

THE DOER OF GOOD.

It was night time, and He was alone
And He saw afar off the walls of a
round city, and went toward the city.

And when He came near, He heard
within the city the tread of the feet of
joy, and the laughter of the mouth of
gladness and the loud noise of many
lutes. And He knocked at the gate and
certain of the gate-keepers opened to
Him.

And He beheld a house that was of
marble and had fair pillars of marble
before it. The pillars were hung with
garlands, and within and without there
were torches of cedar. And He entered
the house.

And when He had passed through the
hall of chalcedony and the hall of jar-
per, and reached the long hall of feast-
ing, He saw, lying on a couch of sea-
purple, one whose hair was crowned
with red roses and whose lips were red
with wine.

And He went behind him and touched
him on the shoulder, and said to him.
"Why do you live like this?"

And the young man turned round and
recognized Him, and made answer and
said: "But I was a leper once and you
healed me. How else should I live?"

And He passed out of the house and
went again into the street.

And after a little while He saw one
whose face and raiment were painted,
and whose feet were shod with pearls,
and behind her came, slowly as a hun-
ter, a young man who wore a cloak of
two colors. Now the face of the wo-
man was as the fair face of an idol, and
the eyes of the young man were bright
with lust.

And He followed swiftly and touched
the hand of the young man and said to
him, "Why do you look at this woman
in such wise?"

And the young man turned round and
recognized Him and said, "But I was
blind once and you gave me sight. At
what else should I look?"

And he ran forward and touched the
painted raiment of the woman and said
to her, "Is there no other way in which
to walk, save the way of sin?"

And the woman turned round and
recognized Him and laughed and said,
"But you forgave me my sins, and the
way is a pleasant way."

And He passed out of the city.

And when He had passed out of the
city, he saw seated by the roadside a

young man who was weeping.

And He went toward him and touch-
ed the long locks of his hair and said to
him, "Why are you weeping?"

And the young man looked up and
recognized Him, and made answer,
"But I was dead once and you raised
me from the dead. What else should I
do but weep?"—Oscar Wilde, in *Fort-
ly Review*.

THE FRENCH MATHEMATICAL PRO-
DIGY.

Young Vernier, the mathematical
prodigy from the provinces, of whose
success in obtaining admission to the
higher normal school without under-
going an examination you were inform-
ed a few days ago, has arrived here,
and is the object of much curiosity.
This youth of eighteen has a great opin-
ion of his genius, for, when compliment-
ed on his wonderful proficiency, he
calmly remarked that mathematics were
so badly taught in France that he had
no trouble in convincing the real sav-
ants of the "insanity" of the prevailing
methods. He says that during his stay
at the Lyons Lycee his master treated
him as a "visionary"; but, he adds
generously, "I forgive the poor man."
Vernier attracted notice by entering
into correspondence with several mathe-
maticians of note, who imagined that
they were replying to an elderly
savant like themselves, and were
astounded when they ascertained
that he was a schoolboy. The Minister
of Public Instruction was informed
of the existence of this "infant pheno-
menon," and promptly admitted him to
the higher normal school on his own re-
sponsibility. Young Vernier does not
intend to repose on his laurels. On the
contrary, he is writing for the Academy
of Science a work which will be ready
by the summer, and which, as he con-
fidently puts it, will bring about "a re-
volution like that accomplished by La-
place and Newton." He attributes every
mathematical discovery to "intuition,"
of which he evidently believes that he
has a considerable stock at his com-
mand. It remains to be seen whether
young Vernier will succeed in carrying
out his threat of demolishing the exist-
ing system, and it is quite possible that
he overrates his powers. There is no
doubt, however, that he possesses ex-
ceptional talents, and his career will be
watched with interest.—Paris Corres-
pondence London Telegraph.