

A young composer has just written for a soprano voice a beautiful song entitled 'Would that I were young again!' It has been so much time wasted. A woman can't be found who'll sing it.

A brother rose in a weekly prayer meeting in New Jersey and said, "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life, I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

Pat (to Sandy). 'Shure, now, Sandy, yer a good looking fellow, but your face spoils yez greatly. You've the foine open countenance, though.' Sandy: 'Ou aye, man, and ye hae the fine open countenance yersel', but it's below the nose.'

Laird: 'Donald I took particular notice of the road from Traig to Morar, and found it up-hill all the way; and I am now taking particular notice of the road from Morar to Traig, and I find it more up-hill than from Traig to Morar.' Donald: 'Aye, Laird, that's joost it.'

An old lady who does not believe in the co-education of the sexes was rejoiced the other day, to find that, although the boys and girls in a large seminary seemed to be playing some sort of a game together, the school authorities had wisely hung a long net between them.

SCENE—Drill ground of volunteers, Campbelltown. Celtic sergeant (calling the roll): 'Dugald M'Alpine?' Dugald (very loudly): 'Here!' Celtic sergeant: 'Yes, you said that last week, but who saw't you—you're always here if I tak your own word for it, but you cry "here" whether ye pe here or no—fery bad habit, sir.'

David Crockett used to say of the late Philip Home, with whom he was in Congress, that he was the 'perlitest' man he ever knew—"Cause why?" said the colonel 'he allus puts his bottle on the sideboard before he asks you to drink, and then turns his back so as not to see how much you take! This,' adds the colonel, 'is what I call "real perliteness."

Apropos of the 'Scotch Sermon' heresy case, a friend reminds us of the following lines of our national poet:—

'This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,  
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,  
For heresy is in her power,  
And gloriously she'll whang her  
Wi' pith this day.'

A clergyman dwelt in a quiet, rural district, where laziness is apt to grow upon a man. One day his excellent spouse remarked to him at breakfast, 'Minister, there's a bit of butter on your neckcloth.' 'Weel, weel, Janet, my dear,' slowly responded the worthy pastor, 'when I get up, it'll fa' aff.'

An old lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in a certain church not very far from —, when a neighbour said: 'Why, that is a very old anthem. David sang it to Saul.' To this, the old lady replied, 'Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him.'

Gabe Snodgrass recently applied to the Rev. Aminidab Bledso, of the Blue Light Austin Tabernacle, for some pecuniary assistance. "I jess can't do it," replied Parson Bledso. "I has to s'port my pore ole mudder." "But yer pore ole mudder say you don't do nuffin' for her." "Well, den, ef I don't do nuffin' for my pore ole mudder, what's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' ter make me shell out?"

A MANY-TON(EOUS) PRECENTOR.—Young Deacon: 'Now, Elder, as our precentor is getting so frail, I think we had better have a choir. You can't imagine the grand and solemn effect of hearing the four parts sung together.' Auld Elder: 'Deacon! ye'll never profane the kirk wi' a band! An' gin we go to the tune o' £30 a year, surely we can hae a man frae the South wha can sing a' the four parts himsel!'

Superintendent Burns, of Chillicothe, thus disposes of the word 'boy' in a grammatical way: Boy is a noun, and singular; and it is very singular if a boy cannot find other boys. The word boy is said to be monosyllabic, the boy himself is polysyllabic,—very. The word boy is a primary word, the boy is a derivative. The word boy is found in the original, Emerson says a boy is "a quotation from all his ancestors." The boy's big sister about 8 o'clock in the evening finds him the objective case, and thinks he should be sent to bed. Speaking of the relations it might sustain and the ways it could be governed, he remarked that the boy himself was generally sustained by his relations, and seldom governed at all.