

"pleasure is not all, not the only thing in people's lives. And things that are the best worth having never grow old."

"You think not?"

"Do not you?"

He paused, then said, suddenly, "What are the things best worth having?"

But Caroline found herself in a difficulty, and did not answer immediately.

"Won't you tell me? Perhaps you think I ought to know for myself."

"I suppose you do know. Most people are aware what it is that they most prize and care for."

"But the question is, what is *best*, not what is *dearest*."

(*To be continued.*)

A VALENTINE.

Addressed to a Lady who would insist on having some original verses, by ——— the Author.

Poeta nascitur non fit.

You don't believe a word of it;
 Else, wherefore bid me verses write,
 Who scarce a theme could e'er indite
 In homely prose? (Ah! Muses nine,
 Sisters ye are, but none of mine!)
 Howe'er, since you will have it so,
 I'll bid my humble verselets flow;
 Though, what on earth to write about,
 I cannot clearly quite make out;
 So, Mattie dear, you'll not be vexed
 If I, for once, make *Self* my text;
 The reason being (if you press me)
 That love of self does most possess me,
 And that an author best can write on
 The subject he can throw most light on.
 Now, *self* in two must be divided,
My-self and *your-self*, that's decided
 But which the worthier of the two
 I can't determine; pray, can you?