

BRAIN WORK.

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of the brain, the brain against which we so many people cry, and which we hear cry cooily-looking, men, does very successfully in their own persons, is not by a deal so dangerous as one might at first think. On that score, however, the brain of nobody is supposed ever to suffer. Rev. Onasimus Ippell drops his chin elevates his eyes, upsets his digestion excess of tea and mullin, and supports the dough face he thus acquires, a remuneration for the great strain of his brains for the enjoyment of a weekly pudding. His friends labor to prop up him with loaded pies of muffin. He pales his face, and more idiotic his expressions he lives from Now. Years-day rather about in his empty head the few ideas he sweats of indolence on account of the strain but upon his wit. Doc-torship is wheeled about from house to house in his brougham, prescribes his cordials in mild aperient, treats, by help of what he judges gentler, and he is obliged to have grown into his habit of vice, all the disease he sees; now add then to a book when he is puzzled, but more usually dices after dinner. Yet very does the doctor hear the talk about the strain on his mind, large practice responsibility, and the growing strain that he must carry all he knows. He passes a day without having taken confidence to somebody that he is over-worked. Once a week, indeed, if his life be large, he may be forced into some to use his brains, but that does not recall them once a week, I am not too tired. The larger element of his brain work of brain work. The author and the poet flatter themselves, or account themselves flattered, by an application to their labors the same complimentary conceit, although it is, that hard work of the brain, alone—apart from griefs, from forced and wearying of the mind, from the necessity of making more to prolong life and then reason in the worker's than to cut the thread of either. Men break under the grind of want, under the of a continuous devil to the body of a dozen hours a day of sleep, its few weary hours of the morning, the necessity of exercise of tongue and legs. If a man spends his whole life in his study his mind under the pressure of the solitary life. If a great lawyer refuses himself after month the necessary fourth the day for sleep he waxes his brain to the repetition of some idea, or to something else. Under all ordinary circumstances no man who performs work which he is competent is called upon to himself the first necessities of life, during short periods of overexertion occur to men in every occupation and seldom are of long duration, and can invariably be followed by a period of sufficient for recovery. Healthy men, who bed and board assured to them, they can eat, sleep, and be merry, and sound minds, though they work rains all day, and provide them for the five or six hours of the day, and the night which is the chiefest of Doctor For the Reverend Oue mas—*Dickens's Bold Words.*

URGENT AND GRATTAN GUINNESS.—It is an amusing anecdote, says an Eng-lishman, which we have heard of in relation to a relative to these gentlemen, which is singular and characteristic to what we are readers will thank us for making it. Mr. Guinness, wishing to see the London preacher, called at his house. Urrant, as usual, asked, "What name, please, sir?" "I am a friend of Christ," replied Mr. Guinness, "and I have a message to wish delivered," but Mr. Guinness, from some cause or other, did not seem to be troubled with company, and there-fore delivered himself thus: "I am a servant of Christ; did the gen-eral say?" "No," replied the domestic. "Then tell him, that I am engaged with my work, and cannot see him to-day."

an amusing incident occurred in Vermont years since, the subject being Mr. Maxwell. well known to the public as the editor of a popular religious paper, and as old bachelor, withal. One day he got married, and as is the custom believe, everybody went to the church the Sunday following, to see and groom. The Minister arose and pulpit and announced that the text was in it is joined to his idol, let him alone." At that moment Mr. Maxwell passed aisle to his seat, amid the titter and the congregation.

Singular suicides are recorded in the provincial journals. One was a young Orleans, who threw himself headforemost on the top of a poplar tree some high in the air, the other, a young man at Austin (Haut-Rhin), who lighted a ball in his mouth.

Following is given in a Dublin paper abstract of the rules and regulations of a Grand Society now being revived in—

The association is divided into five orders or classes:—1. The County Delegate; 2. The Parish Master; 3. The Body Master; 4. The Committee-man; 5. The mere man. Each country in Ireland has one, and every shire in England and Wales, in which Irish emigrants are in the localities, has its delegate, and its The meetings are held in such places as have a private room. In all where there may be strangers, the delegate of the association uses signs and words to ascertain whether or not there are of their own fraternity present. The association is decided on at the quarterly meeting of the general body.

Orders, it is said, are raised thus:—The Delegate returning from the quarterly meetings summons a county meeting of the Masters, to whom he conveys the signs and passwords, and in which they pay him each £2, then the Parish Master, who has the care of the Parishes, pays him £1; and from each of the members the Body Master exacts a fee of 6d. Each member must attend mass of his order within two hours of the meeting, on a regular basis, and if he does not, he is liable to be expelled from the company his wages. "What do you think of it?" A Ribandman answers, "I am expecting a charge." To which he replies, "The reply is given intended and not by change, the Ribandman is in what case." And the Ribandman replies, "The Ribandman is in what case." The Ribandman has found a brother. If he is married, he says to one of the com-

