Fourth-of-July bonfire. You can't blow it out; the wind can't blow it out; you may throw it down on the pavement and it will still burn—until you jump on it.

Once I went to visit an old college friend of mine, whom I had not seen for a long time. We spent the evening talking over old times, and it was late when I turned in for the night; but I had not been asleep long before I awoke, feeling unaccountably thirsty. I remembered having seen a pitcher of water on the hall table just outside my door, but the question was, how to get it. Before I had gone to bed I had noticed a good many doors in the room, which all looked quite alike, and I doubted my ability to find the right one in the dark. So I got out of bed and felt through the pockets of my clothes for a match. To my horror I found that my box of tapers was not there, and then it occurred to me that I had left it in the smoking-room. The only thing to do, then, was to find some matches in the room, so I started off on a tour of discovery, on hands and knees, thinking that the best method of procedure in a strange room, as dark as a pocket; besides, I had strong moral objections against stubbing against chair-legs with my bare feet. I made fine progress until I brought up against the wall with a crash; it seemed as though I had crushed my skull. I laid down on the floor and groaned; then I swore so that the air would have been blue if it hadn't been black, and after that I felt better. The rest of my journey was a series of mishaps, and after I knocked a big vase off the mantelshelf I resolved to return to bed, without getting my drink of water. However, I bethought myself that I would once more search my clothes. It was a happy thought. With what joyous feelings was it that I felt a little stick, which I knew must be a match, in the lining of my coat! With a violent pull I tore the lining of the coat, and the match was mine! I struck it; it burned, and I lighted the gas. Then I was all right.

As I opened the door I found my friend outside, rolling with laughter.

"How came you here?" I asked him.

"O, I heard the noise you were making, and I came out to see what you were up to. But, by Jove! I never knew before that you could swear so like a pirate."

"Why in thunder, then, didn't you open the door?" was all I could say, as I rubbed my aching head.

A. R.

Noticeable Articles.

For all who desire a magazine which neither depends upon illustrations for its popularity, nor upon sensational stories, but upon the interest and literary merits of its contents, Macmillan's is to be strongly recommended. The January number begins with a paper on General Grant, which is interesting as coming from an outsider. It concludes thus: "Few men had known more of the vicissitudes of life. He had tested all the sweets, such as they are, of wild and unbounded popularity; he had sunk into neglect; he had seen his reputation undergo total eclipse. In his declining years, and smitten with a fatal malady, he had seen himself reduced to penury, and obliged to begin the fight against want, all over again. History may possibly decide that he is not to be ranked among the greatest of generals, or the wisest of statesmen; but it will be obliged to acknowledge that he was the only man who proved himself able to bring a long and desperate civil war to an end; and it will do justice to the ardent patriotism which always animated him, and to the intrepid soul which refused to be crushed, even when all his little world lay in ruins around him."

The next paper is by George Saintsbury, author of the excellent "Short History of French Literature," on that singular man and writer, George Borrow. Those who have not read "The Bible in Spain," "Lavengro," and "Wild Wales," are still unacquainted with three interesting and picturesque books.

Mr. Arthur Tilley is the author of a capital little book, just published, on the Literature of the French Renaissance, in which he contrives to give an excellent idea of the Renaissance in general, as contrasted with Mediaevalism. He writes a paper worth reading, on the poetic imagination. Here is a passage which addresses itself to students who are of necessity much engrossed with the theory of material laws: "People are gifted with imagination in very various degrees; but every one can cultivate his imagination, can make it more sensible to the calls