

A FINE TRANSLATION.

The following version of a popular song, which applies with special point to the youth of Canada, is given as an example of literary taste and tact. The lines appeared originally in the London *Educational Times*, as was meet, and the author remains unrevealed, with the bare initials J. S. W.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

1.
I've travell'd about a bit in my time,
And of troubles I've seen a few,
But I've found it best in every clime
To paddle my own canoe.
2.
My wants are small, I care not at all
If my debts are paid when due;
I drive away strife in the ocean of life,
While I paddle my own canoe.
3.
I have no wife to bother my life,
No lover to prove untrue,
But the whole day long, with a laugh and a song,
I paddle my own canoe.
4.
I rise with the lark, and from daylight till dark
I do what I have to do;
I'm careless of wealth, if I have only health
To paddle my own canoe.
5.
'Tis well on a friend now and then to depend,
That is, if you've proved him true;
But you'll find it better by far in the end
To paddle your own canoe.
6.
To borrow is dearer by far than to buy,
A maxim, though old, still true;
You never will sigh, if you only will try
To paddle your own canoe.
7.
If a hurricane rise in the mid-day skies,
And the sun is lost to view,
Move steadily by, with a steadfast eye,
And paddle your own canoe.
8.
The daisies that spring in the bright green fields
Are blooming so sweet for you;
So hope for the best, and drive care from your breast,
While you paddle your own canoe.
9.
And love your neighbour as yourself
While the world you go travelling through,
And never sit down with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your own canoe.

CYMBAM REGAS IPSE TUAM.

1.
Per varios casus mihi contigit usque vagari;
Per varias turbas heu! mala multa tuli;
Sed mihi vita fluit semper gratissima, quando
Mi propriam cymbam propria dextra regit.
2.
Haud egeo multis, nec quid mea pectora vexat,
Debita si tantum solvere cuncta queam;
Et strepitus fugio, commota per æquora vitæ,
Dum propriam cymbam propria dextra regit.
3.
Nulla mihi conjux, quæ litibus omnia turbet,
Nullaque, quæ pactam fallat, amica, fidem;
Perque diem totum, dum ridens carmina canto,
Mâ propriam cymbam propria dextra regit.
4.
Occiduum ad solem, ex horâ quâ surgit alauda,
Assiduâ perago, quæ peragenda, manu;
Non ego divitias cupio, si sit modò robur
Quo propriam cymbam propria dextra regat.
5.
Haud nocet interdum certo confidere amico,
Si tibi reverà certus amicus erit;
At tibi res melius multo, mihi crede, gerentur,
Si propriam dextram propria cymba regat.
6.
Empta tibi constant, quàm mutua sumpta, minoris;
Hoc vetus est carmen; sed tibi vera canit;
Nunquam tristis eris, si vi conabere summâ
Ut propriam cymbam propria dextra regat.
7.
Si consurgat hiems, quum sol medio axe coruscat,
Et nitidum condunt nubila densa diem,
Tu tamen in rectum pergas, tu lumine certo,
Et propriam cymbam propria dextra regat.
8.
Aspice quot flores decorant viridantia rura!
Hæc tibi (sic libeat credere) rura nitent;
Sic tibi spes adsit semper, cura omnis abesto,
Dum propriam cymbam propria dextra regit.
9.
Teque ut amas ipsum, tibi sic vicinus ametur,
Mortales inter dum breve tendis iter;
Nec tibi deturpent rugæ, nec lacryma, vultum,
Sed propriam cymbam propria dextra regat.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Gabriel Dumont is said to be a rare marksman.
Mr. Dewdney was still in the Northwest, when last heard from.
A large number of Canadians are travelling in Europe this summer.
Hon. Edward Blake is doing legal work in the Courts of the Privy Council.
Hon. Mr. Mercier has been made Commander of the Papal order of St. Gregory.
M. Perrotin, a french astronomer, says he has seen giants building Canals on the Planet Mars.
Several of the Federal Ministers are away for their holidays, but they are all within hailing distance.
The week has passed without any further news about the appointment of a new Minister of the Interior.
Lieut. Colonel White has been promoted to the deputy Postmaster Generalship and it is expected that he will therefore resign the command of the 48th battalion.
Honourable Mr. Greenway has achieved a sweeping victory, in the Manitoba general elections. The terms he made with the Federal Government stood him in good stead.
Mr. John Lowe, after doing the work of deputy, beside that of secretary, of the Department of Agriculture, for several years, has at length been made deputy. The promotion is thoroughly deserved.
Dr. Holmes's humour is as delightful as ever. A Buffalo woman, born in the Bay State, asked the autocrat what the authoritative pronunciation of Faneuil Hall was. She promptly received this dictated reply: "Some folks—Faneuil; old folks—Funnel."

Personal dissensions in a military body are bad enough, and should be referred at once to the highest tribunal, before further mischief is done. Colonel Macpherson, of the Governor Generals' Foot Guards is at loggerheads with almost all his officers, and neither side seems disposed to yield.

A model of the memorial statue of the late Colonel Williams, to be raised at Port Hope, has been prepared by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, of Toronto, and approved by the Memorial Committee. The statue, of heroic size, will be cast in bronze, and set on a grey granite pedestal, twelve feet high. The Colonel of the Midlands will be represented with uplifted sword, giving the word of command.

The latest anecdote is very characteristic of Gladstone. To a prominent author who expressed a wish that the old gentleman's life and strength might long be spared, he replied:—"Yes, I confess I wish to live for two great objects. You can guess one of them. It is to settle the Irish question. The other is to convince my countrymen of the substantial identity between the theology of Homer and that of the Old Testament."

The Rev. Dr. Littledale, in the *Spectator*, relates that when before the ritual commission, he remarked that it was very difficult to bring an Anglican bishop to trial for any ecclesiastical offense. Archbishop Tait then asked him, "What is the case as regards an Archbishop?" "There are," replied Dr. Littledale, "no means whatever provided for bringing an Archbishop to trial." To which Dr. Tait responded with a complacent smile, "I am exceedingly glad to hear it."

Mr. Moffat, the distinguished African missionary, and the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, once preached a long sermon to a crowd of negroes. Shortly after he had finished he saw a number of negroes gathered about a simple-minded young savage. He went to them and discovered that the savage was preaching his sermon over again. Not only was he reproducing the same words, but imitating the manner and gestures of the white preacher.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Mr. John Ruskin has been giving expression to his religious views. In reply to a letter touching upon his personal views in connection with the sacrament of the holy communion, he has written as follows: "My dear sir: I am extremely thankful for the sympathy expressed in your letter, but I fear you have scarcely read enough to know the breadth of my own creed or communication. I gladly take the bread, water, wine, or meat of the Lord's Supper with members of any family or nation who obey Him, and should be equally sure it was His giving—if I were myself worthy to receive it—whether the intermediate mortal hand were the pope's, the queen's, or a hedge-side gypsy's. It is not time that fails me for reading, but strength. I am but yesterday back out of the grave, and can read little. Ever yours, gratefully,

"JOHN RUSKIN."



Some one has asked, where do flies go in Winter? We don't know, but we wish they would go there in Summer.

"Vat," said the collector of a little German band to a citizen who sat in his front window, "you no give noddings for dot moosic?" "Not a cent," replied the citizen, with hopeless emphasis. "Don't ve blay some more, dat's all!" threatened the collector, so the citizen hastily gave up a quarter.

"Ma," remonstrated Robby, "when I was at grandma's she let me have two pieces of pie." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are two much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."

Noted Electrician—"I see you still have that old notion that a lightning rod is a protection." Nebraska Farmer:—"I have." "Well, of course, you don't keep up with the electrical progress of the age and can't be expected."—"I take half a dozen newspapers and three magazines, including the *Electrical Review*, sir." "You do? Well, well! Now, sir, if that is the case, will you be kind enough to tell me what you think a lightning rod on your house protects you from?" "Lightning rod agents."

HIGHLY COLORED TESTIMONY.—"You say you heard both shots fired?" asked an Austin lawyer, who was cross-examining a witness in a murder case.

"Yess, sah—heard bofe shots. Dey was fired simon-taneously, sah."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sah; bofe ob 'em was fired simon-taneously. I wasn't more than forty feet off at de time."

"But on the direct examination you swore the shots were fired one after the other, and now you say they were fired simultaneously."

"Jes what I said, sah. Bofe shots were fired simon-taneous like, one after anudder."—*Texas Siftings*.

COULDN'T STARTLE HIM.—City newspapers have more trouble in training country correspondents not to send in trivial news than in urging them to send in more than they do. One of the newspapers of this town, however, has a correspondent whom nothing startles. The managing editor tells the following about him. There came a ring at the telephone which the editor answered. It was the correspondent out at Bumpville.

"Hello! Is that the — office?"

"Yes."

"Well, say, Jones is dead. Good-by."

"Hold on! Who was Jones? What did he die of?"

"Killed himself. Good-by."

"Hold on; hold on. What did he kill himself for?"

"Murdered his wife and three children. Good-by."

!!!!!!—*Detroit Free Press*.

HOW TO DRINK MILK.—Some complain that they cannot drink milk without being "distressed by it." The most common reason why milk is not well borne is due to the fact that people drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily it enters into the stomach and then forms in one solid, curdled mass, difficult of digestion. If, on the other hand, the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes at least are occupied in drinking it, then, on reaching the stomach, it is so divided, that when coagulated, as it must be by the gastric juice, while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard, condensed mass, upon the outside of which only the digestive fluids can act, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can play freely and perform its function.—*American Analyst*.

A BARGAIN IN LETTERS.

Fred R. Cohl writes to the editor to suggest that as every noun in English can be used as a verb, and every verb as a noun, and every part of speech "as every other part of speech," (eig.: "He ups and ats me"), that the Royal Society of Canada make a bargain with a similar representative body of German scholars and men of letters that, on condition that they adopt our Roman print instead of their old, eyesight-spoiling, barbarous, indistinguishable, costly, silly, nonsensical, out-of-date black letter, we will adopt their excellent, sense-of-a-sentence-at-once-declaring plan of writing and printing the first letter of every noun with a capital letter.