

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at \$2 a day, he'd complain he had to work awful hard for a living.

A German newspaper contains an obituary with this touching and pathetic passage: 'Our dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of the Lutheran church. Only those who know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief.'

A gentleman in New York was recently desecrating to a friend on the soft notes of a linnet which he had heard a few days before. 'Why,' said he, 'it sang so softly at times that you couldn't hear it at all.' 'S-h-h-h!' said the other, placing his hand to his ear, 'perhaps there is one singing now.'

We commend to the average American, black or white, who goes to all the shows and 'doins,' even if he has to borrow the money, the following sound advice: 'Always pay as you go,' said an old man to his nephew. 'But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?' 'Then don't go.'

Minister to candidate for church membership:—'Of course, Dugald, you have read the Confession of Faith?' Dugald:—'No, inteet, serr, I nefer do reat ta last dying speeches of condemt creeminals, neffer inteet; and I do hope you do not think me so depased as to reat ta wan you have shust mentioned.'

A chief magistrate was entertaining the members of council at dinner. Everything was of the best, but there was an absence of wine of any kind. This did not suit one of the company (a seasoned cask); so, addressing the host he said, 'It is winter weather, and, if this cold water drinking continues, my throat will be turned into a *slide*.'

Earl Beaconsfield displayed his chivalrous nature and his tender regard for the feelings of others by twitting the Irish members of Parliament with living in garrets and subsisting on potatoes—their native esculent in a baked con-

dition.' At a grand banquet once Thomas Carlyle would eat nothing but a potatoe, declaring that that was what he wanted and as much as he desired.

The nervous mother of a bright little boy was alarmed lest he should take the whooping-cough, which prevailed in the neighbourhood. She talked so much about it and worried over it, that she had infected the child with her fears to such an extent that he would scarcely leave her side. One night after the little fellow had been put to bed and to sleep, a donkey was driven past the house, and when just opposite, set up his he-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of bed, screaming at the top of his voice, 'The whooping-cough is coming, mamma; the whooping-cough is coming.'

A certain man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said, 'My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. After that I was allowed to play, and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity.'

Civilization may be compared to a plant. Our orthodox brother, beholding in its root the germinal source of its growth, is too prone to ignore the daily unfolding of its leaf and blossom, and to venerate only the part that is under ground. The shallow radical, on the other hand, is lost in the admiration of the flower; he revels in the fruitage of the plant, but he counsels us to cut its unsightly root. The true liberal will fall into neither extremes. To him both root and bud, both past and present, are objects of tender regard and care, since both together produce that precious fruit of modern civilization, in which in turn lies hidden the seed of future progress and perfection.