

A RED, RED ROSE.

Set to the music of 'Oh, gently breathe.'

I sent my love a red, red rose,
Because I thought that she loved me,
But yet I feared, alas, who knows?
And who can say what is to be?

She sent me back that red, red rose,
She was unkind to send it so;
My hopes, alas, were changed to woes,
My heart was sad, for who can know?

I took my love that red, red rose,
To ask her why she was unkind,
In trembling doubt, for, ah, who knows?
I hoped I had the truth divined.

I saw my love, yes, still so fair,
Her dark, brown eyes spoke love to me;
She answering said, "Do not despair,
I sent it back but to fetch thee."

'Women before marriage want nothing but husbands, and when they get them they want everything else,' said an old bachelor. 'How different it is with you,' retorted a lady. 'When a man gets a wife he just settles down contented, feeling that he has secured the best blessing that heaven could bestow.'

At a school-board examination the inspector asked a boy if he could forgive those who had wronged him. 'Could you,' said the inspector, 'forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?' 'Y-e-s, sir,' replied the lad, very slowly, 'I—think—I—could;' but he added, in a much more rapid manner, 'I could if he was bigger than I am.'

A pompous lawyer said to the keeper of an apple stand. 'Your business cares seem to wear upon you. You should go into something which is not so trying to the brain.' 'Oh, 'taint business,' replied the apple seller, 'its lyin' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for played-out old lawyers, as is killin' me!'

The dramatic editor of a French paper had occasion recently to criticise severely the performance of a somewhat popular actress. Shortly afterwards the lover of the young lady met the journalist in the theatre and presented him with a package of goose-quills. 'This, sir,' said he, 'is a present from Mrs. X.' 'What?' exclaimed the critic, 'did she tear all these out of you herself! How you must have suffered!'

Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking once in a wood when the stock-dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by, said, 'Oh, I do like stock-doves!' Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's beautiful address to the stock-doves, took the old woman to her heart. 'But,' continued the old woman, 'some like 'em in a pie, for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions.'

Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) presented Madame Mara with one of his songs, which he afterwards sold to a publisher. Madame, who liked money, also sold the song, and the two publishers threatened a suit. Mara, meeting the doctor, asked, 'What is to be done? can't you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?' 'Cannot you say the same of yourself?' replied the satirist, 'one story would be believed as soon as the other.'

ERNESTINE- MY QUEEN!

Ernestine,
My Queen!

How I've watched your merry gambols on the green,
As in childhood's happy hours
We roamed the woodland bowers,
Weaving gay parterres of flowers;
How I loved to look and gaze upon your countenance serene,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

Ernestine,
My Queen!

No more a maid, but lady staid, with stately step and mien;
With eyes of azure blue,
Like Heaven's serenest hue,
So melting, tender, true,
Beaming forth their rapturous glances with loving trust I ween,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

Ernestine,
My Queen!

Though not a boy, I still enjoy a gambol on the green,
For I cast restraint aside,
And forget your haughty pride,
And now, sitting by your side,
I ask your sweet consent to be—you know well what I mean,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

—B. W. Roger-Taylor.

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