of work on the part of some of the greatest scholars of the time, will shortly become the accepted version of the Scriptures. He reminds readers in the beginning that if it should be accepted, it will be the ninth English version that has been thus accepted. "This fact alone should preserve weak minds from terror lest the alteration of our received version prove an impious handling of the ark of God."

It is the habit of most Christians to believe that every word in the common English Bible is inspired. They experience a sort of sacred terror if one speaks of changing a word therein, even to modernize its meaning. While Dr. Crosby has due respect for this feeling of reverence, yet he maintains that in order to get the best translation of the Scriptures, style must in every case be sacrificed to sense. The truth is the one thing to be desired, and all other objects sink into insignificance in comparison with this.

The only anchor of antiquity the King James Bible can lay claim to is that it has been in use two centuries and a half. Even when it was prepared its translators did not use the English style of their day, but that of the Tyndale version, which was nearly a hundred years old then. So that our English Bible is really older even than 1611.

The antique style, however, will still be preserved in the Bible, as Dr. Crosby confesses, much to his personal regret. Errors will be corrected, though, and many changes no doubt made. The learned and eloquent Doctor does not call those who oppose the new Bible fogies in so many words, but he does hint that he considers some of them to be narrow, bigoted sectarians. He says further:

"It is an error, but an error deeply rooted, that the Bible should have an antique flavor. On the contrary, it is a book for all times. It belongs to the nineteeth century as thoroughly as to the first century. Hence, the more modern you can make its language the more perfectly you translate it. Let no one suppose we mean commonplace or colloquial when we say modern. Our modern English has as much dignity as ancient English, and we need not go to antiquity to borrow the vestments of grandeur and sublimity for our thoughts. We believe that if the Bible was given to the people in the people's own language, jots and tittles included, it would more readily touch the heart and renew the life than it can when its movements are fettered by the stiff uncouthness of a Tudor style. Instead of fearing a new revision, we should favor a new revision every century at least."

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HAMMER'S Cascara Sagrada Bitters cures constipation, liver complaint and purifies the blood.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Wide Awake" for April (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston), is at hand. It is an attractive number, with a sunny, spring-day frontispiece, and a choice collection of articles especially adapted to the tastes of the little folks.

From the American News Company, New York, we have "The American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial and Political, for 1881." It is compiled by Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, and is a very valuable work for ready reference. It embraces some 310 pages of closely printed matter, and forms a very complete governmental directory, beside being a statistical work.

From the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, we have "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" for March. The leading papers are: "Ireland under Ordinary Law," "The Private Secretary," "Among the Albanians of Southern Epirus," "On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters," "Mr. Cox's Protege," "Homer's Sea-Epic rendered in Ballad-Measure," "Autobiographies," "The Highland Tartan," by Lady John Manners; "The Political Situation."

"The Magazine of Art" for March is a bright and cheerful number. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. add to the attractiveness and value of each number, and the magazine thus steadily improves. In this number there is, notably, a valuable collection of art miscellany, art criticism and articles on decorative art and the leading exhibitions. The engravings are good and the illustrations plentiful. Probably the best of all is that from Fearne's painting of the death of Amy Robsart.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have the "Popular Science Monthly" for April, with these leading papers: "The Development of Popular Institutions," by Herbert Spencer; "The Black Races of Oceanica," by Dr. R. Vernen; "Physical Education," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "Out-door Life;" "History of Chronology," by Professor E. S. Burns; "Some Notes on a Doctor's Liability," by Oliver E. Lyman; "Origin and Construction of Volcanic Cones," by H. J. Johnson-Lavis, F. G. S.; "Man and the Vertebrate Series," by Charles Morris; "The Relative Hardiness of Plants," by Samuel Parsons, Jr.; "What is a Cold," by a Medical Man; "The Purification of Sewer Waters," by M. E. Aubrey-Vitet; "Mr. Frank Buckland," by Spencer Walpole; "The Felicity of Naturalists;" "Plantation Folk-lore," by Professor T. F. Crane; "An Ancient Scientist;" "Sketch of Michel Chasles," and the usual departments.

From Leonidas Hamilton, San Francisco, the compiler and author, we have a compact pamphlet of 170 pages entitled "Border States of Mexico." It is accompanied by maps and plats of Sonora, Sinaloa Chihuahua and Durango, with sketches of the Republic of Mexico and Lower California, Coahuila, New Leon and Tamaulipas. It discourses of the better regions for the settler and miner, and of mining districts and mines, agricultural and grazing sections, the people and their industries, exports and imports of the countries, duties, trade, transportation, etc. It is accompanied by a map of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads and their connections. Apparently the facts stated are given impartially, and the work commends itself to the inquirer, but only a critical reading and comparison with other data can test its accuracy. The work, however, outside of its notices of mines, districts, lands, etc., contains very much of useful information concerning the countries treated.

From W. A. & C. S. Houghton, Sacramento, we have a work entitled "The Gospel History," a complete chronological narrative woven from the text of the four evangelists. With notes, original and selected, and indexes. By James R. Gilmore and Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D. This title very nearly tells the whole story of the character of the book. The volume is from the press of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, and is a compact and very handsomely printed volume, 16mo, 849 pages. Gilmore is known as "Edmund Kirk," and his scholarly clearness and Dr. Abbott's profound theological knowledge, are both plainly apparent in the work. The pages are headed to show the topic treated on each page. From all biblical sources the text matter is compiled and placed in historical order without regard to the authorship. Thus page 337 treats of "The Dispute for Preference." Under this, between two slender rules, are given the number of the chapter; the gospels, chapters and verses which go to form the text; and the date in the life of Christ, reading: "Ch. XXII., Luke 9:46; Mark 9:33-36; Matt. 18:1-2; J. C. 32." Under this comes the text, in large, clear, open type, occupying in this case about half the page, which gives in flowing narrative form the single scene, incident or teaching, made graphic and vivid by including all the touches and phrases of description from all four of the Gospels. Two marginal titles show the special theme to be "The Disciples dispute who shall be greatest," and "Jesus teaches humility." Then come beneath all the foregoing, in fine type, the comments and notes and the citation of authorities. The list of authors quoted embraces over three hundred of the most eminent theologians and commentators the world has known. This arrangement of the work gives the cream of the four Gospels and the essence and central thought of the best commentators. We should judge that the work before us was not accomplished in any brief time. It is probably the result of several years of patient and painstaking labor.

LAND TENURE IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—The latest contribution to the British land question is a Blue Book on the tenure of land in the Province of Prince Edward Island. The *Pall Mall Gazette* sums the matter up as follows: Rather more than a century ago all but a small part of the island was disposed of "in one day by lottery in London before the Board of Trade and Plantations" at quit-rents, which were never paid, and on certain conditions of settlement which were never complied with. Although the arrears of the quit-rents were commuted in 1802 for a moderate sum, even the reduced amount was left unpaid, and after the lapse of thirty years time the Government has only received £6,000 out of about £145,000. An Act authorizing the purchase of the estates of any proprietors who might be disposed to sell their interest voluntarily was passed in 1853, and under its provisions many thousands of acres passed from the landlords to the tenants; but a final settlement of this perplexing question was not arrived at until 1875. Since that day quietness has reigned in the island. The agricultural depression of the last three years has somewhat retarded the payment by the tenants of the interest and the installments of the purchase money, but the Commissioner of Public Lands reports that the majority of the tenants "are making commendable efforts" to meet their engagements.

DEMOLITION OF ONE OF BOSTON'S LANDMARKS.—Another of Boston's landmarks is about to go the way of all old structures which stand on valuable land. The building at the corner of Tremont and Court streets is to be sold at auction, and, having changed ownership, will probably give place to a more imposing edifice. This building has a social and political history which makes its demolition a matter of regret. It is not known in just what year it was erected, but the chances are that John Vendell, a Boston merchant who lived in the time of Governor Shirley, occupied it as a residence. It was there that old Governor Hancock paid his unwilling visit to Washington after the stout dispute as to precedence of President and Governor. The building was then occupied as a boarding-house by one John Ingersoll, with whom the President took up his abode. Washington would not yield an iota of his dignity, and the Governor was obliged to capitulate. He was carried up the stairs enveloped in red baize, for he had an attack of real or assumed gout, and when Washington saw his helpless condition he shed tears, in spite of his dignity, according to the statement of Madame Hancock. Harrison Gray Otis was one of the first to occupy John Ingersoll's quondam boarding-house as a law office, and after him, Webster, Healey, "Jock" Rogers, Leverett Saltonstall, Judge Burbank and a host of legal luminaries received their clients there.

A correspondent, writing to the Seattle (W. T.) *Post* from Neah Bay under date of the 14th instant, says that the whole seal catch of this season is less than 50, against 1,400 for the corresponding period of last year.

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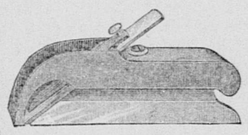

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