

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

Up, men of reason, manly men!
This is no slumbering age;
Sink creed and party, crime condemn,
And for the right engage.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—
Goethe.

Archdeacon Farrar says: "Man's liberty ends, and it ought to end, when that liberty becomes the curse of his neighbors."

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water, the harder he is when taken out.

It is our duty not only to scatter benefits, but even to strew flowers for the sake of our fellow-travellers in the pathways of this wretched world.

Men are sometimes accused of pride because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their place.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause?

The silent influences of life are by far the greatest. We do not know at what moment we are stamping the character and coloring the whole future life of our associates by our voiceless example or our most unpremeditated words.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

Work and relaxation are both means to the same great end—the perfection of individual happiness and national welfare. We cannot afford to neglect either, nor to emphasize one at the expense of the other. Both are duties, and should be treated as such; both should be pleasures, and will be so when their proportions are duly regarded and the claims of each faithfully fulfilled.

When the State writes "Criminal" over the door-way of the most elegant drinking-saloons, as well as over the lowest grog-shops; when it places at the bar of justice the tempter by the side of his victim, and when it stamps every package of liquor as a dangerous beverage, meriting destruction as a public nuisance, it has done much to warn the young and unwary, and to turn their feet aside from the downward path.—*Judge Pitman.*

TRINKETS.

KNOTTY.

Said bachelor Fred unto bachelor Harry,
"I've partially made up my mind to marry
And settle down; for I'm quite worn out
With all this galivanting about.

"A fellow thinks he has lived in clover,
Till the bills come in when the season's over,
And then he finds to his cost, alas!
He's positively turned out to grass.

"A wife, you know, with a wealthy father,
Would be a pleasant incumbrance—rather;
And a sweetheart nowadays seems to be
A very expensive luxury.

"Yet whether to marry or not to marry
Is a question that puzzles me sorely, Harry.
What would you advise?" "Well, I'll tell you what,"
Said Harry; "I think you had better—knot!"

—*Josephine Pollard in Continent.*

A punster challenged a sick man's vote at a city's election, on the ground that he was an ill-legal voter.

"How do you define 'black as your hat'?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

An old lady in Iowa was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whisky. She replied, "I would have it made into starch to stiffen the backbone of many of the temperance people."

An inveterate bachelor, being asked by a sentimental miss why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the

ocean of life, "I would if I were sure such an ocean would be *Pacific.*"

A medical certificate is among the treasures of the London General Post-office, worded as follows: "This is to certify that I attended Mrs. — in her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof."

A young lady resembles ammunition, because the powder is needed before the ball.

A preacher remarked last Sunday that it was said that liberalism is creeping into all the churches. "If this is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question: "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "How, sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes?" Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth. And the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

She sang "I want to be an angel," and he declared that she was one already. To this she blushing demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained.

DOUBTFUL IDENTITY.—"As I was goin' over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly!' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' So with that we looked at aich other again, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

RATHER OBSCURE COMPLIMENT.—The church official in expressing his humble apology to the very dignified clergyman who had come to conduct the services for the day in an obscure, unimportant place, said, "he was sorry to have asked *him* to their small town and little church, as less of a gentleman and a poorer preacher might have done them, if they had only known where to find one."

For Girls and Boys.

SHE WILL NEED THEM NO MORE.

Some days since a man noticed a ragged little bootblack culling some bright blossoms from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chambermaid had thrown from a window into the alley.

"What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?" asked the man.

"Nothing," was the lad's reply, as he kept on at his work.

"But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?"

"That's hardly your business," was the somewhat impudent reply.

"Oh, certainly not; but you surely cannot expect to sell those faded flowers?"

"Sell 'em! who wants to sell 'em? I'm going to take 'em to Lil."

"O, Lil is your sweetheart, I see."

"No, Lil is not my sweetheart! she's my sick sister," said the boy, as his eyes flashed and his dirty chin quivered. Lil's been sick for a long time, and lately she talks of nothing but flowers and birds, but mother told me this morning that Lil would die b-b-before the flowers and birds came back."

The boy burst into tears.

"Come with me to the florist's," said the gentleman, "and your sister shall have a nice bouquet."

The little fellow was soon bounding home with his treasure. Next day he appeared, and said:

"I came to thank you, sir, for Lil. The bouquet did her so much good; she hugged and hugged it till she set herself a coughing again. She says she'll come by and by and work for you, soon's she gets well."

An order was sent to the florist to give the boy every alternate day a bouquet for "Lil."

It was only day before yesterday that the bootblack appeared again. He stepped inside the office door and said:

"Thank you, sir; but Lil—Lil (tears were streaming from his eyes) won't—need—the flowers any more."

He went quickly away, but his brief words had told the story. "Lil" won't need the flowers any more, for she has gone where they are always blooming, and even on earth they will grow about her mouldering form, and the birds will sing around her grave.—*Morning and Day of Reform.*