

National Humour.

CAN THE SCOT BEAR COMPARISON
WITH HIS NEIGHBOR?

Is there such a thing as National Humour? To test it let us take a typical anecdote from Scottish, English, Cockney, Welsh, Irish, and American sources. The Rev. David Macrae in "National Humour" (Alex. Gardner, Paisley, 5s. net) has provided the world with a handsome and entertaining volume that will become known to many by this simple expedient.

THEY KENT!

In the days of Nelson, someone at a gathering of Scotsmen, said he wondered at Nelson signalling "England expects every man to do his duty," and saying nothing of Scotland which supplied some of the bravest and best men to the British fleet. To which another member of the company replied wittily "Why should he speak o' Scotland 'expectin'?" England might only be able to 'expect,' but Scotland kent—and kent fine—that every son o' hers would dae his duty. There was nae fear and nae doot on that point.

WHENCE COMES THIS?

Speaking of people who exercise themselves more in puzzling over the origin of evil than in trying to get rid of it, a preacher said, "These people begin at the wrong end. What would you think of a man, who, if he saw a pig in his garden, should begin to discuss the question how that pig could have got in, when the pig is busy all the time rooting up his potatoes? No; the first thing is to drive the pig out. Let us drive sin from our hearts and from the world. Let this be our business here. We shall have a whole eternity afterwards to ascertain how it got in at first."

GRIM BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

At a certain naval engagement, two sailors—one English and the other Irish—agreed to look after each other in case of accident. During the action the Englishman's leg got shot off, and he called to his friend Pat to carry him to the doctor, which Pat readily proceeded to do. Having got some short distance with his wounded companion on his back, a second ball took off the poor fellow's head. Through the noise and din of battle Pat was unaware of this, and continued on his way to the doctor. An officer, observing him at this moment with a headless body on his back, asked him where he was going. "To the doctor, sorr," "The doctor!" replied the officer. "What can the doctor do for a man who has had his head knocked off?" Pat dropped the body in surprise, and, regarding it very attentively for a few moments said, "Sure enough! But, begorra, he towld me it was his leg!"

A LEGAL EXPLANATION.

When some railway bill was before a Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Sergeant Merewether, who led for the promoters, said, "I don't come here before you (as counsel often do) with a superficial knowledge of the country through which the proposed line would pass, for I have fished in the rivers and shot on the mountain-sides of the valley of Edernion, and have read the Twelve Commandments in the church of Llandrillo."

"Twelve Commandments!" retorted the lawyer on the other side. "Perhaps you will kindly give us the last two." "Well, the eleventh is, 'Don't interrupt counsel when he is addressing the Committee,' and the twelfth you shall have before you want it, when this Committee gives its decision."

FIRST BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

A child was crying in the street near Charing Cross, when a compassionate lady, passing at the time, stopped and asked him what he was crying for. "Cos I've lost a penny mother gave me."

"Ah, well, never mind," said the lady. "Here's another for you," and gave him one.

She had not got much further, when she heard the little fellow bellowing more lustily even than before. Coming back to him, she asked what he was crying for now.

Whether it was the little fellow's game to make money by crying, or whether the lady's kindness had suddenly suggested to him that he had tapped a

fountain that might be made something more of, he replied, "I'm crying 'cos if I 'adn't lost that there first penny, I should 'av 'ad tuppence!"

THE FATAL ASPIRATE.

A friend of the name of M'Laurin, who was putting up at Charing Cross Hotel, sent the waiter to see if there were any letters for him. The waiter was long in returning, the letters addressed M'Laurin having got into the wrong pigeon hole. "They should have been in 'Hem,' sir; but had been put into 'Hell' by mistake."

A story is told of a pompous manufacturer at a school examination asking a smart boy, "Wot's the capital of Oldland?" To which the boy replied, "The letter 'H,' sir."

A TALE OF QUEBEC.

An amusing story is told of a gallant Highlander who with his trusty ferra had wrought havoc in the enemy's ranks at the storming of Quebec. General Townsend, who had witnessed his exploits, saw him, after the victory was won, sit down beside a heap of Frenchmen whom he had slain, wipe the dust and sweat from his brow, and refresh himself with a huge "sneeshin," or pinch, from his Highland snuff-mill. On the return of his regiment to this country the King, who had heard of the incident through Mr. Pitt, expressed a desire to see the brave old Highlander, and, on his being introduced, held out his hand for Malcolm to kiss. Honest Malcolm, unacquainted with the ceremonial of Courts, and thinking that the King was holding out his hand for a pinch, exclaimed: "Here you are, God bless your great Majesty!" and presented the box. The King laughed heartily at the mistake, took a pinch, made Malcolm a lieutenant, and gave him half pay for life.

It seems to us that Mr. Macrae's stories stamp themselves fairly well. And a further knowledge of his collection will confirm the reader in this belief.—T. P.'s Weekly.

In August.

E. F. Miller, in Harper's Weekly. Through all the long, slow, slumbrous afternoon
The white cloud crept across the glowing sky,
And little vagrant breezes wandered by,
Too tired to set the dusty leaves a-croon.

Insistent rose the jar-fly's clamor shrill,
Then sank, and all was quietude again;
The tall corn drooped in silence on the plain;
The grass was brown upon the sun-parched hill.

Within the shade the lazy cattle lay,
Late daisies round them nodding sleepily,
And all the wide fields seemed like them to be
Waiting for the sunset's boon and end of day.

Down where the white road through the valley gleamed,
With fiercer heat and light, a swift car swept;
It passed; the dust sank back to earth and slept;
And listlessly again the landscape dreamed.

It is the custom of a minister in a certain seaboard town to read in church the requests for the prayers of the congregation. Not long ago the minister was absent and a city clergyman, who did not know the custom, officiated in his place. At the usual time the deacon handed the notices to the minister, explaining what was to be done with them. In a few moments the congregation was startled to hear: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safe return." The notice really read: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safe return."

Sunday School Teacher. Can you tell me who dwelt in the Garden of Eden? Little May.—Yes, ma'am; the Adamsses.

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