

We have often wondered why it is that a man's hand, holding a cent, will advance to meet the contribution plate, while in the case of a fifty cent piece, the coin requires to be elevated on a level with the head, and held in the tip of the fingers, in that position, for a few seconds, and then dropped on the plate with a clatter that never fails to arouse the congregation.

(For the Torch.)

JOSH MUFF ON HIS TRAVELS.

No use talking Huldai I am going to Bosting to spend the Holidays remark Josh Muff to his better half, Mrs. Muff, as he threw an armful of wood down (that he had just brought in) before one of those old-fashioned fire-places you see in different parts of the country. "Well Josh if you must, there is no gaining it, but look a hear, I have got to darn your stockings, patch up your trousers and waistcoat, and make, sew some buttons on your shirts, and then, again, your boots will want a patch or 2, and while you are waiting to have that done, just step into the grocery store and get a few paper collars, and, I guess, that will complete your wardrobe." "All right my dearest Huldai, I shall remember you in my dreams," and at the same time he planted many affectionate kisses, with considerable warath on her wrinkled brow. Everything being ready he started for the river with his Grandmother's hair trunk covered with brass nails (I believe this trunk was brought over in the *Mayflower*, and landed at Taylor's Island, owned by Judge Nowlin), on his shoulder; having adjusted a pair of Welpy's long reach skates, and throwing her a parting kiss with his mit, away he scudded for South Bay; having arrived there in good season, and through the kindness of the freight brakeman, was permitted to ride into the city on the cattle car. Hiring a Professor Diggs' hand cart to convey his kit. It wasnt many moments before he was domiciled in Hotel De Undertheliff, Shantville, where he indulged in all of the luxurions of the season, and then retired to his couch to dream of his future.

BOSTON, Dec 20, 1877.

My Dearest Huldai:—Mabeo you received my letter ere this, giving you a description of my arrival in St. John. Well, next morning friend Melick was on hand *bright* and early, ready to eskort me to the kears, having secured a sleeping berth and crossed the duskeed palm of the porter with some Canadian scrip. I retired to the rear end of the kears, and while we were disappearing in the arial perspective, I waived my red and yellow hanana hankerchief (you gave me on my last birthday) to the gaping and admirin crowd, and as they were lost to me by the Narypiece hills shutting off my view, I immedeatly witted. "Oh, Huldai, you ought to have seen me then, I was so completely emasheated from weeping I could hardly recover my equilibrium as I manderated to my seat, and it was fortunate that it was contiguous to me at the time, or else I should have dropt on the floor. Howsomever I soon had the simpounce of the parsengers. Prettee soon a very bashful young man going threw the kears, amazed me by his lavishness, giving to me newspapers, books oranges, prize packages of nuts and candy, and such a nice lot of things that my bossun convexed and concaved with emobchions, at his generosity and his goodness of heart; and then the peoples were so good. Dear Huldai, I found it was obligderatory to drop a tear in silence. Howsomever I soon packed them all away in my portmantoo, for you and then I took a snooze, from wich I was soon awaked, by hearing Frederictown Junkshun in my ears. Wishing to stretch my legs, I thought I would promanadd up and down the platform, and see the Conducters loading the kears with shingles for the Fee Gee Island market. While contemplating that very interesting feeter in

our xport trade, I was introduced to his Royal Nibbs, the Gov., Dr. Dow, and a grate many other lessor lights. We had quite a Coufab about the Potater trade and the prospects of the many starch factories that were springen up all over the land to manefactor the above artele from the above vegetable, his remarks ware very lueydill, and he insidentlee staded that his next inaugorrill would contain some faks about the above artele very littel noon in this kumnetee, and also he would say something about the medissenallee partypotes of lactecal fluyed, he talked very learnedlee I assure you, I kaushlee hapend to ask his xeelencee the meanin of those peoplee I seed hereabouts warerin blu riben, and at the same time gnessed they mite be h's sweet, "Oh no he said, with a smile, it is nearlee a freeke and a result of the Makensee tidal waye, wich shoek our good city from centar to circumerence. I teped his kolossal brow very gentlee, and said, "old head," but as it wasnt a very good day for that sort of thing, I was obliged to retire to me kear with parched lips, and remunerate on the great dissepontechion flesh is air to. You would hardlee beleve me, Dear Huldai, how I am xpanden and grown to be elevated, and as our former lokall pote rites.

I am meetin with the grate and the nobell of earth. It strikes me, I shall forget the actunee of my birth.

BYRON DE WOOLF, D.D. A.

As the male cloces in about 2 minites and a half, I must close this to go by the litening xpress. Many kisses to you and all the young Muff's.

Adoo for the present,
Yours till death,

JOSU.

P. S.—My next will bee about Bosting. Be sure and send me my boilled shirts by male.

JOSU.

Dear Mr. Torch.—Can't you persuade the gentleman, who sits in one of the back seats in Exmouth Street Church, not to snore so loudly, while the Service is going on—so that we who sit near him may hear the sermon; especially when it is so elegant and thoughtful as that preached last Sunday morning.

Please wake him up a little, and oblige,

Yours,
LISTENER.

HIS BILLET-DOUX.—He was such a nice young man, and as he has tended to the Post office we saw by his beaming countenance that he expected a *billet-doux* from his dearest. He looked into box — and said—"There it is, I knew dear Fannie would not disappoint me." To the clerk—"Will you please hand me that letter out of box —. He gets it, opens the envelope carefully for fear of destroying any of the precious writing, when suddenly a black frown came over his placid brow, and an exclamation commencing with d— which we are sure was not dearest came from his lips. Instead of a *billet-doux* from Fanny it was a *bill-be-due* from Snip the tailor on King Street, who intimated that "if your little bill is not settled immediately it will be placed in the hands of Mr. Briefless for collection." Adonis, as he walks slowly and sadly along Canterbury Street, concluded that at this season of the year it is a difficult matter to determine when you receive a letter on which is a one cent stamp whether its a love or a dunning letter.

(From the Globe).

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A GOOD HOUSEMAID.
JAS. DOMVILLE.

Mr. Domville is having a very good home made on the corner of Prince William and King streets. Does he want another?

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

The city Council of London, Ont., yesterday gave the press reporters \$25 each for their services during the year.—*Ex*

If our Council would do likewise with the poor unfortunates, the speeches of those who voted in favor of the grant would be models of perfection.

A farmer on the fever and ague marshes of New Jersey has named his daughter "Malaria." She will doubtless be great shakes of a girl.—*N. Y. Mail*. The law should not permit a father to bestow such sickly names on his children.—*Norristown Herald*.

If fever he has another he might call her Ague-sta, or if a boy, how would Shake-ob do?

Why is a man charged with crime like types? Because he should not be *locked up* till the matter is well proceed.—*Printer's Miscellany*.

That is our "impression" likewise, and if the "case" is a clear one, send him to the "galleys" for life.

A party of young fellows found fault with the butter on the boarding house table. "What's the matter with it?" said the mistress. "Just you ask it," said one; "it is old enough to speak for itself."—*Ex*.

Very ill bred to talk that way about the butter to the landlady. Butter feelings have probably been hurt so often in this way that she's used to it now.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

Humbog is the title of a new weekly to be started in London shortly. *Humbog* will be pictorially represented on its title page by a man laughing behind a serious mask.

Saturday Night, a weekly literary and dramatic paper, has appeared in Toronto, W. B. Macdonald, editor.—*Printer's Miscellany*.

A penny newspaper has been started in London by Miss Emily Faithful.—*Ex*.

Emily will be faithfully penny-tent before long for having Em-barked in such a hazardous enterprise.

Of May Agnes Fleming's works, G. W. Carleton & Co. have sold nearly 100,000 vols., and her new novel, "Silent and True," starts off nearly as well as if there were no "hard times" for booksellers to talk about.

Bret Harte's story of "The Hoodlum Band," published in the January number of *Godey's Lady's Book*, also appears in the January *Temple Bar*, an English magazine.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* this week contains a portrait of the late Victor Emmanuel, and of a much handsomer man, Mayor Earle, of St. John, N. B.—*Kingston (Ont.) Whip*.

No bouquets, your Worship.

Alexander H. Stephens will contribute to the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article on the Electoral Commission.

Kellogg, who stole the "Son of the Milkmaid" from Sidney Dobell, and sold it to Scribner for five dollars, is not receiving very kind notices from the press, and is not likely to try his little game on any other magazine.—*Norristown Herald*.

A man who would do that should be executed. But wouldn't the *Galaxy* have been the most appropriate, as it was in the "Milky Way?"

What kind of a vessel does the *Globe Democrat* resemble?

A steal clad and clip-per built.

Appropriate quotation for the present time—"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer."