

Criflex.

GOOD FARMING.—"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh yes; massa fust-rate farmer, he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, you see he sell all his hay in the fall, and make monee once—den in de spring he sells de hides of all cattle that die for want of de hay, and make monee twice—dat's two crops, massa."

GIVING A CHOICE.—A blustering Yankee, dining with three or four Englishmen, after some bold expressions, jumped, and brandishing his carving knife, exclaimed in a menacing tone, "Who says he don't like beef?" One of the Englishmen arose and sternly replied: "I say so." "Well, then," rejoined the Yankee, quietly sitting down, "you can have mutton!"

A GOOD JOKE.—During the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanlon of Dublin, had *three mortars* in his house! A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded, in the King's name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr Scanlon, a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them, adding, that, as they were useless without the *pestles*, they were at his Majesty's service.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Mr. M—— resides in Harley Street. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and luckily, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door.—"Is madam within?" asked the Frenchman. The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied—"And suppose she is, what do you want with her?" "I'm dyeing for her, sare." "You dyeing for my wife—get out of my house, you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest artisan into the street, as the lady made her appearance, and put the matter to rights.

The power of newspapers to do good will be wonderfully augmented when some one person in every family shall be in the habit of cutting out and preserving in a classified order, the best paragraphs, whether of amusement, or important facts, dates, recipes, &c., for future reference.

Hops writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks for-

ward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavour is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

A Riddle.

It rules throughout Eternity,
It lengthens out all time,
Abounds in this terrestrial sphere,
Is found in every clime.

No land, no nations owns its way,
Nor is it in this world,
Yet in each gentle stream it glides,
Is mid old Ocean howl'd.

Though felt and seen in every breeze,
To stormy winds unknown,
Passed in disdain by all mankind,
Lives in the Eternal throne.

In strength it holds the universe,
Without it nought were earth,
But all your Starry orbs roll on
And will not own its worth.

By Liant, Youth and man disowned,
E'en while it gives them breath,
How strangely shunned so e'er it be
'Tis ever seen in death.

J. S.

Quebec, May 1853.

Answer to the Enigma in the last number of the *Life Boat*.

Solutions—Fife, Loaf, Tooth, Halt, Beat, See my whole—the *Life Boat*.

ANSWER TO QUESTION.—The peck of coals will come to ashes.

E. MUIR RICE.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—R. McL. P., St. Vincent, L. E. P., Churchville, G. C., Chelsea, J. D., Yarmouth, W. T. M., Hamilton, O. K. H., 2, Chestnut Hill, U.S., S. J., New York, T. W., Markham.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—R. McL. P., Poetry respectfully declined.