

O! FOOLISH HEART.

O! foolish heart, that flutter so
When he is near,
O! rosy blush, that come and go
With hope and fear,
Why do you to the world reveal
The love that I would fain conceal?

O! ears, that love to hear him speak,
O! downcast eyes,
Whose lashes droop upon each cheek,
Nor dare to rise,
Do you not know she sees and hears
Soft looks and words that cost me tears?

Be brave, mine heart, if he despise,
Give scorn for scorn,
Be deaf, mine ears, be blind, mine eyes—
Yet soul why mourn?
My love for him is all mine own,
She has the substance, that alone.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Between the Lectures.

"Why!" exclaimed little Johnny, when he heard his father telling about somebody who was looking after the loaves and fishes. "that's just what mamma says about Uncle Henry." "Says about Uncle Henry?" repeated his father in astonishment; "What do you mean?" "Why, pa, don't you know," said Johnny; "mamma says Uncle Henry only loafs and fishes."

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, catching her breath as she gazed out to sea; "there seems to be no limit to old Neptune's broad expanse; and the waves, George how playfully they gambol along the shore!"

"The waves are very foolish, dear," said George, with a sigh.

"How foolish!"

"To gamble where there is no limit."

The depths of wickedness to which even a Quaker child can sink make one readily believe in the doctrine of total depravity. Two little Quakers quarreled, and, after saying words to each other, one of them, in a tremendous burst of rage, with clenched fists and blazing eyes, shouted: "Thee's you." The other boy looked at him in horrified silence. Then he solemnly said: "I shall go and tell mother that thee sword."

Le Jones: "What in the world are you doing Porcine!" Porcine: "Cutting an account of a robbery out of a paper to show my wife." Le Jones (languidly): "Well, that's a queer proceeding." Porcine: "Not at all. You see, this house was robbed while its owner was at church." Le Jones (with sudden interest): "No! You don't mean it! Say! You haven't got another copy of that paper, have you?"

"Let any one," writes a *London Times* correspondent with Gen. Wolsley in Egypt, "smoke a pipe, cigar or cigarette in the stables, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged sniff, swallowing the smoke; then, throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sigh of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene."

"Martha, dost thou love me?" asked a Quaker

youth of one at whose shrine his fondest heart's feelings had been offered up.—"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commended to love one another, are we not?"—"Ah, Martha! but dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"—"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thou wast getting more than thy share."

An old lady who assumes to know all about rheumatism interviewed the tormented writer of this paragraph, who had been a two-months sufferer, somewhat after this style: "Rheumatism is a inherited disease; you got this from your father or mother, didn't yer?" "Not that I know of." "Then you had it from yer grandfather?" "I think not." "Then you certainly got it from yer great-grandfather?" "No; there was no rheumatism known in my family history. Perhaps some of my ancestors may have been exposed to the heavy wet during the deluge." "Look here, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, "I didn't come here to be made fun of," and out she bounced."

DID'NT BLAME THEM.

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT WHO SAMPLED HIS STUDENTS
FAVORITE DRINK AND LIKED IT.

(From the *Boston Post*.)

When the Rev. Dr. Kirkland was president of Harvard College, Porter's famous hostelry in North Cambridge was a favorite resort, and many a merry party gathered in the cold winter days and nights about its roaring wood fires. One of the chief attractions of Porter's was the "flip," a delectable compound of a decided spirituous flavor, which acquired a characteristic "tone" by being heated with a hot iron. The farmers and drovers who frequented the noted hostelry were not the only customers for the flip; the college student keenly appreciated its attractions, and did not hesitate to brave the coldest weather to enjoy them.

Of course these practices did not escape the attention of President Kirkland, who resolved to ascertain for himself the nature of the beverage which the students indulged in. So he went up to the old hostelry and asked to see the landlord. Porter, who knew the president, was greatly disturbed, as he knew he should receive a severe rebuke from the head of the college for catering to the tastes of convivially-inclined students. "Mr. Porter," said Dr. Kirkland in a grave tone, "I understand my young men come up here and drink your flip." "Yes, sir," replied the tavern-keeper in a voice which told how he deprecated the expected admonition, "they do." "Let me have some of that flip," said the dignified president. Whereupon a mug of the beverage was brought out and was tasted by Dr. Kirkland. Then, fixing a stern glance upon Porter, who almost trembled under it, the president said: "And my young men come out here and drink this stuff, do they?" "Yes, sir," meekly replied the tavern-keeper. "Well," said Dr. Kirkland, draining the mug, "I should think they would."