

component part of human life, will never have the satisfaction of dying from inflammation of the brain.

All things must change. Friends must be torn asunder and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom and, perchance, no more. For ever and ever in the eddies of time and accident we whirl away.

A short time since, as a regiment headed by its band marched by, a little boy, standing at the window with his mother, said, 'I say, ma, what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?'

'We wish,' says a Texas newspaper, 'that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificently healthy country Texas really is.'

There are two little girls of the same name in New London, Conn. The other night one of them said her prayers, and for fear they would be credited to the other child, she added, after the Amen, 'No. 10 Orange Street.'

An old Bridgeport (Conn.) woman, who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years, having never been sick a day in her life, is growing discouraged; some people are born to ill-luck, she says.

SCENE IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.—Customer—'Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster; it's as hard as flint.' Waiter—'Beg pardon, sir. A slight mistake. Th't's the papier-maché lobster out of the show-case! Shall I change it?'

A Georgia coloured debating society was lately discussing: 'Which is best for the labouring man, to work for wages or part of the crop?' An old "uncle" spoke the sense of the meeting when he said: 'Bofe was de best, ef dey could only be brung togedder somehow.'

HOME RULE.—The O'Finigan—'Bedad, sorr, we were pestered wid those rascally spies of Government reporters at our meeting last night.' The O'Brady—'Rimints o' Tory barbarism, sorr. Be more careful, sorr; stand at the door, and don't let a man in unless he comes himself.'—*Fun.*

The boy who doesn't leap over seven hitching posts, kick a lame dog, snatch a handful of navy beans in front of every grocery store, knock over a box or two, and work the handle of every pump on the sidewalk on his way home from school, is either lazy or doesn't feel well.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

We all love pleasure and abhor sorrow. No one will choose a cloudy sky and a rough path; but these evils have their good parts, and those who really long for peace and happiness will try to find out and extract them, instead of hurrying along resentfully or with forced gaiety.

Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to the judge it means that he should be just; to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the schoolboy, that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker, that his work shall be well done.

Charles Lamb was at a dinner-party, and a lady, who talked to him incessantly, sat next to him. At last she said, 'I don't think, Mr. Lamb, that you will be any the better for what I've been saying.' 'N-n-no!' he replied, 'but my neighbour on the other side will, for it went in at one ear and out at the other.'

The following conversation was lately overheard on the beach at Treport between two children who were playing in the sand together. The small boy said to the little girl: 'Do you wish to be my little wife?' The little girl, after reflection: 'Yes—' The small boy: 'Then take off my boots!'

Old lady (on donkey): 'Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?' Boy: 'Wery dangerous indeed, marm. There was a lady a-ridin' up here, last year, and the donkey fell, and the lady was chucked over the cliff and killed.' Old Lady: 'Good gracious! Was the donkey killed, too?' 'No, marm; that's the wery donkey.'

In catechising some scholars at a Sunday school on Isaiah ix., where the passage 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light' occurs, the clergyman inquired of one of his youthful pupils, 'What arose upon the people?' The boy to whom the question was put answered very readily and complacently, 'The moon, sir!'