

WITH THE SAGES

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered to us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done—Feltham.

Thou must content thyself to see the world imperfect as it is. Thou wilt never have any quiet if thou vexest thyself because thou canst not bring mankind to that exact notion of things and rule of life which thou hast formed in thy own mind.—Fuller.

Be rather wise than witty, for much wit hath commonly much froth, and it is hard to jest and not sometimes jeer too, which many times sinks deeper than was intended or expected, and what was designed for mirth ends in sadness.—C. Trenchard.

A man cannot speak but he judges and reveals himself.—With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of others by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it.—Emerson.

The world is a country which nobody ever yet knew by description; one must travel through it one's self to be acquainted with it.—Chesterfield.

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book—a message to us from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away, and yet these, on those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, vivify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.—Charles Kingsley.

It is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere with more quiet or with more freedom from trouble does a man retire, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity.—Marcus Aurelius.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if he needs, giving him supplies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.

A gifted, gentle, patient, valiant human soul, which buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown, though often in danger, cannot be drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind it.—Carlyle.

HEART HUNGER

For my own part I do not profess to know God intellectually. Yet I feel my need of Him, and sometimes I feel it so acutely as to make it easy for me to believe that He is Himself creating that hunger of the mind and heart.—Joseph Parker.



Irish Sergeant: "Keep yer head down there! Don't ye know that's the very place that Mike Rooney was shot through the foot!"

WAR WEDDINGS

Some of the war weddings should be quite phenomenally happy if the old saying

"Happy the wooing
That's not long a-doing."

is true. For example one that took place the other day was so hastily arranged that the engagement and marriage took place within a day and a half. It was a busy day and a half for the family, but they managed somehow to get the wedding-cake, the trousseau, and the special license all ready in time.

The bride had been told by a palmist years ago that she would be married before her twenty-fifth birthday—and she was, but with only a day or two to spare.

Weddings that are long a-doing are very few and far between in war-time.

A CAMP CHANTY

In one of the training camps this is the ditty they sing (in a soft, minor key) when extra duty has to be done:

We're little children, mild and meek;
We only get six bob a week;
The more we work, the more we may—
It makes no difference to our pay.

They sing it to a hymn tune—very fast or very slow, according to the nature of the work. A party of them sang it one day on the top of a 'bus, and an old lady in the street below, who took it for a real hymn, smiled at them with benevolent approval.

GIVE THEM A CHEER

Quiet crowds in the busy town,
Watching the troops pass through;
I marvel ye stand so silently

While they march to their death for you.
Some have left home and little ones;
Each has left someone dear;
So throw your reserve to the winds of Heaven

And Give them a rousing cheer!

You can see how their tired eyes light up;
While burdens hard to bear
Grow easy as if by magic wand

When they know that you people care.
Ye have cheered Italia's dark-skinned sons,
And rightly too I say;

But have ye no shout of encouragement
For our own brave men today?

Men who have fought in our old campaigns

Who followed K. of K.,
March side by side with the eager boys
Who have got their first kit today—
Young and old men, grave and gay,

In the cause of Liberty—
So throw your reserve to the winds of Heaven,

And hail them with three times three.

—C.M.S.



"Hints on courtship abound. Every magazine will tell you how to win a wife. Anybody will gladly post you on the etiquette of love-making."

"What's on your mind?"
"But after a man marries he has to saft completely for himself."

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