

ever she thought of *Bric et Brac* it would remind her of the happiest days of her life—i. e., those employed in making her wonderful collection.

The Rev. Doctor Broadus, an old Baptist parson famous in Virginia, once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in. 'Have you two barns?' asked the doctor. 'Yes, sah,' replied the darkey: 'dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes build a new one.' 'Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?' 'Well, sah, if dey's Metodis's or Baptis's we gen'ally put 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals we puts 'em in de new one.' 'Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian.'

The eminent mathematician Kirkman has made an exquisite translation of the well-known definition. 'Evolution is a change from an indifferent incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations.' As translated into plain English by Kirkman, it is—'Evolution is a change from a no-howish untalkaboutable all-likeness to a somehowish and in-general-talkaboutable not-all-likeness, by continuous somethingelsefications and sticktogetherations.'

'I read an interesting anecdote the other day,' says a writer in an American paper, 'concerning a gentleman who made up his mind that he would give his wife a pleasant surprise by spending the evening at home. After supper he settled himself down for a cosy time in the bosom of his family. He had no more than comfortably fixed himself when his wife asked him if his friends didn't want him any longer, and if that was why he had concluded to get acquainted with his family. Then his mother-in-law asked him if he had exhausted his credit and was obliged to stay at home. The servant asked him if he was ill, and proposed to make some tea. One of the neighbours came in and wanted to know if he had been having any trouble, and was afraid of the law. And he says it all occurred in twenty minutes, for in exactly half an hour he was "down town" again.'

Lord Eldon, it is said, left an anecdote-book in manuscript, in which he noted the following. During the debates on the India Bill, at which period John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said 'Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes.' Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House. 'Who is it? Name him! Name him!' 'Sir,' said Sheridan to the Speaker, 'I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson.'

THRENODY.

Oh, sweet are the scents and songs of Spring,
And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the Autumn winds, that bring
The winter's lingering hours.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun sinks into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails over the sunny hill;
The brook trolls on in the shade;
But the friends I have lost lie cold and still,
Where their stricken forms were laid.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun slides into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and boon!
O breath, why art thou so sweet!
O friends, how can ye forget so soon
The loved ones who lie at your feet!
But the world goes round and round,
And the sun drops into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright;
The eye of woman is kind:
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
But the dying and dead are blind.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun falls into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease,
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there for evermore;
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea!
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?

— From *Scribner*.