

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

A merry-hearted little child
 Once, in the time of long ago,
 Came from a mansion proud and high
 To our poor cot with ceilings low.

And as he raised his baby eyes
 And saw the ceiling near his head,
 His face lit up with glad surprise;
 "Oh, see how tall I've grown!" he said.

Ah! many a one I've seen since then,
 And many a one no doubt you know,
 Who thinks himself exceeding high
 Because his ceiling is so low.

—Millie C. Pomeroy.

There is a saying of the ancient sages—
 No noble human thought,
 However buried in the dust of ages,
 Can ever come to naught.

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is more wise than one who mistakes superficial polish for real knowledge.

No sin is small. No grain of sand is small in the mechanism of a watch. Retribution may be slow, but it is unfailing.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth and is hailed of all, so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire, and, like the sun, you will be loved.

Enthusiasm is the glow of the soul, enthusiasm is the lever by which men are raised above the average level and enterprise, and become capable of a goodness and benevolence which, but for it, would be quite impossible.

BITS OF TINSEL.

Josh Billings has made his success by throwing a peculiar spell over the public.

"How do you know when a cyclone is coming?" asked a stranger of a western man. "Oh, we get wind of it," was the answer.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "It is a *bit* too long."

In the far West a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron, and milk one or two cows." What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter," broke in the young ardent, "I want her to be my wife."

A St. Louis man declined to purchase of an agent a copy of Appleton's Cyclopædia, with the remark, "I know I could never learn to ride one."

"Papa," said a Hamilton boy, "do goats give milk?" "Yes, Tommy." "And a goat is a butter, isn't it?" "Yes, my son." "Well, then, isn't goat's milk buttermilk?"

When a Chinese bank fails, all the officers have their heads cut off and flung into a corner; and it has been five hundred years since there was a bank failure in that country.

"Follow your prescription?" retorted an irascible patient. "No, sir. If I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a third story window."

A well known author once wrote an article in Blackwood, and signed himself "A. S." "What a pity," observed Douglas Jerrold, "that he will only tell two-thirds of the truth."

A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

One man was asked by another, with whom he was on the best

of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "Oh," he replied, "I'm living by the canal at present. I should be delighted if you should drop in some evening."

"Mamma, what's a book-worm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she's a ring- "Ah, ain't she?"—*Ex.* worm.

A good story about an old Methodist minister baptizing an infant is told in "Echoes from Welsh Hills." "He took the babe in his arms very affectionately, and addressed, in a paternal fashion, a few words of advice to the young parents. 'See that you train up the child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influences, and that you give him a good example. If you do so, who knows but that he may become a Christmas Evans or John Elias! What is his name?'" "Jane, sir," replied the mother.

Solomon says, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." This was, according to the New Orleans Advocate, about as cleverly done as could be at the Crystal Springs Camp-meeting Association. A saloon-keeper in the presence of a crowd was commenting upon the "gate-fee" charged to defray the necessary expenses, when with a swagger he said to a member of the Association:

"Let me give you a problem?"

Camp-meeting brother—"Say on."

Saloon-keeper—"If it takes twenty-five cents to get a man to heaven, how much will it take to send him to hell?"

Camp meeting brother (pointing to saloon)—"only fifteen cents. I believe that is what you charge."

An editor in Chicago recently ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. When tried on they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the tailor shop was closed and the editor took the trousers to his wife and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady (whose dinner had perhaps disagreed with her) brusquely refused. The same result followed an application to his wife's sister and to his eldest daughter. But before bedtime the wife reluctantly took the pants, and cutting off three inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later, the daughter, feeling compunctions for her unfilial conduct, took the pants and cut off three inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally the sister-in law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed a surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday the family thought a Highland Chief had arrived.

For Girls and Boys.

THE TWO PLEDGES.

"Little Dennie" was the only son of a clergyman who, years since, lived on the shore of Lake George. This was before the commencement of the temperance reformation, when every family kept intoxicating liquors constantly on hand, and used them as a daily beverage. Taught by the example of his father and guests, the little boy contracted a love for strong drinks that gave his parents most painful apprehension on his account, and was the subject of their frequent but unavailing remonstrance. At length, at a barn-raising he had been permitted to attend, and where he had free access to a keg of liquor, he became *dead drunk*, and was laid upon a board under a tree. The rest of the story is in the language of the author:

"About four o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child. They pointed him to a place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow, he carried him home to his mother and sisters. Together his parents watched beside his bed during the long night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful stupor would result in his death; but fully resolved, if he lived, not to leave untried any effort that might save him.

"It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to consciousness. His parents thought best not to speak to him of the *cause* of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do him much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptom of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

"About a week after, his father invited him one pleasant morn-