

The sun went down and evening came,
 A lot too soon they said ;
 Too long they tarried on the way
 The clouds grew black o'erhead.
 Down dashed the rain ! They homeward flew,
 Till one unlucky miss
 Slipped sideways—Crash ! Great Scot !
 The lot
 Were all mixed up like this !

—*California Critic.*



Instead of using only a poem now and then from our exchanges, it may be well to have a variety for this month. The following is from the *Amherst Literary Monthly*.

SUGGESTIONS.

Abner Green was as odd an old stick as ever breathed the pure air of heaven. His strong point was story telling, and he used to appear regularly each night at the little grocery store on the corner, where the farmers of the village were wont to discuss all subjects from the likeliest candidate for President of these "Yewnited States," to the value of a certain kind of patent fertilizer in raising cabbages.

I happened to be one night in the circle around the red-hot iron stove which stood in the centre of the small, stuffy room, and heard one of Abner's stories, which, though it may seem to lack particular merit, still reveals the old man's characteristic style of droll, dry wit.

"Waal, Mr. Green," said the grocer—they always called him Mr. Green—"It's about time for yew ter make a statement, aint it? Ye haint so much es opened yer head this