

"The New York Shakespeare Society" has been incorporated under the laws of New York, for the purpose "of promoting the knowledge and study of the works of William Shakespeare and the Shakespearean and Elizabethan drama."

Dr. Philip Schaff, a very high authority, declares in *The Century* for May, that the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," discovered by Bishop Bryennios, has no authority whatever in matters of doctrine or discipline, and that its value is historical and historical only.

Mr. Swinburne's next production will be a poem entitled "Marino Faliero." It will be long and elaborate, and will not only deal with career of the old Doge, but will also present some new features of Venetian life in the twelfth century, Mr. Swinburne having obtained some fresh information from unpublished records.—*The Current*.

It is said that Lord Tennyson received from Messrs. Moxon, the publishers, an average of £1,500 a year, in royalties, during his connection with that firm, that when Messrs. Strahan & Co. became his publishers they paid him £5,000 for his books then existing, with a separate account for new works, and that Messrs. King & Co. engaged to pay him £4,000 a year, with a separate account for new works.

"How shall women dress?" is a question that one would hardly expect to be discussed in so grave an organ of opinion as the *North American Review*, and yet in its June number this interesting topic is to be treated in a symposium, by five eminent writers who have given the subject much attention, viz., Charles Dudley Warner, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Dr. William A. Hammond, Mrs. E. M. King, and Dr. Kato J. Jackson.

The *Fortnightly Index* and the *Educational News* have been consolidated in *The University*. The prospectus says that, "While the paper has no official connection with any institution of learning, it is under the editorial control of University professors, and aims to reflect the maturest thought of American scholars upon the vital issues of the day. In the true university spirit its columns are open to the earnest discussion of questions uppermost in the minds of thoughtful men and women, in politics, religion, education, science, literature and art in all their various bearings."

Miscellaneous.

A PROFITABLE CONVICTION.

A recent article in an English periodical remarks that "the sport of shooting poachers, which comes in toward Christmas, is now in full swing; some capital sport has already been obtained, and there appears to be a plentiful supply of human game on hand." The poacher's lot in England is certainly a hard one, and for some reason it is impossible to look at his misdemeanors with the severity felt toward other law breakers. When, as in the anecdote below, the offender came out ahead of the law, one is inclined to smile rather than grieve:—

"Some years ago, owing to the serious depredations of the rat-catchers on the banks of the Thames, the authorities were compelled to issue notice-boards offering a reward of five pounds for information, payable on conviction of the culprit. Not many days after the notice appeared, an Irishman was caught, and, being brought before the magistrate, was ordered to pay a fine and costs amounting altogether to two pounds, or undergo one month's imprisonment in default. Not having the needful, Pat went into retirement at the expense of the country. The next morning, however, another son of Erin appeared at the prison, and, paying the fine, liberated his friend. The governor having been in court on the previous day, recognized the liberator as the principal witness and informant against the accused. This puzzled him, and he asked for an explanation, 'Well,' said Pat; 'it's loike this, sorr. Tim and myself wor hard up, and seeing the notice, Tim agreed to be caught. I gave information agin him, and this morning I drewed the reward, and, now ye're paid, we've three pounds left to start the world wid; and, begorra, I hope the board'll stop up a bit longer.'"—*Exchange*.

THE BRIDGE OF PRAYER.

The bridge of prayer, from heavenly heights suspended
Unites the earth with spirit realms in space,
The interests of these separate worlds are blended
For those whose feet are turned towards that place.

In troubled nights of sorrow and repining,
When joy and hope seem sunk in dark despair,
We still may see above the shadows shining,
The gleaming archway of the bridge of prayer.

From that fair height our souls may lean and listen
To sounds of music from the farther shore,
And through the vapors sometimes dear eyes glisten
Of loved ones who had hastened on before.

And angels come from their celestial city
And meet us half way on the bridge of prayer,
God sends them forth full of divinest pity,
To strengthen us for burdens we must bear.

Oh, you, whose feet walk in some shadowed by-way
Far from the scenes of pleasure and delight,
Still free for you hangs this celestial highway,
Where heavenly glories dawn upon the sight.

And common paths glow with a grace supernal
And happiness waits hand in hand with care,
And faith becomes a knowledge fixed, eternal,
For those who often seek the bridge of prayer.

—*Ella Wheeler*.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

As an infant Webster is described as a crying baby who worried his parents considerably. He grew up to boyhood pale, weak, and sickly; as he himself often told me, he was the slimmest in the family. And yet, by doing a boy's work on his father's farm, by indulging a propensity for outdoor sports, by leading a temperate and frugal life, he succeeded in building up a robust constitution. On arriving at manhood he had a physical frame which seemed made to last a hundred years. It was an iron frame, large and stately, with a great mountain of a head upon it.

When Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, saw his head in Powers' studio in Rome, he exclaimed: "Ah! a design for Jupiter, I see." He would not believe that it was a living American. Parker describes him as "a man of large mold, a great body and a great brain." * * Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive, huge. Its cubic capacity surpassed all former measurements of mind. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king.

"Men from the country who knew him not stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked at him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized in him a native king." Carlyle called him a magnificent specimen whom, as a logic fencer or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back at sight against all the world." And S. L. ney Smith said he was "a living lie, because no man on earth could be so great as he looked."—*The Century*.

HOW GLOBES ARE BUILT.

This heading has no astronomical meaning; it refers to mechanical manipulation. Our library and school educational globes have, perhaps, been a puzzle to many an inquisitive mind, they being so light, so easily turned on their axes, and so smooth as to appear more like natural exact productions than mechanical constructions. The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper, like soft straw-board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is