

Beds of tulips bright and golden,
Hyacinths of every shade,
Pansies, like sweet childish faces,
Looking up to greet the maid.

How they revelled in the sunshine,
While, 'mid clumps of violet blue,
Filling all the air with fragrance,
Glistened still the morning dew.

Then outspoke the little maiden,
Looking at her dress of gray,
'Grandpa can thee tell the reason
Why God made the flowers so gay.

'While we wear the quiet colours
That thee knows we never meet,
E'en in clover or the daisies
That we trample under feet?

'Seems to me a Quaker garden
Should not grow such colours bright.'
Rozuishly the brown eyes twinkled,
While her grandpa laughed outright.

'True it is, my little daughter,
Flowers wear not the Quaker gray;
But they neither toil nor labour
For their beautiful array.

'Feeling neither pride nor envy,
'Mong their sister flowers, thee knows;
Well content to be a daisy,
Or a tall and queenly rose.

'Keeping still the same old fashions
Of their grandmothers of yore:
Else how should we know the flowers,
If each spring new tints they wore?

'Even so the Quaker maiden
Should be all content to-day,
As a tulip, or a pansy,
In her dress of simple gray.'

Once again the brown eyes twinkled:
'Grandpa, thee is always right;
So thee sees, by thy own showing,
Some may dress in colours bright.

'Those whom thee calls worldly people,
In their purple and their gold,
Are no gayer than these pansies
Or their grandmothers of old.

'Yet thee knows I am contented
With this quiet life of ours,
Still, for all, I'm glad, dear grandpa,
That there are no Quaker flowers.'

—From the *Christian Register*.

A ruralist seated himself in a restaurant the other day, and began on the bill of fare. After employing the waiter nearly half an hour in bringing dishes to him, he whispered, as he put his finger on the bill of fare 'Mister, I've et to thar,' and moving his finger to the bottom of the bill, 'ef it isn't agin the rule I'd like to skip from thar to thar.'

The lion is generally regarded as the king of beasts; but the Romans called the ox the *bos*.

Why is it bad for a boy to be given a man's clothes? Because he would be acquiring loose habits.

'Mamma, can't we have anything we want?' 'Yes, my dears, if you don't want anything you can't have.'

Youthful artist (to countryman); 'Might I go over there and paint those trees?' Countryman: 'Paint the trees maister! Don't thee think they look very well as they are?'

'That's what I call a finished sermon,' said a lady to her husband, as they wended their way from chapel on a recent wet Sunday. 'Yes,' was the reply; 'but, do you know, I thought it never would be.'

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. 'By his teeth,' was the reply. The next day, the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. 'I don't want him,' said he. 'He's thirty-two years old.' He had counted the teeth.

In Scotland, the topic of a sermon or discourse of any kind is called by old-fashioned folks 'its grund,' or, as they would say, 'Its grund.' An old woman, bustling into the kirk rather late, found the preacher had commenced, and, opening her Bible, nudged her next neighbour, with the inquiry, 'What's his grund?' 'Oh,' rejoined the other, who happened to be a brother minister, and therefore a privileged critic, 'he's lost his grund long since, and he's just swimming.'

'We remember one evening,' says a writer in the London *Spectator*, 'an Englishman expressing, more forcibly than politely, his abhorrence of the Japanese custom of eating raw fish. It was said in the presence of Mr. Iwakura, the son of the Japanese Minister, and then resident at Balliol College, Oxford. Expressions of disgust were being fluently uttered, when Iwakura interrupted the speaker. "By the way what shall we have for supper? Wouldn't you like a few oysters? I don't eat them myself, but,"—the rest was lost in laughter at the keenness of the repartee.'