

THE field of knowledge lies before us, but it is as though covered with a heavy fog. The searcher after wisdom can not see far ahead nor on either side of him, but he can see a short distance, and as he moves forward his line of vision also advances. So that he may by persevering explore the entire field. He cannot stand at one side or at one corner of the field and see all over it. If he would know and find the treasures it contains, he must go over the field carefully step by step, not once but many times. It is a wide field filled with valuable treasures. No one may hope even in a life-time to explore all of it, nor to discover all the treasures that lie hidden in that part of the field in which he works. The same ground is worked over by many different persons, and each finds some gems of truth and nuggets of wisdom that others did not discover. But who ever searches in this field diligently and perseveringly shall be rewarded by discovering some of the bright gems of truth to be found in the great field of knowledge.

Oft, seeds of thought sown by mysterious hands  
 Within the garden of receptive minds  
 Take root and grow like plants in virgin soil  
 And bear the brightest flowers ever seen.  
 But if their seeds from wisdom's glorious realm,  
 Fall into minds all gross and dull  
 Where light of genius never shines,  
 Like grains that fall upon the rock,  
 Or by the wayside where the ground is hard,  
 Unnurtured they never germinate;  
 And the great possibilities they hold  
 Are never to the world made known.

*The Athenæum.*

#### IRISH AND SCOTCH WIT.

THE story is told of Chief Baron O'Grady, who was trying a case in an assize town where the court-house abutted on to the fair green and a fair was in progress. Outside the court was tethered a number of asses. As counsel was addressing the court, one of these began to bray. Instantly the Chief Baron stopped the speaker. "Wait a moment, Mr. Bushe; I can't hear two at once." The court roared and the advocate grew red. But presently, when it came to the summing up, the Judge was in full swing, when another ass struck in—whether by the counsel's contrivance or not, who shall say? Anyhow, up jumped Mr. Bushe, with his hand to his ear. "Would your Lordship speak a little louder?—there's such an echo in the court.

At a Liberal meeting in North Britain, when the proceedings were being opened by prayer, a reverend gentleman prayed fervently that the Liberals might "hang a' thegither." He was interrupted with a loud and irreverent "Ahmen." "Not, O Lord," went on the speaker, "in the sense which that profane scoffer would have ye to understand it, but that they may hang thegither in accord and concord." "I dinna care so much what sort o' cord it is," struck in the voice, "sae long as it's a strong cord."—*Cornhill Magazine.*