

(227) **Ideal of Womanhood.**

More human, more divine than we,  
In truth, half human, if divine,  
In woman when angels agree  
To temper with thine human tone  
The hour of her glory.  
The fair at flower green earth bears,  
Bright with the depend light of heaven.

True sister of the son, Son of  
True sister of the Son of God,  
What marvel that he leads the van  
Of those who follow him?  
Still bear the cross and wear the banner.

If God be in the sky and sea,  
And live in light and ride the storm,  
Thou God be God, although He be  
Enshrined within a woman's form,  
And claim glad reverence from me.

So as I worship Him in Christ,  
And in the form of earth and air,  
I worship Him in woman,  
And through her bosom fair,  
Whom vanity hath not enticed,  
O woman—mother, woman, wife!  
The sweetest name that language knoweth  
Thy breast with holy motives rife,  
With holiest affection gloweth,  
Thou queen, thou angel of my life!

So from the lovely Pagan dream  
I call no more the tuneful nine;  
For woman is my muse supreme,  
And she with fire and light divine  
Shall light and lead me to my theme.  
Reinhold, Iowa. J. L. POWERS, M. D.

(228) **Father Hubbards.**

The other day, when old Maj. Solman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of the church, his wife appeared, wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you goin' to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready and we'll go."

The old man went out into the kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment and exclaimed:

"Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?"

"Father Hubbard," the old man replied. "You're not a goin' to wear them sacks, are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal bags as you have to go in that bran sack."

"I'll take it off."

"All right; off goes the Father Hubbard," and turning away, he added to himself:

"Only one way to beat a woman, and that is by agreein' with her. If it hadn't been for the daddy Hubbard I'd a been in a mighty bad fix."

Stratford. Mrs. A. E. L. EASSEN.

(229) **Enlisting A Lawyer.**

Well, mind now, for this is true as Gospel. It was on the 11th of May, 1820, I listed a recruit in Dublin, and put the question to him, gave him the shilling, and walked him off to the barracks as fine as a fiddle. Well, in a few days he was claimed as a pretence, and so he was had up before the Mayor, and he committed him for trial.

At the following sittings I was called as a witness, and the lawyer that defended him told me that I did not list him.

"I did," says I.

"Did you put the question to him rightly?" says he.

"I did," says I.

"By the virtue of your oath, now," says he, "just ask me the question, for I don't believe you asked him."

"How do you know?" says I, "for by this and by that you weren't by."

"None of your business," says he; and he held out his hand, and accordingly I pulled out half a crown and clapped it in his fist, and then I asked him the questions, and he said "Yes" to them all.

"Were these the same questions you put to the prisoner?" says he.  
"Yes, they are," says I.  
"Well, here's your half crown back for ye," says he.

"I can't take it, sir," says I.

"Why not?" says he.

"Why not?" says I; "why, sure I can't take it back till ye go before a magistrate and pay the 'Smart money.'"

"You be hanged," says he, and he put the money in his pocket, and I called to his lordship on the bench for a witness that I had listed him.

And oh, holy biddy, but there was a roar in the court! Begorra, the judge laughed till the tears ran down his face.

The decision of the court being in my favor, I axed the judge if I might take away my new recruit.

But they all roared again, and the counsellor got as red as a turkey cock, and as mad as a bull with the colic; at last he made the best he could of it, and says I to the counsellor, "Don't list in the Line next time, sir."

"What then," says he snappishly.

"Oh yer honor," says I, "stick to the Rifles; that's more in your way."

Well, begorra, when I told the Major, I thought he'd die, and when he'd done laughing he bid me keep the "Smart Money" for myself.

Horton, Ont. VICKERY PHILLIPS.

(230) **A Late Eclipse.**

On the morning of the late eclipse, Captain Von S— of the Fusiliers, issued the following verbal order to his company, through his sergeant-major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade.

"This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At 3 o'clock the whole company will parade in the barracks yard. Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men. Should it rain, they will assemble in the drill shed."

The sergeant-major, having set down his commanding officer's instructions in writing, as he had understood them, formed the company into hollow square, at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them, thus: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barracks yard, by order of the captain, and will be attended by the whole company in fatigue jackets and caps."

The captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person.

Should it rain, the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

Newmarket, Ont. A. R.

(231) **A Literary Biter Bit.**

Mr. Fields is known for his wonderful memory and knowledge of English literature. One day at a dinner party a would-be wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make sport for the company, announced, prior to Mr. Fields' arrival, that he had himself written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began:

"Friend Fields, I have been a great deal exercised of late, trying to find out in Southey's poem his well-known lines running thus, (repeating the lines he had composed), can you tell about what time he wrote them?"

"I do not remember to have met them before," replied Mr. Fields; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him."

"When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner.

"Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiotic one."

The questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.

Jerseyville, Ont. NELSON HOWELL.

(232) **Remarkable Answers.**

GIVEN BY A PUPIL OF THE ABEN SICORD.

What is gratitude? The memory of the heart. What is hope? The blossom of happiness. What is the difference between hope and desire? Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower; enjoyment is a tree in fruit. What is eternity? A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end. What is time? A line that hath two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb. What is God? The necessary being; the sun of eternity; the machine of nature; the eye of justice; the watchmaker of the Universe; the soul of the world. Does God reason? Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates; he decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts, He therefore never reasons.

Riverbank, Ont. Mrs. M. HOLLIS.

(233) **The Supply Exhausted.**

There was once an old minister who was always deploring deeply the want of proper judgment in the members of Parliament in the selection they made in appointing magistrates.

He thought they should be intelligent, Christian men, when in most cases the reverse was the case. Very soon after a number of men throughout the country had been appointed to this office, the old minister was riding out in a nice covered buggy, and was met by one of these newly-appointed magistrates, who addressed the old minister in these words:

"Indeed, Mr. — you are out in style to-day, why don't you do as your Master did?"

"How was that?" said the minister.

"He rode on an ass."

"O, I cannot do that," was the reply.

"Why can't you?" asked the magistrate.

"O, I cannot get one, because the Government has just made magistrates of them all."

MARIA ANDERSON.  
Box 43, Amherst, N. S.

(234) **Put on Pretty Thick.**

A conductor on the Boston and Providence road tells the story of a young lady who entered a train for Boston the other day. She seated herself opposite a gentleman, who, from the first, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant at length, and inquired, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madame, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, madame, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madame, only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and compliment combined to put the lady into a good humor.

Nashamuck, Penn. J. HALLINRANK.

(235) **Family Teeth.**

The Boston Globe prints the following as a "true story":—A toothless couple in one of our rural districts concluded, after much jaw, that they would gum it no longer; that, in fact the family must be provided with a new set of teeth. Three worthy people were not given to ostentatious display; they believed in having something for a rainy day; they also firmly believed the doctrine that the twain were one flesh, and since one pair of spectacles, brass bound, had long sufficed for their united eyes, why not one set of teeth work equally well? Accordingly, these aged mouths repaired to a neighboring dentist, and lo! the triumph of mind over matter—a set of teeth that would bite off a plug of tobacco for "father" or nibble Sunday caraway for "mother," with equal precision.

It is lovely and beautiful to see them at

the little round table ready for dinner. First the old lady picks up the teeth, and makes a good use of her privileges while father is laying up a very generous stock of provisions on his plate. Presently he leans back in his chair, puts down his knife and fork and says, cheerfully, "Come, mother, give me the teeth!" Then the old lady, with true conjugal alacrity, touching to behold, catches them out, hands them across the table to the old gentleman, who dexterously elapsing them into his own mouth, and the family eating goes complacently on, till, perhaps, mother comes to a hard spot and demands the molars. So back and forth like a weaver's shuttle, busily ply the teeth, till the square meal is ended.

St. Thomas, Ont. Mrs. P. G. VARNER.

(236) **An Artist's Work.**

An artist employed in repairing the properties of an old church in Belgium, being refused payment in a lump and asked for details, sent in his bill containing the following, among other items:—

	MRS. G.
Corrected and renewed the Ten Commandments.....	5 12
Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a ribbon in his bonnet.....	3 02
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb.....	3 20
Replumed and gilded the left wing of the guardian angel.....	4 18
Washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheeks.....	5 12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars and cleaned the moon.....	7 14
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory and restored lost souls.....	3 06
Revived the flames of hell, put a new tail on the devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the wicked.....	7 17
Cleaned the cars of Balsam's and shod him.....	3 04
Put earrings in the ears of Sarah....	2 04
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs.....	3 02
Decorated Noah's Ark.....	3 00
Mended the shirt of the prodigal son and cleaned his ears.....	4 00

Total.....59 11  
Mrs. JOSEPH ALLEN

2433 Notre Dame-st., Montreal.

(237) **Seeing Him Off.**

A man jumped off a tramcar the other day, and went running down the street at a mad pace, muttering:

"Confound the 'luck!' and 'The villain I if I only catch him this time!"

Small boys began to follow, men stopped and questioned him, but he only said: "Just wait until I catch him—the villain!" until everyone was fairly excited, and men and boys began to run out of their shops, and started in pursuit of this unknownascal.

By the time they reached the railway station they were two hundred strong. The man galloped on to the platform, and, seeing the guard of the London train, pounced upon him, saying:

"Oh, here you are! Then the train hasn't gone? I've caught you this time."

"No, we don't start for twenty-five minutes," returned the guard.

"Three gentlemen have kindly come to see me off," said the man, indicating the panting crowd with an affable smile.

But no one stopped to wish him goodbye.

R. W. ATKIN.

84 La Salle st., Chicago.

(238) **A Fable.**

Once upon a time a hog drank from a trough into which a barrel of beer had been emptied. He became very much intoxicated. When he came to himself, he was very much ashamed of his conduct. He was truly penitent, and said to his friends, "I have always been a beast until this unlucky slip, and I promise you I'll never make a man of myself again."

Schuyler, Neb. M. McPHERSON.