of beauty and sympathy. People whose lives are shut in by sordid and commonplace surroundings have very little imagination, but the spark is there; it only wants fanning. By seeing great pictures, by reading good literature, whether it be poems or novels, above all, by intercourse with nature, the imagination may certainly be stimulated. What is the aim of art for the people, of parks for the people, but that they may become more sensible to the influences of the spiritual world, that their lives may be made brighter by contact with the ideal? But it is in the power of all of us, the educated and the uneducated, alike, either to quicken or to deaden the imagination. Sympathy with our fellow-men, high aspirations, purity, unworldliness—these are the helps to the imagination. Selfishness, unbelief, sensuality, worldliness—these are the hindrances."

There is a paper on the recent performance of the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus, at English Cambridge, in which a young lady from Girton College took the part of Athena, and of her the writer says: "Hard indeed it would have been to find either man or woman to deliver the words with more clearness and perception, or to present a more charming figure in the white robe, glancing helmet, and long, shadowing spear, even if charm be not the capital idea we should get from the vision of her whose eyes could "shine terribly."

While classics thus flourish at Cambridge, the ghost of Dr. Hawtrey, the famous old classical master, is very much perturbed at their condition in the great school over which he once ruled, and it gives vent to its feelings in an ode on a near prospect of Eton College, as Gray did to his on a distant one:

"Vanished is now that heavenly choir;
The thoughts that burn, the poet's fire
A colder age disdains;
The mighty roll of Homer's verse
Gives way to German, French, or worse,
And Prose, triumphant, reigns.
Strange studies, whose outlandish name
My shuddering lips refuse to frame.
The place of classics fill,"

And it is true, as the devotees of classical education have sorrowfully to confess, that in all the famous "Great Schools" of England, it is what is called the "Modern Side" that more and more flourishes. There was need enough of reform, but perhaps, as in all such cases, there is danger that the reaction will be carried too far.

Lovers of the noble game of Whist, of whom the present writer professes himself to be one, will read with special interest a paper by the famous "Cavendish" on "American Leads at Whist," in which he gives in his adhesion to the "fourth-best" system of leading, with the invention of which he credits Mr. Nicholas Trist, of New Orleans.

As Macmillan's is a capital unillustrated magazine, so the English Illustrated Magazine, published by the same enterprising firm, is a charming and wonderfully cheap illustrated one. The number for January contains a striking portrait of Sir Henry Thompson, after Millais, a delightfully illustrated paper on Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire, another entitled, "A Month in Sicily," and another, with amusing illustrations called, "A Hundred Years Ago." The story now running in it is "Aunt Rachel: a Rustic Sentimental Comedy," by D. Christie Murray, author of "Rainbow Gold," which is said to be a first-rate novel.

The man who hangs a girl's arm out at full length and proceeds to work it up and down while waltzing, should never forget his dancing-pumps.—Ex.

The other evening at a metropolitan theater, as the drop slowly rose and exposed to the view of the audience a tableau of ballet-girls, an old countryman in the parquet jumped excitedly to his feet and cried out: "Hi, there! Somebody let down that curting ag'in; the gals ain't dressed ye.—Columbia Spectator.