

"Happy Jack, just think! And believed I'd never find you; for looked ever since I came home. You might have sent me word, Jack," reproachfully.

"Et wuz better not ter, I thought," apologetically.

"Where's your clothes?" demanded Jimmie, excitedly. "The carriage 'll be here, just now, and you're coming, I tell you, so get ready."

"Don't, Jimmie," said Jack, huskily. "I can't stand et, jus' now."

The low, shaking voice was unlike the lively, young tones that Jimmie loved; and, though he could scarcely believe that Jack was crying, he was almost certain that he saw tears in the lovely Irish

eyes with the pathetic "something wrong inside." So he said no more, but knelt down beside his chum's little bed and the boys wound their arms tightly round each others necks, the lights were lowered, and there was silence through the ward.

"Why are children's eyes so bright?"

Tell me why.

'Tis because the infinite,
Which they've left is still in sight;
And they know no earthly blight.

Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright."

"Why do children love so true?"

Tell me why.

'Tis because they cleave unto
A familiar, favorite few,
Without art or self in view.

Therefore 'tis they love so true."

Happy Jack has long ago "made it square."

NOTES.

A SHORT time ago a member of the MAGAZINE staff brought into the publishing office a curious looking little object which he had picked up on the street. It consisted of two pieces of tin, one of which fitted into the other by means of grooved edges. Between these two pieces was contained a tightly rolled strip of parchment printed in Hebrew characters. The strip was so rolled that the lettering of a single word came opposite an opening in the upper tin. The little object was nailed up on the wall according to its obvious intention, and to this hour no caller has been able to tell what may be its purpose. It so happened, however, that I had been reading some books for the purpose of review, and although Mr. Lang avers that the knowledge of having to review

robs a book of half its interest, I have not found it so, probably not being yet case-hardened. The particular book upon which I was engaged at that time was Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," to which title he adds, "A study of a peculiar people." It is fortunate for the "people" that they have found a chronicler in one of their own race, for although a Hebrew full of the pride of his ancestry may find much to resent in some of the characterisations, he will yet find everywhere a sympathy evoked by personal knowledge and a reverence for the deep religious life of the olden chosen people, such as would be impossible in an alien. Mr. Zangwill himself is one of those extravagantly brilliant personalities that ever and anon crop up from out this people apart. Work, and