

teresting chapters of European History. It gives us pleasure to add that the tone of the book is essentially pure. The translator has done her work in a clear, readable English style. The volume is

of a convenient and attractive get up, and we wish success to the series of translations from Georg Ebers of which it forms a part.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

### BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair,  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show  
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministry to and fro,  
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,  
Beautiful goal with race well run,  
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,  
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie  
deep  
Over worn-out hands—O beautiful sleep.

The difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of paws, while the other has the pause at the end of clause.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are not told what the evening wore on that particular occasion. Was it at the close of a summer's day?

The best men know they are very far from what they ought to be, and the very worst think that, if they were a little better, they would be as good as they need be.

Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places or Russians, or border ruffians.

A French writer remarks:—"If a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat.

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning and took for his text, "*Adam*, where art thou?" He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon Mr. Adam preached upon these words: "*Lo*, here am I." The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment.

A Sunday-school teacher read to his class that the Ethiopian eunuch went on his way rejoicing after Philip had talked with him, and then asked, "Why did he rejoice?" A boy answered, "Because Phillip was *done a-teachin' him*." It is too often that there is great rejoicing when the lesson is finished. Attending a lecture lately, the speaker was long, learned, but dreadfully tiresome. When he finished, there was loud applause. "Why, we asked, 'this loud applause?'" "Because he stopped there; he might have gone on longer."