

that he could do so, for his discourses were unusually full of thought and power, and the only drawback to their magnificent effect was the lightning-like pace at which they were enunciated.

I asked him if he could not correct this defect, which destroyed the power of some of his hearers to follow him; but he replied that it was not possible. As a youth he had suffered from some slight vocal difficulty, and it was only by very rapid speaking that he could get over it. If space permitted, I might have much to tell of the delightful talks I had with him in his beautiful bachelor home at Boston, and of all his super-abundant kindness; but I will here pass over them.

His popularity in America was wonderful.

I travelled with him to Portland, where we both were guests in the house of the venerable Gen. Neal Dow; to Salem, where I looked with deep interest on the relics of the old witch-hunting days, and to other places. Whenever we came to a town where there was a university or a large school, I invariably had to go and give the youths an address; and when I had finished, they always tumultuously called on Phillips Brooks to say something, too.

What he said was generally quite simple, but delighted the "boys" by its large kindness; and his hearty greetings to them were always welcomed with enthusiasm.

There were tremendous currents of opposing feeling when he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts. His election was really carried by the overpowering enthusiasm of the laity, especially of his own devoted people, who thronged the immense and splendid Church of Holy Trinity, Boston. It is certainly the finest church in America, and is a standing memorial of the genius of the American architect, Richardson, whom I visited with Phillips Brooks, and who died soon after.

But the warm determination of his people that he should become a "Right Reverend" was not, I

think, for his happiness. The distinction could add nothing to his immense influence—especially over the young—or to his genuine greatness. The virulence of the attacks made upon him pained him, and the work which his new office entailed upon him was overwhelming, and destroyed the peaceful happy leisure which had been his delight.

His admirable, good-humored lines during the fury of the attacks which assailed him are worth recording. On seeing a caricature of himself in the columns of a certain journal, he wrote:—

"And is this then the way he looks,
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?
No wonder, if 'tis thus he looks,
The Church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try
To give these doubtful looks the lie.
He dares not promise, but will seek
Even as a bishop to be meek;
To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that's not his own,
To fill the years with honest work,
To serve his day and not to shirk;
To quite forget what folks have said,
To keep his heart and keep his head,
Until men, laying him to rest,
Shall say, 'At least he did his best.'
Amen."

I fear that it was the bishopric which really killed him. Being a bachelor, there was no one who could so closely look after him, and prevent him from being overworked, and nurse him when he was poorly, as a wife would have done. Colossal frames like his—he was six feet four and proportionally broad—look strong, but do not wear so well as those of average proportions.

I think that his episcopal work tried him severely, and he died prematurely, to the irreparable loss of many friends in America and England, in consequence of a chill caught at one of the many evening meetings which he was constantly obliged to attend.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The Jews have a legend to the effect that Solomon did not employ men in building the great "House of the Lord," but that he was aided in the gigantic undertaking by the genii. Having a premonition that

he would not live to see the building finished, Solomon prayed to God that his death might be concealed from the genii until the structure was finished. Immediately after he made a staff from a sprout of the tree of life, which was growing in his garden, and, leaning upon this, he died standing bolt upright in the unfinished temple.

Those who saw him thought that he was absorbed in prayer, and they did not disturb him for upward of a whole year. Still the genii worked day and night, thinking that they were being constantly watched by him whose eyes had been closed in death many weeks. All this time, so the legend says, little white ants (one account says red mice) were gnawing at the staff, and when the temple was finally finished the staff gave way and the body of the dead Solomon fell prone upon the floor. Mohammed alludes to this queer legend in the Koran, where he says: "When He (God) had decreed that Solomon should die, nothing discovered his death to them (the genii) except the creeping things of the earth."—*Exchange*.

SKIMPED OR HEAPING?

"Jennie can't make a good cake," laughed my friend, Mrs. Walters. "When she measures the sugar and butter called for by the recipe, she looks at it and thinks, 'It can't be quite so much'; and takes out a little."

"That's singular," responded her sister smiling. "It reminds me of my besetting tendency; I always want to add a little more, to be sure of good measure. It's the same with soda and baking powder. I know a teaspoonful means just level, but it's almost impossible for me to help heaping it a little bit."

Both ladies laughed. "Well," said the first speaker, "I know that I would rather trust your cookery than hers. Something is the matter with everything she makes. It is second nature for her to be skimping."

Callers were announced just at this point. As I was an invalid, I remained in the cozy library, while the two sisters went to the parlor to receive their visitors.