

THE VICTORIA
HOME JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.

Advertising Rates on Application.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.

-WIT UNDER DIFFICULTY.

One of the smartest of the celebrated Bishop Bloomfield's bon mots was also made during his last illness. He had inquired what had been the subjects of his two arch-deacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the dying bishop, "composition and decomposition!" Among the peculiarities of Selwyn which attracted attention was his love of children, and his morbid taste to see death or the dead. Not an execution escaped him, and he is said to have made a journey to Paris to see Damians broken on the wheel. This last propensity was the subject of many a joke among his intimates, of which the first Lord Holland's was the best.

When on his deathbed he was told that Selwyn had called to inquire after him. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," said he, "show him up, for if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me." Equally as grimly cynical was the reply of William Taylor (or "Willie Harrow" as he was commonly called) Being visited in his last extremity by a clergyman, he was asked if he was prepared for another world. "Deed, sir," said Willie, "I dinna ken if I need trouble mysel' aboot it; for if the folk there are like the folk here they'll pay unco' little attention to a pair body like me."

The field of battle has produced many an example of grim humor, and a capital story is told how, when Sir William Scrope was about to charge with his troop at the famous conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of the Parliamentary campaign against Charles I., he said to his young scapegrace of a son, "Jack, if I should be killed, lad, you will have enough to spend,"

to which the rogue answered, "And egad, father, if I should be killed, you will have enough to pay." "Why are you so melancholy?" asked the Duke of Marlborough of a soldier after the battle of Blenheim. "I am thinking," replied the man, "how much blood I have shed for sixpence." Another retort of one of the rank and file conveyed a well merited rebuke. A soldier had his two hands carried off at the wrists by a shot. His Colonel offered him a crown. "Colonel," replied the man reproachfully, "it was not my gloves but my hands that I lost."

"Once," writes Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, "I was in a Cornish mine, some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth. Crawling down a ladder and feeling that the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner, who was accompanying me: 'It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?' 'I don't know exactly,' he replied, 'but if you let go you will be there in two minutes.'"

Sheridan, too, when dying, on being requested to undergo an operation, humorously replied that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, "Having my hair cut and sitting for my picture." There is a sly insinuation in the following, which no doubt was duly appreciated by the person to whom it was addressed.

Even duelling, too, has discovered men who will jest to the very last, and as an example of grim humor under singularly uncomfortable circumstances, the following would be exceedingly hard to beat. M. de Malsaignes was a determined duellist. Having quarrelled with a brother officer, they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it took place, when M. de Malsaignes' adversary managed to run him through the body and nail him against the door. "This is all very well," said the transfixed duellist, "but pray how are you to get out?" Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward fought under the gates of Gresham College. Woodward's foot slipped, and he was at the mercy of his opponent. "Take your life!" exclaimed Dr. Mead. "Anything but your physic," retorted the prostrate man.

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THE DOCTOR DUMBFOUNDED

A good story is told of a very reverend and very dignified master of an English college. Although "the doctor" was a serious man, he was also a kindly one, and when a young man of his college fell ill, did all in his power to procure him good care and the best medical advice. Finally the invalid's sister arrived, and as she was young and inexperienced, the worthy doctor endeavored, by constant attention, to lighten her load of anxiety. She was most grateful, and confided to her betrothed, who was at a distance, her desire that only "the dear doctor," the master of the college, should perform their wedding ceremony. The student recovered and was now to accompany his sister home, there to be nursed into vigor again. The doctor was present to say goodbye and the young lady was full of gratitude. "Doctor," said she, grasping both his hands, "you have been so good to me!" "I have found great pleasure in your acquaintance," said the gentleman in his most dignified and courteous manner. "You have done so much for me, but I am going to ask one more favor! Will you promise to marry me?" The doctor, amiable as he was, dropped her hands and started back in horror. "My dear young lady," he stammered, "I—I'm afraid we shouldn't get on together!"—The San Francisco Argonaut.

ROOM FOR ALL IN HEAVEN.

The following remarkable calculation on the capacity of heaven, which has frequently been published, but is a curiosity in its way and well worth a place among our other "wonders," is taken bodily from Bombaugh's "Gleanings for the Curious."

The basis of the calculation, which will furnish much food for thought, is found in Revelations xxi, 10. "And he measured the city (the New Jerusalem) with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height are equal."

Let us see: Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,280,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 943,088,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven, half of the remainder for