

day according to their works, whether good or bad. But what seest thou more?" And I said, "I see a vast multitude with scrolls in their hands, and the one part begin to be stricken in years and the heads of them are, as it were, bald. What are these?" And he answered, "These are the chosen and well-beloved ones, the very hairs of whose heads are numbered." And I saw, and behold one clad in a long black mantle rose to speak, and the younger men did straightway give diligent heed unto him and did write down his sayings in the scrolls which they had in their hands; but those who seemed more advanced in years did first conclude the conversations and jests which they carried on among themselves, and afterwards did they begin to give heed unto the son of wisdom who spoke, and I saw that they wrote but few words in their scrolls and after that they hid them again in their bosoms; but when the speaker did appear to make a jest, then I marked that they did laugh more lightsomely than the younger men, whereat I marvelled greatly. And he who stood by me, perceiving what was in my mind, spake thus unto me: "Be it known unto thee, my son, that this which seemeth strange unto thee is not the inherent cussedness of human nature as thou in thy simplicity thinkest. Hearken unto me and I will reveal the meaning of this that seemeth to you strange. These younger men, whom thou seest writing diligently in their scrolls, are not yet chosen, but await in great trepidation the great day of judgment. But the others are they who have passed through great tribulations and no longer fear the judgment, and have now, for a brief space, escaped from the tongues of gossiping wives, and have been delivered out of the hand of cantankerous elders; therefore do they rejoice in their hearts and behave themselves lightsomely for a season. But the end is not yet."

[We have found it advisable to suppress the account of the third vision.—Ed.]

DE NOBIS.

An old Scotch lady, after listening to Rev. A. Fitzpatrick on a recent occasion advocating the allegorical interpretation of the book of Jonah, was heard remark, "I'm afraid Mr. Fitzpatrick is no very soon'. He says that it was no a whale that swallowed Jonah, but an *alligator*."

The meds.—"Who kissed McC—y when the light was out?"

Bill Langford—"All the angels have big feet! What must I be?"

A large gathering was noticed last Wednesday morning in the rink dressing room. Mr. J. Stuart Rayside was "At Home."

H. R. (introducing Fr-l-k)—"Mr. L—d, this is my curate."

British American Hotel Register (year 1900).—J. A. Supple, et valet; H. H. Horsy et valise.

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