

telegram was sent to the *Globe* from its correspondent at the Montreal Methodist Conference in June. At first reading one is apt to wonder whether the assistance of the Salvation Army or of the American reserve of Colonels has been accepted; but a moment's reflection suggests a printer's joke, and that *col-porteurs* was intended.

MADAME RUMOR was mistaken. Doctor A did not marry Madame B, to whom he had paid sufficient attention to give rise to such an opinion; but married a beauty of eighteen years, he having attained the biblical age allowed to man. The three happened to meet shortly after Christmas—the marriage having taken place on that day. During the conversation the bride remarked that she had received no Christmas presents that year—her wedding presents being sent the day before. The Doctor, in a playful manner, said, "My dear, you forget receiving me." Whereupon Mrs. A beamed a most appreciative smile upon her lord and master. And Madame B, reclining in her chair and languidly plying her fan, added, "Yes, my dear Mrs. A, you must not forget that present. You know antiquities are all the rage just now."

THE RISE AND FALL OF A SPRING POET.—Fame allowed me, and the desire to rise in the world of letters seized me. An idea hit me and I pursued it. I sprang at the opportunity, and was at once struck by the force and power of the subject that confronted me. I struggled manfully, overpowered more and more by the thoughts that thronged upon me. At last the end was reached, and the result was, "Spring poetry—a Lay." Breathlessly I awaited the final stroke of fate. I had made the venture, and I hung to the hope with lively expectations. Hope deferred made my heart sick. At last in suspense I was cut down by fate, baffled and beaten. I felt it sore, for I had run into debt, trusting and being trusted. I had dropped into poetry, but therein had fallen into error, and had fallen flat. Here I am, still lying, sick and sore of lays, and odes, and idyls, an example of

HUMBLED GENIUS.