

Things to Think About.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.

The vapor of discontent is always most dangerous when it is confined.

The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.

A wife, full of truth, innocence, and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next his heart.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself.

Intemperance, says the *Scottish Temperance Review*, 'defies pulpits, undermines Sabbath Schools, mocks missions, and pawns for drink the very Bible you would reform it with.'

Love one human being purely, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death, from brooding apprehensions.

People who endeavour to attract that attention by dress which they cannot obtain by their intrinsic worth, resemble the soap balloons blown by children; the thinnest bubbles are invested with the brightest colours.

SELF INTEREST.—Remember that self interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

One's own home is the best home, though ever so small. Everything one eats at home is sweet. They who live at another's table are often obliged to seem pleased with what they dislike.

The aperture of the ear is very narrow; when, therefore, two people talk at the same time, it is like a pair of vehicles pushing on to get through a narrow lane, and constantly jarring each other.

When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts; my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need they leave me naked.

There is none so innocent as not to be evil spoken of; none so wicked as to merit all condemnation.

Things to Smile at.

A very likely subject for consumption, as the wag said of the cigar.

What a depth of penetration! as the joiner said when he bored a nine-inch plank.

What a splendid fire that dry stick would make! as the ranter said of the preacher.

The reason why short men should be the soonest married, is, because there is more need of their getting *spliced*.

It strikes me your countenance is familiar, as a patron said when the collector had called upon him for the twenty-third time.

LATITUDE.—"Tommy, my son, what is latitude?" "A clothes' line, daddy." "Prove it, my son," "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

Why is the profession of a parson sooner learnt than that of a doctor? Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

Peter Smith, the watchmaker, insisted on calling his oldest boy Peter, after himself, as he considered his little treasure valuable enough to be called a *re-Peter*. He much admired his little *face and hands*.

"Vat you makes dare?" inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously. "Oh, not much—just courting a little—dat's all." "Oho! dat's all—I taught you vas vichting."

GOOD ANSWER.—A facetious fellow having unwittingly offended a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was "no gentleman." "Are you a gentleman?" asked the droll one. "Yes, sir," replied the fop, "Then I am very glad I am not!" replied the other.

"Vat do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a good heavy coat of flesh on him?" asked a person of an Irish carman, about his horse. "heavy coat of flesh! ma vourneen!! Be, all the blessed powers, now, when the poor cratur can scarce carry the little flesh there is on 'im!"

PAT AND THE BISHOP.—Bishop Hughes, in a sermon to his parishioners, repeated the question that "all flesh is grass." The season was Lent, and a few days afterwards he encountered Terence O'Collins, who appeared to have something on his mind. "The top of the mornin' to your riverence," said Terence, "did I fairly understand your riverence say 'all flesh is grass;' last Sunday?" "To be sure you did," replied the bishop, "and you're a heretic if you doubt it." "Oh! never a bit do I doubt anything your riverence says," said the wily Terence; "but if your riverence plazes, I wish to know whether in this Lent I could not be after having a small piece of 'bafé' by way of a salad?"

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