

quently, and it must, therefore, be correct, for are not all men who, whether as class leaders, deacons or evangelists, are endowed with a gift—I should more correctly have said donation—possessed of more than human learning? What though they may have been taken from behind the anvil, or raised from the cobbler's seat from hammering on the lapstone, their being "located" in the pulpit, from whence they can "excuse" to other "locations" and hold forth "in their midst," amply makes up for any deficiencies in mere human learning.

And the last phrase must on no account be omitted. If you want to speak solemnly of little boys playing at marbles noisily, be sure to say, "riot runs rampant in our midst." It is true that those who have been well educated, may have the idea brought strongly home to them, that whoever wrote the sentence had a severe colic "in his midst"; but never mind, it sounds solemn, and that is the main point.

In literature of a more playful character, very considerable use may be made of the termination "ist." If you feel very dull and stupid, and write something without any point, the judicious use of "ist" will make your article or essay very amusing, and be sure to prove attractive. For example: A poor wretched drunken creature, who is breaking his wife's heart, reducing his children to beggary, and covering himself with disgrace, is not a cheerful object to contemplate. But call him a "drinkist" and pass a few stale jokes on him, and the whole scene changes; the public is amused,—the public laughs. Never mind if the family drain the bitter cup of misery. What have you to do with that? The "ist" covers it all up, as the white snow covers the new-made grave.

Or again, you write a dreary account of a walking match against time, which nobody would care to read. Call the poor fellow, who is trying to make a few shillings, a "walkist," and you have at once the greatest fun. I might enlarge upon this, but to a boy of your quickness of perception these two examples are sufficient. You may multiply the use of the "ist" indefinitely.

If you seek to write for the daily press, although I fear, my dear nephew, your taste is too fastidious for such employment, you will require to begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and be obliged to go to the Police or Recorder's Court. Above all things be philosophical. If a poor shivering wretch is brought forward, and sent to gaol as a vagrant, note every rag, every quiver of the lip, every attempt to conceal the starting tear, and make fun of it. Or if an unfortunate girl, ruined and outcast, attempts to appeal for mercy, note all her actions, and the dim shadow of some almost-forgotten gracefulness. Turn them into ridicule. The public demands it, and have a right to get what they pay for. Never mind if it does harden your own heart, or if it should induce a callousness in the public mind to the misery passing "in its midst." You will get a name for being "spicy"; you will be called a "droll dog," a "humorous writer," and other names of a similar kind. It pays, my dear James. What if it should add a fresh pang to a widow's heart, or give another pain to the family of the poor degraded creatures. You have nothing to do with that.

Give my acknowledgments to Dr. Ableboddy for his

attention to your education. Now that Christmas is approaching, you will be eagerly looking for your holidays. I shall be pleased to see you, and meantime send you a few nice cakes.

Ever your affectionate Aunt,

SAMUELINA JOHNSON SCRAGGS.

Acacia Villa, 23rd Nov., 1869.

MRS. DOCTOR.

Miss Matilda McPhee, that delectable fair one,
Was seized with a fit, and a not very rare one,—
A sort of hysteria, that treats with such lenience,
That Matilda had summoned by way of convenience,
'Cause ma said her sister, the darling Miss Emily,
Was the pride, and the hope, and the flower of the family.
Matilda flew off like a crazy patrician,
And John, too, flew off for the family physician.

He rang at the bell with a vigour spasmodical,
When Susan replied,—'twas an answer methodical,—
That master was out; and she said,—so admirable,—
That Missus could come if he thought it desirable.
She was call'd Mistress Doctor,—he thought it "accessional"
To send his young Mistress a female professional.
She was put in the carriage, and John touch'd his hat a bit,
Then went in with Susan to whisper and chat a bit.

Mistress Doctor arrived, and the servant presented her;
Matilda grew worse, and the mother resented her
Intrusion, when grief struck the whole of the family,
Except the vivacious and sparkling young Emily.
The mother demanded, in accents so thundering,
The cause of this stupid, astonishing blundering.
Mistress Doctor replied,—while the query was firing her,—
That she learn'd from John they all were desiring her.

John was summon'd instanter, but echo said fie to them;
He had not return'd, and could not reply to them.
At length he came in, and answered, with dizziness,
That he thought Mrs. Doctor a partner in business.
Mrs. Doctor's reply was an earnest and sweeping one,—
She was truly a partner, but only a sleeping one;
And "Till" had a right, if her feelings were hurt, to fly,—
Still she was Mrs. Doctor, though only by courtesy.

John never had seen Mrs. Lawyer Prigginson;
Nor ever had heard of Miss Councillor Tigginson;
Nor had he beheld Mrs. Shoemaker Dobinson;
Nor yet Mrs. Tailor or Carpenter Robinson;
Nor ere came across Mrs. Lord Bishop Sandison;
Nor yet Mrs. Cabman or Shipowner Grandison;
John was English, and once had seen genuine nobbiness,
And was not quite *au fait* with American snobbiness.

A fined juryman wishes to know whether the Court House belongs to the Labyrinthine Order of Architecture. It is a satisfaction he was fined.

We learn, from a recent *Telegraph*, that Mrs. A. W. Oglivi has been elected to the Provincial Legislature. From our knowledge of that estimable lady, we can congratulate ourselves on this accession to the Quebec happy family.

Which is preferable, a vessel in port or a port in a vessel?

"Truth lies in a well"—"Let well alone."