

Things to Think About.

BENEFICENCE.—The beneficence of the poor man cannot be so extensive a blessing to others as the beneficence of the rich man; but it may be quite as intense a blessing to himself.

The wisest and happiest man is he, who seeks first the kingdom of heaven and by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition, that he may improve these opportunities.

WIT is not the produce of study: it comes almost as unexpected on the speaker as the hearer; one of the first principles of it is good temper; the arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles—when they fail in that they become sarcasm.

APPAREL.—In thy apparel avoid singularity, profuseness, and gaudiness; be not too early in the fashion, nor too late; decency is the half-way between affectation and neglect. The body is the shell of the soul; apparel is the husk of the shell; the husk often tells what the kernel is.

THE HAPPY GIRL.—Ay, she is a happy girl—we know her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.

SPURIOUS AND TRUE LIBERALITY.—A spurious liberality represents all modes of faith as unimportant; it calls upon men to compromise all points of difference; it strikes at the foundation of real belief, and can imply little better than total apathy to all religion. It is even dangerous to the very principle of religious liberty; for if all forms are wholly indifferent, where is the hardship of conformity? True liberality, on the other hand, is based on the sacredness of conscientious conviction, and identified with the love of truth. It represents no difference as unimportant, but encourages each to hold fast his view of the truth, and, on the very same ground of right, to allow the same liberty to others. The language of false liberality is: Why these idle contentions? Compound your differences, and agree. The language of true liberality is: Differ—but agree to differ. Differences are unavoidable; disagreements about them are unchristian.—*Kitto's Journal.*

Things to Smile at.

The principal study pursued in a *school of whales*, is supposed to be elocution—as they are often caught *spouting*.

“Is your house a warm one?” asked a man in search of a tenement of a landlord. “It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently,” was the response.

As an old lady lately was walking through one of the streets of Paris, at midnight, a patrol called out, “Who’s there?” “It’s only I, patrol; don’t be afraid!”

A short time since, a man was heard lamenting the death of two of his sons. “Two stout, hearty boys,” said he, “and died just afore hay—it onymost ondid me!”

In Albany, two or three mornings since, a young man was found in a pig pen, sleeping with half a dozen porkers, and affectionately hugging a demijohn of liquor. What taste!

A person riding on horseback, met one day an awkward fellow leading a calf, whom he accosted as follows: “How odd it looks to see one calf leading another.” “Yes,” said the man, “but not so odd as to see a calf on horseback!” The horseman went on his way, and was seen no more.

A PRACTICAL MAN.—In a recent trial for assault and battery, in Pennsylvania, the counsel for the defendant asked one of the witnesses, a stout, athletic man, to describe the manner in which the plaintiff was assaulted; when he immediately took hold of the counsel by the collar, and gave him a tremendous shaking, to the no small amusement of the judges, spectators, &c., who were convulsed with laughter.

Wetherbee, who “drives the White Mountain stage” from Baldwin, is a great wag.—“There’s a young woman lying in that ere house, yonder,” said he to us, as we were riding on the outside with him last summer; “there’s a young woman been a lyin’ there near about a month, and they haven’t buried her yer!” “Why not?” we innocently inquired. “Cause she ain’t dead!” quietly remarked Mr. Wetherbee, and then he tickled the ear of the nigh leader slightly with the whip.

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—A young exquisite, who was anxious to raise up a ferocious crop of whiskers, and was told that bear’s oil would facilitate their growth, went to a druggist and procured a bottle of oil, which he put profusely on his face when going to bed. Next morning, on looking in the glass, he was horrified to find either side of his face covered with a thick coat of white feathers. The druggist had made a mistake, and given him *goose* oil instead of bear’s oil!

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