

Passion Flower (*Passiflora*).

When in Rochester, N. Y., last year, no flower attracted our admiration so much as the beautiful festoons of this, what we may term the Queen of Beauties of climbing flowers. It was to be seen climbing about the houses and arbors of the wealthy. We have not seen them growing anywhere in Canada—that is, such perfect beauties for size, color and delicacy, as in Rochester. Our climate is almost the same as in Rochester. All we require is the care and the taste to have the best. We hope these few lines will create a desire on the part of some of the ladies who can well afford it, to set a pattern, and that these flowers may yet be seen by Canadians that have not yet had the pleasure of admiring them.

This flower is supposed to represent the Crucifixion of Christ, and thence its name. There are a great many varieties of Passion vines. The one in the accompanying cut represents the Blue Passion Flower (*P. cerulea*). It is cultivated in cool greenhouses and treated as a bedding plant. If planted out in warm weather it grows very rapidly and produces a profusion of its handsome flowers, which are very pale blue with a purple centre and a blue crown, which has a white band in the middle. Passion Flowers are increased with the greatest ease from cuttings of the young wood, and they may also be raised from seeds. When wanted for in-door culture, they should be put in large boxes, as the roots require much room.

We have received from O. Ditson & Co., Boston, U. S., some sheet music, in which we find the bright "Marquis of Lorne Galop," "Hymn of Nuns," "Love is at the Helm," "Reminiscence of Pompeii," and "On the Meadow," for which please accept our thanks.

One of the highest compliments a man can receive is to hear a friend say to him: "The very sight of your pleasant face is enough to drive away the blues."—*Crystal*. But the satisfaction with which one hears such speeches is marred by anticipation of the remarks that are almost certain to ensue—"By the way you haven't got two dollars that you," &c.

A Frenchman said to an Englishman, "Tare is von word in your language I do not comprehend, and all ze time I hear it. Tattletoo, tattletoo, vat you means by tattletoo?" The Englishman insisted that no such word existed in English. While he was saying so, his servant came up to put coals on the fire, when he said, "There, John, that'll do." The Frenchman jumped up, exclaiming, "Tare, tattletoo!—you say him yourself, sare; vat means tattletoo?"

Passenger (in second class)—"I think I've got into the wrong carriage." Ticket inspector (sternly)—"The difference must be paid!" Passenger (triumphantly)—"Oh, just so! Then I'll trouble you for three shillings; I've a first-class ticket."

A man with a tremendous large mouth went to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. On opening his ponderous jaws, the doctor remarked that "he needn't do it so wide, as he preferred standing outside to preform the operation."

Settling a Knotty Account.

A merchant once had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the matter into court, a proceeding which the Quaker very earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince him of his error; but he was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs. "Tell that rascal I am not home." The Quaker, quietly looking up at him, calmly said, "Well friend, the Lord put thee in a better mind."

The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and himself wrong. He requested to see him, and on acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied



PASSIFLORA CERULEA. (PASSION VINE.)

the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I also found it was unprofitable. I observed that men in a passion always speak loud; and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural tongue."

Such good, frank philosophy was not lost upon the merchant in after years.

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old boy one day, who was crying for his mother. "No, sir," sobbed the boy; but my mother is."

Somebody, describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says:—"He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a coin down the leg of his trousers."

Papa's Letter.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma musn't be 'sturbed."

"But I's tired of the kitty;
Want some ozzzer fing to do;
Writing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me write letters—
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait,
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news;"
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee;
"Mamma's writing lots of letters—
I's a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reaching his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair;

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door;
"I's a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?"

"Tause dis letter's doin' to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered:
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozzer office;
"Tause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained
him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening,
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At that moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beautiful vision there;
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
(Growing now so icy cold.

Nor a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a foot had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

—[Burlington Hawkeye.

A Yankee boy had a whole cheese set before him by a waggish friend, who, however, gave him no knife. "This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe; but where shall I cut it?" "Oh," said the grinning friend "cut it where you like." "Very well," said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm; "I'll cut it at home."