

Things to Think about.

The education of a man of open mind is never ended.

Everywhere we have need of all reverence, obedience, and thoughtfulness.

There is no simple interest in knowledge. Whatever funds you have in that bank go on increasing by interest upon interest—till the bank fails.

Great men, like great rivers, are ever bringing down deposits of soil for after harvests. Genius provides the deposit: talent ploughs and manures it.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless care; many without labour would live by their own wits only but they break for want of stock.

Each faculty of the mind that remains unexercised is an eye that requires couching, having the power to see, were the pellicle that obscures the sight removed.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

IDEALISM.—Might not idealism be compared to a glorious star on the rational horizon, hidden from those who mingle with the crowds of cities, but shining with a clear and beautiful light to the scholar who seeks the mountain solitudes?

FACT.—Facts are pitiful, unless permeated, vitalised, and united by the universal; and the yearning after the universal is vapoury, of little use, and of little real beauty, unless realised in the details of actual, daily, human matter of fact.

MAN'S ABILITIES.—No man knows what he can do till he is fully resolved to do whatever he can. When men have thought themselves obligated to set about any business in good earnest, they have done that which their indolence made them suppose impossible.

NATURE.—A beautiful nature is like a pure diamond: the more it is broken the greater the number of angles of reflection it displays; but there is a species of mental vision so defective that it can only perceive the work of destruction not the manifold beauty thereby unfolded to view.

Great men would do well to come down occasionally from their heights, and have intercourse with their fellow-sojourners. We reverence Jove when he speaks to us from Olympus' heights; but we love Apollo when he visits us in the valley, and calls to mind his sayings long after he has left us.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil; in the heart of the wise and good, as well as with the wicked and foolish; for there is no error so crooked but it hath in it some lines of truth, nor is there any poison so deadly but it serveth some wholesome use.

Things to Smile at.

If you want an affectionate, loving wife, choose a thin raw-boned gal. You'll be nearer the heart.

Why is a melancholy young lady the pleasantest of companions? Because she is always a musing.

Why is a man without legs like an even bargain? Because there is nothing to boot.

What dress would a lady procure, in order to keep the rest of her wardrobe clean? A Lauress (lawdress.)

What was the first thing Adam set in the garden of Eden? His foot.

Why is a tear shed in secret like a vessel of war? Because it is a private-tear.

Why is the letter K like meal? Because you cannot make cake without it.

When is a lady's neck not a lady's neck? When it is a little bear.

What word in the English language contains seven different meanings—is spelled six different ways, and has but one sound? Hue, hew, ewe, yew, you, and Hugh.

An American paper describes a fence made of such crooked rails, that every time a pig crawled through, it can o out on the same side.

Money begins to get easy, says Dobbs; it has been so easy with me that for the last three months it has not troubled me.

WHAT IS LOVE?—A late writer, without the fear of truth or the fair sex before his eyes, calls it nothing more than "an insane desire to pay a young woman's board." So!

An article in a southern paper announcing a person's decease, says—"His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveller returns, attended by his friends."

Carpenters for the most speak *planely*—but they will *chisel* when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are bores, and oftentimes annoy each other with their "old saws."

One of our compositors, who is of a delicate constitution, and about to emigrate to Sydney, consoles himself with the idea that night-work there will have very little effect on his health, as night at the antipodes is contemporaneous with day here.

A wag purchased a very fine horse. Returning from a ride a few days afterwards, he said he had discovered a quality in his animal which added five pounds to his value—"He shied at a constable!"

A SEARCHING OPERATION.—"Billy, my dear, where have you been at this time of the night, to get your shirt turned wrong side afore? "Been, mother?—been to an auction, where a man lost his pocket-book; and they shut the doors, and searched us all from head to foot; that's how I got my shirt turned; glad to clear out anyhow—staid two hours, and they hadn't half stript when I left 'em."