

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Do you know of St. Giles-on-the-Green,
Which the moon gilds with bright silver sheen,
Where the clock from the towers
Chimes gladly the hours
For matins, or vespers at e'en ?

Do you know of its turreted towers,
That peep from their green shaded bowers,
And the ivy that climbs
To the belfry, that chimes
The come and the go of the hours ?

Did you never once feel the desire
To kneel in the transept or choir,
Or sit still and gaze
At the sun's dying rays
That gild the gray cross on its spire ?

We will go when the bright silver sheen
Of the moonbeams shines softly at e'en,
Through the gloom we will steal
At the altar we'll kneel,
And we'll pray at St. Giles-on-the-Green.

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I wish to communicate a good story of the late Lord Lynedoch. The old man loved a good Scotch evening, and used to get his parish minister to sit up with him drinking toddy. One Saturday night they sat till very late. The clergyman, thinking of his next day's labours, attempted several times to depart but was always restrained by the importunities of Lord Lynedoch and his repeated 'Anither glass, and then—minister,' spoken with the good old accent. Next day the minister grimly set the great hour-glass of the pulpit conspicuously before him, while His Lordship, without noticing, went off to sleep and woke at the usual time for departure; what was his surprise, however, when the preacher with an almost imperceptible twinkle under his brows said gravely and slowly, at the same time turning the hour-glass upside down: 'Anither glass, and then—my laird.'—*W. D. L.*

First boy in the class stand up, 'What is the emblem of England, Ireland, and Scotland?' 'The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, sir.' Correct. Second boy stand

up—'Who would fight for the Rose?' 'An Englishman, sir.' Correct. Third boy stand up—'Who would fight for the Shamrock?' 'An Irishman, sir.' Correct. Next boy—'Who would fight for the Thistle?' *Bouldie M'Craw's Cuddie, sir.*

Scene—A tailor's shop. Customer: 'Mun, George, ye've made this waistcoat o' mine far ower wide.' Tailor: 'Weel, Tammas, efter the dinner I saw ye tak' tither day I thocht ye wud sin require it a'.'

Another poet comes forward and says, 'And I hear the hiss of a scorching kiss.' Some evening her father will come in, and the poet will hear the click of a scorching kick, but he will fail to record the fact in verse.

A woman accidentally went to church with two bonnets on her head—one stuck inside the other—and the other women in the congregation almost died of envy. They thought it was a new kind of bonnet, and too sweet for anything.

There is a tradition in Dunlop parish, in Ayrshire, that one morning long ago, in the gray dawn, a man of the name of Brown was walking over Dunlop Hill when he was surprised to see the devil in the form of a headless horse galloping round him. Instantly he fell on his knees and prayed fervently, when Nick, uttering an unearthly 'nicher,' which made the ground tremble, vanished in a 'flaucht o' fire.'

A Highlandman residing in Glasgow was called upon by an acquaintance who had been a short time in England, and who had returned to Glasgow in search of employment. The Highlander referred to gave his old friend a warm welcome, and in order to show how willing he was to give him sleeping accommodation said—'Yes, Mr. Macpherson, I wud poot mysel' far more aboot for you than I wud for any of my own relashiuns; and mind you this (he added), I'm just one of those men who wud poot mysel' aboot for no mortal man whateffer!'