

GRAVE AND GAY.

MACHINE-MADE LITERATURE.

THEOLOGICAL SOUP-MAIGRE.—This is a dish which requires very careful cooking, for if underdone it is insipid, while overdone it is emetic. The most successful method is as follows: Take a young curate of studious propensities, who has read Rousseau, Tom Paine, and Shelley, without having the faintest idea of what these writers mean, and whose mind is a hopeless muddle of atheism, the rights of man, and free love. He must be placed in a position where he can air his ignorance without restraint—as a missionary in Central Africa, or as the curate-in-charge of an agricultural English parish, where neither savage nor clothopper can reply to his sophisms. The skillful novelist has unlimited opportunities for “padding out” to three volumes by inserting long quotations from forgotten authors, whose theories have been exploded long ago. As this concoction appeals to a very limited circle, it is necessarily expensive, three volumes usually costing about a guinea and a half.

PIOUS PUDDING.—To one good young man with an interest in foreign missions add one religious young woman, teacher in a Sunday school, who devotes her life to the collection of subscriptions for the conversion of the Jews. The devout dialogues of these two characterless characters may be diluted with an unlimited admixture of quotations from tracts of a perfectly harmless kind. This pudding may be recommended as non-intoxicating and a very mild stimulant. It is quite within the range of moderate incomes, and rarely exceeds, crown octavo, three-and-six.

TO MANUFACTURE MODERN MACHINE-MADE POETRY.—Nothing more is necessary than the knowledge of how to turn a crank without jerking. The method is simplicity itself. The poet writes a series of commonplace sentiments in every-day prose. He then measures off the paragraphs into feet, and with the aid of a rhyming dictionary he inserts at regular intervals certain words that are similar in sound. No reflection is necessary. Original ideas are rather distracting than otherwise.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Arthur—Papa, I read this morning that people become what they eat. Papa—So it is said, my son. Arthur—Then do the cannibals become missionaries, papa?

Teacher—Will some little scholar please tell what happened after the children of Israel had marched seven days round the walls of Jericho blowing their horns? Yes, Tommy Taddells, you may answer. Tommy Taddells Please, ma'am, they tumbled to the racket.

An English judge tells this story of a jury in the north of England, where he was trying a case. The usher of the court proclaimed with due solemnity the usual formula—“Gentlemen of the jury, take your proper place in court!” Whereupon seven of them instinctively walked into the dock.

During the long French war, two old ladies in Stranher were going to the kirk. One said to the other, “Was it no a wonderfu’ thing that the Breetiesh were aye victorious ower the French in battle!” “Not a bit,” said the other; “dinna ye ken the Breetiesh aye say thair prayers before gain’ into battle?” “But canna the French say thair prayers as weel?” Quickly came the characteristic reply: “Hoot! Jabberin’ bodies wha could understan’ them?”

This story is told of the most popular of American novelists who has just passed away. Telling her little boy that anger was sinful, he put to her the question, “Why then, mamma, does the Bible say so often that God was angry?” As mothers do too often, she evaded the question by telling him he would understand it better when he was older. This did not satisfy the child, and after pondering seriously for a while he burst out: “Oh, mamma, I have found it out. God is angry because God is not a Christian.”—*New York Independent*.