

Things to Think About.

T I M E .

Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb ;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
brim. *Byron.*

On our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them. *Shakspeare.*

The tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know ;
And darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears. *Scott.*

The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubble ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages. *Byron.*

O, time is sweet when roses meet,
With Spring's sweet breath around them.
C. Swain.

Remember how short is the time
Allotted to man upon earth :
How quickly he passes his prime—
But a span to the grave from his birth.
Dr. Ruffles.

Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand
And with his arm outstretched as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. *Shakspeare.*

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old ;
And, as youth counts the shining links,
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleas'd with the task he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Moore.

Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and
cares. *H. K. White.*

Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord ;
That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
Scott.

All things are best fulfilled in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth has
aid. *Milton.*

Time unhallowed, unimproved
Presents a fearful void.—*Bp. Middleton.*

The Spaniards have a proverb that " Drink-
ing water neither makes a man sick, nor in
debt, nor his wife a widow."

The parent who gives his children habits of
truth, industry, and frugality, provides for them
better than by giving them a fortune.—*Paley.*

Things to Smile At.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A publican's wife in
Suffolk, whilst at church, fell asleep, and let
fall her bag in which she carried a bunch of
keys. Aroused by the noise, she jumped up,
and exclaimed : " Cuss it, Sal ! there's another
jug broke."

Ned Bantline says that the women ought to
make a pledge not to kiss a man that uses
tobacco, and it would soon break up the prac-
tice ; and a friend of ours says they ought also
to pledge themselves to kiss every man that
don't use it ; and we go for that, too.

" Now put that right back where you took
it from!" as the girl said when her lover
snatched a kiss.

PREMATURE PITY.—A man being commise-
rated with, on account of his wife running
away, he said, " Don't pity me till she comes
back again."

WARM MILK.—" What makes the milk so
warm ?" said a cook to the girl who brought
the canful to the door the other morning.
" Please, mum, the pump handle broke, and
missus took the water from the biler."

THE EGOTISTICAL " I ."—The pronoun " I "
is thus defined by the *Family Herald* :—
" The ringleader of i-mpudence, the heart of
pr-i-de, coubly conspicuous in m-i-sch-i-ef,
shunned by the good and noble, and left to an
end of ennu-i."

An Irishman was indicted at the assizes, at
Tralee, for felony. His innocence was pro-
ved, but, notwithstanding that, the jury found
him guilty. The judge was shocked, and said
—" Gentlemen, the prisoner's innocence was
clearly proved." " Yes," said the foreman,
" he is innocent of the crime now charged
against him, but he stole my grey mare last
Christmas."

RURIC WIT.—As two would be wits were
pushing along in their gig to Brighton, on the
first of April, they overtook a clodpate tramp-
ing along. To " fool" him, one of them
shouted out—" John, John, do you see that
swarm of bees by you there ?" " Noa, I
don't, but I zee a couple o' confounded great
drones, though !" was the reply.

The brain of a hasty man (says an Ameri-
can paper) is like a sooty chimney ; it is con-
tinually in danger of taking fire from the flame
beneath. The brain of a well-ordered and quiet
citizen is like a chimney newly swept : the
sparks of passion pass through it, and escape
without danger into the cooler regions of
thought and reflection.

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