

NEW MUSIC.

We are favored by A. & S. Nordheimer, Montreal and Toronto, with copies of two new songs by F. Boscovitz, the well-known pianist, who composed them while recently making a successful tour of Canada, one with the original title of "White Shells," the other named "Eventide." The former has a pleasing melody in G, with a waltz refrain, and within easy compass for mezzo-soprano or baritone. The accompaniment is quite taking and effective, and well adapted to players of moderate ability. "Eventide" is adapted to "mezzo-soprano or tenor" voices. It is a simple pathetic melody, quite in agreement with the words and title, and cannot fail to haunt for a while those who do not value music alone for the lilt in it. The words of both songs are by Chas. D. Bingham of Toronto. The title pages and the printing are marvels of good taste.

WOMAN'S LAUGHTER.

Women very generally neglect a powerful weapon of offense and defense placed at their command by nature. A woman's laugh, if intelligently and skillfully used, can wither a man in his tracks or elevate him to the seventh heaven of happiness.

Several causes have contributed to the decadence of woman's laughter. The chief one, perhaps, is the modern habit of dressing. Full, free laughter depends upon a perfect development and exercise of the respiratory muscles. Confined as these are by steel and whalebone, laughter becomes an impossibility.

With a loss of the art of laughing comes a loss of the sense of humor. When the expression of any of the senses becomes difficult, the sense itself dwindles. Don't mistake giggling for laughter.

HIS JUST REWARD.

A young man, at the risk of his life, saved a beautiful girl from drowning. Her grateful father seized the rescuer of his daughter by the hand, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said:

"Noble youth, to you I am indebted for everything that makes life dear to me. Which reward will you take—two hundred thousand dollars or the hand of my daughter?"

"I'll take the daughter," replied the heroic rescuer, thinking thereby to get both the girl and the money.

"You have well chosen," replied the grateful father. "I could not have given you the two hundred thousand just yet, anyhow, as I have not laid up that amount, being only a poor editor, but my daughter is yours for life; take her and be happy. God bless you, my children!"—Texas Siftings.



From London Queen.

Die bist we eine Blume,  
So hold und schon und rein;  
Ich schau dich an, und Wehmuth  
Schleicht mir ins Hertz hinein.  
Mir ist als ob ich die Hande  
Auf's Haupt dir legen solt,  
Betend, das Gott dich erhalte  
So rein und schon und hold.

Heine.

Oh! Thou art like a flower,  
So gentle and so sweet,  
I gaze on thee, and sadness  
Steals o'er my lonely heart.  
I long my hands to lay gently  
Upon thy head in prayer  
Ask that the Lord will preserve thee  
So sweet and pure and fair.

Trans. by F. A. Dillaze.

"So fair, so pure, so gentle,  
Like some dear flower thou art;  
I gaze on thee, and sadness  
Slides dumb into my heart.  
I yearn, sweet one, to bless thee,  
To press thy sunny hair,  
And pray God aye to keep thee,  
So gentle, pure, and fair."

Trans. by James Geikie.

From "The Strand."

Thomas Greatorex, who during the reign of George III. held the post of conductor of "His Majesty's Concerts, Ancient and Modern," made one of a party at a dinner given by the directors. On the same occasion the Prince of Wales was also a guest, and after dinner endeavoured to persuade Greatorex to remain at table longer than his duties as conductor would admit of. Greatorex, however, pleaded the necessity of being punctual, especially as the king was to be present. "Oh, never mind him," said the prince jocularly, "my father is Rex, I confess, but you are a Greater Rex."

SICK(O) OMNIA.

Racked through and through with ceaseless pain  
For days I had not rested,  
While lungs and liver, heart and brain  
Were woefully congested.

"Is life worth living thus," I cried,  
With all my nerves a-quiver,  
"That question oft," a friend replied,  
"Depends upon the liver."

G. M.