

The Family Circle.

GOSPEL FEAST.

Lo, the Feast is spread to-day! Jesus summons, Come away! From the vanity of life, From the sounds of mirth and strife, To the Feast by Jesus given. Come and taste the Bread of Heaven.

Why, with proud exultance vain, Spurn His mercy once again? From amidst life's social ties, From the farm and merchandise, Come, for all is now prepared; Freely given, be freely shared.

Blessed are the lips that taste Our Redeemer's marriage feast; Blessed who on Him shall feed, Bread of Life, and drink indeed. Blessed for their thirst is o'er, They shall never hunger more.

Make, then, once again your choice, Hear to-day His calling voice; Servants, do your Master's will; Bidden guests, His table fill; Come before His wrath shall swear: Ye shall never enter there. Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury.

Little Creases.

"My name's Bessie—ye called me so yerself. Some calls me Little Creases, an' some jist Creases—'cos I sells 'em. Yes, Bessie, I s'pose, is my Christ'n name. I don't know as I've got another name. Granny 'as, Marther's er Christian name, an' sometimes folks calls 'er Missis Jude—sometimes they calls 'er Hold Winegar, but that ain't herfen. No, sir, they don't call 'er that to 'er face. Granny 'ad give it 'back to 'em if they did, an' they ain't a bad lot—not them as we lives with. No, I can't remember when I fust come to live with Granny—'ow could I? I was jist a baby, Granny says. Oh, Granny does whatever she can—she ain't a lie-a-bed. Sometimes she goes hout cheerin' now, but she ain't strong enough for that, an' the work an' what she gets to drink makes her precious cross when she comes 'ome. Yes, I love Granny, though she do take hall I arns—She's a right to, I s'pose. She says so, anyways, 'cos she took me when father and mother died, an' father 'ad wexed 'er. No, I can't remember nuffin o' them—and I don't see as it matters much. There's kids in the Reuts as 'as got fathers an' mothers as is wuss hoff than me. Well, I s'pose, when I grows up, I can spend what I gets according' to my own mind. But I 'on't forgit Granny. She may growl, but she never whopped me—an' some on 'em does get whopped. Yes, sir, I knows I ought to be thankful to Granny for takin' care on me afore I could git my hown livin'—didn't I say so? No, I can't read, an' I can't write. I never went to school. What's the good o' to folks like me as 'as to arn their livin'? I know 'ow much I oughter give 'and for my creases, an' then 'ow to split 'em up inter bunches, an' I 'm pickin' up the prices o' hother thinx at the markets, an' that's hall a gall like me need know. Readin' an' writin' may be hall wery well for little gals as can't 'elp themselves, but I don't see as it would be hany 'elp to me. Yes, I likes to look at picturs sometimes in the shops, but I can make out what they means—them as I cares about—w'out readin'. Where does I git my creases? Why, at the market. Where else should I git 'em? Yes, it is cold gittin' up in the dark, an' the creases feels shivery when you git a harmful, when the gas is a burnin'. But what's the good o' growlin' when you've got to do it? An' the women as sells 'em is hother kinder in the winter, though they looks half perished themselves, tuckin' their 'ands under their harms, w' the frost on 'em. One o' 'em last winter giv me a fair market—and when I 'adn't got no stock-money, an' the browns' to git a cup o' cawfee an' a bread-and-butter. Golly, that did do me good, for it was hawful cold, an' no m'istake. If it 'adn't been for the pain in 'em, my toes an' fingers seemed jist as if they didn't belong to me. But it's good fun this time o' year. We 'ave our larks when we're a-pumpin' on the creases, an' settin' on the steps tyin' 'em up. Rushes we ties 'em with. No, we 'avn't to pay for the rushes—they're gived us by them as sells the creases. Yes, I think I've seed rushes a-growin'—in 'Ackney Marshes—but there wasn't much in that, as I could see. I'd rather be where there was houses, if that's country. It's sloppier than the streets is. No, I don't go to church. Granny says that she used to go, but they never give her nuffin, so she dropped it. 'Sides, Sunday's when I sells most. Folks likes a relish a-Sundays for the breakfasts an' teas; an' when I ain't a-walkin' about, I likes to 'get a sooze. 'Sides, I hain't no clothes fit to go to church in. No, an' I don't go to theatres an' that, neither—I sh'd like to if I got the browns. I've 'eared say that it's as fine as the Queen a-hopenin' Parliament—the Forty Thieves at the Pawilion is. Yes, I've seed the Queen once. I was in the Park when she come along w' them fine gen'lemen on 'ossback a-bangin' away at the drums an' that; I s'pose them was the Parli'ment. I never was so far afore, an' I ain't been since, an' I was wery tired, but I s'queeged in among the folks. Some o' 'em was swells, an' some on 'em was sich as me, an' some on 'em was sich as shopkeepers. One hold fellow says to me, says he, 'What do you want 'ere, my little gal?' 'I want to see the Queen, an' Prince Halbert, an' the Parli'ment gen'lemen,' says I. 'I'm a Parli'ment gen'leman,' says he, 'but I ain't a goin' down to-day.' I worn't a goin' to let 'im think he could do me like that, for he worn't dressed nigh so smart as Wilson a-Sundays. 'You're chaffin', says I; 'Why hain't you got 'oss, an' a goold coat, an' summat to blow?' Then he busted out larfin' fit to kill 'isself; and says he, 'Oh, you should 'ear me in Parli'ment a-blowin' my own trumpet, an' see me a ridin' the 'igh 'oss there.' I think he was 'alf silly, but he was wery good natured—silly folks hotherfen is. He lifted me hup right over the people's 'eats, an' I see the Queen w' my own heys, as plain as I see you, sir, an' Prince Halbert, too, a-bowin' away like those images in the grocers' winders. I thought it was huncomon queer to see the Queen a-bowin'. I'd 'spected that all on us would 'ad to bob down as if we was playin'

'honey-pots when she come by. But, law, there she was a-bowin' away to heverybody, an' so was Prince Halbert. I knew 'im from the picturs, though he didn't seem 'arf so smart as the gen'lemen that drum the 'osses. What a nice-lookin' gen'leman, though, that Prince Halbert is! I do believe that himago in the barber's window in Bishopsgate, with the goold sheet on, ain't 'arf as 'andsome. Wisher may die hif he didn't bow to me! The queer old cove I was a-settin' on, giv me 'is 'at to shake about like the other folks—law, 'ow they did shake their 'ats an' their 'ankerchers, and heller, as if he'd bust theirselves! An' Prince Halbert grinned at me kind like; an' then he giv the Queen a nudge, an' she grinned, an' giv me a bow too, an' the folks all turned round to look at me, an' I felt as hif I was a swell. The hold cove was nuncomon pleased, an' he giv me a 'arf a-bull, so granny said he was a real Parli'ment gen'leman arter all.

"And what did you do with the money, Bessie?" I asked.

"Guv it to Granny."

"But didn't you get any of it?"

"Oh, yes, Granny 'd a blow out o' trotters, an' she giv me one, an' huncomon good it were."

A little girl who had sold water-creases for two years, with no more memorable treat than a trotter, could not be injured, I thought, by a little indulgence. If I confirmed Bessie in her opinion that, in the complimentary words she had already used in reference to me, I wasn't "sich a bad sort, arter all," I might be able to "get hold" of her, and eventually do more good than giving her a little passing pleasure. Still I was at a loss how to carry out my plan of giving her a day's treat; so I asked her to choose her entertainment for herself.

"Well," she answered promptly, "I should like to 'ave some more to heat bimby;" and then, after a minute's pause, "an' I should like to go up the Monument. I've hotherfen seed the folks at the top like rats in a cage, an' I should like to 'ave a look down through them railin's too."

Little Creases' costume, although it attracted little attention to herself, was likely to make a clerical companion stare at, even in London's crowded streets, where men brush past each other never heeding—frowning and laughing, and even talking, as if they were in a dark, double-locked room alone, instead of publishing their secrets of character, at any rate, in broad noon, to the one in ten thousand who may have leisure or inclination to notice them. I thought, however, that it would be a bad beginning with Bessie, if I wished to secure her confidence, to seem to be ashamed of her clothes. So I got my hat, and proposed that we should start at once. When I took hold of her hand outside the front-door, I could see that she thought that in my case, as in that of her parliamentary friend in the Mall, wit was not equal to good-will. We were chaffed a little as we walked along. A policeman asked me if I wished to give the little girl in charge, and when I answered that the little girl was taking a walk with me, looked more than half-inclined to take me into custody myself. "Oh, he's adoin' the good old Samaritan dodge in public, Bobby," explained a sneering on-looker; "lettin' his light shine afore men. He don't mean no more mischief than that. I know the ways of them parsons. They'd be precious deep, if they knew how?" I must confess that the gloss upon my behaviour did annoy me, because I felt that I had laid myself open to it. But is it not a satire on our Christianity that we should think it "very odd" to see a person in whole clothes talking to one in rags, unless the continuously clad person be either bullying or benefiting the intermittently clad from the top of a high cliff of universally admitted social superiority?

I do not know who takes the money at the Monument now. At the time of which I write the money-taker was a very morose old fellow, who seemed to regret that the gallery had been caged in. "You can't fling 'er over," he growled as we began to mount the weary, winding stairs.

"Did you hear what he said, Bessie?" I asked, with a laugh.

"Oh, yes, I 'eared 'im," Little Creases answered gravely; "but I ain't afeared. I'd scratch so as ye couldn't, if ye wanted to, an' it ain't sich as you does thinx to git put in the papers. It's chaps as can fight does them kind o' thinx."

For a wonder, the day being so fine, we had the gallery at first to ourselves. "That's a buster," said Bessie, as she mounted the last step, "I'll 'ave a blow now. Law, 'ow my legs do ache, an' I feel dizzy like I shouldn't 'ave been 'arf so tired if I'd been a goin' my rounds!"

"And yet you wanted to come up, Bessie?"

"Well, I know I did—helse I shouldn't 'ave come."

Bessie was more interested when I explained to her the meaning of the "goold colly-flower," as she called, the gilt finial; but she was very much disappointed when she was told that the Great Fire after all had not been caused by Roman Catholics. "They'd 'a done it, if they could, though," she commented. "I can't abide them wild 'Irish—they's so savage, an' they's so silly. There's Blue Anchor Court, close by the Reuts, as is full o' Romans, an' they's al'ways a-pitchein' inter each other w'out knowin' what's it all about. Law, 'ow they do send the tongues an' pokers flyin' of a Saturday night! An' the women is wuss than the men, w' their back hair a-bangin' down like a 'oss's tail. They'll tear the goold huff a woman's back, and shy bricks, an' a dozen on 'em will go in at one, hif 'he's a-fightin' w' their pal, an' is a lickin' on 'im, or heven hif 'e ain't—an' the men's as bad for that. Yes, the English fights, but they fight proper, two and two, an' they knows what they's fightin' for, an' they doesn't screech like them wild 'Irish—they's wuss than the cats. No, it ain't hotherfen as 'Irish'hinter-fers w' the English hif the English doesn't worret 'em. Why should they? What call 'as sich as them to come hover 'ere to take the bread 'out o' the mouth of them as 'as a right to 't?"

Bessie's superciliously uncharitable comments on Irish character were suddenly interrupted by an expression of surprise at the number of churches she saw rising around her through the sun-gilt grey smoke. The sensation of seeing a stale sight from a novel stand-

point seemed to give her more pleasurable excitement than anything she had yet experienced on this to her eventful day. Instead of leaving her to enjoy her treat, and the new experience to teach, on however small a scale, its own lesson, I foolishly again attempted to moralize.

"Yes, Bessie," I said, "things and people, too, look very differently according to the way they are looked at. You have been taught to hate the Irish, but if you could see them as some people see them, perhaps you would like them—if you could see them as God sees them—from a higher place than the Monument, you would love them."

"Granny says they's nasty beasta," was Bessie's sullen answer.

"Yes, Granny has been taught to call them so, just as she teaches you; but if Granny, too, would look at them differently she would speak of them differently."

"I don't see as 'Irish is much worth lookin' at, any 'ow."

"Well, but Bessie, you said the churches, and the shops, and so on, that you've seen all your life, looked different up-ere?"

"They don't look a bit nicer," Bessie answered sharply, having at last got a dim glimpse of my meaning. "I'd rather see the shop windows than them nasty chimby pots;" and, fairly floored, I once more desisted from my very lame attempt at teaching by analogy.

"Now, the river do look nice," Bessie went on in triumph, as if pursuing her argument. "But law, what mites o' thinx the bridges looks hup 'ere! My! hif that ain't a w'ast'ner, an' there's a sojer hin it, I can see 'is red coat. It look jist like a fly a-puffin about in a sarcer. Look at them barges, sir, w' the brown sails, ain't that nice? Hif I worn't a gal, I'd go in a barge. Law, what jolly larks you might 'ave on this 'ere monument, watchin' the folks without their knowin on it. If they was to put a slop 'ere, he could see 'em a priggin, but then he couldn't git down time enough to nail 'em."

"But God can always see us, Bessie, and reach us, too, when we do wrong."

"Then why don't He? What's the good o' the poliss? Pr'aps, though, God don't like to see the bobbies-drivin' poor folk about. Granny says they're hawful 'ard on poor folk!"

I had again been unfortunate. Of course it would have been easy to answer poor little Bessie with satisfaction to myself; but as I felt that it would only be with satisfaction to myself, I was the more dissatisfied that in my 'prentice attempts to sow faith in divine government, I should have generated doubts. As the best thing I could do under the circumstances, I tried to remove Bessie's prejudice against the police as a body, although I was disagreeably conscious that, owing to my clumsiness, I had mixed up the "station-us" and Providence in a very bewildering fashion in my little hearer's mind.

"Are the police hard to you, Bessie?" I asked.

"Some on 'em is—wery," she answered.

"Well, Bessie, it was Sergeant Hatfield, that jodges at Mr. Wilson's, who told me where to find you. He spoke quite kindly about you. If it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't have had your fun up-ere."

"I never said anythink agin 'im."

"But if one policeman is kind, why shouldn't others be?"

"Pr'aps they may be, but there's a many as ain't."

Bessie was a very obstinate little reasoner; and when I parted from her in Monument Yard, I could not help contrasting with bitter humiliation the easiness of calling and fancying one's self a Christian teacher of Christianity, and the difficulty of acquitting one's self as such.

I will only add here in reference to her, that I walked home to my lodgings 'puzzling over those words of the child-loved Lover of children, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." There seemed somehow an incongruity between them and the preciously shrewd, and yet lamentably ignorant, little Bessie; and yet I felt that the poor little Londoner must be as dear to Jesus as any Judean boy or girl He ever blessed.

A MINISTER ROBBED.

"Your purse, Sir," was the challenge, enforced by pointing a loaded and cocked navy revolver over the buggy dasher, at one of our Western Pennsylvania ministers, who was nearing the foot of the mountain. He was on his way to a late special meeting of his Classis. He had already made many weary miles over mountain roads, and his horse was somewhat jaded. At the very first call of the highwayman, the horse had come to a full halt. That was to put an end to any hope of escape.

"Stop!" was the first word said by the robber, emerging from the wayside into the road, before the astonished, tired and meditating minister. Masked with a handkerchief, having two holes cut in it for the eyes, without a hat and rather genteel in dress, the villain advanced in the road towards the buggy. Astonished at first, and taken all aback, before the parson could comprehend the situation, his good horse had obeyed the command to "stop."

Coming forward the assailant laid his left hand on the line, and in his right he held an ugly looking pistol, with muzzle pointed over the dasher, at the minister's breast. No wonder he was rather surprised to find that the fellow's threatening attitude and repeated call was actually in full earnest, as a challenge for "Your purse, Sir." Till then, it had not seemed to him possible, that in our late date of this glorious enlightened nineteenth century, after the free school system, which some claim as a panacea for all moral evils, had been in operation in our country for at least a generation; till then, he could not realize that the occupation of robbing men would be carried on in broad daylight, on our public highways.

Time was, indeed, when such trade was followed; when on this very road, lonely returning drovers, or Eastward bound merchants, with saddle-bags well filled, were waylaid, hurled from their horses, and if need be killed and robbed. Many was the old tale of this kind of thing, done on the Chestnut Ridge, the Laurel Mountains, or the Alleghenies. But for many years noth-

ing of the sort had been known; and it was hard sometimes to get full credence for these old time tales of horror and blood.

When, therefore, our good brother, Rev. G. H. Johnston, of Somerset, Pa., recently found himself stopped on the old turnpike, a few miles East of Ligonier, the robber in answer to all expostulations, only demanding with repeated emphasis, "Your purse, Sir," he must have thought, if he had time to think at all, that "history does repeat itself." Finding that nothing less than the purse would satisfy the horse-leech, he made up his mind to yield to the force of the argument, and nonresistantly to give in. True, his purse was not a very fat one. To some rich, old-time merchants, going for goods, or returning drovers who had just sold out, the amount which the fellow got would not have been much. But, however little there is in a poor minister's purse, it is generally his all; and its loss is a serious matter to himself, and no trifle to his wife and children. Whether brother Johnston's will hereafter suffer, we cannot just now say. At all events, he was hardly a cheerful giver, as he put his hand into his pocket and delivered into the hand of the rascally robber the demanded purse.

Misfortunes seldom come alone. And now it so happened, that in reaching into his pocket for the purse, he exposed to the robber's eye a gold watch chain, hanging from his vest pocket. Instead of being satisfied with the little finger which had already been given him, he enlarged his covetous request, and now wanted the whole hand.

"I'll take that watch, too, Sir," said the complacent highwayman! The pointed argument of the drawn pistol cocked, within a few feet of his breast, and in hands that could not be trusted, was too much to be resisted. So the watch had to accompany the purse. However reluctantly given, it was put into the robber's left hand.

"Now you can move on, Sir," said the robber. And stepping backwards, with the nasty-looking shooter still pointed towards his victim, he motioned him forward. Having had this interesting rest in the way, it did not need much persuasion or urging to increase the distance between him and his new found acquaintance. The horse, too, seemed to feel that he had stopped too readily, and now made good time down the road. With lighter pockets and a heavier heart the robbed minister went on his way, till he met sympathizing brethren.—Reformed Church Messenger.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're neither white nor small, And you, I know, would scarcely think That they were fair at all. I've looked on hands whose form and hue A sculptor's dream might be, Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! Though heart were weary and sad, These patient hands kept toiling on That children might be glad. I almost weep, as looking back To childhood's distant day, I think how these hands rested not, When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're growing feeble now; For time and pain have left their work On hand, and heart, and brow. Alas! alas! the nearing time, And the sad, sad day to me, When 'neath the daisies, out of sight, These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadowy damp, Where all is bright and fair, I know full well these dear old hands Will palms of victory bear. Where crystal streams, through endless years, Flow over golden sands, And where the old grow young again I'll clasp my mother's hands.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—The New York Commercial thinks that was a "sensible society," in England, that sent fifteen tons of tracts to Chicago.

—A Christian mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in His arms, while the mothers were crowding their children toward Him. "There, Carrie," said her mother, "that is what I would have done with you if I had been there."

"I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness; "I'd go to him without pushing."

—On Saturday afternoon, a little four-year old was standing on the sidewalk in Syracuse, with a piece of smoked glass in her hand, and a black spot on the tip of her nose. An acquaintance, passing by, asked the little one, "What is the matter with the sun?" The juvenile astronomer replied, without a moment's hesitation, "There's a piece broke out of it."

—TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.—Gen. Lee's contrabands met on the street after old master and missus had run off, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, Sambo, does yer tink de nigger can shiff for demselves, an' de Lor' will take care ob us?"

Sambo.—"Bress you, Sam, de Lor' don't mind de nigger, no how."

Sam.—"But don't de good book say de Lor' take care ob de sparrow, what's only worf a farthing?"

Sambo.—"Yes, I guess it do; but—"

Sam.—"Well, den, if de good Master take care ob de sparrow what's only worf a farthing, guess He take care ob a nigger worf \$1,200, sartin'."

Sambo.—"Dat's so, Sam; didn't tink ob dat scripture. Guess you'll make a good preacher. Come, let's trabel on de strength ob dat tex."

—When the gallant Sir Ralph Abernombie was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the "Foudroyant." To ease his pain a soldier's blanket

was placed under his head, from which he received great relief. He asked what it was. "It is only a soldier's blanket," was the answer. "Whose blanket is it?" he asked, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," insisted the dying commander. "It is Duncan Roy's, of the Forty second, Sir Ralph," answered his attendant. "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," said the brave man, not forgetting even in his last agonies the welfare and comfort of another, however humble.

—A great rarity in the shape of coins has lately been sold at Paris, namely, a silver one struck off at Breslau in 1761. Among the persons employed at the time in the mint was an Austrian, who, out of hatred to Frederick II. of Prussia, who had taken possession of Silesia by right of conquest, conceived the idea of revenging himself on that monarch in the following manner: The motto on the coin, "Kin reichs thaler," (A crown of the kingdom,) he had divided in such a manner as to make it read, "Kin reich stahler," (He stole a kingdom.) The king ordered these insulting coins to be all melted down, but some few of them still exist.

—Rev. Dr. Chandler, of Greenfield, was in the habit of laboring much on his little farm, and was often dressed quite plainly. A stranger called one day to see him, and observing a person, barefooted, with pants rolled up at the bottom, and seedy hat and clothes, at work; inquired of him, if he could inform him where he could find Mr. Chandler. "I am Mr. Chandler," was the reply. "I mean Rev. Mr. Chandler," said the stranger. "I am Rev. Mr. Chandler," was the answer. "But I mean Rev. Doctor Chandler," continued the stranger. "They are so foolish as to call me Rev. Dr. Chandler," replied the kind-hearted old man.—Congregationalist.

—Soon after Dr. Chandler received his honorary title, he was overtaken by a brother clergyman on their way to Association; who thus accosted him: "Good morning, Doctor Chandler!" Dr. C. turned round to see who had addressed him; but made no reply. Soon after the salutation was repeated with greater emphasis "Good morning, Doctor Chandler!" This time the Doctor, turning round, and in his peculiar way, said, "Whom did you speak to?" and drove on.—Ibid.

—The London Nord, alluding to Prince Napoleon's projected visit to Dublin, gives the following anecdote of his former visit to Ireland: "The mayor of an important town wishing to show off his learning, prepared beforehand a discourse in French which he delivered in the presence of his highness. Judge of the mayor's astonishment and disappointment, when the prince replied to him, in excellent English, that he much regretted not knowing the Irish language, and was thus, to his deep regret, prevented from appreciating as he wished the flattering sentiments which, no doubt, the mayor had given expression to. The mayor, full of shame and confusion, affirmed he would never again make a speech in French."

—Two Irishmen, stopping at the Island House, Toledo, lit their gas, and, with windows open, sat down to enjoy a chat. The hungriest of the Toledo mosquitoes soon flocked in and drove them desperate. The clerk, who was summoned to devise some defense against them, told them to close the windows and put out the gas. They acted on the suggestion, and placed themselves between the sheets. Just as they began to doze, a lightning-bug, which had strayed into the room, caught the eye of one of the travellers. He roused his companion with a punch: "Jamie, Jamie, its no use! Here's one of the cratus sarchin' for us wid a lantern!"

—"Is my face dirty?" remarked a young lady to her aunt, while seated at the dinner table on a steamer running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dirty! No. Why do you ask?" "Because that insulting waiter insisted upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet, every time he comes round, he puts another one before me."

—A story which does honor to Mr. Gladstone's goodness of heart, is found in an English exchange. A gentleman who is intimately acquainted with the Premier, and who could not possibly be mistaken, was walking through a street in the neighborhood of Holborn, and saw Mr. Gladstone talking to an old Irish woman at the door of her house. He was considerably astonished, at first, because he knew that the house was let out to poor Irish laborers, and he could not comprehend what object the premier could have in such a call. When Mr. Gladstone had walked away, this gentleman crossed the street, and asked the woman if she knew with whom she had been talking. She replied: "Shure I don't know; but he is a kind gentleman, and has been visiting a poor sick laborer, who lies in the back room." The narrator adds: "Everybody knows that Mrs. Gladstone takes a most active interest in a charity for the relief of the destitute; and, in all probability, Mr. Gladstone had undertaken a little sick visiting on her behalf."

—The late Archibald Constable, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, was somewhat remarkable in his day for the caustic severity of his speech, which, however, was only a thin covering to a most amiable, if somewhat overbearing disposition. On one occasion a partner of the London publishing house of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown was dining with Mr. C. at country seat, near the beautiful village of Lasswade. Looking out of the window, the Londoner remarked, "What a pretty lake, and what beautiful swans!" "Lake, mon, and swans! it's nae a lake, it's only a pond; and they're naething but geese! You'll maybe notice that there are just five of them; and Baldy, that ne'er-doweel bairn there, caws them Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown!" Sir Walter Scott, in telling the story, was wont to add: "That skit cost the 'crafty' many a guinea, for the cockney was deeply offended, as well he might be, not knowing the innocent intent with which his Scotch friend made such speeches."—Harper's Magazine.

—An old Scottish preacher is reported to have said, in one of his sermons at Aberdeen:—"Ye people of Aberdeen get your fashions from Glasgow, and Glasgow from Edinburgh, and Edinburgh from London, and London from Paris, and Paris from the Devil."