

'What is the worst thing about riches?' asked the superintendent. And the new boy in the back class under the gallery, who only came in last Sunday, stood up and said, 'Their scarcity.' And in his confusion the superintendent told the school to rise and sing 'Don't be weary, children.'

In his current expositions of Scripture, an old Scotch minister had his own way—which may not have been a peculiar way—of dealing with passages hard to be understood. He would say:—'No doubt, my Christian brethren, there is a great difficulty here, as the commentators are agreed upon that; so let us look the difficulty boldly in the face and—pass on!'

A story is told of a sexton of Biggar, who, on one occasion, was staring and glowering at Sandy M'Latchie as the latter was zig-zagging his way homewards. This was evidently too much for Sandy's patience, for, turning round—'Ye auld gravedigger clodhopper,' exclaimed Sandy, on catching the sexton's eye, 'ye needna stare and tak' stock o' me; I gang to *Carluk* when I'm buried?'

A San Francisco man went into the country to avoid a predicted earthquake, and on his journey was run away with in a stage-coach, and, being thrown out, fell into the creek and barely escaped drowning. On getting ashore, he was tackled by a bear, and, when he finally escaped the animal and got to a ranche, the proprietor came out with his dog and gun and almost killed him, thinking he was a robber. He avoided the earthquake.

Dumas, the elder, had a weakness for placing himself and his friends at the service of every new acquaintance he made. Once upon a time he sent to a friend an ornament of the swell mob, as it afterwards appeared, with one of the most gushing of letters of introduction. 'Throw wide open to him the doors of your house and your heart; treat him as you would me,' and so on. Shortly afterwards Dumas encountered his friend who was decidedly frigid, and on his demanding an explanation of this coolness, his friend said, 'Don't you remember sending me a gentleman with a very enthusiastic letter of introduction?' 'Yes, yes; fine fellow—real heart of gold—full of wit—charming companion.'

'Yes, I dessay, but he stole my watch from off the mantelpiece.' 'What? Your watch too?'

THE SUMMER PARADISES OF TORONTO.

NO. I.—THE ISLAND.

We have gone through 'I love' in all moods and all tenses,

Yet the false, foolish phrase, it still charms us to hear;

We're not tired of the pleasures that Hanlan dispenses

At 'The Point' with its programme—boats, bathing, and beer.

From the wharf, as we move, how the steamer is dashing

Through the calm of the lustrous, clear, mirroring lake!

See the diamond spray from the paddle-wheel splashing;

See what glory of emeralds gleams in her wake.

How they crowd, how they crush, as the pier we move on to,

Sure, the city's 'gilt youth' looks its gayest to-day,

The light, brown-haired, laughing girl-face of Toronto,

The lithe manly forms of the boys of the Bay.

And the light canoe sweeps around lakelet and inlet,

Each boy-captain king of his watery realm! As he goes glad at heart with his girl for a pilot,

And Youth at the prow is, and Pleasure at helm!

And the children! each type of imp, sea-nymph, and fairy,

Bare legs in fresh water, bare heads in fresh air—

Give them pop corn in handfuls, of buns let not chary,

Make each little face bright with all joy it can share.

Do we meet in the crowd—poet, publisher, printer,

Fellow-workmen who toil for the bookselling tribe?

Ho! bartender! quick! of the beer be no stinter,

To each other's good health which in turn we imbibe.

But the city, far west in the sun-setting glory, The signal for homeward returning presents,

Of our trip to the Island this tells you the story,

Where to go and return only costs one ten cents.