

(285) **The Bishop's Reply.** —Selected.

A certain bishop, in plain diary,  
Was travelling in a crowded train one day.  
Amid the buzz of ordinary chat,  
Unknown the bishop in a corner sat;  
But presently, to his surprise, he found  
His own name mentioned in the talk around.  
"I only wish," a vaunting babbling cried  
To an approving traveller at his side,  
"I only wish the bishop was now here,  
I'd pose him with a question, never fear."  
The bishop eyed the man with curious glance.  
"I am the bishop, sir, so now's your chance."  
Confused, the passenger to earth thus driven,  
Cried, "Tell me, then, my lord, the way to Heaven?"  
"Most readily," the bishop said anon—  
"Turn to the right, my friend, and keep straight on."  
W. H. R. V. ATHERTON.

1171 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

(289) **Truth.** —Selected.

There is beauty and grace in many a face  
"Neath a bonnet tattered and torn,  
There is fragrant perfume in the wild rose bloom,  
On the summer breeze borne.

And thoughts not a few, that are noble and true,  
In many a bosom untaught,  
And hearts there are some, by sorrow bowed down,  
That are studded with gems of thought.

No darkness can dim the glistening gem  
That is culled from the depths of the sea,  
And thus doth truth shine with a radiance divine,  
Though hid in the depths it may be.

Joliette, West Co., N.B. F. H. OULOX.

(290) **What Makes a Man.** —Selected.

Not numerous years nor lengthened life,  
Not pretty children and a wife,  
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,  
Nor any such like trumpery things;  
Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,  
Nor liberty with kings to dine;  
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,  
A dandy vest or trimmed cravat;  
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;  
Nor sister, boyfriend, sir, nor spouse;  
With all these that the memory tire;  
Nor ancestry traced back to hire;  
Who went from Normandy to kill;  
Nor thousand volumes rambling o'er;  
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore;  
Nor judge's robes nor mayor's mace;  
Nor crowns that deck the royal race,  
These all united never can  
Avail to make a single man.  
A truthful soul, a loving mind,  
Full of affection for its kind;  
A spirit firm, erect, and free;  
That never basely bends a knee;  
That will not bend a feather's weight  
Of slavery's chains for small or great;  
That truly speaks from God within;  
That never makes a league with sin;  
That snags the fetters despots make,  
And loves the truth for its own sake;  
That worships God, and him alone,  
And bows no more than at his throne;  
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;  
A soul that fears no one but God,  
And thus can smile at curse or ban—  
This is the soul that makes a man.

Shannonville, Ont. Mrs. C. LOXO.

(291) **Hints to Unmarried Ladies.** —Selected.

Mr. Finlayson has made out a table, showing to a very fraction what a woman's chances of marriage are for every year of her life. This most precious document should be posted, we think, on the doors of all our churches; and if, after such pointed admonition, young girls trifle away their time, the blame is clearly their own. The calculations, we understand, were made upon 576 cases; but our learned clerk, for the sake of greater perspicuity, has enlarged the denominator (as he calls it) to 1,000. Of 1,000 married women, taken without selection, it is found that the number married at each age is as below; or if (by an arithmetical licence) we call a woman's chances of marriage in the whole course of her life 1,000, her chances in each two years will be as shown in the table:

AGE.	CHANCES.	AGE.	CHANCES.
14-15.....	32	30-31.....	15
16-17.....	101	32-33.....	14
18-19.....	213	34-35.....	8
20-21.....	233	36-37.....	2
22-23.....	163	38-39.....	1
24-25.....	102		
26-27.....	67		
28-29.....	45		
		Total.....	1,000

Now, this table, it will be seen, tells us that one-half of a woman's chances of marriage are gone when she has completed her twentieth year. And mind you what the consequence of this is: She must then, as the seamen say, carry less sail, and shoot at a lower mark. At twenty-three she ought to be very reasonable, for three-fourths of the

golden opportunities are gone, never to return. At twenty-six you will see at a glance, sauciness is out of the question; for your hopes, if the case should be yours, fair reader, will then be shrunk to the small fraction of eight. Possibly you may then think the poor fellows you once despised fine catches. At thirty-one despair should begin to wrinkle your brow; for when that age comes, and finds you single, pray remember that if you have in the circle of your acquaintances forty marrying men (a rare contingency), you have just one solitary chance among them all! When you stand on the dread verge of thirty-six, it is quite killing to reflect that of the one thousand chances with which you started, three—a miserable remnant of three—only remain! It is now high time to take a trip to the colonies, or else to bespeak a lodging for a single lady, and to procure a couple of cats. Therefore, *carpe diem*; or in plain English, improve your time.

ALFRED SHAW.

Upper Canada College, Toronto.

(292) **Not a Kioker.** —Selected.

Ben Ridgley, a Louisville, Ky., newspaper man, who for the first twenty years of life had been accustomed to feeding on champagne and diamond-back terrapin, has for the last twenty years been having a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match with the usual boarding-house spread, and is still alive, but weak. One day, early in the spring, he went to his landlady with a complaint.

"Madam," he said, with a demi-semi-quaver in his voice, and a piece of wetness in each eye about as big as a buck shot, "Haven't I been a pretty good boarder for the past two years I've been with you?"

"Why, Mr. Ridgley, of course you have. Only yesterday a lady asked me how long you had been a member of the Y. M. C. A.," replied the lady in surprise.

"Yes; and when you gave us eggs with the feathers on, did I ever kick?"

"What—what's that?" stammered the lady thrown off her balance by the suddenness of the blow.

"And did I ever insist on your clipping their wings?"

"Sir, I don't—"

"And didn't I keep right on though you let the butter wear its hair banged when you know I hated bangs?"

"Mr. Ridgley, this is going—"

"And did I complain when I found a button in the pie, because there was no button-hole on the flap?"

"Sir, I won't stand this any—"

"And did I report you to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty when I picked that poor, helpless cockroach out of the biscuit?"

"Shut up you—"

"Yes; when I found a minnow in the milk, did I ask you whether you milked your cow with a fishing pole or a net?"

"What—what—wh—"

"Don't mention it, madam. When the steak was cooked, was I one of the boarders who sent a buzz-saw and a steam engine up to the house?"

"I—I—I—"

"And did I ever object to paying for furniture repairs, because the bread was so heavy that when I swallowed it, it knocked the bottom of the chair out?"

"You mean, good-for-nothing—"

"Don't get excited, madam. Did I ever inquire whether you drew your tea with a windlass or a chain pump?"

"Oh, you villain, you wretch—"

"I hear you, madam; and I want to ask if I ever reflected on the molasses can by asking if you had a patent on that fly-trap?"

"Oh—oh—oh, you—oh—"

"I ask, madam, did I ever do any of these things? And I answer by saying never—no, never! Therefore, I want to know why in thunder—excuse my forcible language, please—when they bring me a plate of soup with a dish rag in it, they don't bring a pair of scissors to cut the darned thing up to a man won't choke on it? That's all, madam."

When the lady was reconstituted, Ben was compelled to go out into the cold, cold world and get another boarding-place. Such is woman's inhumanity to man.

Oakland.

G. TAYLOR.

(293) **A Detroit Man's Joke.** —Selected.

He did not look like a joker. One to sit and study his face would have said that his soul was so lost in melancholy that he didn't care two cents whether the sun set at noon or stayed up until seven o'clock. He entered the ladies' sitting-room at the Central depot, walked up to a woman whose husband had left the room about ten minutes previously and calmly inquired:

"Madam, your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?"

"Yes—why?" she asked, turning pale in an instant.

"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and turning still paler.

"Had red hair?"

"He had—oh! what has happened?"

"Weighed about 180 pounds?"

"Yes—yes—where is he—where is my husband?" she exclaimed.

"Couldn't swim, could he?"

"He's drowned—my husband is drowned!" she wailed.

"Had a silver watch-chain?" continued the stranger.

"Where is my husband—where is the body?" she gasped.

"Do not get excited, madam. Did your husband have on a gray suit?"

"Yes—oh! my Thomas! my Thomas!"

"And stoga boots?"

"Let me see him—let me see him!" she cried.

"Come this way, madam, but do not get excited. There is that your husband across the street at that peanut stand!"

"Why, yes, that's him!—that's my husband!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "I thought you said he was drowned."

"No, madam, I did not. I saw him buying peanuts, and I believed it my duty to say to you that peanuts are not healthy at this season of the year!"

He slid softly out, and she stood there and chewed her parasol, and stared after him as if he were a menagerie on wheels.

Luton. Mrs. T. RICHARDSON.

(294) **A Lesson in Politeness.** —Selected.

One day Dean Swift was in his study reading when the door was pushed open, and a young fellow came in with some game and without saying "By your leave," or "With your leave," he walks over and flops them across the Dean's knees, saying,

"There's some game my father sent you."

"Oh, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure; but I'd be more obliged if you had shown better manners."

"Well, I wish I knew how."

"Sit down here and I'll show you how to behave."

He took the game in his hand and went outside and shut the door. Then he tapped, and heard the young fellow cry out with a loud voice, "Come in!" and what should he see but the young fellow seated in the arm-chair, and pretending to read a book!

"Please your reverence," says the Dean with a bow, "my father will be much obliged by your acceptance of this game, which he has just taken."

"Your father is a most respectable man," says the lad, "and I'm sure you're a good boy; here's a half-a-crown for you. Take the game down to the kitchen, and tell the cook she's to give you your dinner."

He then got up, and relieved the Dean of the game, he was so tickled at the lad's witty impudence that he at once gave him half-a-crown.

Hamilton. H. M. PATTERSON.

(295) **What Habit is.** —Selected.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not chance "a bit." If you take off another, you have still a "bit" left. If you take off another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another, it is "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off all together.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. G. M.

(296) **No Kisses Allowed.** —Selected.

It was at the Northwestern Railway Depot the other day when a number of young ladies stepped out of a passenger car that had just arrived and were ardently received by a long line of waiting kinsfolk, lovers and friends. They were all young and pretty, but they shook hands with their people in the most melancholy and subdued fashion, and I noticed that some of them even gave a too impulsive friend a little push, as if to ward off an unwelcome embrace. But this was a case when

"The eyes speak most when the lips are not." And some of the fair young things were evidently just ready to cry. They were "sweet girl graduates in their golden hair," and they dared not kiss their friends on meeting them at the depot, because it was against the rules of the school; too public, not a proper place. Now isn't that positively awful.

"How do you stand it?" asked a Chicago friend of a seminary girl.

"Oh, you don't live in depots," she said, with a merry twinkle of her eye, "and when we get home we just make up for lost time."

"So do we," chimed in one girl who had a blonde lover with her, "don't we, George?"

"I should blush," said George, and he did.

"You see they won't allow us to kiss up there," said the prettiest girl in the crowd; "think it demoralizes the brakemen and conductors and passengers. We don't care much when it's only ourselves we have to practice on, but when it comes to visitors, it's pretty hard."

"Don't we make it up, though, when we get home," echoed another of the crowd; "we just kiss and kiss again! Oh, my!"

This piece of scholastic severity is only equalled by the stir which has recently been made in this city over a two-hours' session in one of the public schools on the sentiment of love as defined in Longfellow's *Evangeline*. The superintendent of the school came to their defence, and the irate tax-payers who feared they were being defrauded in their educational rights, were soothed again. It reminds me of the time Charles Wyndham first played his elegant parlor comedies in Chicago—"Caste," "School," and others that will never be forgotten. Well, if my memory serves me right one of the questions in "School" is "What is love?" and the various definitions that are given by big and little girls are very amusing and entertaining. To find such salad freshness among the parallelograms and hypotenuses is refreshing, even if it is not educational in a book sense.

Mrs. M. E. McDONALD.

Brant, Erie Co., N. Y.

(297) **Lazy Hens.** —Selected.

So thought the little girl who was sent out to hunt eggs, but came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing round doing 'nothin'."

Brantford, Ont. JNO. LINDSAY.

(298) **Grandfather to One's Self.** —Selected.

A story brought out by James Parton's marriage to his step-daughter:—

I married a widow who had a grown-up step-daughter. My father visited my house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother because she was my father's wife; sometime after my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife—i. e. my step-daughter—also had a son. He was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime, my grandchild; for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grand-mother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time; and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

Bothwell, Box 56. LOU TALLMAN.