

Things to Think About.

Envy is fixed only on merit; and, like a sore eye, is offended by everything that is bright.

VANITY.—A man may be very vain, and nevertheless be a very capable and sagacious person. But vanity is a clinging vice: and will be at his side on many an occasion when his wits are not by him.

PLEASURE.—It is not pleasure which corrupts men, it is men who corrupt pleasure. Pleasure is good in itself. It is the seasoning which God, the all-wise, the all-good, gives to useful things and needful acts, in order that we may seek them.—*Dumoulin.*

The *Man*, whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a spacious road, nor take an evil path to secure a really good purpose.—*Waller Scott.*

HUMAN LIFE.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, and the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word, dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

Till the middle of life be passed, men scarce distinguish true prosperity from adversity; or rather, they count as the favors of fortune what they should more justly regard as the marks of her displeasure.

WAR.—Its presence is a curse, its breath is cruelty, and its progress is inseparable from sighs and tears, and libations of human blood. Yet war is called glorious, and those who are most successful in the work of carnage are styled heroes!

Dr. Nott, a clergyman, aged 94 years, when asked what was the secret of his long life, health, and strength, replied, that it was owing to the observance of these four rules:—1. Rise early. 2. Live temperately. 3. Work hard. 4. Keep cheerful.

"Tell your father," said John Randolph to his friend, "that I recommend abstinence from smoking and whisky punch. Debauchery and dissipation they are both injurious to

Things to Smile at.

"Oh! mother (said a little fellow), I have got such a bad headache, and a sore throat, too, that I don't believe I can go to school to-day." "Have you, my dear? (said the mother) well, you shall stay at home and take some medicine." "It's no matter (returned the young urchin), I guess I can go to school; I've got 'em, but they don't hurt me."

A DOUBLE DEALER.—"Paddy, honey, will ye buy my watch?" "And is it about selling your watch you are Mike?" "Troth it is, darlint." "What's the price?" "Tin shillings and a matchkin of the creature." "Is the watch a decent one?" "Sure, an' I've had it twenty years, an' it never once desaved me." "Well, here's your tin; and now tell me, does it go well?" "Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin." "Bad luck to ye, Mike, then you have taken me in! Didn't you say it never desaved you?" "Sure and I did—nor did it—for I niver depinded on it!"

A northern parson happening to meet a female parishioner, who was well known, by habit and repute, to be excessively fond of an over dose of the mountain dew, asked her if she knew where drunkards went? The woman very coolly answered, "to the public house, sir."

"It strikes me," began an orator. "Then why don't you strike it back?" inquired a sailor amongst the audience.

"Jack, do you know how many horns there are to a dilemma?" "No, but I know how many there are to a quart of whisky."

"Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Auger of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, Sir; I merely said that I have seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

Well, my boy, do you know what *syn-tax* means? (said a schoolmaster to the child of a teetotaler.) "Iss, sir; the *dooty* upon *sperits*."

"I shall prevent the use of ardent spirits," as the grocer said when he watered his spirit cask.

P	H	M
K	O	M

These letters, in their proper place,
Will show the world and thee,
A cause of sorrow and disgrace,
A source of misery.

The above riddle was cut from an old paper. The solution will be found by folding the upper line half way over the lower line of capitals.