

ON AN APPLE TREE.



HE farmer in the apple tree is prancing round about,
He treads upon the bending limbs and reaches boldly out,
He plucks the erst forbidden fruit used firstly to deceive
In Eden, but his thoughts run not on Adam nor on Eve.
He is thinking with what speeding strides Old Time has ambled by,
Since this goodly tree

was but a twig, whose twigs now poke his eye.

Its slender form but yesterday in one hand he did take,
And trod the earth about its roots and tied it to a stake;
Another yesterday it seems when its first fruit he tried,
And swore that the tree-pedlar who sold it to him lied;
The very branch on which it grew now catches him behind.
And all his blue jean pantaloons are streaming in the wind.

He well remembers, too, the day the hired man broke a limb
In ploughing, and the epithets with which he went for him;
How its lop-sided shapelessness annoyed him many a day,
And tempted him to take the axe and clear it quite away.
Instead he grafted in a bud to fill the vacant place,
A score of offshoots from that bud now scourge him on the face.

He thinks on all that he has done, on all that has occurred,
On all the changes years have made, and all his soul is stirred.
Through Memory's halls he wends his way while on the apple tree,
And dwells on things that might have been, if he had let things be.
And thus on ashes of the past his phoenix thoughts are fed,
When a burly pippin knocks both him and them upon the head.

The leaves are scattered round the tree by many a windy storm,
And spreading wide upon the sward appears its spectral form;
Like a geometric spider's web, its outlines have been wrought,
And the shadow of the farmer seems a stout blue-bottle caught.
While thinking thus he steps upon a limb which is unsound,
And the pensive agriculturist is tumbled to the ground.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

HOW SCOTTIE CURED THE MISTAKEN CALLERS, AND WAS CURED HIMSELF?

IN QUARANTINE, Oct. 25, '88.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,

If I'm no oot o' my mind wi' the way I've suffered frae the ringin' o' that door bell, it's just anither proof that I'm nae ordinary man, an' that my mind's no ane that can be upset wi' ony ordiner' calamity. Still it's the continual dreepin' that wears the rock, ye ken, an' tae tell ye the truth, I wadna like tae move inta anither hoose that a minister had moved oot o'. Nicht an' day at a 'oors that bell gaed an' aye it was the Rev. Wiry Jones that was wanted. At scrach o' day I wad hae tae loup oot o' ma bed an' it wad be an onnatually early milk man wantin' tae ken whar the Rev. Wiry Jones had moved till. Then aboot breakfast time wad come a ring, an' it was a man gane awa on the train, an' he wanted a word wi the minister afore he gaed awa; then a while after twa emigrants came wi' letters o' introduction tae the Rev. Wiry Jones. Then a woman came an wanted tae borrow ten dollars frae the reverend man because she kent he had a real feelin' heart, an' anither auld man came an wanted a letter written tae his son in Californy. He had lost the address, but he thocht, bein' a minister, the Reverend Wiry wad be apt tae guess aboot it. Then a temperance deputation drove up tae the door an steppit in

an shook hands wi me afore I could get breath tae tell them they had taen the wrong soo by the lug. Aboot four o'clock i' the afternoon a man cam tae the door an' shook his fist i' ma face and tellt me I was paid for preachin' the Gospel, an' it was nane o' my business hoo he paid his employees or hoo lang 'oors he keepit them workin': an' if I didna stop preachin' at his parteecklar private sins, he wud find means tae get me hoisted oot o' that! Losh! I just leuch at the man! After that an auld man wi a bit lassie o' seeventeen or sae, wantet tae ken if I wad marry them, but I telled them a woman may not marry her grandfather, an' sent the auld fule awa as mad as a hornet. He'll be thankful tae me for that some day. Then another couple cam, a likely pair, but I telled them it wad be the sorrow o' ma life that I cudna reverse the arithmetical rule by makin' twa one, on account o' me no bein' in tae holy orders yet. A man that had just buried his wife cam tae me for consolation, an' I telled him that absence made the heart grow fonder, an that the Reverend Wiry Jones might be fond through a directory. Then they cam wantin subscriptions for a beggar, an' when I telled them the Rev. gentleman had moved oot o' here, they wantit tae ken if I wadna like tae subscribe till't in the capacity o' a private member! When it came the next mornin' I was wakened oot o' ma fine mornin' snooze wi' somebody hammerin' carpet tacks. This was Mistress Airlie nailin' doon packsheets on tae the hall tae save the oilcloth, for there was sich a runnin' tae the door after folk seekin' the Rev. Wiry Jones. My banes were that stiff wi' bein' keepit on my feet a' day answerin' that door bell, that I really felt ma health cudna' stand anither day o't. Ma wife proposed tae bring ma meals intae the hall an' let me sit at the back o' the door tae be handy, but faith I fell on a better plan than that. I tuk a muckle caird an' I wrote upon't in muckle capitals, "SMALL POX," an' then I nailed it on ootside the door an' sat doon ahint the lace window curtains, like a muckle speeder, tae watch hoo mony wad come. It ackt't like magic. Me an Mistress Airlie laughed till the tears ran doon our cheeks tae see the awfu' scatteration that caird made. First, they wud com across the street thinkin' it was a "Let" on the door, an' then the minit they wad spell it oot, they wad turn an' flee like hens we' a whittrick after them. But wae's me, hoo short lived is anythin' in the way o' mirth in this weary world. I was sittin' at the parlour window, an' my wife was sittin' on ma knee fell canty, when what should I see drivin' up tae the door but a sma pox ambulance! An' there were we bundled in neck an' crop, in spite o' a' oor protests an' explanations, an' driven off tae the sma' pox hospital! Nae maitter what I said, we were telled noo we were there we wad hae tae ride quarantine till we wad see whether the pocks cam oot on's! Ma feelin's overcome me sae muckle when I think on a' I've suffered through that Rev. Wiry Jones, that I've only spunk enough left tae sign mysel yours in Quaranteen,

HUGH AIRLIE.

SHE SYMPATHIZED WITH HER.

AT ST. LAWRENCE MARKET.

FIRST WOMAN—"How m-m-mu-much is your b-b-butter a p-p-pound?"

SECOND WOMAN—"T-t-t-twenty-five c-c-c-cents."

FIRST W.—"Are you m-m-mocking m-m-me?"

SECOND W.—"N-n-n-no, I was b-b-bo-born that way."

FIRST W.—"Oh! wha-wha-what a p-p-p-pity!"