

A WELSH CLASSIC.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

An unlettered clergyman wanting a place,
(His manners were genial and pleasant his face),
Received a kind letter inviting him down,
To preach to a church in a large country town.

The town was uncultured, old-fashioned and plain,
The principal business was harvesting grain,
And none of the church members ventured to speak
A word of the Hebrew or Latin or Greek.

For this very reason they wished all the more,
A scholar well-grounded in classical lore;
While a candidate might just as well stay away,
If he didn't quote Hebrew at least once a day.

The divine about whom this odd story was told,
By the "Times" of Manhattan, was cunning and bold,
And knowing they wished for a classical man,
Though he didn't know Latin, he hit on a plan.

For he thought, "We shall see how much shrewdness avails,
Though I cannot read Greek, I'm a native of Wales;
If a few Welsh expressions I cautiously use,
It may rival the Hebrew in pleasing the pews."

On the critical day, with exceptional grace,
With well-attuned voice and well-controlled face,
He read from the Bible a passage or two,
And remarked, "My dear friends, this translation won't do.

To be sure 'tis correct, but if beauty you seek,
Hear the rhythmical sound of original Greek!"
Then boldly a medley of Welsh he recited,
And marked the effect on his hearers benighted.

The children gazed up with a wondering stare,
Their mothers assumed an intelligent air,
While the deacons all nodded, as much as to say,
That Greek was by far the more excellent way.

A still bolder venture he hazarded next,
By a curious way of announcing his text:
"These words, as my hearers have noticed of course,
Have lost nearly all their original force.

In the Hebrew how clearly the thought flashes out,"
And more of his Welsh he proceeded to spout;
When what was his horror to spy near the door,
A jolly old Welshman, just ready to roar!

Overcome with remorse and foreseeing the shame,
Exposure would bring to his reverend name,
The preacher's mad impulse at first was to run,
But the Welshman's round face so brimming with fun,

Suggested a possible plan of escape,
Which none but a terrified parson could shape;
He bravely confronted that dangerous smile,
And coolly continued his sermon awhile,
Till at length without showing the least agitation,
He rallied himself for a final quotation:

"The rendering here is decidedly wrong,
Quite different thoughts to the Chaldee belong;"
Then Welshman in pulpit to Welshman in pew,
In the barbarous dialect they alone knew,

Cried "Friend! By the land of our fathers, I pray,
As you hope for salvation, *don't give me away!*"
The joke was so rich, the old Welshman kept still;
And the classical parson is preaching there still.

There is a singular house in Southern California. It has been built inside of a tree. The tree is an immense one, doors and windows have been put in the hollowed out inside, and the house is eight stories high, about as high as some of the New York private houses will probably get to be by-and-by. The door to this straight up and down house is a ladder, and so is each pair of stairs; and outside of the top room is a balcony, shaded by the tree's leaves.

REVIEWS.

RECEPTION DAY, No. 3. *New York: E. L. Kellogg & Co.* 30 cents
The third number of this quarterly issue confirms the impression of it thorough practical value. It contains fresh and original dialogues, recitations, declamations, and short pieces in poetry and prose, to meet the constantly recurring needs of schools and gatherings of any sort public or private. All the selections are easily committed to memory—simple, without being childish. It is of excellent moral tone, and calculated to be an immense help in school work. The dialogues are readily managed as regards accessories, requiring little or no stage furniture. The requirements of both young and older pupils are provided for, and the work is suitable either for public or private schools. The outward appearance of the book is most attractive, being tastefully bound in paper covers printed in two colors. It is fortunate for teachers that a fresh supply of such good material may be obtained quarterly at the small cost of 30 cents a number.

PLANT ANALYSIS; OR BOOK OF PLANT DESCRIPTIONS: By GEORGE G. GROFF, M.D. *Science and Health Publishing Co.; Lewisburgh, Pa.*
This little publication consists chiefly of a number of sets of blank forms bound together in convenient shape for use by botanical students. Each form when filled up will contain a full description of a single plant, the description embracing particulars regarding the root, stem, leaf, inflorescence, calyx, corolla, stamens, anthers, pistil, fruit, and seed. There are also hints to the teacher and the pupil on the proper method of pursuing botanical studies; a handy list of botanical terms in common use; and a list of subjects suitable for essays. The book will doubtless be found a useful adjunct in every botanical class where real work is being done.

THOMPSON'S GREEK SYNTAX; a Syntax of Attic Greek, by F. E. THOMPSON, M.A., Assistant Master at Marlborough College. *Livington, 1883.* On first thought one is tempted to anathematize the author of a new book on Greek Syntax: we may, however, console ourselves with the consideration that since "in the making of (bad) books there is no end," the producer of a good book is beyond the pale of reproach, though it cover the well trod ground of Greek Syntax. We have had many treatises on this subject since the days of Dionysius Thrax, and it is far from probable that the one before us will be the last. To the difficult task of making an old friend welcome in a new guise, Mr. Thompson has brought not only sound and ripe scholarship, but also class-room experience. And his class-room experience has apparently taught him that, so far as boys are concerned at least, it is advisable to divorce Grammar from Metaphysics. Metaphysics and theoretical grammar are inseparable; but theoretical grammar involves comparative grammar, and the study of comparative grammar implies a more than passing acquaintance with the results of philological research, but the average school life of our boys is too short to admit of their becoming experts in philology. Accordingly we think that Mr. Thompson has displayed great wisdom in approaching and elucidating the difficulties of Greek Syntax from the practical side. He has indeed given us a practical book, and one which we can heartily recommend as a thoroughly reliable *route mecum* through the intricacies of the most rhythmical and flexible language the world has known. Our sole regret is that "want of space" prevented our Author from treating of the Particles; had he dealt with them as he has dealt with the Prepositions, his work would have been beyond criticism.

MAGAZINES.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March, contains the following articles:—Is our Civilization Perishable, by Judge J. A. Jameson; Agricultural Politics in England, by William E. Bear; A Defenceless Sea board, by Gen. H. A. Smalley; Neither Genius nor Martyr, by Alice Hyneman Rhine; The Story of a Nomination, by W. O. Stoddard; Literary Resurrectionists, by Charles T. Congdon; How to Improve the Mississippi, by Robert S. Taylor, and the Constitutionality of Repudiation, by D. H. Chamberlain and John S. Wise, M.C. Nearly all these titles explain themselves. Mrs. Rhine's contribution and Mr. Congdon's are able and interesting additions to the vast body of magazine literature that has been evoked by the publication of the lives of the Carlysles. Mr. Stoddard's paper gives a valuable account of Lincoln's nomination.