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whether it would be better to warn the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal of this physical peculiarity, so as to avoid embarrassing remarks, but they decided to leave it to their own good-feeling. The foot elicited no remark from the children, and the visit passed off anxiously, yet with apparent success, until the next day, when the Princess Royal enquired, "Where is Lord —?" He has gone back to London, dear." "Oh! What a pity! He had promised to show Bertie and me his foot." They had caught him in the corridor, and made their own terms with their captive.

In more recent years, the little daughter of one of the late Queen's most confidential advisers, having had the honor of an impromptu invitation to a luncheon, was astonished to see an illustrious lady, who happened to be present, calmly negotiating a pigeon after the German fashion, by taking up one of its bones between her dainty finger and thumb. The little visitor, whose sense of British propriety was stronger than her awe of Courts, regarded the proceeding with wonder-dilated eyes, and then burst out: "Oh! Piggy-wiggy! Piggy-wiggy! You are a piggy-wiggy!"

Just one more story. This time the scene is in an Episcopal palace. The small daughter of a country clergyman, drinking tea in the nursery, and anxious to make an impression, boasted that at the vicarage they had a hen which laid an egg every day. "Oh! that's nothing," retorted the Bishop's daughter: "papa lays a foundation-stone every week!" No wonder that the precious child, even when thoroughly well-meaning, becomes a terror by virtue of its intense earnestness.

Amongst "the things one would rather not have said," Mr. Russell narrates this incident of the late Archbishop Trench, a man of high repute, but of singularly vague and dreamy habits, who, owing to advancing years, had resigned the See of Dublin. Once, when paying a visit to his successor, Lord Plunket, and finding himself back again in his old palace, sitting at his old dinner-table, and gazing across it at his old wife, he lapsed in memory to the days when he was master of the house, and gently remarked to Mrs. Trench, "I am afraid, my love, that we must put this cook down among our failures."

I daresay many of our older readers hailing from the Old Land may remember how delightful an entertainer was Mr. Corney Grain. It seems that on one occasion he had been engaged by the Dowager Duchess of S. to give one of his inimitable performances. Late in the evening the young Duke of S. came in, and Mr. Grain heard his mother prompting him in an anxious undertone: "Pray go and say something civil to Mr. Grain. You know he's quite a gentleman—not a common professional person." Thus instructed, the young Duke strolled up to the piano and said: "Good evening, Mr. Grain. Sorry I'm so late, and missed your performance. But I was at Lady —'s. We had a dancing dog there."

Once Sir Henry Irving most kindly went down to one of England's great schools to give some Shakespearean recitations. Talking over the arrangements with the Head Master, he said, "Each piece will take about an hour; and there must be fifteen minutes between the two!" "Oh! Certainly!" was the reply. "You couldn't expect the boys to stand two hours of it without a break!"

The following slips of the tongue, which also really occurred, are amusing enough to read of, but hardly pleasant hearing for those to whom they were addressed: The married daughter of one of the most brilliant men of Queen Victoria's reign had an only child. An amiable matron of her acquaintance, anxious to be thoroughly kind, said: "Oh! Mrs. W., I hear that you have such a clever little boy!" Mrs. W., beaming with a mother's pride, replied, "Well, yes, I think Roger is rather a sharp

little fellow." "Yes," agreed the friend, "he is"; then thoughtfully, "how often one sees that—the talent skipping a generation."

#### ON THE ART OF PUTTING THINGS.

There are some very amusing incidents given amongst the "Recollections," illustrative of what Mr. Russell calls the "Art of Putting Things." The following letter actually fell into the hands of those for whom it was not intended: A certain Mrs. M., wife of one of the newly-rich merchants of London, had occasion to engage a new housekeeper for their mansion in Park Lane. The outgoing official wrote to her successor a detailed account of the house and its inmates. The butler was a very pleasant man. The chef was inclined to tittle. The lady's maid gave herself airs, and the head housemaid was a very well-principled young woman, and so on. After the signature, huddled away in a casual postscript came this verdict: "As for Mr. and Mrs. M., they behave as well as they know how."

As incidentally indicated above, a free recourse to alcoholic stimulus used to be, in less temperate days, closely associated with culinary art, and one of the best cooks I ever knew, relates our author, was urged by her mistress to attend a great meeting, which was to be addressed by a famous preacher in the cause of total abstinence. The meeting was enthusiastic, and the Blue Ribbon freely distributed. Next morning the lady asked her cook what effect the oratory had produced on her, and she replied, with the evident sense of narrow escape from imminent danger, "Well, my lady, if Mr. — had gone on for five minutes more, I believe I should have taken the Ribbon, too; but, thank goodness! he stopped in time."

I wonder to how many of us who are politely called "elderly," but who are perfectly well aware what the more correct term should be, the conclusion of the Buckinghamshire laborer might equally apply? On being asked how old was his Rector, for whom he had a genuine respect and affection, his ambiguous reply

was, "Well, he's getting wonderful old; but they do say that his understanding's no worse than it always was."

There is often a greater raciness about rustic oratory, and a broader humor underlying the speech of the more unsophisticated countryman than any amount of city experience can give, the reason being that the one is original, the other but a grafted culture.

Not long ago, a member of a rural constituency, who had always professed the most democratic sentiments, suddenly astonished his constituents by accepting a peerage. During the election caused by his transmigration, one of his former supporters said, at a public meeting, "Mr. — says as how he's going to the House of Lords to leaven it. I tell you, you can't no more leaven the House of Lords by putting Mr. — into it than you can sweeten a cart-load of muck with a pot of marmalade!"

My next cullings from Mr. Russell's "Collections and Recollections" shall take a more definite and individual form, his pages offering many interesting records of the lives and sayings of many eminent men, statesmen and philanthropists whose memory is still green, and whose names must ever be closely linked with the history of the British Empire.

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### The Misery of Sin.

It is strange that so many people should be afraid to yield themselves heartily to God's service, afraid that such a step might bring down pain and trouble on their own heads. Why should our wise and loving Father be unkind to His loyal and obedient children? Is it reasonable or likely that Satan, the world, or even we ourselves, can or will make such generous provision for our happiness as One

all-loving and all-powerful? Study history and you will find how certainly misery follows in the wake of sin. Even when pleasure or success seem to be the wages of sin, the short pleasure is embittered by the accusing voice of conscience, and real joy can only be obtained by open confession and restitution. And restitution is seldom possible. A woman once went to a priest and confessed that she had spoken much scandal against her neighbors. She asked him to tell her what she could do to make amends. He told her to take thistle seeds and cast them to the wind. She came back, after doing this, and asked what she must do now. The priest said: "Go, now, and gather up the harvest you have sown." When she answered, "That is impossible," the priest told her that it was also impossible to undo the fruits of her scandalous talk.

If sin only brought misery on the sinner, it would not be so terrible, but no one can sin alone. Others are tempted to follow, lives are ruined, the young and the weak are influenced, and soon form habits of evil which grow and harden, dragging down the soul. A man who sneers at holy things, or who poisons the pure soul of a child by suggestions of evil, may one day be deeply repentant. Can that repentance stop the poison which has perhaps been doing its deadly work for years? Our Lord has declared that a man who makes one of His little ones "to stumble" might better have a millstone fastened to his neck and be drowned in the sea.

The holy mother of Jesus was warned that a sword should pierce her loving heart, but I would rather have been called to endure her sorrow, than be like some mothers whose children deliberately pierce their hearts. She watched her Son suffer—suffer with a high, unselfish courage which must have filled her with wondering joy at the glory of His splendid manhood. The pain of seeing Him suffer must have been sweetened, to some extent, by His loving thoughtfulness for her and for all the world. She could still rejoice, with wondering joy, because God had given her such a Son.

But many mothers are pierced to the heart by their children's rude ingratitude, and shamed by their wickedness. Sometimes the dear, innocent baby that came to be God's blessing to the home, grows up to be its misery and disgrace.



Water Lilies.

I shall have water-lilies then—  
White—white as daylight,  
Sweet warm gold at heart,  
With all cool green in their soft leaves and stems  
And flush of rose, deep rose, along the buds.  
Flowers should give beauty. Here is beauty, full.  
Flowers should give fragrance. These have breath so sweet  
One drowns with wide arms and dreams of love;  
Flowers should suggest surrounding loveliness;—  
And these? Beside sweet odor and white grace

These fill the soul with memories of joy  
In water, quiet water dark and cool.  
Slow rivers stealing by the velvet rim  
Where largest violets with long white stems  
Stand in the tender grass. Brown pools—  
Clear, clear as glass, with green leaves overhead,  
And dark mosaic floor of leaves below.  
And lakes, blue lakes, broad-bosomed, swept by winds;  
Small lakes, deep-shaded, silent, dimly green;  
And the still lily-ponds—so thick with these!