

acknowledgment. It is a pat on the back that our native writers and their work are slow to get at home. The work above referred to, we further notice, has recently been handsomely spoken of in the *London Field*. Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. W. D. Howells, and other

English and American *littérateurs*, have also expressed surprise at Canada's progress in culture set forth in sympathetic detail in Mr. Bourinot's interesting work. The book should be found in the library of every Canadian.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

IN MEMORIAM.—President Garfield's favourite poet was Tennyson, and the poem he loved best was 'In Memoriam.' The following familiar stanzas from this poem, which he quoted in an address on the death of Lincoln, and which were more than once applied to himself after his accession to the Presidency, have a new and melancholy interest and significance now. He was, indeed,—

As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And, moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

Proper name for a horse-railroad conductor,—'Oscar.

Evolutionists may talk, but Adam was the prime evil man.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise woman is with herself.

Which runs the faster, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

If a boy gets on the wrong 'track,' it shows that his father's 'switch' has not had a fair chance.

An umbrella is different from a man in that it is only good for something when it is used up.

Why is person that never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Because he is *no better*.

The turning point of a man's career is when going down the street he sees a mad dog coming towards him.

When a man has no design but to speak the plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

You may be poor, you may be unknown, you may never reach your destination. Still you can shut the door.

A door plate wi' a man's name on iz a vary good thing, but a table plate wi' a man's dinner on it iz a deal better.

In the matter of dress, whether you be a man or woman, the more you approximate to uniformity of colour the better.

There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.