

## A Cure for Dullness.

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If you, as sometimes all must do,  
Art wearied with the bawling crew,  
Who, grovelling, senseless, nothing hold  
As good, save, but the search for gold ;  
And would'st thou leave them for a space.  
And forget them in a pleasant place ?  
I'll tell you, Poet, Priest, or Layman,  
Take from thy shelf a book by Weyman.

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Life brings many tasks—but the hardest is finding out our right one.

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A little boy stood one day looking out the window, watching the white snow falling. It fell upon the hard ground and blew together into little dusty patches.

"Mamma," said he, "does the angels send the snow?"

"Yes, dear," said Mamma, without looking up from her book.

There was silence again for awhile. From out the house across the street a white-capped maid came with a broom, and swept the door-steps and sidewalk off. She was the servant maid of Mrs. S——, a very fastidious, fussy, old lady, who disliked both children and dirt. Only that day she had sent little Jack and his companions away from her door-steps.

Jack watched the maid, for a while, then he startled his mother with this question :

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