

his proclamation almost exclusively of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognise them, and admire the fitness of the words, as well as his taste in their selection. The proclamation meeting the eyes of a democratic editor, he pounced upon it at once, declared that he had read it before—he couldn't exactly say where; but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end! *That* would have been a pretty fair joke; but the next day the republican editor came out valiantly in defence of the governor, pronounced the charge false and libellous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had ever appeared in print before.

It would be idle for any one, standing beside his strawberry-bed in June, to try to determine how much of its matchless flavour the scarlet fruit owed to a congenial soil, how much to moist mulchings, how much to timely showers, how much to the kissing of the sunshine. Yet that would be an easier task than to determine the relative potency of the multitude of influences that have a hand in shaping personal character. We are apt to think that sermons and lectures and newspapers and Bible-classes and mass-meetings and magistrates must do most of the work of making men and women what they ought to be. We have great faith, nowadays, in machinery. But, if it were possible to pick out all the interwoven influences that have given form and colour to the fabric of personal character, probably every one of us would be surprised to see how much, in his own case, what is due to the life and character of the men and women whom he has known—men and women, too, who never exhorted him or elbowed him, but simply lived their faithful lives before him.

Here is a true and amusing story of the 'distress' in Ireland. The landlord is sitting in his library collecting such of his rents as he can secure, and there enters to him the occupier of a small farm. 'So you have come to pay your rent, Flanagan?' he asks. Flanagan sighs heavily, and assumes an aspect of deep distress. 'Shure, your honour, the times is cruel hard, and it's wanting

to do my duty I am, but it's a mighty difficult thing to scrape a few pounds together,' he answers. 'Well, and what do you propose to do, Flanagan?' 'Well, your honour, I wish it was my rent I could pay, the whole £15 of it; but scrape and scrape as I might, it is only the £10 note I could get together, and I had to sell the pigs to make that.' Flanagan exhibited the note; but is reluctant to part with it, and looks at it lovingly, though he cannot read the inscription. 'That's all I could find by all of pinching and scraping, your honour, and I was hoping that, seeing how bad the times is, your honour might be plazed to forget the rent for the half year, for the crops is nothing, and it's buying everything I'll have to be.' The landlord, however, stretched out his hand for the note. 'Times are hard, Flanagan, as you say, though your crops are scarcely as bad, I fancy, as you make out. I'm afraid I must take the £10, but I'll give you the change. You have taken the wrong note out of your cash box; this one is for £100!'

A writer in one of our weekly cotemporaries who signs himself 'Jack Spratt,' contributed the following to his paper a week or two ago. Under its grotesque garb there is more truth and true feeling than often appears under finer forms of writing:—'Yes, I know Young Mugby. He was a good plucked 'un, he was. He commenced life with 'osses an' cabs at fifteen, and he died las' week at twenty-seven. No, it ain't long for a man to work, but that Young Mugby did work. He worked among all o' his mates, and got 'em to insure their lives, and to join heaps o' benefit sossieties. An' he wur about the best cabby as I know; that's the reason, sir, as 'ow you see so many cabs a-following him to his grave.'

He wor only a cabby, you know, sir,
An' never lived out o' the rank,
But he kinder like ruled just a king, sir,
And he knew he wor right as the Bank;
For if ever a old whip wor dying,
With nothing to leave to his boys,
He'd send for Young Mugby, an' sighing,
Say, "Find 'em in grub and in toys."

And he worn't but so-so a scholar,
But he allus was gentle to all;
Though his Christianity worn't on the holler,
He ever wor good to grief's call;
An' he told us to save and be careful,
So now up aloft as he's gone;
We're 'oping he's driving God's brougham,
A-singing a cab-angel's song