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THE GOOD OLD WAY.

There was a nice young fellow As ever you did see Like wise a nice young lady,
And just as good as he;
And so they chanced one day to meet,
When they were feeling gay,
And so, of course, they feel in love, The good old way.

He feared he should not get her, So he was feeling blue; And she was in conniption fits, For fear he would not, too; But such thin trouble did not last, I am real glad to say;
They soon were married firm and fast
The good old way,

Then were the gossips watching, The tattle-bags perplexed, And Mrs. Grundy itching, For what was coming next; Some thought they'd have a family,
Some cod heads answered, nay,
They raised ten children, yes, they did, The good old way.

They lived and helped each other, As they agreed before; And so God's blessing came to them, In basket and in store;
They knew enough to save a cent,
Safe, for a rainy day;
And peacefully through life they went,
The good old way.

They lived long, useful Christian lives, In all good honest pride;
Till old Time banged them with his cythe,
And then, of course, they died;
They had great, splendid funerals,
The best words folks could say;
Then side by side we burried them,
The good old way.

This is a song and sermon, too. And true memorial rhyme; And folks who live so just and true Are blessed, all the time As plendid, loving, useful life,
Such always find it pay,
Who walk like these, my kith and kin,
The good old way.

Their graves are green, they may be seen, Their monuments I see; And memory loves them back again,
For all their love to me;
Love rul :s the world with power and might, Love gaides us home to stay,
And H aven shines bright to kindle light The good old way.

-Brooklyn Eagle RESIGNATION.

Epictetus, who lived one of the grandest and happiest lives of any of the human race, said concerning the time of death:
"If Death shall find me in the midst of these studies, it shall suffice me if I can lift up my hands to God and say, 'The means which thou gavest me for the perceiving of thy government, and for the following of the same have I not neglected; so far in me I have not dishonored thee. Behold how I have used my senses and my natural conceptions. Have I ever blamed thee? Was I ever offended at aught that happened, or did I desire it should happen otherwise? Did I ever desire to transgress my obligation? That thou didst beget me I thank thee for what thou gavest. I am content that I have

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THE PRACTICAL

FAMILY

W. TRICK

Why is life like a harness? Because life contains traces of care, lines of trouble, used thy gifts so long. Take them again bits of good fortune, breaches of good and set them in what place thou wilt, for manners, and bridled tongues, and every W. E. JACKSON, 768 Bundas Street. them me." things and thou gavest one has a tug to pull through.—Golden Days.