

A college student, on seeing the Bishop for the first time, received a most impressive lesson in Christian courtesy. The good great man was holding open the door of a third-class railway carriage for a cool begrimed woman, with baby and basket, to get in.

"It was," said the student, "as though a great lord were ushering a duchess into Windsor Castle."

Once while riding with a young lady he suddenly reined up at a little foot-bridge, over which a boy was trying in vain to drive a flock of sheep.

"Stupid boy!" growled the Bishop, flinging himself off his horse. He seized one sheep by the head and tail and forced it over, and of course the rest followed.

Bishop Selwyn's habit of lending a hand when he could assist the poor and aged impelled him to acts which the fishermen who founded the Christian church would have applauded. An old laborer, working in a field, upset a barrowful of iron hurdles. The Bishop happened to be passing and in a moment began reloading the barrow. When it was packed, he wheeled it down the field to the place at which the hurdles were to be used.

When the good Bishop died, the poor flocked to his funeral, and toiling women stopped weeping that they might hold up their little ones to see his coffin as it was carried by.

AT STRATFORD.

Stratford-on-Avon owes not only its time but its prosperity to the fact that it is the birthplace of Shakespeare. It is the cleanest and most smiling of towns, but one can scarcely turn a corner without finding evidence that it is reverence for the poet's name that has made it so delightful. As a worthy resident of the town once said to a visitor:

"I'm sure we ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Shakespeare for being born here, for I don't know what we should have done without him."

It is not difficult indeed, to guess what Stratford would have done without him. It must inevitably have occupied a position of sleepy respectability. Finding it as we now do, one of the Meccas of Europe, it is amusing to remember that a famous antiquary, in writing about its point of interest, devoted but three lines to a mention of the man with whose memory it is now imbued.

"One thing more in reference to this ancient town is observable," wrote Dougdale; "that it gave birth and sepulture to our late famous poet, Will Shakespeare."

The inhabitants of the town apparently entertain the thought of their poet in a serious and reverential spirit.

"I don't like to look at that," said one of them, pointing to one of a series of pictures at the museum, representing Shakespeare asleep under a crab-tree after a night of drinking. "I can't believe he was a dissipated man!"

Strangers, however, sometimes make comments which are as far as possible from proving that they could give a good reason for making the pilgrimage to Stratford.

"Shakespeare's birthplace!" said a matron, shimmering in silk and sparkling with jet, as she looked at the house through her eyeglass. "Not at all imposing! Quite the contrary, don't you think?"

Another, whose heart was in better condition than her head, walked about the town really thrilled with rapture and awe. When she reached the little railway station where her train had not yet arrived, her enthusiasm was not abated, and she looked about her with brimming eyes.

"Ah," said she, "I think this place affects me more than all. Here he must have come to take the train to go up to London!"

A GOOD-NATURED WIFE.

The following anecdote as told by an English clergyman was found in an exchange. The teller of the story says:

It must be remembered that the kettle referred to was hung in an old-fashioned open fire place.

A man in Sussex, whose wife was blest with a remarkably even temper, went over the way to a neighbor one evening, and said:

"Neighbor, I'd just like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know, and I can't make her cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?" said his neighbor.

"I wish I could make mine any thing else. But you just do what I tell you, and if that won't act, nothing will. You bring her in some night a lot of the crookedest sticks you can get, them as won't lie in no form, and see how she makes them out." The pieces of wood were accordingly brought in, as awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work, and at noon returned to see the result of his experiment. He was greeted with a smiling face and the gentle request—

"Tom, do bring me in some more of those crooked sticks, if you can find them; they do just fit around the kettle so nicely!"

A FEW SIGNS OF GOOD BREEDING.

A well bred woman always thanks the man who gives her a seat in the street car, and does it in a quiet and not in an effusive way.

She does not declare that she never rides in street cars.

She does not talk loud in public places.

She does not shove or push to get the best seat, and she doesn't wonder why in the world people carry children in the cars, and why they permit them to cry.

She doesn't want to be a man, and she doesn't try to imitate him by adopting masculine manners.

She doesn't say she hates women, and she has some good, true friends among them.

She doesn't wear boots without their buttons or a frock that needs mending.

She does not wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

She does not wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

HOW LILIES ARE PROPAGATED.

The beautiful white madonna, and Japan Lilies can be propagated from the scales of which the lily bulb is mostly made up. These scales are attached to a solid portion at the base of the bulb, and they are broken off close to this, it being important to get the very base of the scale. The outer scales can be removed without injury to the bulb. The scales broken from the bulbs are set in an upright position in boxes of sandy compost pressing them down into it until the point is about level with the surface. In about two months, a small bulb (sometimes two) will be found at the base of each scale. Lilies can be taken up in the autumn after the leaves have withered, the outside scales can be removed, the old bulb replanted, and it will bloom the following spring. Place the box which contains the scales in a moderately warm room, keep moist to prevent shriveling. In the spring the boxes are plunged in the open ground. The little bulbs will make a good growth during the summer. The following fall cover them with litter, and the next spring plant out separately. Bulbs grown from scales will bloom in two years.