

Lawrence admitted that he was not much of a sportsman.

"No more ain't I," replied his host. "Fishin' only fit for boys. Men's time's too precious. I kin do more in a day on the farm than I could catch fish in a week. It may do for city gents who can afford to come out yer with all their fancy tackle an' catch fish that cost 'em 'bout four dollars a-piece; but a man as works for his livin' can't afford it."

We imagine that our forest philosopher spoke with a good deal of truth.

"Thoo kin 'ave ma boat for visitin' they foaks up t' river an' along t' lake; an' fer the upper 'pint-mint, Squire Hill 'll lend thoo his meer, when her's no workin'. But for the rest, Oi suspect thoo'll 'ave to use shanks' meer, as we've used to call it in our parts."

This good old man had been selected for the important office of class leader, and guiding souls to heaven, it was evident, not for his wealth or social influence or learning, but on account of his possession of the highest and most essential qualification—his sincere and fervid piety. Although he could not read a word, his mind was stored with Scripture and with Wesley's hymns. In class he would bring out of his treasury things new and old—exhorting, warning, encouraging, reproving—in the spirit of meekness and love. And he would pray with such fervour that all hearts were first melted and then kindled to a glow of holy zeal.

"Two men I honour," says Carlyle—we quote from memory—"and no third. First, the man that, with earth-made implement, conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked and coarse. Thou art in the path of duty, my brother, be out of it who may. Thou art toiling for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

"Another man I honour," he continues, "and still more highly—him who toils for the spiritually indispensable—for the bread of life. Unspeakingly touching is it when both these dignities are united—when he who is toiling upwardly for the lowest of men's wants is toiling downwardly for the highest. Sublimar know I nothing than such a peasant-saint—could such now anywhere be met with."

Such, we make bold to assert, are many of the humble, toiling class-leaders and local-preachers of the Methodist Church, who imitate in their daily walk the Blessed Life which was lived at Galilee, amid

Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross.

(To be continued.)

SPICY DEFINITIONS.

A SMART, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. Here are a few apt ones that are evidently spontaneous:

A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warmth off with;" and a monkey "a small boy with a tail;" salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on," and ice, "water that stayed out late in the cold and went to sleep."

A schoolboy asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out: "It means when a feller don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself."

A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of "responsibility," and he said: "Well,

supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers and one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button."

To hit off a man as "a body of men organized to find out which one has the smartest lawyer," is to satirize many of our "intelligent" fellow countrymen.

The word "suspect" is, in the opinion of a jealous husband, "a feeling that compels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know."

A good definition of a "Pharisee" is "a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights;" of a humbug, "one who agrees with everybody," and of a tyrant, "the other's version of somebody's hero."

A lady's idea of the ballet girl was "an open-muslin umbrella with two pink handles," and a Parisian's of chess, "a humane substitute for hard labour."

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong."

Of definitions of a bachelor: "unaltared man," "a singular being," and "a target for a miss," are apt enough.

A walking stick may be described as "the old man's strength and the young man's weakness," and an umbrella as "a fair and foul weather friend who has had many ups and downs in the world"—*The Voice*.

FORBEARING.

"Do let me alone, girls. Don't you see I am writing?"

Little Allie stood before a desk, and was slowly, and with great painstaking, writing a composition. Her sisters had come in to set the room in order, and were teasing the wee lassie without mercy. Janet threw the duster at her, while Ruth tickled her with the fuzzy feather brush.

"It's fun to tease Allie," cried Janet. "Her eyes always snap, and she gets as red as a beet when she's angry."

"What are you writing?" said Maggie, jerking the paper from her. "Oh!" She straightened herself, and read with mock dignity: "The cat. The cat is a very pretty little animal, with soft fur, and—"

"Long horns," interrupted Janet.

"And wide-spreading wings," said Ruth.

Poor little Allie's face did grow red; for any little girl who has ever tried to write a composition will know that it was very hard to be treated so. But her eyes did not snap, for the lids had drooped over them and she was sending up a very earnest little prayer for help in overcoming her habit of getting into a passion when things vexed her.

If she had become angry, her sisters would have kept on with their fun, or, more likely, become angry too; for an evil temper can spread from one little heart to another.

But let us be thankful in remembering that sweetness and loving-kindness are as catching as evil temper. So, when the sisters saw that Allie did not fly into a passion, they began to feel ashamed of themselves.

"It's too bad!" exclaimed Janet, as she peeped around into Allie's face, and met only a pleasant little smile. "Forgive us, dear little sister. I guess you are trying to overcome evil with good."

LITTLE Harry, lying on the floor, and looking up into his dog's face, was heard to say: "Pedro, do you love God?" Taking the wise look for an answer in the affirmative, he said: "Well, then, you are a good Congregationalist."

A Wayside Calvary.

THE CALVARY must have a grim and grim
Landscape, the blue Paradise skies,
And purple's purple to him,
Some every man that lives and dies,
He's hid from hate of alien eyes,
Two hundred Prussians sleep, they say,
Beneath the oaks whose shadow lies,
Athwart the road to Calvary.

'Mid foes they slumber, unafraid,
Made whole by Death, the cunning leech,
And near the big white roadway laid,
By the old arms, beyond all reach
Of Heimweh's pangs or stranger's speech;
Of curse or blessing naught wreck they,
Of snows that hide nor suns that bleach
The dusty road to Calvary.

Of garlands late or blossoms spread
The Prussians sun-worched mound lies bare;
But the grass keeps above the dead,
And pink poppies flutter fair,
And blue the crowsey treasures there
Beneath the scumbl, stark and grey,
That hath the strangers in its care
Beside the road to Calvary.

A REASON FOR THE SILENCE.

BY THE REV. HENRY KETCHAM.

A FEW years ago, a fellow student and I visited, in Paris, the magnificent structure known as The Tomb of the Napoleons. Leaning over the railing, we looked down upon the massive sarcophagus of Napoleon I. In the pavement, and surrounding the sarcophagus, was a mosaic representing the laurel wreaths of victory; and encircled in these were the names of some of the most splendid battles fought by the great warrior, - Austerlitz, Marengo, Jena, etc. My companion broke the silence with a most exquisitely ironical remark: "I don't see Waterloo among those names!" Come to think of it, Waterloo was the best known battle the dead general had ever been engaged in; but, somehow, his monumental historian had omitted all mention of it, all reference to it. Possibly too, any one of us would have done the same thing under similar circumstances.

The question is often raised, Why do not the Egyptian records make mention of the ten plagues, and of the remarkable disaster at the crossing of the Red Sea? The answers are many and sufficient. Among the other answers, I will contribute this: For the same reason that Waterloo is not mentioned in the Tomb of the Napoleons.

THE DECEITFUL KANGAROO.

LAMB-LIKE as is the face of the kangaroo, tender and soft as are his eyes, he is by no means as gentle and tender as he looks. Like the "heathen Chinee," his countenance belies him, and there are few more exciting and, withal, dangerous sports than kangaroo shooting. To the hunter, seeking for some new sensation, a visit to the wild of Australia in search of kangaroos can be recommended. It requires a fleet horse to run one down if he gets a fair chance to show tail, and strong, well trained dogs to tackle him when brought to bay. Inside his soft, dewy lips are strong, formidable teeth, which can bite severely. His forepaw, weak as they seem, can lift a dog high in the air and crush him to death; while, when lying down, his favourite fighting attitude, he can kick with his powerful hind legs in a manner that rapidly clears a circle around him; and woe betide the man or dog that comes in reach of those huge claws, which can make a flesh wound deep enough to maim the one or kill the other.