



A LITTLE SKETCH.

The sun is slowly rising in the east, and every minute rays of light seem to pierce the dusk of early morning. I sit musing in my study after breaking fast. The soft spring breezes, loaded with perfume of the rose and syringa, steal through the half-open window and fan my forehead and seem to bathe it with a refreshing coolness. Even the humming of the bees and the rustling of the leaves, as they are moved to and fro by the light zephyrs, seem to breathe of peace and rest. What a dreamy, delicious day. All nature is striving to do its utmost to drive away worldly worries:

"And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

I feel as if I were not alone. I look up. A child—a girl with large, wistful, yearning eyes—stands in the doorway. She looks so pitiful and full of sorrow, my heart goes out to her.

"What is it, little one?"
"Dicky's gone!" says a little, tremulous voice.
"Gone where?"

"Mamma says Dicky's gone to heaven," she says, with a little sob. "But Dicky ain't, 'cos he's home on the sofa."

"Take me to your home to see Dicky, won't you?" I say, putting on my hat.

"Come on," she says. And I go.

We reach her home, an old tenement on a by street, in the slums of our great city. She leads the way up a flight of rickety stairs.

"Here's Dicky!" and opening the door, she points to a fair-haired laddie on the sofa. The words

"God's finger touched him and he slept"

came to my mind.

"He's offended with me and won't speak," says this little lass, as she nestles up to her brother and lays her tearful cheek against his.

I cannot answer, for I am sobbing now.

"He is speaking to me. Yes, Dicky, I'm coming; take my hand and lead me over the rough places. Good-bye, mamma, good-bye; Dicky and I are going now." In the midst of life we are in death!

I grope my way downstairs again and out into the world.

Halifax, N.S.

LEWIS C. SMITH.

THE BOON OF A BATH.—Mothers and housekeepers should insist on their warm baths, from 90 to 112 degrees, which refresh one like sleep, for the simple reason that they wash away the waste which clogs the vessels of the skin; this relieves the veins, sets the arteries flowing more freely and rejuvenates the whole system. After a night's watching, a very warm bath will restore one like four or five hours of sleep, and with a bath and three hours' rest, one can support a strain for weeks which else would be impossible. The douche of cool or tepid water after the bath is wonderful for hardening and developing muscle, but can be used only a few minutes without injury.

A DELIGHTFUL NEGRO STORY.—Dr. Payson, of Portland, Me., used to tell this very good story: One very rainy Sunday he went to his church as usual, but no one appeared except an old negro, who came in and asked if Dr. Payson was going to preach. The doctor said "Yes" and went into the pulpit and preached to the choir and the old negro. Some months afterward he met the negro and asked him if he enjoyed that sermon. "Enjoy dat sermon?" replied the old man. "I 'clar, doctor, I nebber heerd a better one. Yo' see I had a seat pretty well in front, and whenebber you'd say somethin's pretty hard like 'gin de sins of men, I'd jes look roun' to see who you's a hittin', and I wouldn't see nobody on'y jess me. An' I says to m'self, he muss mean you Pomp, you're such a dretful sinner. Well, doctor, dat ar sermon set me thinkin' what a big sinner I war, and I went and jined de church down home. I'e a deacon now."

The man who sets out to be the architect of his own fortune often has to alter the plans and specifications.

The reason some men can't make both ends meet is because they are too busily engaged in making one end drink.

When a Boston girl has occasion to make use of a well-known proverb, she says sheol is macadamised with excellent purposes.

"I suffer dreadfully from ennui, doctor," said Mr. Bohre. "Do you still retain your old habits of talking to yourself?" queried the physician, innocently.

Chicago boasts of the most economic young lady in the West. When she washes her face she always laughs, so as not to have so much face to wash.

We notice that a waterspout burst in Kentucky the other day. A waterspout that would go into business in Kentucky might expect to burst, with no assets.

Minister—"I hope you are a good little boy, Bobby, and always mind your father?" "Yes, sir, I always do what he tells me to when he begins to call me Robert."

A suburban Boston poet has discovered that the order of sequence in courtship is first, to get on good terms with the girl; second, with the dog; and third, with the parents.

Mrs. H.—"Norah, did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home?" Norah—"No, ma'am, she didn't; but she looked very much pleased."

Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—"The coat is about three sizes too big." Mr. Isaacstein (impressively)—"Mine fren, dat coat make you so proud you will grow into it."

Country minister—"Little boy, what will your father say to your fishing on Sunday?" Little boy—"If you kin wait a minnit he'll tell you. He's jst gone to dig some bait."

Miss Dearleigh (on the tennis ground)—"Won't you join us, Mr. Whiteband?" Rev. Mr. Whiteband—"I'm sorry to say I haven't the marriage service with me, Miss Dearleigh."

Professor—"Gretchen! Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?" "Why, professor! You are sitting on it, sir."

"If you start on a journey," says an old book of wisdom, "and meet a cat, you should at once turn back." The book does not say for what purpose you should turn back, but we suppose it is to get your gun.

The man who pays his way ne'er frets,
Life holds for him much fun;

In short, the man who pays his debts,
Of debts has never one.

"Is there going to be any music at the church festival to-night?" asked Snooks of the pastor. "I do not know," responded that dignitary, who had been many times snubbed by the leader; "I do not know, but the choir will sing!"

There is a picture in *Punch* of a butler who threatened to resign because "the cook was 'igh church and burns hincens," while "the 'ousemaid was low church and burned brown paper to counteract the smell," and between the two his life was unbearable.

A Pennsylvania man recently wrote to his somewhat illiterate son, who had married and settled in the West, asking: "How is your son and heir?" A week or two later he received the gratifying reply that "the boy is doing splendidly, but I am losing my hair."

Country Minister (to boy fishing)—"I'm sorry to see you fishing on Sunday, little boy." Little Boy—"Ain't you goin' fishin', too, Mister?" Country Minister—"I am fishing for souls." Little Boy—"Well, you'll find 'em very small an' shy in these parts, Mister."

Wife (to country editor)—"Aren't you feeling well to-night, John?" Country editor—"Not very, my dear. An indignant subscriber came into the office this afternoon and mopped up the floor with me." Wife (anxiously)—"Heavens, John, I hope he didn't stop his paper, too."

"Here's a piece of pie," said an R street woman to a hungry tramp at the back door. "Thank," he replied, catching eagerly at it and biting a horseshoe out of it. "Don't you want a knife to cut it with?" she enquired. The tramp looked hurt. "Madame," he said, in freezing tones, "do I look like a man who would eat pie with a knife?"

Since the day of Adam and Eve there has, probably, never been a marriage in which the contracting parties have not been referred to as "the happy couple." This shows that the world is not so bad a world as some people would make it, and that it is always ready to say the encouraging word, even in the face of the most discouraging circumstances.

Bunco steerer (to stranger)—"Is't this Mr. Stagglles, of Staggltown?" Stranger—"Yap." Bunco steerer—"I guess you don't remember me; I'm Sam Waffles, son of William Waffles." Stranger—"Wha-at? Are you Bill Waffles's son? Why, Sam, I'm gosh durned ef I ain't glad to see you! How long you ben out?" Bunco steerer—"Ben out?" Stranger—"Yap. The only son old Bill Waffles ever had was sent up for five year for hoss stealin'."

MILITIA NOTES.

General Middleton is gone to British Columbia on a tour of inspection.

Lieut. H. C. Chamberlin, 43rd, had to pay duty on a cup he won this year at Wimbledon.

Major-General Oliver, late commandant in the Royal Military College, has left for England.

Colour-Sergeant Robert Norman, an old soldier wearing the Afghan and Candahar medals, died lately in the Northwest.

Capt. H. C. Freer, late of the London and St. Johns Infantry Schools, has leave of absence prior to rejoining his regiment in England.

The officers of the 53rd Battalion at Sherbrooke have determined to establish a gymnasium in the drill shed for the use of members of the corps.

Frederick Lloyd Barker, Arthur Cayley and George Johnstone, gentlemen cadets from the Military School, Kingston, have been made second lieutenants.

An old Quebecer, Herbert C. Smith, lieutenant Royal Dublin Fusiliers, figured most prominently in the Poona regatta, in August, and carried off the most valuable prizes.

Major Thomas J. Egan, of the 63rd Halifax Battalion of Rifles, has published a history of the Halifax Volunteer Battalion and volunteer companies now merged with it in the 63rd.

Captain Roy, of the 65th, has been appointed Brigade Major of the 6th Military District, in the room of Lieut. Colonel Hughes, who resigned on being elected Chief of Police of Montreal.

Staff-Sergt. Alex. Wilson, of the 33rd, who won the London Corporation Cup for competition by the Canadian 20, had so pay \$30.60 duty upon it. Surely the Customs Department will have this and Lieut. Chamberlin's money refunded.

The company of infantry stationed at Frederickton, N.B., and the battery of artillery at Victoria, B.C., although connected by railway, are 4,000 miles distant from each other. One is on the Atlantic side of the Dominion, the other on the Pacific.

The English *Volunteer Record* says: "The Canadians seem to be greatly in advance of us in the art of manufacturing small-arm ammunition, the riflemen of that dependency being particularly fortunate in the 1888 issue, a 'make' with which most satisfactory results are being obtained."

At the artillery competition at the Island of Orleans, No. 3 Battery Halifax G. A. headed the score with 222 points, and takes the Quebec Merchants' Cup, worth \$200; No. 1 Lewis next, with 204 points; No. 4 Brunswick third, with 183, followed by No. 1 New Brunswick, with 182; No. 2 Quebec next, with 179, and No. 1 Prince Edward and the Digby ties, with 169 each.

Alfred J. Phasey, who lately died, was the most renowned performer on the euphonium in the world, and a member of Her Majesty's private band and bandmaster of the St. George's Rifles. Phasey and Mr. R. Morgan, who writes this to the *Quebec Chronicle*, were boys together in the Duke of York's School Band, under John Blizzard, trumpeter in the Life Guards at Waterloo, and afterward they were members, for ten years, in the Coldstream Guards Band, under old Charles Godfrey.