

When Mr. John H. Burton, the historiographer of Scotland, visited Ireland and made his first trial of an Irish jaunting-car, he sentimentally remarked to his fellow-traveller: 'Now you perceive that we have arrived in a country where property is scarce, and therefore valuable, but where human life is redundant, and therefore of no account. Here, you observe, they put the wheels under the seat, and protect them with the legs of passengers.'

Bishop Wilberforce once spoke to a gamekeeper upon a neighbouring estate, where he sometimes spent a quiet day shooting, about not going to church. The man pleaded guilty to the bishop's impeachment, but added that he read his Bible on Sunday afternoons. 'And, my lord,' said the keeper, 'I do not find there that the Apostles went shooting.' 'You are quite right,' replied the bishop; 'but it was because there was no game in the Holy Land. They went fishing instead.'

A correspondent of the *Hour* has a story at the expense of the oldest Unitarian church in Boston: 'An Englishman who happened in there, the other day, was so struck by the adherence to the forms of the establishment and the retention of the name 'King's Chapel,' that he thought they were hopeful signs of attachment to the crown of England. 'By Jove,' he declared, 'it wouldn't be hard to bring you republicans back to monarchy, all you want is some more Denis Kearneys.'

A friend of the writer's spent a part of last summer in a sequestered village in the valley of the Tweed. Before she returned home she had become acquainted with a number of the village folk, among the rest with one quaint old lady whom she frequently met during her walks. One day she encountered Mrs. Blair at some distance from the village, and as usual stopped to say a few words. 'I've just met some grand people in their carriage, Mrs. Blair,' she said. 'The Countess of Eskdale and her daughter.' 'Ay, ay, mem, I ken them. The daughter's Lady Westmuir the noo, I'm thinking.' 'No, no, you are a little wrong there, Mrs. Blair,' said Mrs. A. 'The Countess of Eskdale's daughter is not Lady Westmuir; she's Lady Brabazon.' 'Ay, ay, mem, ye're quite richt; that's just the name, "Lady Brawbizzon"' replied the old lady.

A canny Scotchman in Brechin, after having spent a year or two in the married state, had the misfortune, the other day, to lose his wife. No sooner was he bereft of the partner of his cares than he consoled himself with a review of his worldly circumstances. 'I had,' said he, 'but a shilling in my pocket when I was married, and now that my wife is dead I have ninepence, so that I have only lost threepence.'

## SIRENS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,

### *A Song of 'Society.'*

In his ship stood Ulysses close-bound to the mast,  
Till the perilous rocks of the Sirens he passed;  
His crew of grim sea-dogs each tugged at his oar,  
Their ears stopped with wax to all voices from shore,  
Each stolid, gray wave-worn old face turned away  
From the reef where those treacherous song-stresses lay.  
At the mast stood Ulysses, all eye and all ear,  
Secure mid temptation, the temptress to hear.

He saw them—three girls, that, waist-high in the wave,  
To his gaze all their glory of loveliness gave,  
Each shape like a statue the King could behold,  
Half hid by her tresses of garlanded gold,  
And they chaunted this song to Ulysses the wise,  
With voices as sweet as their lips and their eyes,—

'Oh come, great Ulysses! come hither, we know  
Of the home that you sailed from ten long years ago,  
In the dim misty morning, while wailed from the shore,  
The women who wept you returning no more,  
And we know all brave deeds that the Heroes have done,  
Of the fair, faithless Queen, and of Troy lost and won;  
Come hither and rest thee, tired Hero, wise King,  
For of all that has charm in the wide world we sing.'

He heard with delight, and had yielded at last!  
But his crew were stone-deaf, and the ropes held him fast,  
So those dangerous damsels he safely got past.  
Old Homer's quaint tale has a moral quite new,  
And Society's Sirens are dangerous too—  
Though one thinks oneself safe-tied with bonds that are fast,  
One gets wrecked on the rocks of the Sirens at last.

Toronto.

M.