

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott?" he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not——"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvellous descriptions? One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And 'Scott's Emulsion'"—he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

#### THE WORD OF GOD.

I hear a babel, an alarm of tongues,  
And a wild whisper on the lips of Fear :  
"Say, will the ancient Refuge of the Soul  
Be broken down by rude irreverent hands?"

Nay, fear not, for the God's Truth is secure—  
The Truth, the high Truth of humanity.  
It is the Light behind our broken light.  
The fire whereat men warm their wintry hearts.

After the tug and roar of centuries,  
The Word will still endure, immutable—  
Till through the shadow of the letter shine,  
As fire in ashes, as a star through cloud,  
As soul behind the body. Rest in peace.

It will endure : no power can break or bind  
Its inaccessible majesty and might.  
It was anterior to Aldebaran ;  
And will endure, impeccable and strong,  
And seraphs will climb onward in its light,  
When earth has faded as a whirl of smoke,  
And the last sun withers in the wrinkling skies.

—EDWIN MARKHAM, in *New York Journal*.

THE following is from the "old land" where apparently the conditions are not entirely different from those prevailing in the "new land": The recent case at Aberdeen, where an applicant for an educational position represented himself to be an alumnus of the University of the granite city, although he had never graduated, gives a contemporary an opportunity of telling a very good story in connection with University degrees. A chimney-sweep prosecuted a resident in the suburbs of Edinburgh for debt. The presiding justice called for the sweep to give evidence as to the debt. "And what is your name?" "Jamie Gregory, LL.D., sirr." "What, Doctor of Laws? And where on earth did you get that distinction?" "'Twas a fellow frae an American college, an' I sweepit his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash Jamie,' he says, 'but I'll mak' ye an LL.D., an' we'll ca' it quits.' An he did."