

yet, as genius is ever unconscious of its efforts, this simple hearted Irishman had no other idea than that he had succeeded in protecting that part of

his person, which the barbarity of modern fashion leaves to a great extent unprotected.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE PAST.

BY ACADIEENSIS.

Yes, the past is a chamber of death;  
and methinks  
I tread its stately halls,  
And the face of full many a friend of  
my youth  
Seems imaged on its walls.

And my fancy—as echo my desolate  
steps  
Along its pavement stone—  
Can distinguish some tale that de-  
lighted me erst  
In their sepulchral tone.

And I see by the dim light that  
memory sheds  
Upon my dreamy eye,  
That festoons of the long-withered  
flowers of my hopes  
Wave from its arches high.

And in colors unreal there are pictured  
around  
Scenes of life's happier day,  
Where I gaze till each glimmering  
phantasm fades  
In grave-like gloom away.

## MONEY.

A SCHOOL COMPOSITION.

The following, written by a lad about twelve years of age, shows, we think, the germs of original and forcible thought:—

Of all the kings on earth, the greatest is the money-king. He sits over every man's mind, draws out his passions, controls his conscience, awakens his thought, stimulates his endeavor, and commands his speech. Every man, whether he bows to Czar or Sultan, Emperor, Queen or President, is always, and in every place, the willing subject of the money king. He commands, and all obey. Else what mean the sound of axe and loom, of trowel, pick and spade, of humming wheel, and creaking shaft, and plunging piston-rod? What means it that walls are rising, crops are growing, and engines snorting? What mean the crowded market, the jostling throng, the busy factory? What do the hard hand and the sun-burnt hand mean? They mean that men are placed upon an earth which gives only to the persevering, and among fellows who toil each for himself; that they are placed under a dispensation of labor, with hearts willing, and arms able to work out a high and happy destiny for themselves. It is a blessed fact, that a man's necessities are not

his satisfaction. Talk as we may, it is a fact too, that he upon whom the money king bestows the title of nobility, is the nobleman, and men reckon him so. A well-filled pocket, or a good credit at the bank, is about as good a recommendation as exists now-a-days. The children of fathers whose whole lives were struggles with starvation, now and then leap up into the highest seats of distinction; and children of fathers who rolled through the streets in the pride of state, pillow their dying heads on pillowless beds.

Blood counts for less than brains in these times. It is well that it is so; it is well, perhaps, that the money king does have a powerful sway; for in his empire there are not many hereditary titles. His Peerage is gained by labor, and it dies out by carelessness.

There are many things that any one so disposed might find fault with in this tendency of our age. One might cry out about the love of money being the root of all evil,—might show how many evils money had brought about, and talk much about the unrighteous mammon and the sin of covetousness,