

had done? I am ashamed of him. I have told him that it was most dishonourable, and he has promised never to do such a thing again. While I was wildly flinging my 5-franc pieces on red and black, *passé* and *manqué*, on the numbers *en plein, transversale, à cheval, and carré*, with an occasional plunge on zero, Albert Edward had put on a melancholy and dejected look, and wandered away to a secluded part of the grounds. As he passed out of the doors he drew cautiously from his pocket the revolver, the wonderful weapon that won't go off. He looked at it for a moment, and, as soon as he was sure that one of the officials had seen him, he replaced it in his pocket, and made slowly for a sequestered spot. He heard footsteps behind him; he knew that he was being followed. Presently he drew the fatal weapon out, and exclaiming, in French, "I am ruined! Here let me expiate my fault," he placed the revolver in his mouth and was about to pull the trigger, when two officials rushed forward and dashed the deadly weapon from his grasp. An explanation was demanded. Albert Edward began to shout out his woes. He had lost his all—all the money he had brought with him to Monte Carlo. He had not the means of returning to England, and please would they allow him to die in peace? The officials begged him not to shout—they prayed of him to be calm. Matters might be arranged; would Monsieur be good enough to accompany them to the office of the administration? After a show of resistance the would-be suicide yielded, and, accompanied by the revolver and the officials, he repaired to the office. There he met with the utmost politeness. It was absurd for Monsieur to commit suicide. It was not nice conduct. Such things did no good to the suicide, and much injury to the establishment. The papers made capital of it, and cried out for the suppression of the tables. How much had Monsieur lost? "All he had brought with him." How much was that? "He couldn't say, but all he had; and he had not the means to pay his hotel bill and get back to England." The administration put on its considering cap, and then made a proposition. If Monsieur had the means to pay his hotel bill and return to England, would he abandon all idea of suicide? "Why certainly." And then after a little more consideration Albert Edward found himself in possession of £30, and the administration was left congratulating itself on having avoided "another scandal at Monte Carlo." My companion protested to me that his statement was perfectly true, so far as it concerned having lost all he brought with him, for he had only five francs in pocket, and he had lost it. I sha'n't advise him to keep the £30, because I don't think it is quite honestly come by. I shall make him present it to a London charity on his return to town. The Monte Carlo people will do anything to avoid a scandal, but as a rule they are more stringent than they were with Albert Edward. The revolver in his mouth was considered by them sufficient evidence of his *bona fide* loss. They didn't know what a lump of artfulness they were dealing with.

UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM.

I HAVE heard of men who knew more than they could tell, but I never have met one. If a man has a genuine idea, he can make himself understood.

Literature is the diet of the common mind, but genius feeds on the unwritten things.

You may travel a good way on whisky, and travel fast while you are going, but you can't get back when you want to.

When you have learned to listen, you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.

Faith won't enable a man to lift a ton all at once, but it will, ten pounds at a time.

Genius invents, talent applies.

I never have seen an idea too big for a sentence, but I have read thousands of sentences too big for an idea.

Vanity and jealousy are the two weakest passions in the human heart, and, strange to tell, they are the most common.

A thoroughly neat woman is a joy unspeakable, but doesn't she make it busy for the dust and for the people in her neighbourhood!

My young disciple, don't hunt for new things, but study to improve upon the old ones; every flat stone, and most of the boulders, have been turned over already by the novelty-hunters.

We find plenty of people who don't average well; they know too much for one man, and not quite enough for two.—*The Century*.

THE Russians are preparing to celebrate at Keiv the 900th anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into their country. Among other proceedings it is proposed to restore the church in which the bones of Vladimir, their first Christian prince, rest. The building is now very much decayed.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S family write their name Tolstoy—in the German fashion. The letter *y*, however, has been adopted, by many writers, to stand for the Russian diphthong *ui*, as in the name of the fabulist Krylof, or Kruihof; and, moreover, the final letter in the Russian spelling is the semi-vowel *i s kratkoi* which in all other cases is transliterated by an *i* (as in *troika, echai, tea, valdai, voina, war*). The word is therefore a trisyllable, and the second *o*—which has the accent—does not give the sound of *oy* as in toy, which the spelling Tolstoy would seem to indicate. As to Tolstoi's Christian name, it means in English Lion, and therefore corresponds to the German Löwe, the Trench Léon, and the Latin-English Leo. The Russian word is spelled Lef, but the Russian diphthong *e* has the diæresis, which signifies that it is pronounced *yo*. Consequently Lyof, or better L'yof, is correct, granting the advisability of using the Russian name; but if we must translate it, let the whole name be anglicized. It will then read Count Leo Nicholson Stout!—*Critic*.

A BABY'S EPITAPH.

APRIL made me: winter laid me here away asleep.
Bright as Maytime was my daytime; night is soft and deep:
Though the morrow bring forth sorrow, well are ye that weep.

Ye that held me dear beheld me not a twelvemonth long:
All the while ye saw me smile, ye knew not whence the song
Came that made me smile, and laid me here, and wrought you wrong

Angels, calling from your brawling world one undefiled,
Homeward bade me, and forbade me here to rest beguiled:
Here I sleep not: pass, and weep not here upon your child.

—Swinburne.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE COUNT OF THE SAXON SHORE. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Seeley and Company.

This story of Britain about the time of the withdrawal of the Roman Legions opens with scenes in the Roman Camp at Great Harbour, now Portsmouth. The soldiers accustomed to make and unmake Cæsars, in a tumult, which has its origin in discontent on account of arrears of pay, murder Gratianus, one of several usurpers who briefly wore the purple in Britain, and elevate Constantine, an illiterate private soldier, to the perilous dignity. At this time not even a nominal control was exercised over Britain by the Roman Emperor. Ælius, the Count of the Saxon Shore, a distinguished Roman of noble descent, was the only official who bore unwavering allegiance to Honorius. He was a typical Roman of the nobler sort. Able, resolute, experienced, he had long held his present office and was trusted by the Emperor, respected by the army in Britain and dreaded by the Saxon pirates in the narrow seas. His duty was to protect the eastern and southern shores of Britain against the attacks of the Saxons, and as he performed this duty with great diligence and skill, the usurpers of the sceptre in Britain were content to leave him undisturbed and he, on his part, was willing to be on friendly terms with the rebel generals who from time to time bore Imperial sway. Returning from a cruise on the eastern coast to his winter residence on the Isle of Wight, he gives chase to a small fleet of Saxon boats and runs down one of the vessels. All the crew of the shattered boat are killed by the shock or drowned, except two brothers, one of whom is so badly hurt that he dies soon after his captors reach their home. The survivor, Cedric, a young man of fine appearance and great strength, a chief of high rank among his own people, is taken into the Count's service, because he cannot be conveniently imprisoned, and grows in favour with the household, especially with Carna, the Count's adopted daughter, a beautiful maiden descended from the old British Kings. Carna is a zealous Christian, and vainly endeavours to make a convert of the great yellow-haired captive, who, however, was willing to confess any creed in order to win the favour of his mistress. But Carna would neither wed a pagan nor accept an insincere confession. We cannot outline any further this most interesting story. It abounds in strong scenes. The descriptions are vivid and powerful, but in no way do they seem overdrawn or too highly coloured. The conspiracy of Carausius, the embarkation of the legions, the abduction of Carna to be a sacrifice to the Druid gods, the long and perilous pursuit of her captors by Ælius and his followers, her rescue from the arch-Druid's uplifted knife by the valour and strength of Cedric, the encounter with the fierce Picts, the departure of Ælius for Rome, the burning of the villa by the Saxons, the parting of Carna and Cedric, are the main incidents in the narrative, and are all described with great skill and power. The story ends forty years later with the battle of Badon Hill, where King Arthur, after several days fighting, overcomes the Saxon invaders. A wounded prisoner, white-haired, but not age-enfeebled, who had borne himself with great gallantry in the fight, proves to be the Saxon chieftain Cedric, who during these long years had shunned the shores his countrymen so ruthlessly ravaged. On the battlefield he received the rite of baptism, refused so many years before, and died with his last look fixed on the long-loved Carna, now like himself white-haired and old. Mr. Church is Professor of Latin in London University, and we may safely assume that his descriptions of Roman interiors, costumes, and camps are correct.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, QUEBEC. By John Cook, D.D., LL.D. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This is a volume of sermons well worth reading, not only for their freshness of style and thought, but for the revelation they make to us of a preacher full of practical wisdom and vigorous manhood. "What is it?" said a juvenile street arab to his comrade, pointing to a mediævally dressed personage who stalked into their alley, "Is it a man or a woman?" "Neither," was the triumphant answer, "It's a minister!" No one will ever ask such a question concerning Dr. Cook. There can be no mistaking his sex. He has lived among men, talked with them in nineteenth century language without priestly assumption, heard them speak out what they thought, and tried to make such answer as he honestly could. He has been the representative Protestant minister in Quebec for half a century, not