

let lemme glib em one little toot," pleaded Cuffy, wetting his lips and raising the horn. "If you don't drop that horn, Cuff, I'll whip you within an inch of your life," whispered the exasperated master. "Blow, Gabril, blow, you are now ready for his coming. Blow, Gabril, blow," pleaded the minister. Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation and sent a wild peal ringing from end to end of the church; but, long before its last echo had died away, his master and himself were the only occupants of the building. "Ise ready for de licking, Massa Gabe," said Cuffy, showing every tooth in his head. "For I clare to gracious is wot two lickings to see the way common farm cattle can get ober the ground wid skeared Scensionists behind dem."

MARY C. ROOP.

Springfield, Annapolis Co., N.S.

(334) —Selected.  
**He First Loved Us.**

Some two years ago two gentlemen were riding together, and as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus:

"Do you ever read your Bible?"

"Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God."

"Neither did I," replied the other, "but God loved me."

This answer produced such an effect upon his friend that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies. It opened up to his soul at once the great truth that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

MRS. J. CAMPBELL.

Peterboro, Ont.

(335) —Selected.  
**Sociality.**

Sociality is the best corrective of that serious and prolonged absorption in business or thought or cares which is so detrimental to many of our busy people. Theretaken insulitude, after working hours are over, permits the mind still to pursue one beaten track. The easy-chair and blazing fire may be tempting to the weary toiler, but they do not force his thoughts into other channels or compel him to lay aside the train of ideas that has for long hours been working in his brain. Society, on the contrary, forbids such unwholesome indulgence. She insists upon a total change of mind and manner during her short reign. She calls for vivacity, variety, imagination—if possible, wit and humor, or at least a cheerful interest in that of others. She banishes the accustomed seriousness of mind, the brooding over familiar topics, even the earnestness of strong emotion. For a short time all these are forced to give way to the lighter play of fancy, the excitement of popular interests, and the development of sympathy with others upon unfamiliar and varied subjects. Thus the mind is refreshed and invigorated, unused faculties are brought into exercise, and the lost balance restored by a gentle compulsion that no one desires to resist.

Cobourg, Ont. ROSE MAUD WRIGHT.

(336) —Selected.  
**A Cheap Supply.**

It was in a country church, and the vicar, before morning service, told the curate to give out a notice about baptisms, and another about some new hymn-books. In reading the notices the curate reversed their order, and gave them as follows—"For the future *Hymns Ancient and Modern* will be used in this church."—"There will be a baptism of infants held in this church on Sunday next. All parents wishing to have their children baptised must send in their names to the vicar before Wednesday!" The vicar who is somewhat deaf, heard the curate's voice cease, but did not observe that the order of the notices had been reversed; so he rose and said, "And I should further like to mention that those who wish to procure some of the latter can on applying at the vicarage obtain them for one shilling, or with extra strong backs, for eightpence."

Cataraqui, Ont. H. NORTHMORE.

(337) —Selected.  
**A Ventable Ass.**  
A man sent a note to a rich neighbor whom he was on friendly terms with to borrow an ass for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note, and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," says he; "tell your master I'll come myself presently."

MRS. WM. ROWDEN.

Box 48, St. Catharines, Ont.

(338) —Selected.  
**"O. O. D."**  
An Irish shopkeeper, having ordered a quantity of haddock fish, by the express, was somewhat indignant upon the delivery of the fish, to find on them the letters, C. O. D.

"An sure, man," said Pat, "I didn't order oodfish!"

The expressman examined the fish and pronounced them haddocks.

"Well," said Pat, "cod won't spell haddock!"

"O, no," the expressman replied, "c-o-d spells cod."

"An," said Pat triumphantly pointing to the fish, "them's fish!"

"Yes—you are right there."

"Well, that makes cod fish, don't it, ye spalpeen?"

"But where do you get the 'cod' from?" returns the expressman.

"Look there!" says Pat, pointing to the pretentious C. O. D., "that's cod to be sure!"

"O ho," replied the expressman, "that's C. O. D., which means, 'Collect on Delivery.'"

"Ah, bedad, sir, I didn't think o' that," cried Pat, scratching his head with one hand and feeling for his purse with the other,—"but, young man, let me give you a bit of advice. When yez bring any bundles for me, don't put on any thing mysterious again; but jist reverse the big letters, D O. C., and then yez can deliver on collection, which any fool can understand!"

MRS. LAYLAND.

Queen St., Hamilton, Ont.

(339) —Selected.  
**A Close Call.**

The people of a little town in Warwick county have been hanging right over the brink of a fragrant church scandal, but are not aware of the fact, nor will they be until they read it in the newspapers. Just before the close of the services last Sunday, a good brother walked forward to the pulpit, handed the minister an announcement, as he thought, and asked him to read it to the congregation before he dismissed them. Just before time was called on the doxology the minister said:

"Brother Bramley has handed in the following," and in a clear voice he read the note, which ran as follows:

"My Own Pet Bram: Are you never coming to see me again? I am dying to see my darling once more and gaze into his beloved eyes. The old mummy that calls herself your wife will never find it out. How can you endure her? Come, darling, to one that truly loves you."

"Your own and only

MARY."

The good brother had handed in the wrong announcement. At the close of the reading the minister looked horror-struck, the congregation stared at Bramley with cold, hard faces and his wife stood up in her seat and glared at him like a tigress. His wife was equal to the occasion, however, and rising calmly, with a look of perfect resignation on his face, he said:

"Brothers and sisters, it may seem strange to you that I should ask our beloved pastor to read such a terrible thing from the pulpit; but the best way to fight the devil is to fight him boldly, face to face. The writer of that note is unknown to me, but it is evidently some depraved child of sin, who is endeavoring to besmirch my Christian character, and ruin my, I trust, spotless reputation. I shall use every endeavor

to ferret out the writer, and if discovered will fearlessly proclaim her name, and hold her up to the contempt of all good Christian people."

He sat down amid a murmur of approbation and sympathy, and his wife wanted to hug him right before the congregation. That evening he told the writer of the note what had occurred, and remarked, with a grin, that it was the closest call he ever had in his life.

MRS. LUTITIA HANDIN.

Beech, Kentucky.

(340) —Selected.  
**Credit Good There.**

This fact called to the mind of Assistant Treasurer Graves an amusing incident during Treasurer Spinner's administration:

"One day," said Mr. Graves, "a letter was received with a Confederate note inclosed. The sender wrote that as the United States had confiscated the assets of the late Confederacy, he supposed the liabilities would be assumed, and he trusted that the bill would be promptly exchanged. The Treasurer was in one of his gouty moods that day, and in answer to my request for instructions in replying he growled, 'Tell him to go to h—.' In obedience to the order I wrote a letter in which it was stated that, as the headquarters of the concern which issued the note had been removed to the place of inception, the infernal regions, the Treasurer advises you to present the note there for payment in person. Mr. Spinner laughed dryly as he signed the letter, and remarked that he supposed this would close the correspondence. We heard nothing from the writer for some time and had about forgotten the incident, when one day a letter was received from him again, in which he apologized for the delay in answering, and said it had been due to the time consumed in complying with the advice of the Treasurer. He added:

"I have been to the place indicated, and was so fortunate as to find the Old Boy himself behind the counter. Much to my surprise he cashed the note at once, with the remark that old Spinner's indorsement was good there at any time."

May, Michigan. JNO. F. TURNER.

(341) —Selected.  
**The Best Lecture.**

A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous liquors, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would soon have been drank but the young lady asked:

"Did you call upon me, or upon papa?" Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, we called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added: "Remember, if you call upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if you call upon papa why, in that case I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents untasted. After leaving the house, one of the party exclaimed, "that was the most effectual temperance lecture I ever heard."

Indeed, it was seed sown in good ground. It took root, sprang up, and is now bearing fruit. The young man, from whom these facts were obtained, broke off at once from the use of all intoxicating drink, and is now a clergyman, preaching temperance and religion. As he related the circumstances to me, tears came into his eyes. He sees his former dangerous position, and holds in grateful remembrance the lady who gracefully, and still resolutely, gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.

Virgil, Ont.

EVA GERTON.

(342) —Selected.  
**How a Woman Corners a Hen.**

When a woman has a hen to drive into a coop she takes hold of her hoofs with both hands, shakes them quietly towards the delinquent, and says, "Shew! there." Then she takes one look at the object to con-

vince herself it's a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop, in perfect disgust of the sex. A man don't do that way. He goes out doors and says, "It is singular nobody in the house can drive a hen but myself," and picking up a stick of wood hurls it at the offending biped, and observes, "get in there, you thief." The hen immediately losing her reason dashes to the opposite end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back again with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of store-wood, fruit-cans and coal-clinkers, with a much-puffing and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims up on the stoop and under the barn, and over a fence or two and around the house, and back again to the coop, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and by a man whose coat is on the ground, and whose perspiration and profanity appear to have no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate, and help dodge the missiles—and then the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down the street, and the woman dons her hoops and has every one of those hens housed and contented in two minutes, and the only sound heard on the premises is the hammering of the oldest boy as he mends the broken pickets.

Barrie, Box 117. MRS. L. H. KEATING.

(343) —Selected.  
**A Whiskey Miracle.**

A Scotch lairdie went to the squire with his man Sandy, and they got to drinking whiskey from night until morning.

The next morning, on their way home on horseback, Sandy following the lairdie, both very drunk, they came to a little bit of a burn, and the lairdie, pulling on the bridle pulled himself over the horse's neck, over his ears, splash into the water.

"Sandy, Sandy, something has fell off."

"Oh, no; there's nothing fell off."

"Sandy, I heard a splash."

Sandy got off his horse, and said: "It is yourself that has fell in the water."

"It can't be me, for I am here."

Sandy got his master on his horse again, but wrong side before.

"Now," said the lairdie, "Sandy, gimme the bridle! Gimme the bridle, Sandy."

"Lairdie, you must wait until I find the bridle."

"I must have a bridle, Sandy."

"Lairdie there isn't any bridle, and there isn't any place for a bridle. Lairdie, here's a miracle; the horse's head's off and I can't find the place where it was, and there isn't nothing left but a piece of his mane."

"Gimme the mane, then, Sandy. Whoa! He is going the wrong way!"

Jarvis-st., Toronto. H. H. MASON.

(344) —Selected.  
**Pat's Mistake.**

Pat, after working several weeks on a farm, thought he understood everything in connection with farming; but one day he and his master went to work to cut wood. They found to their disadvantage that they forgot the cant-hook.

Pat, with his usual bravery, said: "I will go for it; but where shall I find it?"

His master replied: "You will find it around the barn somewhere."

Now, Pat did not want to let his master see that he did not know what a cant-hook was, so off he started for the barn, all the time wondering what a cant-hook was, but thinking he might see something that would indicate a cant-hook. After reaching the barn inside and out, high and low, he resolved to give up the search. Just then a thought came into his mind that he would bring out the old black muley cow.

When Pat got to the bush his master asked him what he brought the cow for.

"Your lord, sir," it is the only thing I can see about the barn that can't hook."

Lavender, Ont.

HENRY DIXON.