

scientific talent, but a busy civil servant whose appreciation of the stirring intellectual period had been passionate, and whose zeal to promote its progress had been unremitting. To readers of the *Diary* perhaps most interesting of all was the memorial service attended by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London in the little church of St. Olave's; where Pepys had so constantly been seen, sometimes attentive, sometimes asleep; sometimes alert, like a Scottish sermon-taster, to mark whether the discourse was "good, honest and painful" or "tedious, unreasonable and impertinent;" sometimes *distract* like a Restoration courtier, as quite other thoughts obtruded themselves,—the thoughts for which he would enter in his *Diary* a prayer to be forgiven, because the sight of female beauty had so diverted the exercises of a devout mind.

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## In An Auction Room

ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

What a strange meeting place,—old Time's discard,  
 The burial place of Sentiment, for here  
 Are piled so many things that once were dear  
 To owners, but now held in light regard.  
 Here Custom's besom, aye swift-wielded, hard,  
 Makes room for Innovation; while austere  
 Misfortune, maybe, saw a random tear,  
 As some old relic was left thus in ward.

Had they a tongue, how much they'd call to mind—  
 These books with fingered margins, and that toy  
 With some dead Christmas touch about it yet!  
 A place this is where things seek new employ,  
 Like emigrants at a strange station met,  
 Who, leaving, fresh affiliations find.