

city to country begins. Surely, surely, there must be some compensation for the loss of these material comforts and conveniences of which Mr. Dooley wots not. Ah, yes, Heaven be thanked, all this vast world is not composed only of that type of man to whom—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Wordsworth is not the only human being who could say with truth:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

Such an one is that thrice-blessed mortal who knows the infinite bliss that steals over the heart and lulls the enraptured senses when he flings himself down on the soft bank of a babbling stream, in the shade of a sheltering tree, between whose swaying branches he can catch fleeting glimpses of a sapphire, cloud-dappled sky. He knows the message of the whispering tree-tops, of the sighing grasses and the murmuring waters, for he is of those who, to paraphrase dear old Abt Vogler, can say with truth—

"Nature has a few of us whom she whispers
in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we,
her children, *know*."

Against Mr. Dooley's arraignment of the country, then, let us place this from Jefferies' beautiful "Pageant of Summer":—

"I linger in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird; from all of them I receive a little. . . In the blackbird's melody one note is mine; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs; the flowers with a thousand

faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fulness of life. Never could I have enough, never stay long enough. . . The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. . . These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty."

After some discussion it has been decided that the Bible upon which the King will take his oath at his coronation, which ceremony it is earnestly hoped and expected will take place this month, cannot be the one offered for this purpose by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and accepted by His Majesty, owing to the fact that it does not contain the Apocrypha. Another one has therefore been prepared. It is issued by the Oxford and Cambridge University Press, and is an exceedingly handsome volume. The binding is red, polished levant morocco, around which runs a Tudor rose border. The Royal Arms appear on the front and in the back, with the arms of Edward the Confessor, Oxford University, Cambridge University and Westminster Abbey. The "doublure" will be Russia leather, with the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock as ornament.

Queen Victoria's Coronation Bible was bound in red velvet, with the Royal Arms on the back and front. It afterwards became the property of the Bishop of Winchester, it being the custom for the Bible used on such an occasion to pass to the prelate of the Royal Order of the Garter.

It is said that the Chinese almanac is the most largely circulated publication in the world, the copies printed and sold yearly reaching several millions. It is printed at Peking and is a monopoly of the Emperor, no other