

IRISH LOGIC (a fact).—Irish groom in charge of trap, asleep (rug and whip stolen). Master: 'Hallo, Mick! you are asleep.' Groom: 'No, sir, I am not.' Master: 'You have been—both rug and whip are gone. The fact of the matter is, you and I part to-morrow.' Groom: 'All right, sir, will oi give you a month's notice, or ye me?'

A stranger riding along the road, observed that all the milestones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a countryman and inquired the reason. 'Guid bless you, sir,' replied the man, 'the wind is so strong hereawa' sometimes that, if we wern't to turn the backs of the milestones to it, the figures would be blawn off them clear and clean.'

Biddy (to old Bufkins, who has tried for ten minutes in vain to get his cherished clay to draw); 'Shure, sorr, and it's very sorry I am for breaking it; but how else was I to keep the pieces together if I didn't put the knitting needle inside?

Ord'arily we know from what country; at people come by the language they use; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of the country to which he is going.

LESSON FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—'How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?' 'By the teeth?' 'By the teeth? But fowls have no teeth?' 'I know they haven't, but I have.'

A reformed poacher says: 'It is very embarrassing to a man who has some religious friends staying with him to have his big dog, which has been very quiet during week days, begin after breakfast on Sunday, to run to the gun in the corner, and then to his master, and wag his tail and run back to the gun again.'

THEOLOGICAL—Radical: 'Parson, I hear you say that I am dishonest in my opinions.' Parson: 'The reverse, my dear sir. What I did say was, that your opinions would be honest with the 'dis' off.'

THE LOST DAY.

BY GARET NOEL, TORONTO.

We rode one day, 'twas long ago;
And like a happy spirit,
The April wind went to and fro,
Awak'ning sweets to ferret;

For Spring had whispered to the earth
What ne'er to us she telleth;
Our joys have no returning birth
As nature yearly feeleth.

So green the land it was a rest
The weary sight to gladden.
The happy meadows seemed too blest
For human feet to tread on.

The leaves hung lightly on the boughs,
Unwearing by the summer,
And whispered of the west wind's vows
To ev'ry chancing comer;

While, as the birds had found again
The home they loved the dearest,
From budding hedge, from grove and plain,
They sang their loudest, clearest;

And as sweet strangers, half in doubt
If earth would bring them crosses,
The early flowers peeped shyly out
From 'midst their friendly mosses.

We rode a long, a pleasant way;
Fair was the earth, and fairer
The light within us made that day,
Its gift of sunshine rarer.

We murmured, 'lovely is the Spring,'
Nor dreamed that lay within us
A mystery of blossoming
No future years would bring us.

Of words, not many passed between;
For silence seemed the meekest;
But glances something told, I ween,
Of thoughts each held the sweetest.

For poets we that afternoon,
And Love our inspiration;
He quickened us to nature's tone,
And taught us nature's passion.

We felt with all her happy things
Our hearts in unison beating;
A myth seemed human sufferings;
A tale, life's sterner greeting.

And ever, as we onward rode,
In closer chains he bound us,
Until it seemed no common sod,
But fairyland, around us.

Ah! hidden long had been that day,
In chambers nigh forgotten,
When Mem'ry chanced to pass that way
And gathered it unsoughten;

And brought it where, full heavily,
I sat my sorrows keeping;
And, oh! the tears that came to me,—
But it was summer weeping.