

Farmer : ' Weel, sir, if he kent hoo faur I hae tae drive my watter frae ye wid beelieve me when I say that it widna paye me tae keep up man and horse and sell watter in Dumbarton, let alane mulk ; but if ye'll stop the case, sir, an' let yer hungry lawyers gae hame, I'll paye the fine—I canna but admit the chairge seein' that although we dinna deliberately pitt watter in oor mulk, we generally gee oor bines and coggies a wee bit sine wi't.'

The following poem, the genuine effusion of a person in affliction, has lately been found in manuscript :—

Poor Jonathan Snow  
 Away did goe,  
 All on the ragen main,  
 With other males  
 All for to catch wales,  
 & nere cum back agen.  
 The winds bloo hi,  
 The billers tost,  
 All hands were lost,  
 And he was one,  
 A spritely lad  
 Nigh 21.

A doctor and a Campbellite (Baptist) preacher riding along together in the outskirts of Missouri, not long ago, overtook a ragged urchin with a string of small fish which he had just caught in a creek close by. The preacher accosted the lad in a patronizing way—' My son, what do you call those fish ?' ' Campbellites,' promptly responded the boy. ' Why do you call them Campbellites ?' ' because they spoil so soon after I get them out of the water.'

An Aberdeen minister, when comparing the nature of the pastoral relation to that of the shepherd and his sheep, said, ' My brethren, suppose me to be the shepherd, and you to be the sheep, and Tammas Sangster, the precentor, to be the sheep dog.' Tammas, however, was not inclined to coincide in this comparison, and exclaimed, ' I'll be na man's sheep dog.' Said the minister, ' I am speaking mystically.' ' Na, na,' rejoined Tammas, ' I ken fine ye wisna speakin' mystically, ye wis speakin' maliciously, and jist to gar the folk lauch at me when we're oot about.'

#### WHERE ROBINS SING.

Where robins sing, the violets raise  
 Fair faces in the woodland ways,  
 The ferns stand waiting, and the sweet  
 Wild lilies whisper, at our feet,  
 Some legend of the summer days.

Seen faintly through the tangled maze  
 Of trees, a rocky pathway strays ;  
 Above are fields of sprouting wheat  
 Where robins sing.

There knew we hours with joy replete ;  
 Yet even o'er the dusty street  
 There waves an arch of maple sprays  
 Too rare to need my meed of praise—  
 A cool and shadowy retreat  
 Where robins sing.

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