

That sparkling held its devious way
 And dashed the lithe-limbed deer with spray.
 Within the shadow of the trees,
 Unruffled by the upland breeze,
 The supple Indian's frail canoe,
 Before the guiding paddle flew,
 Until the signal smoke revealed
 The expected resting-place, concealed
 By many a tangled branch, and there
 With leaning, listening, eager air,
 And hand upraised, all graceful stood
 The bright-eyed Hebe of the wood.
 Then, silent, to the sloping marge,
 Like arrow, shot the forest barge,
 And lightly, on the pebbled shore
 The chieftain sprang—his journey o'er,
 And vanished with that sylvan scene
 As some fair figment of a dream.

All now was changed. I stood beside
 The self-same stream at eventide,
 Gone was the forest that of yore
 Had fringed with green the silent shore,
 The Indian, with his frail canoe
 And tawny bride, had vanished too ;
 But all adown that pleasant stream
 Were orchards gay and meadows green,
 And sunny harvest's golden store
 Flushed largess. Towns and hamlets o'er
 Which clustering trees kept watch and ward
 Looked joyous forth. The surest guard
 Of Freedom in the freeman's land,
 I saw the guardian College stand ;
 For History's lessons, if you'll read 'em
 Teach ' Knowledge is the price of Freedom.'
 On hill, in valley, everywhere,
 Eye never gazed on scene more fair ;
 It seems as if Dame Nature had
 In frolic moment showered her glad
 Rich treasures forth, with lavish hand,
 O'er all that smiling summer land,
 Vying with Tempe's classic vale,
 Or Aidenn hymned in poet's tale.
 So Past and Present, gloom and glance,
 'The watchward of the age ' Advance.'

Brantford.

M. J. K.

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied : ' I have none. I am the daughter of a Methodist minister.'

' Beef,' said a butcher, ' has never been so high since the cow jumped over the moon.'

' What is that dog barking at ?' asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. ' Why,' said a bystander ' he sees another puppy in your boots.'

An old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said, ' Wal, no, not for damages : I've had enough of them ; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs.'

A punster was once thrust into a closet, with a threat that he would not be released until he made a pun. Almost instantaneously he cried, ' Open the door.'

' Are dose bells ringing for fire ?' inquired Simon of Tiberius. ' No, indeed,' answered Tibe : ' dey ab got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water.'

A servant girl broke a lamp-chimney. On being reproved, she said sulkily, ' Well, I don't care ; everybody knows that a lamp-chimney always breaks the first time it is used !'

At the complimentary dinner given by the Atalanta Boat Club of New York to Edward Hanlan, the champion sculler, the toast of the evening was—' Edward Hanlan, the noblest Rowman of them all.'

Rector's wife, severely :—' Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take off your hat when you meet me ?' *Tommy* : ' Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what be I to do when I meet the parson himself ?'

P. T. Barnum once exhibited an alleged gorilla, which a visitor declared not to be a gorilla, for the reason that it had a tail. ' That,' rejoined the eminent showman, ' has nothing to do with it. The tail is sewed on.'

The builder of a church in a London suburb recently, on returning thanks for the toast of his health which had been proposed, remarked with much candour, ' I fancy I am more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking.'

' Tobaccy wanst saved my life,' said Paddy Blake, an inveterate smoker. ' How was that ?' inquired his companion. ' Oh, ye see I was diggin' a well, and came up for a good smoke ; and, while I was up, the well caved in !'

George Eliot did not care a great deal for jokes, but she always relished one that referred to one of her own volumes. It is the well-known story about an ignorant English bookseller who put up the notice : ' Mill on the Floss ; Ditto on Political Economy.'

Dr. Thomas Chalmers was a very bad writer. He used to write home to his parents, but when his letters arrived there they could not be read. His mother used to say ' Never mind, just let them lie tae oor Tam comes hame, and he'll read them to us himsel.'