

The Song of the Dying.

"A number of British officers were stationed at an outpost in India, during the prevalence of a pestilence. Many of their companions had fallen victims; all the chances of escape were cut off and death stared them in the face. Under these circumstances and meeting together probably for the last time, the following lines, which were written by one of their number, were sung. The author was the first to fall a victim to the grim destroyer."

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo the peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses steady,
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets flowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses steady
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, 'midst the wine cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis in this our respite lies;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others,
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let those think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses steady,
The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus doth the warmth of feeling,
Turn ice in the grasp of death,
Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who sinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and the baughty yearning
Of the soul shall sing no more?

Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies;
A cup for the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind—
Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Dean Gaisford.

A writer in a contemporary gives some pleasant anecdotes about the Dean Gaisford. "I have my doubts about the Thirty-nine Articles, sir," said a too conscientious Christ Church man to him on the eve of taking his degree. The dean looked at the troubled one in a very hard sardonic way. "How much do you weigh, sir?" "About ten stone, I think, sir," was the astonished answer. "And how tall are you to half an inch." "I really don't know to half an inch." "And how old are you to an hour?" The dubious one was speechless. "Well you are in doubt about everything that relates to yourself," cried the dean triumphantly, "and yet you walk about saying, 'I am twenty years old, I weigh ten stone, and am five feet eight inches high.' Go, sign the Articles; it will be a long time before you find anything that suggests no doubts." It was his common practice to throw all the letters that came to him by post into a basket and open the lot once a month, just as Prince Talleyrand is said to have done. In this way he said he had to write fewer answers, as most of the business to which the letters referred would settle itself without his interference.

An English Divine and a Banff Lassie.

The Rev. Dr. Frederick Trestail tells a good story in the "Glimpses of Scotland" which has been contributed to the *Baptist Magazine* of a recent experience at Banff. While waiting there for a conveyance to Aberchisder he resolved to dine at one of the hotels, and found that another traveller was to dine along with him. They fell a-dispute as to who should take the head of the table, the doctor maintaining that the other gentleman was older than he. The matter in dispute was referred to the lassie waiting at table. With great quietness and decorum, she walked up first to the layman, and, having coolly inspected him, she then turned to the divine and applied the same process to him. In a haif confidential manner and tone she observed to Dr. Trestail, "You are the oldest, sir; but you are a deal the best looking." The travellers burst out into a ringing peal of laughter; and, on comparing notes over the broth, found that the lassie's verdict as to their ages was correct.

"What are you doing there?" demanded a policeman, of a man who sat on a fence, howling. "That feller in the house shot my dog because he howled, and I am carrying on the dog's contract. I am going to howl here until I think the dog's death has been sufficiently avenged. If he shoots me, my son will howl out my contract; and if further harm should befall, my wife will come out and howl till he can't get rest. Oh, but we are howlers!"