

THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF L. UHLAND.

What wakens me from slumber now
That sounds so sweet and clear?
O, mother, see; what can it be
At this late hour I hear?

I hear it not, I see it not,
O, slumber then so mild;
No midnight songs are sung to thee,
Thou poor, sick, weary child!

It is not earthly music
That makes my heart so light;
The angels call me with their songs—
O, mother dear, good night!

E. M. R.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

It was at the Island, and it happened in this way. He said to Spot, 'There's no hurry; my landlady has given me a latchkey.'

'So has mine,' said Spot. 'I carry it here'—producing the implement from the lining of his hat—'because my tailor has made my new clothes with ventilators in all the pockets.'

'What a place to keep it?' returned he. 'Let me take care of it for you.'

'Don't forget to give it back to me when we separate.'

'No fear.'

And he did not forget he had the key, but somehow, after a hard day's finding out information for the paper, neither he nor Spot could distinctly tell one key from the other. So they had to toss up; and, of course, got hold of the wrong ones; and both arrived at this office in a most dilapidated condition next morning, having wandered about all night looking for each other.

'My experience in dis life,' says a darkey preacher, 'has taught me dat de man who swaps mules wid his eyes shut am sartin to get de want, or death; but it seldom reaches down to a hoss trade. If I war buyin' a mule of a man I had knowed all my life I should begin at de hoofs and look dat anamile ober clar up to de point of his nose. I shouldn't 'spect him to tell me dat he had filed down any teef or puttied ober any hoof cracks. My advice am not to lie or deceive in tradin' mules, but to answer as few qeshuns as you kin, an' seem sort o' keerless whedder your offer am 'cepted or not.'

PARSON (to a little girl in his Bible-class): 'Child! who made your vile body?'

Little girl: 'Please, sir, I did; but mother put in the sleeves.'

It was very hard on a celebrated physician to say that when he went hunting during his holiday it was the only time in the year when he didn't kill anything.

HATS off, journalists, for Lady Florence Dixie, now one of us! Her ladyship sailed last week as the *Morning Post's* special war correspondent at the Transvaal. War correspondents should feel proud.

'DEAREST, delay not, long have I waited; Sighed for the coming Of kisses belated, Fragrant as rose-buds, Pure as the dew; Dearest delay not, I'm waiting for you.' Very pretty, and it's evidently time that we explained the matter. He saw the other fellow waiting for him with a big stick, and thought it best to defer his visit till a more convenient season. Don't sigh any more, Miss B.; he'll be handy as soon as the coast's clear.

THE following anecdotes of Carlyle has the twofold merit of being inoffensive and authentic. When in Cannes some years ago, the old gentleman was under the care of Dr. Franks, and on the first interview the literary genius opened the conversation by observing, 'I'll do anything, Doctor, ye tell me—but ye mauna stop my pipe!'

CARLYLE'S love of a beneficent disposition is not difficult of explanation. In early life he was a schoolmaster—and a schoolmaster who

believed sufficiently in the Bible to hold that sparing the rod meant spoiling the child. To the end of his days the Chelsea sage regarded his fellow-men as children—he frequently talks of 'this fool of a world'—who stood in need of perpetual birching. To him a puissant monarch was merely a well-equipped pedagogue, and therefore necessary and admirable.

THE Sydney *Evening News* is responsible for the following: At cursing the Chinese surpass all the peoples of the earth. The gaming-house keepers have employed two Buddhist priests to anathematize Willy Reilly, the half-caste, who assisted the police. Instructions have been given to spare no expense, but to do the thing properly. The priests have been at it day and night, spell and spell about, for three days. They commenced at the top of Willy Reilly's head, and cursed every hair, every pore, and everything down his right side, and they are now nearly up to his left shoulder. They are doing the work thoroughly. After finishing up with Willy, they have, in accordance with Mongolian practice, to curse all his relations, however remote, and his ancestors back to the sixteenth generation. They expect to finish the job in about three months, if the weather holds up.

THE burning question of the hour in Oxford is whether Zola's works shall be admitted to the library.

JOHN DUNCAN, the Alford weaver and botanist, has presented to the University of Aberdeen an herbarium containing 1,131 specimens of British flora, which he had gathered and preserved during the last fifty years of his life. These he gave, for he would not, to use his own words, "barter them for heaps of gold."

ONE of the results of the Jesuit immigration in England is the appropriation and organization by the order of establishments in Sussex, Wales, Jersey, and elsewhere in England. These imported colleges will probably add to, instead of decreasing, the difficulties which have always stood in the way of attempts to acclimatize their disciplinary system in that country.

THE acme of stupidity—Ouida's last novel: *A Village Commune*.

I ALWAYS hail with literary delight the publication of yet another novel of Miss Braddon's, for the *Saturday Review* invariably reviews her works and smashes them to very thin powder indeed, and a smashing criticism from the most sparkling paper in England is the best intellectual bitters I can humbly recommend. Though I have never read a line by Miss Braddon outside of a few quotations, for that very reason I am grateful in her regard, and likewise, I am sure, is every one who has looked through last week's *Review*.

A MAN shows his address most when he conceals it—from his creditors.

GOING to Hamilton the other day, I was seated behind a young couple whose bondage in wedlock's fetters had evidently been as yet only of a few days. They were reading the *Globe*—together, after the fashion of the newly married. Said she: 'Jack, what do you think of this wonderful Syndicate?' J., very lovingly: 'I like my own Katie best, darling.' Where is the stony heart that would not, &c.

'THE man,' says the *Sydney Illustrated News*, 'who is within reach of an obliging girl can always button his gaiters and fasten his gloves with the aid of a hair-pin.' Now it is a sin of the *S.I.N.* to say such things.

HE lectured on Shakespeare and they shied eggs at him. He believed there was something rotten in Denmark.

'FOOL of a fellow,' said Tabb—, speaking of a deceased acquaintance. 'Gave himself dead away.'
'Eh, what?'
'Left his remains to a school of medicine to be used for scientific purposes.'

DURING this season one should keep on the same winter clothing. It is dangerous to leave off any habit, be it never so bad.

THE following was found in a room of the Residence occupied for