

On a cross-interrogation, he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. 'And do you seriously say, doctor,' said the learned counsel, 'that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?' 'I am no card-player,' said the doctor, with great address, 'but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king.' The consequences of this reply were decisive.—*Christian Magazine*.

De Vio's reason for not resuming the conference with Luther.

STAUPTZ—"Deign to resume the conference with Luther, and open a public disputation on the controverted points."

DE VIO, alarmed at the thought of such a measure, exclaimed—"I will argue no more with the beast. Those eyes of his are too deeply set in his head, and his looks have too much meaning in them."—*Ditubigne*.

Eligiac Stanzas,

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED INFANT.

And shall we never see him more?
 Oh no! oh never!
 For he hath crossed life's boundary o'er—
 Death's darksome river,
 And to the Spirit, of the joyous past,
 Returned at last.

We weep, as widowed Rachel wop,
 For her best loved,
 When in the narrow house, they slept,
 From her removed:—
 But can the tears which all of us have shed
 Recall the dead?

Flowers bloom and fade, most beautiful flowers,—
 We watch them springing
 Fresh from the hand of God, a few short hours,
 And they are clinging,
 Vainly to life, as one, who'd rather stay,
 Than be away.