

immensity of these simple works of the Creator fill us with astonishment. Poets have tried to speak of them in verse, but one feels at once the insufficiency of speech to note the majestic thoughts and deep longings their contemplation awakens in us. If we take the earth for a starting point, and steer straight to any fixed point in the heavens, going at the rapidity of light, or 186,000 miles a second. At the end of one second we are 186,000 miles away from the cradle of our race, away from our world, from our country, our home, and not one trace of it can be seen; it is lost in the long distance we have travelled over. At the end of the second second we are 372,000 miles distant, and continuing this swift passage through the starry firmament for ten minutes, we have then passed over 111,600,000 miles. Let us speed on for a day, a week, a month, a year at this lightning rapidity, and we will find that the space we have travelled over, when expressed in miles, exceeds our faculty of comprehension, and indicates nothing to our mind. But if we do not interrupt our flight, but continue at the same speed through the vast expanse for fifty years or fifty thousand centuries, where will we find ourselves? A long, long way beyond the starry region seen from our mother earth. We are in other regions, unknown and unexplored. No human or finite mind is capable of following in imagination the road passed over, thousands of millions joined to thousands of millions express nothing at the end of this vast distance; we find that we have not advanced a step nearer to the end of our journey. We are no nearer to the limit than if we remained stationary, and were we join century to century in the same itinerary with the same velocity, to continue the voyage without end and without rest, at the end of an immeasurable period we would still only find ourselves at the starting point. Rising on every side heavens, going beyond the distant shores of this ocean without limits, will reveal themselves to our eagerness; heavens will succeed heavens, spheres to spheres after deserts of expanse will open up other deserts, after immensities other immensities, and always the infinite of an unexplored expanse will remain open before us. No wonder the imagination in this stupendous flight grows stupid, and Croly wrote

"Ye stars bright legions that before all time,  
Camped on yon plain of sapphire what shall tell,  
Your burning myriads but the eye of Him,  
Who bade through heaven your golden chariots wheel,  
Yet who earth-born, can see your hosts nor feel,  
Immortal pulses—Eternity!  
What wonder of the overwrought soul should reel,  
With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye,  
See fate within your tracks."

But without taking a stupendous flight on the wings of thought or imagination through those vast realms of space, and without pausing for a moment to grasp the feelings of dead grandeur and inconceivable immensity that journey brings before us, if we only peep through the telescope, what a strange sensation comes over us, what thoughts and feelings does not that glimpse awaken. One feels that notwithstanding the unfathomable distance that separates our abode from these far off dwellings, there is something of our nature hidden there, that there is something to long for and love resting behind this curtain of the stars. The impression this feeling makes upon us, is indefinable and ineffaceable, but by it whatever sentiment that would attach us to terrestrial life is shaken and hushed into silence, and the soul is forced to say with Tom Moore,

"And false the light on glory's plume  
As fading hues of even,  
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,  
There's nothing bright but Heaven."

But we need not take our flight to heaven to picture the magnificence of its beauty, the vastness of its expanse, the solemn grandeur of its oceans, or its plains, or the infinite richness it opens up before us to realise the anguish and heartfelt longings that must ever burn in the soul that has once gazed on that wonderland of splendour, and knows it will never see that sight again. If we look no farther than this life, if we take our stand on this mud ball over which we crawl for a very brief period, if we glance at the anguish that the loss of some sights upon it, or of some thing upon it occasion, we can better understand the terrible misfortune of being lost for ever to the sight that heaven contains. The loss of anything that one wants, wishes, or loves is always a source of pain. The more one wants, wishes, or loves a thing, the more suffering does the loss of that thing occasion, and as long as the want of that thing is pressing, as long as the wish for it is strong, as long as the love for it is intense, so long will the loss of it be a source of suffering and sorrow. In the daily battle of life, we recognise that all our sorrows spring from the loss of something we value or love.

(To be continued.)

"ROUGH ON ITCH."—"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch ivy poison, barber's itch.

The discussion of the German spirit monopoly has led into the disclosure of the fact that Prince Bismark is concerned in distilling on a large scale. He owns distilleries at Varzin, Misdow, and Wendisch-Ruddiger, the annual output of which is estimated at 6,000,000 litres.

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. "Chronicle."

## WE SHOULD BLOT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucus gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pains in the sides and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from an horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys highly coloured, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against the latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold, the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system. Ask your chemist for Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"East-street Mills, Cambridge-heath,  
London, E.C., July 24th, 1882

"Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony in favour of your valuable syrup as a curative agent. I had suffered for some length of time from a severe form of indigestion, and the long train of distressing symptoms following that disease. I had tried all possible means to get relief, by seeking the best medical advice. I had swallowed sufficient of their stuff to float a man-of-war, so to speak, but all to no avail. A friend of mine, coming on the scene in the midst of my sufferings, brought with him a bottle of your Seigel Syrup; he advised me to try it, stating he felt confident it would benefit me. Being weary of trying so many drugs, I condemned it before trial, thinking it could not possibly do me any good, but ultimately resolved to take the Syrup. After doing so for a short time it worked such a change in me that I continued taking it for nearly two months, and I then felt thoroughly cured, for I have discontinued its use for five weeks, and feel in the best of health, and can partake any kind of food with ease and comfort. I am, therefore, thankful to you that, through the instrumentality of your valuable medicine, I am restored to the state of health I now enjoy.

"To Mr. A. J. White."

"W. S. Forster."

"Waterloo House, London Stile, Chiswick  
February 17th, 1882.

"Messrs. White and Co., London,

"Gentleman,—It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the wonderful effects of Seigel's Syrup. For years I have been suffering from bilious attacks, which began with giddiness; then a mist would come before my eyes, so that I should not be able to recognise anyone or anything at a distance of a yard or two from my face. This would be followed by excessive trembling of my knees, so that I could not stand without support; after which a severe headache would occur, lasting often two or three days. I have tried various remedies for these distressing symptoms, but until I tried Seigel's Syrup I had no relief. Since then I have had excellent health in every respect, and if ever I feel a headache coming on I take one dose of the Syrup which arrests it. Hoping that this testimonial may be the means of inducing others (who suffer as I used to try the Syrup, as I feel sure they will receive speedy benefit and ultimately be cured, I beg to remain, yours faithfully,

"A. H. Horton."

"ROUGH ON CATARRH" corrects offensive odours at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequalled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath.

GUILTY OF WRONG.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some a few good remedies, fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of: Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable doing all that is claimed from them. "Tribune