

the abuses and, by their wondrous power of sympathy, shared those sufferings and then with all zeal and earnestness, forced those with whom they came in contact to share that sympathy and so feel the evils that they complained of, that they would no longer suffer them to exist. But such work require strong and deep sympathy. It is in no shallow nature that the germ must be planted, which is to spring up and grow into a great tree laden with blessings for mankind.

I might go on to mention inventors and scientists, for they have been men who have taken part in the active duties of life, and who have communicated to their associates such of the great truths they had discovered.

Now if society be necessary for those, the great ones of the world, how much more is it needful for those who are of less exalted aims and abilities. If they with their lofty aims and absorbing interests, find it impossible to live shut off from society, how much less can we who are of common mould do without sympathy and companionship. We lose much of the sweetness of life by wrapping ourselves up in a cloak of reserve.

BUYING A BOOK.

CUSTOMER.—Have you Anthon's Homer?

BOOKSELLER.—No, sir. But we have Anthon's Virgil if that will do instead. We can recommend it highly. [Recommending Virgil! I wonder if "we" had ever read it. Always "we," too, notice, No bookseller takes the responsibility of ever recommending Virgil on his own

shoulders. He divides it up amongst all his clerks.]

CUSTOMER.—No, I want Homer. Can you get it for me?

BOOKSELLER.—Certainly, with pleasure, sir. [He has not the remotest idea who Anthon or who Homer was; and whether Anthon wrote Homer, or Homer wrote Anthon, nevertheless "certainly 'we' will get 'it' with pleasure." So he proceeds:]

BOOKSELLER.—What is the exact title, sir?

CUSTOMER.—Homer's Iliad by Anthon.

BOOKSELLER.—Homer's Ill, by what sir. [He thinks Customer is using profanity.]

CUSTOMER.—By Anthon—edited by Anthon.

BOOKSELLER.—Oh! Beg pardon, sir, Homer's Ill [to himself; illness I suppose he means ("I" this time.) By Dr. Anthon we presume, sir.

CUSTOMER.—Dr. Anthon; yes, I suppose he was Dr. Anthon. When can I have it?

BOOKSELLER.—If you will be kind enough to step in [always "step in," you notice. It would be absurd for a man who is wanting a book very much and in a hurry to come especially for it; he must "step in" as he passes] next week some time.

NEXT WEEK.

CUSTOMER.—Has my book arrived?

BOOKSELLER.—to clerk—Has Mr. Jones' book come, Jim?

JIM.—Tom Jones. What book.

BOOKSELLER.—I forgot for the moment [!] the precise name of the work you ordered, sir. It wasn't (turning pages of daybook) "Cometh up as a flower," was it?

CUSTOMER.—No it was Anthon's Homer.