

FAITH.

In the gloaming, when my darlings,
In their slumby robes or white
By their mother's knee, have murmured,
"Jesus keep us through the night."

To their little crib, white-curtained,
Where the upper shadows fall,
Nestled in my arms, I take them
Through the dim unlighted hall.

Sift in rayless silence round us
Close the deepening shades of night;
"Dark!" my blue-eyed Willie whispers,
Half in awe and half in fright.

"Dark!" the baby-brother echoes,
With a hush upon his glee,
When my Willie, nestling closer,
Whispers softly, "Papa see."

Blessed, blessed faith of childhood!
Father, grant this faith to me;
Dark the shadows round me gather,
But I know that *Thou dost see!*

REGRET.

I did not love him: Long ago
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

I did not love him, but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray

Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret
Over the whispered No? and why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause:
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed, that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace, and yet
To-day I seem to see him stand

With every glance a mute career,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes

His early love for me is dead—
Another live in that love's stead.

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then

He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

(For the Torch.)

JOTTINGS

BY "QUEEN."

A BUMMER.—"Say friend, yer going to stand treat?"

"No sir," was the dry response from Mr. Wide-awake.

"Here's what we'll all come to," said a friend to an undertaker, as he pointed to a newly made grave.

"Not so," replied the sombre man, "but, *Heav'n's* what will come to us," pointing with pride to his plumed carriage.

"Wat's dat you's eat, Stein?"

"Dats goos berry bie."

"So! how it vas go, eh?"

"Oh! it vos goos berry vell."

SCENE—Art gallery.

COSMOPOLITE.—"Grand, sublime. *What a colour!*" its majestic.

ROMANNT SWELL.—"Watah colah do you say? By jove I wouldn't have one in my house, yaw know."

WHAT WILL HIS WIFE SAY?—Mr. H. Clay Lukens, who writes under the noni de plume of "Erratic Enrique," is one of the most versatile humorists in the country. He seems to be equally at his ease in verse, paragraphs and sketches, and the amount of work he does is really appalling. He keeps a capital column running in the *New York News*, is a regular contributor to the *Dunbury News*, St. John Torch, and other humorous papers, and courts a flamingo haired girl over in Hoboken, seven nights a week the year round. That's what we know about Lukens.—*St. Louis Journal*.

Can the editor of the *Rome Sentinel* tell us why his house is like one of Ouida's novels?

Can't guess it, eh? Why, because it is a Rome-mause. Copy right.

Little bits of lemon,

Little junk of ice,

Little water and sugar

Make a man feel nice.

—*Boston Post*.

Oysters out of season,

Cannot have a raw;

So we try a "cobbler,"

Suck it through a straw.

HARROWING!

ANNIE.—"Can you tell me, ma, why the perfume on the handkerchief of my dear Augustus is like me, shooting an arrow at a target?"

MA.—"No, my dear, I don't see the similarity; why is it?"

ANNIE.—"Because it's aro, ma scent from my beau."

Ma faints.

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

Signor Antonio, many a time und oft

In der Rialto you haf abused me

Abound mine monies, und said dot

I took more interest in a year

Den der principal vas come to!

Still haf I borne all dose mit

A patient shrug;

For, vot you call it? sufferance?—

Vas der badge uv all our tribe;

You call me bad names—

Misbeliever, cut-throat, son of a gun,

Cheep Shon, und so on.

Vell, den it vas now appeared

Dot you need mine help!

You come to me and you said,

Mister Shylock, old poy, I vould

Like to borrow dree dousand ducats

Till next Saturday! You said so?

You, dot haf booted me

Two, dree, six, several dimes.

Und spurn'd me from your three-hold

Like a dog! Monies is your suit, den?

By goodness, you haf more cheek

As a book agent! Should I not said:

Haf a dog money?

Do a son uv a gun

Keep a pank account?

Didn't it been impossibility

Dat der cur should lend you

Dree dousand ducats? Or,

Shall I bend low, and in a bonds-man's key,

Mit lated breath und whispered humbleness

Said this:

Fair sir; you spit on me on Wednesday last,

You spurned me on Thursday,

On Friday you told me to vipe off

Mine shin off;

A nudder dime you call me

Old Stick-in-der-mud;

Und, now, for dose dings

I lend you—a lie cent nickel

Und took a mortgage

On your old paid head!

DON'T IT?

—*Oil City Derrick*.

[For the Torch.]
BUZZ SEASON.

'Tis the season of flies,
And they light on our nose,
At dawn's early rise
For a buzz I suppose,
But they sadly disturb our repose.
Then to catch them we try,
But the coquetish fly
So forward, yet shy,
Is away, and we sigh,
And over our heads draw the clothes.

'Tis the season of flies,
Sad season indeed,
They bolt into our eyes
When we're trying to read,
And they fall in our soup when we feed.
When we sleep—in our nose,
When we read—in our eyes,
When we eat—in our soup,
Ah then what surprise,
That we call it the season of flies?

EAK.

Sir George Bock, the distinguished Artic navigator, is dead. He was not the inventor of Bock beer. And although water was his favorite, he has finally come to his —. Infant class in paragraphing, what did the gentleman come to?—*Oil City Derrick*.

The saddest words of tongue or pen:
"Jimminy gracious! I've got 'em again!"
—*Huckensack Republican*.

The saddest words we hear each day,
Is "Charge it ag'in, sometime we'll pay."
—*Credit Meridian Recorder*.

The pleasantest words she heard were when
Her papa told her she "might have Ben."

"CALL ME PET NAMES."

[From Union Advocate.]

In February last a circular was issued broadcast over the Province, and is now to be seen posted up in various places: The following is an extract from that circular, bearing the name of one of our most respectable citizens:—

Chatham, 8th Feb., 1878.

TO D. G. SMITH, LIAR AND SLANDERER:

Sir,—When a scoundrel sinks so low in the estimation of all honest men, that he can sink no lower, when he has been branded in the public prints of the County as a "deliberate liar and foul-mouthed slanderer," when the proofs of the charge have been given to the world and not denied, he has forfeited all claims to the courtesies that prevail in respectable society.

Now, sir, having again convicted you of malicious falsehood, I leave you to your own reflections,

With pity and contempt, I am,
W. WYSE,
Fishery Overseer.

This charge still remains unanswered, and while it does, the person so charged only deceives himself if he thinks that any statement coming from him will be generally believed in this County, or in any other where he is known.

In a neighboring town they are talking of insti-
tooting in a brass band. Blow away!—*Port Chester Journal*. Cornet you do better than that?—*Danielsonville Sentinel*. Tuba sure; cymbal enough, ain't it?—*Edinburgh Herald*.

Fife for shame, making fun of them. Let them drum around, and try a gle-an a few dollars from the natives, then pick a low priced leader and everything will be all right.