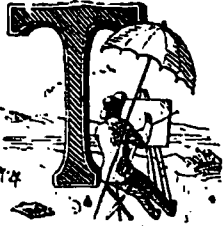


The potter stood at his daily work  
 One patient foot on the ground;  
 The other, with never slackening speed  
 Turning his swift wheel round,  
 Silent we stood beside him there,  
 Watching the restless knees,  
 Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,  
 How tired his foot must be?  
 The potter never paused in his work  
 Shaping the wondrous thing.  
 "Twas only a common flower pot,  
 But perfect in fashioning.  
 Slowly he raised his patient eyes,  
 With heavenly truth inspired;  
 "No, marm, it isn't the food that kicks—  
 The one that stands gets tired!"

[FOR THE PICTORIAL TIMES.]

A CRUISE IN CASCO BAY.



There are certain events that happen in a life time which we can always look back upon with feelings of pleasure and satisfaction, the memory carrying us back to the time and place where the events have occurred.

To commence—I was at the time I am about to speak of, stationed at Portland, Maine, and was connected with one of the Royal Mail Steamship lines, which ply between Montreal and Liverpool during the summer season.

It was towards the end of the month of April, the weather was becoming milder after the severe winter, and everything around betokened the approach of spring; the snow which had covered the ground, nearly the whole of the winter, was rapidly melting disclosing green patches on the islands and headlands in Casco Bay.

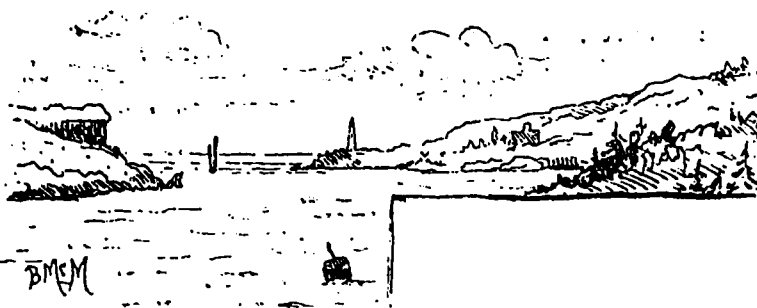
The S. S. S. was in port discharging her inward cargo, it was her last trip to Portland that season. Her well known commander Lieut. W. H. S.—R. N. R. whose name is so familiar to those who cross the Atlantic, proposed that we should form a party and have a cruise down the bay, the weather being so inviting. The day fixed upon was bright and sunny, just the day for a cruise on the briny. The Capt. had arranged with the pilot for the use of his last little schooner, the "Maggie" to convey us, and a pretty sight it was when we beheld the little craft moored by the wharf in readiness with the company's house flag at her main topmast head, and the stars and stripes flying at her peak. Our party consisted of Capt. S., the pilot, the doctor, purser and chief



steward of the S. S. S.—Mr. McF.—of our office, a few other friends, and your humble servant.

Everything being in readiness, the sails were unfurled, the mooring rope let go and we dropped quietly away with the ebb tide down the harbour, and passing the breakwater, headed towards Peake's island which lay directly in front of us, while the houses on Cape Elizabeth which forms one side of Portland harbour were glancing in

the bright sunlight. Presently we caught a glimpse of Portland lighthouse in the far distance, while beyond the sea had assumed that deep green and blue tinge so observable on a sunny day.



Everyone on board was enjoying the trip and Capt. S. amused the company by relating some amusing anecdotes and goodwill seemed to reign supreme. We were rapidly approaching Peake's Island, a breeze having sprung up which caused our little craft to slip through the water like a thing of life. The landing pier was soon reached and we all landed and strolled along the beach watching the undulating swell from the sea as it rose and fell gently over the rocks which girt the island. Peake's island is a great summer resort for the Portland people and we past several picturesque summer residences which were not then occupied, it being



so early in the year. Fir trees grew in patches here and there, while on the

side of the island, looking seaward rocks shelved down into the deep blue depths below. We had not much time to spare in exploring the beauties of the place our destination being Dia-

mond island (why it should be called by that name I know not, there being no diamonds that we could see), and having embarked, we once more set sail.

About this time the conversation turned upon the merits of certain dishes and the pilot asked our steward if he had ever tasted a good clam chowder cooked in the American style to which he replied in the negative, and from sundry signs which passed between the pilot and his factotum who filled the posts of cook and useful man on board the "Maggie" I concluded there was something in the wind. We had been sailing among the islands which stud the bay for nearly an hour when rounding a bold headland, we found ourselves in a charming little cove where we let go our anchor and prepared to disembark in the dingy or small boat which lay astern.

Mac.

To be continued

A cultured gentleman from Connecticut settled in a frontier Texas town, and started a school. One day he asked a bright little boy:

"I've got nine dollars in my pocket and your father lends me six more; what have I got then?"

"What have you got if my father lends you six dollars?"

"Yes, John, what have I got?"

"You've got to pay pa back his six dollars when he asks for them, or he will shoot the top of your head off!"

DR. EMIN PASHA.



This remarkable man whose name is now prominently before the world, in connection with an expedition, led by Stanley for his relief, is one of Gordon Pasha's lieutenants in the work of civilizing equatorial Africa and putting down the slave trade. He has been at this work for many years, and is now so hemmed in that an effort is being made to rescue him under such auspices as will likely be attended with success.

GOOD GRAMMAR.

Aunt Majorie is convinced that most of you know why some modes of speech are right and others wrong, according to the rules of syntax and of polite usage, but she fears, nevertheless, that you do not always pay attention to these rules in your home conversation.

"Ain't that lovely, mamma?" said Louise, alluding to a white rose which was blooming on the bush in the window. Now, in the first place the word "ain't" is so vulgar that it makes your Aunt Majorie almost faint whenever she hears it drop from pretty lips, and in the second place, being a contraction of "are not," it is not possible to parse it if you use it instead of "is not."

"I ain't coming!" shouts naughty Phil, when his brother Tom calls him from the play ground at dark. But Phil, naughty as he is, need not break a well known rule which does not permit a plural verb to tie itself fast to a subject or nominative in the singular. "I'm not coming," is what Phil meant to say.

Hundreds of people, when they speak of persons, say "party" when they should say "persons." "I met a party down town and he told me there had been a terrible accident on the Central railroad." The person speaking should say, "I met a person."

Some of us say "nice" when we mean charming, or beautiful, or satisfactory. A nice taste in the use of words will prevent you from using nice except when you mean particular, fastidious or dainty. "Grandma is very nice about her caps," as any one may see who observes the snowy bit of lace above the silvery hair; but grandma is more than merely a nice old lady, which sounds too patronizing when one is speaking of the dearest grandma in the whole world.

MONUMENT AT TORONTO, WITH OLD RAILINGS FROM ST. PAUL'S.



The old railings of St. Paul's churchyard, east of Sussex iron, at Lambeth, in 1714, were removed in 1874, and were purchased by Mr. J. C. Howard, architect, who had emigrated to Canada in 1882. The ship that conveyed them was wrecked, but part of these railings were recovered by divers from the bottom of the sea. Mr. Howard, on the death of his wife, in 1877, erected her tomb, in the form of a Scottish cairn, in High Park, Toronto, near his residence, and surrounded it with the old railing, attested by an inscription on a brass plate. Mr. Howard is still living in the eighty-third year of his age. Mr. Howard bought the railings, as he said to his wife at the time, in found remembrance of their youth in London, when they "did their courting," as plighted lovers, walking round St. Paul's Churchyard.

NOT BUILT THAT WAY.

Had Paris seen Helen attempt to show a cow out of the back yard, it is safe to say that the Trojan war would never have been waged and Homer would have been obliged to take the Haymarket riot for an epic. Had Antony seen Cleopatra chase a street car down a dusty avenue at Cairo, it is safe to state that he would have fled disenchanted back to Octavia, and the divorce court lawyer—"decree quietly secured; no publicity"—would never have made a cent from him. Had Dante seen Beatrice fire a half brick at the vandal hen which prospected for seeds in her flower-bed every spring, it is again safe to say that he would have sent back her notes, her white mouse pen-wiper, the lava smoking set with "Merry Christmas" painted across the stern, and discontinued that rocky courtship which he subsequently celebrated in a poem called "The Inferno."

"PAPA," inquired a young woman, "at the concert last night I heard somebody refer to the *tout ensemble*. What kind of an instrument is that, papa?" Papa (not quite sure of himself)—"I think it must be French for trombone."