CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

CHORUS OF HCME-COMING SHIPS.

The following is from the fine poem entitled " Look Seaward, Sentinel !" which Mr. Alfred Austin publishes in the National Review :

ustin publishes in the Nati From the uttermost bound Of the wind and the foam, From creek and from sound, We are hastening home. We are laden with treasure From ransacked seas, To charm your leisure, To grace your case, We have trodden the billows, And tracked the ford, To soften your pillows, To heap your board. The hills have been shattered The forests scattered, Our white sails tattered, To swell your hoard. Is to blosom, or fruit, or Seed, you crave ? Is it blossom, or fruit, or Seed, you crave ? The land is your suitor, Tho sea your slave. We have raced with the swallows, And threaded the floes Where the walrus wallows Mid melting snows; Sought regions torrid, And realms of sleet, To gem your forehead, To swathe your feet. And behold, now we tender, With pennons unfurled, For your comfort and splendour, The wealth of the world.

GoD sometimes allows the sun of prosperity to set, and permits a night of adversity that we may see the stars, that can only be seen by night, and thus be reminded again that we form an integral part of a harmonious universe.

Bromley (pointing to some crushed cigars in his vest pocket)—Algernon I spent last evening with Miss Jinks. Just look at those expensive Havanas? Algernon—When I call on Miss Jinks I always leave my cigars in my overcoat in the hall.

"Did you go to the opera at all, Flora," "Yes, once, and I'm sorry for it." "Why so?" "Why, I happened to call it Wagner instead of Vaag-ner. I suppose it is all over between Charley Morart and me. He hasn't He hasn't called here since."

Engagement announced—" Clara," he whispered, ardently, "do you think you could bring yourself to marry me?" "No, George," she answered with a sad little smile. "I couldn't very well bring myself, I'm so timid. You might bring me though, George."

WIFE: "The 29th of May we shall celebrate our silver wedding" Don't you think we ought to kill the fat pig and have a feast ?" Husband: "Kill the pig! I don't see how the unfortunate animal is

to 'liame for what happened twenty-five years ago."

Great journalist, in dime museum-What is that man remarkable for ? Manager-He is the editor who never claimed that the circulation was constantly increasing. Great journalist—Poor fellow ! It would be a mercy to confine him in

an asylum at once, instead of standing him up there to be stared at.

"So this is where Congress sits ?" said a travelling man who was going through the United States Capitol for the first time. "Yes," was the reply; "you want to take off your hat when you come in here." "Take off my hat. what for ?" "Out of respect for our Congressmen and the great work they are doing." "What great work did they do last session ?" "Why—er-why, they adjourned." "So they did," said the traveller, uncovering his head "so they did." head, "so they did."

A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who went through the luck. less passengers. One of them happened to be a Hebrew " drummer" from New York, who, when his turn came, with reluctance fished out \$200, but rapidly took \$4 from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket. "What do you mean by that?" asked the robber as he toyed with his revolver. Hurriedly came the answer, " Mine front, you surely would not refuse me two per cent. discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis ?"

JAPANESE KINDNESS.-A picture of Japanese life drawn by Professor Morse shows such a pleasant relation existing between the human and the brute creation that no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is needed.

Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowl, geese and ducks alight in the public parks, wild leer trot about the streets. He had scually been followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbling melon rind out of his hand, as tame as calves and lambs on our faims.

A log goes to sleep in the busiest streets; mon turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree, and the busy, jostling throng stopped. Every man's hand went into his pocket, just as they would with us, but instead of bringing out a "popper," out came pencil and sketching paper.

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