

O, why should man look down on man?  
How many a noble breast  
May make sweet music, though it thrub  
beneath a faded vest.  
Our Saviour loved and blessed the poor;  
And when to him we rise,  
The rich and poor will share alike  
His temple in the skies.  
Cowanville, P. Q. MRS. C. HARRIS.

(612) —Selected.

### Contentment.

"My little world is very small,  
Scarce worth your notice, sir, at all."  
The mother said.  
"My good, kind husband, as you see,  
And those three children at my knee,  
Who look to us so trustfully  
For daily bread."

"For their sweet sakes, who love me so,  
I keep the firelight in a glow  
In our dear home,  
That, though the tempest roar outside,  
And fiercely threaten far and wide,  
The cheery blaze may serve to guide  
Dear feet that roam."

"And as the merry kettle boils,  
We welcome him who daily toils  
For us each day.  
Of true love kisses full a score  
He gives, I'm certain, if not more,  
Who fond ones meet him at the door,  
At twilight gray."

"One gets the slippers for his feet,  
Another leads him to his chair—  
The big arm-chair—  
And while the children round him sit,  
And make the dear old fathers ring,  
One little daughter crowns him king  
With blossoms fair."

"Ah, sir, we are not rich or great,  
The owners of a vast estate,"  
The mother said;  
"But we have better far than gold,  
Contentment, and a little fold  
As full of love as it can hold,  
With daily bread."

Merino, Cal. Miss A. McMillan.

(513) —Selected.

### A Fi by Story.

Four gentlemen—a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic—met by agreement to dine on fish. Soon as grace was said, the Catholic rose, armed himself with knife and fork, and, taking about one-third of the fish, comprising the head, removed it to his plate, exclaiming, as he sat down, with great satisfaction, "Papa cat caput accipit." (The Pope is the head of the Church.) Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one-third, embracing the tail, seated himself and said—"Finis coronat opus." (The end crowns the work.) The Presbyterian now thought it was about time for him to move, and, taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaimed—"In media est veritas." (Truth lies between two extremes.) Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate and the prospect of a slim dinner, and snatching up the bowl of melted butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming—"Ego baptizo vos." (I baptize you all.)

Welland, Ont. MRS. J. H. PHILLIPS.

(514) —Selected.

### A Baby's Soliloquy.

I am here, and if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sideways like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spits snuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip tea.

I'll tell you who I am. I found out today. I heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline. No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to? Yes, there's an-

other one—that's "gamma." "It was gamma's baby, so it was."  
I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuff with catnip tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go when I want them to?

O. H. FOSTER.

St. John-st., Hamilton, Ont.

(615) —Selected.

### Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter,  
And its mouth was gaping wide;  
The rosy wine had ebbed away,  
And left its crystal side;  
And the wind went humming,  
Humming—up and down the sides it flew,  
And through the reed-like, hollow neck  
The wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window, where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me. "They tell me—puny conquerors!—the Plague has slain his ten, and War his hundred thousands of the very best of men; but I"—twas thus the bottle spoke—"but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youth and maidens, come drink, from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirit up; that puts to shame the conquerors that slay their scores below; for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Though in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll; yet while I killed the body, I have damned the very soul. The cholera, the sword, such ruin never wrought, as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road to Death."

Byron, Ont. WARREN ELSON.

(516) —Selected.

### Only Six Months Dead.

A Hungarian peasant went to a Munich painter and asked him to paint the portrait of his mother.

"Certainly," said the painter; "send her to me."

"But she is dead; if she was alive I wouldn't want her portrait."

"Well, have you any picture of her?"

"No; if I had I wouldn't want one."

"Well, my friend, describe her to me; what sort of eyes, hair, etc."

He secured that, and appealing to his artist friends who had some Hungarian studies, he painted a head. Secretly his friends about the room he sent for the peasant. The man came, looked at the picture, his eyes filled with tears, he put up his hand to wipe them away.

"Poor fellow," said the artist, patting him on the back; "it is a good likeness, then, it affects you so much?"

"No," said the man; "poor mother, to think she has been only dead six months and looks like that!"

Detroit. MR. MUCKLE.

(517) —Selected.

### The Impressive Question of a Faintly Man.

A distinguished Boston divine, of unusually solemn and impressive appearance, went out to a country town not long ago to lecture. He arrived early in the afternoon, and all the town, of course, "spotted" him within five minutes as a very great and very saintly man.

He went into a drug store, and, in tones that froze the young blood of the clerk behind the counter, said:

"Young—man—do—you—smoke?"  
"Y—yes, sir," said the trembling clerk;  
"I'm sorry, but I learned the habit young, and haven't been able to quit it yet."  
"Then," said the great divine, without the movement of a muscle or the abatement of a shade of the awful solemnity of his voice, "can you tell me where I can get a good cigar?"  
Winnipeg, Man. M. M. MARKS.

(518) —Selected.

### The Troubles of a Post.

While Col. Bange, editor of the *Argus* (American) was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the Colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B—," said the Colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B; it's an S," said the man.

"S? Oh, yes, I see. Well, the words look a little like 'Salt for Dinner,'" said the Colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man, "nothing of the kind. That's my name—Sam'l H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the Colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"

"A stupid blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, and that is what I want to see you fix. The way that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am a fool. Let me show you."

"Go ahead," said the Colonel.

"The first line, when I wrote it, read in this manner:

"Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope."

That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public? There it is. Look at that. Made it read this way—

"Lying to a weeping widow, to induce her to elope. That is too much—it's enough to drive a man crazy!"

"I am sorry," said the Colonel; "but—"

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight—

"Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross."

A man with only one eye, and a cataract over that, could have read the words correctly. But your pirate up-stairs there—do you know what he did? He made it read—

"Take away the jeering monkeys, on a secretly glandered boss."

By George! I felt like braining him with a shovel! I was never so cut up in my life."

"It was natural, too," said the Colonel.

"There, for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote:

"I am weary with the tossing of the ocean as it heaves."

It is a lovely line, too; but imagine my horror and the anguish of my family when I opened your paper and saw the line transformed into—

"I am wearing out my trousers, till they're open at the knees."

That is a little too much! That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder the compositor; don't you?"

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote—

"I swell the flying echoes as they roam along the hills, And I feel my soul mistaken in the ecstasy that thrills."

Now what do you suppose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why into this—

"I swell the flying above as they roam along the hills, And I feel my soul mistaken in the ecstasy that whiffs."

Gibberish, sir, awful gibberish! I must slay that man. Where is he?"

"He is out now," said the Colonel, "Come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed." Then he put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and drifted off down stairs.

MRS. BERTY.

Moulton P. O., Brunfield Co., Ohio.

(519) —Selected.

### The Bashful Young Man.

If there is any defect more striking than another in the American character it is bashfulness. Young America, in particular, is painfully affected by it. An incident is mentioned by a bashful young fellow who was desired by his aunt to go to neighbor Shaw's and see if he had for sale any straw suitable for filling beds.

"Mr. Shaw," says he, "was blessed with a number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse I arrived just as the family were seated for dinner. Stopping in the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out: 'Mr. Straw, can you spare enough Shaw to fill a couple of beds?'"

"Well," replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but I can; how many will you need?"

"Before I could recover, those hateful Shaw girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I returned to my excellent aunt."

Keweenaw, Ill. LYDIA V. HART.

(520) —Selected.

### Getting Her Theology Slightly Mixed.

The little girl in a family of my acquaintance has been in the habit of attending a Presbyterian Sunday-school; but recently the family moved into another neighborhood where the nearest Sunday-school was of the Episcopal persuasion.

"With economic liberality of belief they straightway sent her to this Episcopal Sunday-school; but the result was a strange jangling of theological methods in the little one's brain. A few days ago she overheard the chambermaid call the coachman a 'fool.'"

"O-o-o-h!" exclaimed the child.

"But he is," retorted the angry servant.

"Don't you know what the Bible says, Annie? 'Who so calleth his brother a fool, shall—shall—suffer under Pontius Pilate.'"

St. Louis, Mo. MARY LISTER.

(521) —Selected.

### The Poor Woman Nearly Went Into Hieroglyphics.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Smith, "the poor man suffered awful pains. He was in a tomatoes state for three long days, caused from suspension. The doctor said that he was troubled with animation of the stomach and also a slight confusion of the bowels, which at first seemed like an attack of sporadic colic. But the poor man's time had come and I suppose his death could not be helped, so at exactly five o'clock his soul passed to that home from which no man returneth. I felt sorry for his wife. The poor woman nearly went into hieroglyphics."

Batavia, N. Y. ARTHUR MANSFIELD.

(522) —Selected.

### For the Sake of Others.

Dr. Coulter, in a work detailing his adventures in a sail over the Pacific, narrates an anecdote of one Terence Connel, an Irish convict, who escaped from Australia. He had become chief of a tribe of Morroforas in New Guinea. After rendering some service to an exploring party, he made a farewell visit on board ship. Asked by the captain whether he would take brandy or wine, good Terry replied, "No, thankee, sir; it's long since I tasted the likes, and it might bother me. I often had a notion of making a drop here for myself out of them sugar canes growing wild along the banks of the river; but, jec see, if I did, the rest of the tribe might learn the trade, and then I would have a party thronble to dale with, so I said to myself I'll do no such thing; they're wild and mad enough without that, and that's the rasin, captain, I takes none myself." Here is a lesson wemight well take to heart. Half the wisdom, even without the personal abstinence of this ruler of a savage tribe, would rid our beloved Canada of its greatest curse.

McIntyre, Ont. MRS. F. LANG.