

GRAVE AND GAY.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

We bought him a box for his books and toys,
And a cricket bag for his bat.
And he looked the brightest and best of boys,
Under the new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train,
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart ;
But he only shouldered his bat with glee,
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind ;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true ;
And the parents' love the love that is old,
And the children's love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower,
Which only groweth down ;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour
As we drove back through the town.

A BISHOP IN HIS PROGRESSION.

A well-known English bishop became dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace, and called in an eminent architect to advise as to possible alterations. The architect took time to consider, and, when he finally brought in his plans and estimates, the figures were so great that the bishop relinquished his project. "And now," said the bishop, "I shall be glad if you will tell me how much I shall pay you for the trouble in the matter." "I thank your lordship," was the answer. "One hundred pounds." The amount was disconcerting. "Why, sir," said the bishop, "many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's service." "That

may be true, my lord ; but you will remember that I happen to be a bishop in my profession." There was nothing more to be said, and the cheque was drawn.

"CHIMMIE" ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

"Swipesey, I'm dead sore on dis town."
"Wot's der matter, Chimmie, got wheels in yer head?"

"Soy, Swipesey, don't cher read der papers wot yer sells? Didn't yer see dat about der young English girl wot come here from Montreal, an' stopped at der W.C.T.U. joint, an' w'en she got shy fer her feed an' couldn't make good, dey fired her out? Dey gave her the run good an' hard, an' swiped her togs an' gold' fogle. Der frosty han's she got from dat push cracked her tender heart, an' she jus' died, dat's all, simply Rip Van Winckled out of her troubles, an' she never saw der streets er Cairo, needer. Den dey takes an' dumps her in ter a hole in der bone yard, wid doud even a Gospel pounder bein' dere to say a prayer over der poor stiff. Jus' get yer t'ink tank ter work, fer a minnit, an' try an get it troo yer nut dat all dis happened in dis great religious city. Get yer lamps on all der swell Gospel mills, wid steeples and mortgages on 'em, dat dere is in dis city, an' den t'ink fer a minnit dat dis poor girl was planted in dat frosty way. But tanks ter der Daughters of Englan', the matter has been thoroughly ventilated. An' dis is der town where dey won't have Sunday street cars, ner allow a band ter play hymns in der parks, an' its pretty much der same gang wots kickin' agin der cars wot give der maid der marble heart. Yer can bet yer life me loidy fren' on Charvic-street wouldn't have seen dat girl git der wors' of it, an' she don't ask ter have her name put in der papers, as a great Christian worker, an' dat's no lie. Dese women wots lookin' fer notoriety in der papers is no good.—Toronto World.

"This," said the burglar, as he smilingly produce, I his jimmy and dynamite, "is a safe game."