

spared the punishment of attempting to make out of them what nature never designed them for.

But until society learns to appreciate real worth at its true value, and until men learn to enter only upon vocations for which they are properly adapted, we must

expect to find all classes of people filling the ranks of the profession, the tares and wheat growing together, and the varieties of this *genus*, like the human species, so great that it would require the genius of a Cuvier or an Agassiz, properly to classify them.

T I R E D.

BY WILL HARRY GANE.

The toils of the day are all over,
And the shadows of twilight fall,
The birds away in the wildwood
In sweet, dreamy accents call ;
The heart that is tired and weary
And patiently longing for rest,
Finds a peace in this shadowy hour
Calm as gold-flashes out in the west !

Our life is a wonderful problem,
With mysterious ins and outs,
With its idle dreams and fancies,
And its many sins and doubts.
But the lights of the day are fading—
So gradually growing less,
That we see with prophetic vision,
Our idols of happiness.

As the traveller worn and weary
Eagerly watches the distant sky,
For the first dim, ghost-like outline,
That tells him rest is nigh,
So we feel the weight that is pressing
And our hearts are weary and sore,
But we feel when twilight falleth,
A peace never felt before.

Tired ! Tired ! and so weary !
Bird songs are wearisome now,
A white, still phantom is nearing,
And tears are burning our brow.
Angels, in numberless armies,
Are waiting to bear us away,
Where the tired and weary are resting
When twilight is robbed of day.