

crochet, taking the loops at the back as before directed.

9th round.—Darkest shade of chenille. Double crochet worked as before.

10th round.—1 long stitch into every loop at the back of preceding round, making 1 chain stitch between each long.

11th round.—Second shade of chenille. 2 long stitches into each loop formed by the chain stitch in preceding round; making 1 chain stitch between each long.

12th round.—Plain double crochet.

13th round.—Silver twist. Plain double crochet, taking the loops at the back.

14th round.—Lightest shade of chenille. Make a chain of 6, and work the seventh in single crochet into the fifth loop at the back of the silver chain; repeat.

### NEVER GIVE UP.

**N**EVER give up!" 'Tis the secret of glory;

Nothing so wise can philosophy preach,  
Think of the names that are written in story;

"Never give up," is the lesson they teach.  
How have men compassed immortal achievements,  
How have they moulded the world to their will?

'Tis that 'midst dangers, and woes, and bereavements,  
"Never give up," was the principle still.

"Never give up!" though o'erladen with sorrow;  
Shake not the yoke—'twill more bitterly gall;  
"Never give up!" for there cometh a morrow

Fraught with delight to compensate all.  
"Never give up!" Bear your faith with serenity;  
Crouch not ignobly, like slaves in the dust;  
Life's a rough passage to realms of amenity;  
Dark is the journey, but travel we must.

"Never give up!" It can last but a season,  
Will you, because a cloud bursts on your way,  
Barely surrender your manhood and reason,  
Weeping for grief that may end in a day?  
What though the tempest around you be raving,  
Soon you'll have emptied life's rancorous cup;  
Soundly you'll sleep where the willows are waving;  
Thunder won't wake you—"Never give up!"

"Never give up!" It were impious to dream of it.

Keen though your anguish be, never forget

That there are fortunes [Oh, raptures to dream of it,]

Bright and immortal in store for you yet,  
Ere the night fall, if by virtue a meritor,  
May you not, mourner, in Paradise sleep,  
Compeer of angels, and heaven's inheritor,  
Think of your destiny—"Never give up!"

### CHARADES.

**D**ESERTED lay the battle field,  
The trodden turf and blood-red clay,  
The bleeding dead, the broken shield,  
Sad tokens of the desperate fray,  
Where late the hostile battle line  
Marred the fair fields of Palestine.

A mail-clad warrior bravely fought  
Amid the thickest of the fight,  
My *first* upon his bosom wrought,  
Proclaiming him a Christian Knight  
Who 'gainst the Moslem came to war,  
And free the holy sepulchre.

My *second* through the blood-stained field,  
Death's messenger; unerring sped,  
And many a knight who would not yield,  
Was numbered with the fallen dead;  
And many a proud and beaming eye  
Was dimmed with the last agony.

My *first* the hope of peace hath brought  
To many a weary aching breast;  
My *second* tells of battles fought  
When warriors scorned dull ease and rest;  
My *whole* an implement of strife,  
Ere nations learned the arts of Life.

E. M. C.

I am a word of letters.

My *first* occurs not in most men,  
But yet is found in all!  
My *second* is my neighbor when  
I address him personal.  
My *third* in good men has a place,  
In sinful ones as well,  
My fourth 's a name that cheers the fall  
Of curlers, I can tell.  
And my *whole* 's a near relation  
Of every one of you,  
In whatsoever station;  
And a busy insect too!

A. T. C.

When is a man not a man? When he turns a bed-post.

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