

## DEATH OF THE YOUNGEST CHILD.

"Why is our infant sister's eye  
No more with gladness bright?  
Her brow of dimpled beauty, why  
So like the marble white?"  
My little ones, ye need no more  
To hush the sportive tread,  
Or whispering, pass the muffled door—  
Your sweetest one is dead.

In vain you'll seek her joyous tone  
Of tuneful mirth to hear,  
Nor will her suffering, dove-like moan  
Again distress your ear.  
Lost to a mother's pillowing breast,  
The snow-wreath marks her bed,  
Her polish'd cheek in earth must rest—  
Your sweetest one is dead.

Returning spring, the birds will call  
Their happy task to take;  
Vales, verdant trees, and streamlets, all  
From winter's sleep shall wake,  
Again your cherished flowers shall bloom,  
Anew their fragrance shed;  
But she, the darling, will not come—  
Your sweetest one is dead.

## BE KIND.

Be kind and gentle in your words  
To each of all your friends,  
Remembering that a bitter word  
Wakes grief that never ends.  
A gentle word and loving smile  
Will open up a heart  
That bitter words would tightly close  
And fill with bitter smart.

Your brother's face sometimes grows sad,  
His heart fills up with care,  
And yet you never think that you  
Have placed the sorrow there.  
But some unkind look, act or thought,  
Of which you know not how,  
Has caused his heart to swell with grief,  
And wrinkled up his brow.

Your sister's face, the deep impress  
Of hidden grief doth wear,  
And in your soul you never dream  
That you have placed it there.  
But if you carefully reflect  
On all the scenes of life,  
You'll find that hasty, bitter words,  
Have caused thee care and strife.

Your mother's face, whose every line  
Should be expressive love,  
Is sometimes found to wear a look  
That grief alone could move.  
That look of pain was caused by some  
Impatient, thoughtless word,  
By which, perhaps, you never thought  
Her heart's deep grief was stirred.

Be kind to all, and never let  
Your kindness be forgot;  
Though others may its worth forget,  
Do you forget it not.

And thus, while giving others joy,  
Your heart consoled will be  
With thoughts that kindness done on earth  
Lasts through eternity.

## MENTAL RECREATIONS.

## SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

*Enigma*.—The Letter E.

*Charade*.—Tar-tan.

*Rebus*.—Geelong; Liverpool; Asia;  
Staines; Glenelg; Ontario; Warsaw.  
—GLASGOW.

## THE GOLDFINCH.

Mr. B. had two pet goldfinches which were allowed not only to fly about the room, but also through the open window. The winter was beginning to be severe, and the food suitable for small birds consequently scarce, when one day the two goldfinches brought with them a stranger of their own species, who made bold to go into the two cages that were always left open, and regaled itself on the hospitality of its new friend, and then took its departure. He returned again and brought others with him, so that in a few days half-a-dozen of these pretty warblers were enjoying the food bountifully provided for them. The window was now kept up, and then open cages, with plenty of seed, were placed on the table close to it, instead of on the sill, as previously. The birds soon learned to come into the room without fear. The table was by degrees shifted from the window to the centre of the room, and, as the number of birds had continued gradually to increase, there was soon a flock of not less than twenty, visiting the apartment daily, and undisturbed by the presence of the members of the family. As the inclemency of the weather decreased, the number of birds gradually diminished, until at length, when the severe weather had quite passed away, there remained none but the original pair.—"Wood's Illustrated Natural History."

## INGENIOUS MODE OF TYING HORSES.—

The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which, I believe, is entirely peculiar to this island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants; and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they

tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on either backwards or forwards, one pulling the one way and the other the other; and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then, there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

## VARIETIES.

Admit no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

Fly in all haste from the friend who will suffer you to teach him nothing.

Disgust and aversion are the unavoidable consequences of the constant pursuit of pleasure.

The three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

At a school examination, a youngurchin, being asked why it was so warm in the torrid zone, very promptly replied, "Because it is so hot!"

JUDGE OF A TREE BY ITS FRUITS.—When we see what a man is, we should not ask how he was educated. The fruits of a tree afford a better test of its condition than a statement of the composts used in dressing it.

"Feller-citizens," said a candidate for Congress, somewhere out West, "feller-citizens, you are well aware I never went to school in my life but three times, and that was to a night school. Two nights the teacher didn't come, and t'other night I hadn't any candle."

"Mamma," said a little girl, "can a door speak?"—"Certainly not, my love."—"Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door this morning?"

"Grandma," said an intelligent but cunning child, "do you want some candy?"—"Yes, dear, I should like some."—"Then go to the shop and buy me some, and I will give you a part."

"Well, Mr. Tree, if you're about to leave, I shall detain your trunk," exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears.

Henry IV. of France, passing through a small town, perceived a congregation assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced a tedious oration an ass began to bray, on which the king, turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, "Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

Springer says, that, although there is no such thing as muzzling the press in this country, there is a plenty of *booz mustin*.