

jurists and students of Constitutional History will find Mr. Doutre's work of extreme value. The work is published by Messrs. John Lovell & Son, Montreal.

The literature of travel has just had a delightful addition to its attractive treasures in the Rev W. H. Withrow's 'A Canadian in Europe.' The work consists of an itinerary of the scholarly editor of *The Canadian Methodist Magazine* while on a summer tour in Europe, and has been made up from his

note books and magazine articles, with illustrations of the historic sights encountered *en route*. Mr. Withrow is a keen observer, a graphic writer and withal a genial companion. Few will set out in his company to visit these shrines of the Old Land who will not accept his *chaperonage* throughout. The volume is handsomely produced by the Rose-Belford Publishing Co., and will make a suitable present at the approaching holiday season.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE BALLADE OF ALICE.

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH IN TORONTO.

Dark eyes, full of
Mirth and malice,
Keen bright face and
Tiny figure,
Strength and lightness,
Grace and vigour,
This is like her,—
This is Alice!

Heart that in its
Red gold chalice,
Holds strong wine of
Pain and Pleasure,
Either brand in
Ample measure,—
And with each
Alike she dallies,
As her mood is!
Fair Miss Alice!

Lips that pout with
Pertest sallies—
Filled with fits, and
Fraught with malice—
You can both be
Sweet and bitter—
Kindest helper—
Hardest hiter,
Rich or poor,
Hut or palace,
Just the same—
Unaltered Alice.

C. P. M.

'Ah,' said a deaf man who had a scolding wife, 'man wants but little hear below!'

TOBACCO.

Foul weed!
I would that I could give thee o'er,
Thy rank perfume
Pollutes my room:
And yet there is in thee a spell,
Thy vot'ries understand too well,
Which bids me turn to thee once more
When I should hurl thee from the door.
Where hast thou been
Fell Nicotine,
To learn such arts as thus enslave?
What charm is in thy blacken'd bowl;
What is it thou dost give, or save,
Which opens the portals of the soul,
And finds thee friends in every clime,
In every rank, who all combine
To honour thus thy sooty shrine?
Nor cease they with the lapse of time.

No food thy poisonous leaf supplies,
And yet, it is not wholly vile:
A something hidden in thee lies,
Which does our wayward thoughts beguile.
A solace! aye, the secret's ripe,
A solace! then, I fill my pipe.

T. W. P.

LINDSAY.

A writer who lately declared that the temperance party was going to rise like 'a giant refreshed with wine,' was rather unfortunate in his choice of a simile.

'If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah,' said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley, reflectively, 'I take them all back.' 'Yes I suppose you want to use them over again,' was the not very soothing reply.