

**The Claims of Love and Lucre.**

The instances are very rare in which two strong wills can harmonize in close companionship.

Most young women study the character of men but little, because they have but little opportunity.

A brilliant match, in the eyes of the world, atones for low morals, uncongenial tastes, and lukewarm hearts.

A woman possessing the best elements of womanhood cannot be happy with a man who has not a sound character.

It is hard to examine character, and profit by the study, after the heart has become the seat of an absorbing passion.

Wealth in hand, without business habits, business tastes, and business interests, is the most unreliable thing in the world.

"Love in a cottage" is laughed at by very "judicious people," but it is a very sweet thing by the side of indifference in a palace.

Good business habits, good character, enterprise, ambition—all these combined—are almost sure to secure competence and success.

There is nothing more disgusting in all the world than that mercenary tie, which, under the name of marriage, binds a woman to the bosom of one who bought her with his money.

**Proverbs of the Sea.**

The sea refuses no river.

The ocean is made of small drops.

It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.

It is but a stone's throw to the bottom of the sea.

He that would sail without danger must never come on the main sea.

He sets his sail to every wind.

Hoist your sail when the wind is fair.

Being at sea, sail; being on land, settle.

He who goes to sea must sail or sink.

It is easy to sail with the wind and tide.

A big ship needs deep water.

A mariner must have his eyes on the rocks and sand as well as the North Star.

He that will not sail till all dangers are over will never put to sea.

He that will not sail till he have fair wind will lose many a voyage.

Many grains of sand will sink a ship.

Better lose an anchor than a ship.

With broken rudder the vessel is soon lost.

He who can steer need not row.

The first in the boat can choose his oar.

Ill goes the boat without oars.

To have an oar in every man's barge.

Good riding at two anchors men have told,

For if one fail the other will hold.

Do not trust all in the same boat.

Too many sailors will sink a ship.

Ships fear fire more than water.

To cast water in the sea.

He cannot find water in the sea.

He seeks water in the sea.

Helping the unworthy is throwing water in the sea.

As true as the sea burns.

As welcome as water in a leaky ship.

The water that supports the ship is the same that sinks it.

Large fish live in deep waters.

By the small boat one reaches the ship.

Who embarks with the devil must sail with him.

The soul is the ship, the mind is the rudder, the thoughts are the oars and the truth is the port.

Women are ships, and must be named.

A ship and a woman always want trimming.

A ship and a woman are always repairing.

Give a woman luck and cast her into the sea.

Who won't be ruled by rudder must be ruled by rock.—[American Notes and Queries.]

**Grains of Gold.**

Give not advice without being asked, and when asked do it briefly.

Keep your business and your conscience well, and they will be sure to keep you well.

One may as well expect to be at ease without money, as happy without.

Half of the failures of life are from the want of faith, patience and persistence.

A slip of the foot may be recovered, but that of the tongue—never.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

If we flatter not ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us.

A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Pride is easily seen in others, but we rarely see it in ourselves.

"Love God," says St. Augustine, "then do what you please."

The friendship of a great man is like the shadow of a bush—it is soon gone.

Great talkers are like leaky pitchers—everything runs out of them.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

If you have no arrows in your quiver, go not out with archers.

Speak kindly and act kindly to others, and you will be sure to win affection as well as esteem.

When we know how to appreciate a merit, we have the germ of it within ourselves.

It is worthy of note that the men and women who think most highly of themselves, and most meanly of others, are those who render back to society for the good things they enjoy the smallest return of personal effort.

Most of the common sneering at good resolutions comes from those who are content to drift along through life without taking the trouble to determine on any fixed course of action.

Without good resolutions from within we need hardly look for excellent results from without.

Presence of mind is greatly dependent on knowing what is best to be done under conditions of alarm or danger.

If this knowledge is acquired, a very moderate amount of courage and some common sense will enable persons to act with discretion and consequent safety in very trying circumstances.

"If pen or lips would keep from dips, Five things observe with care— Of whom you speak, to whom you speak, And how, and when, and where."

The heights by great men reached and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight; But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night.

Longfellow.

The pursuit of the dollar is responsible for the wreck of countless lives. It makes young men old, and adds physical debility to the sorrows of old age.

In the increasing effort to obtain riches the best objects of human existence are driven out of sight.

**Uncle Tom's Department.**

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:—

I intend giving you an interesting letter from Australia this month instead of a letter from me. We have not space for both, and I'm sure you will be pleased with the following.

UNCLE TOM.

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

(Written for the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.)

Some of the Canadian girls and boys who read Minnie May's Department and Uncle Tom's Puzzles in the ADVOCATE may like to hear about a few of the feathered tribes of this sunny land. I cannot promise to tell you anything very funny, but rather what may seem curious and interesting, and better than that, what is true.

It is easy enough to find and to read wonderful stories or yarns told by travellers and novel writers, but I am sure, from the good advices and sound wisdom set before you in your own department of the ADVOCATE, that you all try to cultivate what is pure and beautiful, loving and true, in study, in play, and in every-day life.

The birds of Australia have a very different home and surroundings to what the birds of England or Canada have. Generally speaking, there is no winter over the greater portion of this island continent. The cold, frosty winds of winter never blow, the flowers never fade, the leaves never fall. The forests are mostly evergreen, and from month to month there is a succession of blooming flowers and shrubs. So, then, the birds do not need to pack up their nests and migrate to warmer lands. Of course they move from place to place as men do, seeking a better home or a finer climate, by the coast or up on the mountains, on the cold, green shores of Tasmania, or by the man grove-lined Gulf of Carpentaria. As the seasons here are directly opposite to those of the northern world, the birds brought from England or Europe have to learn the lessons of colonial ways and experience.

But I must notice a few native birds. Australia's big bird is the emu or cassowary—long legs and neck, as large and of the same nature as the ostrich of Africa. It is quite common on the plains to see a flock of emus interspersed with a hobbling herd of kangaroos and wallabies. The brush turkey resembles the Canadian wild turkey. But there is one peculiarity about some of the large birds here, they build mounds of brush and sand for nests, or scoop out a nest on the level plain, cover the eggs with sand, and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sand, decaying vegetation composing the nest.

But here is a funny, good-natured fellow, jacko, or the laughing jackass of Australia. The name is an apt one, admirably descriptive. Merry jacko begins with a regular ha! ha! ha! and goes on varying the tones, so intensely human, as if it had to hold its sides from bursting with the merriest laughter. It is about the size of a crow, dressed in white and brown, a burly, bright-eyed kingfisher. From singing at sunrise and sunset it, in the bush, gets the name of settler's clock, and from its crested head and witty ways it is called the laughing philosopher. In walking by the bush-grown river bank, or in the Botanical Gardens, at all hours of the day, jacko is heard filling the air with a melody which would have delighted the soul of Handel,