

A BIRD IN THE HAND'S WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.



Some years since a sober zealous *Canadian* parson went to catechise a family in his parish, who were not so well versed in the rudiments of divinity as many are : when arrived, he thought proper to begin with Lois, the eldest daughter, a girl about 18, and buxom as May, whose charms had smitten the young village swains with an epidemic. " Well, Lois," said the parson, " I shall begin with you : come, tell me, who died for you ?" Lois, with a charming flush on her cheek, replied, " Why, nobody as I knows on." The parson, rather surprised at her answer, repeated his question with increasing zeal. Lois, rather irritated at the inquisitive parson, again replied, " Why nobody, sir ; there was *Sam Simken* lay bed rid for me about six months, but folks say he has got about again."

I know well enough, said a fellow, where fresh fish come from, but where they catch these ere salt fish, I'll be hanged if I can tell.