

*Cæsar.* — "Inclined to think not."

*F. Committee.* — "Why, what's the matter?"

*Cæsar.* — "Well you see my injuries from the last game, though not apparent to you, have had a marvelously-incapacitating effect on the general system. All the muscles I own were subjected to such hard usage that I actually had to get my room-mate to turn me in bed last night. When I awoke this morning, such a feeling of *malaise* crept over me that it was perfect torture to move a limb. In fact, my complaints are: great pain on walking, general myalgia; several abrasions and contusions about the joints; plenty of that tired feeling, combined with an abnormal desire to eat and sleep for many days after the game."

*F. Committee.* — "Those pains will all pass away."

*Cæsar.* — "Yes, but possibly I may pass away also if they keep on. However, there is one thing in favour of playing, viz: It was so pleasant to win from the 4th Year by 13 to 5."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"—and so is the minister's smile. It is beaming—bewitching—resplendent. It reposes great travail on the seventh nerve. It is the antipodes of anything sardonic. None of your transient, superficial, ephemeral smiles; but one which seems to bring into play even such obsolete muscles as the Compressor Narium Minor, and the Attrahens Aurem, while the Buccinator, Risorius, and Orbicularis Oris fairly go into a clonic spasm, lasting long after the applause which provoked their action. Verily it is irresistible. And like so few good things it can be made to last. We little can comprehend its immense value as a prophylactic measure in the treatment of many diseases; and we augur unprecedented success to its owner in cheering the ways of the weary and distressed. The adage "Laugh and grow fat" does not seem to have been exactly exemplified here; but perhaps the action is more katalytic and that its good effects are showered not on the owner, but on those who have the good fortune to be within the precincts of that captivating smile.

