

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH—DEPARTED.

Friends of my youth—departed! Oh where, oh where are they; The witty and light-hearted,

Your places are forsaken, Your voices heard no more; Full oft I've been mistaken

If ever I offended In childish word or play, Until my days are ended

Then heard we wisdom's warning; Oh! heard ye it too late? Ye left me here thus mourning

That blest assurance given, Begone corroding care!

DIFFERENCE IN WOMEN.

There is nothing more distinctive among women than the difference of relative age among them. Two women of the same number of years will be substantially of different epochs of life—the one wearied in mind, faded in person, deadened in sympathy;

THE BABY AND THE MULE.

An officer attached to the staff of General Custar, having his wife and child with him, just before the celebrated fight with the Indians out West, about two years ago, gave them in charge of a friendly Indian to take them beyond the line of the enemy.

When half way over, the mule suddenly stopped and began slowly to sink, until mule, Indian and child disappeared. The mother, on reaching New York, met Mr. Bergh, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, related her sad story.

"Oh, Mr. Bergh!" she exclaimed, "words cannot convey what I suffered on the occasion as I stood upon the bank watching my poor child perish within my sight, and unable to render any assistance. Ah! Mr. Bergh, fancy, if you can, what were the feelings of a mother on that occasion, as she saw her darling disappear from her sight!"

"Yes," said Mr. Bergh, "that's all very well; but, madam, fancy the feelings of the mule."

ILL-TEMPER.—Of all the minor tyrants of domestic life, ill-temper is the most detestable. It is of various kinds but the three main divisions are these—the hasty and violent; the peevish and cross-grained; the sullen and vindictive. We are all of us liable to some kind of ill-temper. There are two chief causes, want of health and want of sense.

GOOD ADVICE.

Pay your debts as soon as you get the money in your pocket. Do without what you don't need. Speak your mind when necessary. Hold your tongue when prudent. Speak to a friend in a steady coat. If you can't lend a friend money, tell him why. If you don't

want to, do the same. Cut acquaintances who lack principle. Bear with infirmities, but not vices. Respect honesty, despise duplicity. Wear your old clothes till you can pay for new ones. Aim at comfort and propriety, not fashion. Acknowledge your ignorance, and don't pretend knowledge you haven't got. Entertain your friends, but never beyond your means.

HOW A VAMPIRE WAS OVERCOME.

Soldiers often figure in ghost stories, as over comers of vampires. One of them, for instance, is on his way home on a visit, when he passes a grave-yard. All is dark around; but on one of the graves he sees a fire blazing. Guessing that this is the work of a lately deceased wizard, of whose evil deeds he has heard terrible accounts, he draws near, and sees the wizard sitting by the fire making boots.

"Good evening brother," says the soldier. "What have you come here for?" enquires the wizard.

"To see what you are doing." The wizard throws his work aside and cries—"Come along, brother. Let's us enjoy ourselves; there's a marriage feast going on in the village."

"Come along," says the soldier. Our story proceeds to say that they went to where the wedding was, and were treated with the utmost hospitality. After eating and drinking, the wizard got into a rage. He drove all the guests out of the house, threw the bride and bridegroom into a deep slumber, took an awl, and made a hole with it in one of the hands of each; and then drew of some of their blood in a couple of vials. Having done this, he went away taking the soldier with him.

"Why did you fill the vials with blood?" asked the soldier.

"In order that the bride and bridegroom might die. In the morning there will be no waking them; and no one but myself knows how they can be restored to life."

"How's that to be done?" "By making cuts in their heels and pouring some of their own blood into the wounds. Whatever I wish, that I can do," he went on bragging.

"I suppose it's impossible for any one to get the better of you?"

"Impossible? No. If a man were to make a bonfire of aspen boughs, and burn me in it he'd get the better of me. Only he'd have to look sharp about it, for snakes and worms, and all sort of vermin would crawl out of my inside, and crows and magpies and jackdaws would come flying about, and all these would have to be caught and flung into the fire. If so much as a single maggot were to escape, in that maggot I should slip off."

All this the soldier stored in his mind. He and the wizard went on talking until they reached the graveyard.

"Well, brother," said the wizard, "now I must tear you up; otherwise you will go repeating all this."

"What are you talking about?" replied the soldier. "You're very much mistaken in thinking you'll tear me up. I am a true servant of God and the emperor!"

Upon this, the wizard gnashed his teeth, howled aloud, and sprang at the soldier, who drew his sword and laid about him lustily. They fought until the soldier was all but exhausted; then suddenly the coals began to glow, and the wizard fell lifeless to the ground. From his pockets the soldier took the vials of blood, and then went on his way. Next morning he went to the house where the wedding feast had been held, and there he found every one in tears, for the bride and bridegroom lay dead. Carrying out the instructions he had received from the wizard, he brought the young people back to life. Instead of weeping, there immediately began to be mirth and revelry. But the soldier went to the "starosta" and told him to assemble the peasants and prepare a bonfire of aspen wood. Well, they took the wood into the graveyard, tore the wizard out of his grave, placed him on the wood, and set it alight, the people all standing around in a circle, holding brooms and shovels and fire irons. When the pyre became wrapped in flames, the wizard began to burn; then out of him crept snakes and worms and all sorts of vermin, and up came flying crows and magpies and jackdaws; but the peasants knocked them down and flung them into the fire, not allowing as much as a single maggot to escape. And so the wizard was thoroughly consumed, and the soldier collected his ashes and strewed them to the wind. From that time there was peace in the village.

REST.

Dr. Hall says the best medicine in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all the potencies of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move a foot or crook a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate, and slow and typhoid fever sets in, and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or working is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the first indispensable steps to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest: the very moment disease or wounds assail them,

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

How mighty is the influence which the past exerts in the affairs of the present! If from it we take that which belongs to the past, time presents but an universal blank. It is the record of all man has ever been or done. This present is but a transitory state, which, as we turn to contemplate it, ceases to be. We know not what we are, but by carefully examining the history of our past lives, we may ascertain what we have been.

"Thoughts and deeds, not years," are the measures of intellectual life, and, as we live in the past, we only can be said to live long. The antediluvian shepherd who, through long centuries, watched his flock, careless and ignorant of all things else, cannot be said to have lived so long an intellectual life as the man of to-day, whose thoughts run through every generation, age, and century of the stored past.

As men value the past, we may determine their intellectual condition. The adage of the Arab is that life consists of two parts: That which is past, a dream, and that which is to come, a wish. But to the civilised man it presents a field of varied and instructive knowledge which throws o'er the hidden paths of the future its cheerful light.

We live in a world of change; the evidences of its workings may be seen in everything around us. We look on the giant hills and mountains, and deem perhaps that they are eternal; but the little streams that are rolling down their sides are slowly wearing them away. We admire the beauty of the unbroken forest, and, as we enter, we see at our feet the mouldering forms of the forests of other times, and the thought forces itself upon us that this must be the fate of the tall trees that are waving their branches so proudly o'er our heads.

We learn to love a friend—one dear to us by the tender ties of affection. We can scarcely reconcile ourselves to the thought that the voice whose kindly tones have so often cheered us in the hours of woe, and ministered in the brighter hours of pleasure, is forever silent in death—that the echoes of those footsteps which were always heard with delight have died out forever.

But death is not the only change to which our friends are subject. How often the voice of slander, or the promptings of jealousy, alienate and dissolve the strongest ties of friendship! But there are things which, even in this inconstant world, are enduring; the friends over whom calumny and envy has no power. These are they who belong to the past. The most careless of natures cannot recur to such associations without feelings of pleasure. The remembrance of our earlier years, however bitter or severe they may have been, ever awakens a feeling of delight.

The Swiss peasant, as he hears the harper playing the tunes he loved to hear in his far-distant mountain home, experiences a joy only expressed in tears. The most degraded of men love to look away from the ruin and shame of the present, back to the days of innocence and joy, and, though they may feel that many of those days have been wasted, yet still they will regret them.

We sometimes sing,— "Backward, slow backward, oh, tide of years, I am so weary of toils and of tears, Toils without recompense, tears all in vain, Take them and give me my childhood again."

This is beautiful poetry, but not the language of the human heart. Who would take back their childhood at the price of forgetting all the associations that belong to memory? Who would forget the companions of their earlier years? Some are in distant lands; others have been laid in bloody graves, to moulder on the battle-fields of the sunny south, while others sleep in our own churchyard, and the tall grass above them owes its dark luxuriance to their mouldering forms. There the angry winds of winter, that everywhere else howl in tones of destruction and desolation, seem only to sing the requiem over their departed spirits.

Who would forget the home of their childhood? It may have been a home of poverty; the years spent there may have been years of toil and sorrow, and widely scattered may be the little band that met around the hearth-stone. Yet there are times we fancy

"We meet as we did in childhood bliss, Ere sorrow and death had told That forms forever in death must rest, And glowing hearts grow cold."

Change mars the present, uncertainty clouds the future; we know not but that the paths that seem so fair may all be strewn with pain; but

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy, Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features joy used to wear."

But all memories are not pleasant; wrong deeds can only be viewed in the light of regret and shame. Years will only add to their blighting and withering influence. Let us live so that when the rolling years shall have sped their rapid flight, we may look back on spotless actions traced in human hearts by the hand of human affection, and illumined by the light of memory.

HAPPINESS.—A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rest on a potato garden or a flower patch.

WOMAN IN SICKNESS.

In no situation, and under no circumstances, does the female character appear to such advantage as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may indeed be said to be woman's home. We there behold her in her loveliest, most attractive point of view—firm, without being harsh; tender, not weak; active, yet not quiet; gentle, patient, uncomplaining, vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling that so peculiarly graces the feminine character, is there called forth; while the native strength of mind which has hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy. With noiseless step she moves about the chamber of the invalid; her listening ear ever ready to catch the slightest murmur; her quick, kind glance to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half-formed want. She smooths with careful hand the uneasy pillow which supports the aching head, or with cool hand soothes the fevered brow, or proffers to the glazed and parching lip the grateful draught, happy if she meets one kind glance in payment for her labor of love.

Hers, too, is the low-whispered voice, which breathes of life and hope—of health in store for happy days to come; or tells of better and of heavenly rest, where neither sorrow nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail, suffering, perishing clay. Through the dim, silent watches of the night, when all around are hushed in sleep, it is hers to keep long vigils, and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, for the prolongment of a life for which she would cheerfully sacrifice her own. And even when exhausted sinks to brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she seems awake to this one great object of her care. She starts and rises from her slumbers, raises her drooping head, and watches with dreamy eyes the face she loves, then sinks again to rest, to start with every chime of clock or distant watch, which formerly had passed unheard, or only served as a lullaby to her sweet sleep.

CAUSES OF DEW.

If the dew fell, it would fall for the same reason that rain falls; but dew does not fall, it is simply a deposit of moisture, always contained in the air to a greater or lesser degree, and which, when there is enough of it, will always form on any cold body exposed to the moist air, in precisely the same way that a cold bottle or stone, taken from a cold cellar, and suddenly exposed in the shade to the moist, warm, summer air, will become wet; this is not sweating, nor does this moisture come out of the bottle or stone, as many people believe, but from the air. It is for the same reason that moisture will condense against the window pane, when the air is cold outside and moist inside, the moist slowly freezing while its deposits form crystals of ice, which we so often admire in winter. When the weather is cool enough, the moisture deposited will even freeze on plants and grass, and then we call it hoar frost; if it does not freeze, it is simply dew. The only point left to be explained is, why does the ground become so cool during the night; so much cooler than the air above it, as to cause the latter to deposit its moisture? This was for many years a vexed problem, till Wells first suggested the radiation of obscure heat, which takes place from the surface of the earth through the clear atmosphere into the space above, and so causes the surface to become much cooler than the air itself. He demonstrated this by means of the thermometers placed at different heights, and also by the fact that dew is only deposited on cloudless nights. When there are clouds, they reflect the heat, or prevent it from escaping. The surface of the earth thus being kept from cooling, so dew is deposited.

GRIMALKIN AND THE GLUE-POT.

AN AMUSING GHOST STORY.

The "Lounger," in the South London Press tells the following story, which he says is current in Peckham: A newly-married couple took a house not a hundred miles from Peckham Rye railway station. After they had got nicely settled down, they entertained a number of their friends to a kind of "house-warming." A very pleasant evening was spent, and the company did not break up until late. After the happy pair had shaken hands with the last of the guests at the door, they returned to the parlor, where they were suddenly alarmed by a mysterious knocking, which seemed to proceed from the kitchen. The husband looked alarmed, the wife turned pale. The husband cried "What's that?" the wife shook her head, and mournfully muttered that it was a sign of death. The knocking continued, and too much alarmed to investigate the cause, the husband determined to open the window. Up went the latch, and strange as it may seem, a policeman actually made his appearance at the very first call. He entered by the window, opened the parlor door, and boldly stepped into the lobby. Still the knocking continued. One moment the policeman stood as if to consider whether it would be advisable to call in another member of the force, and then he bravely decided to have all the honor to himself. Fearfully he threw open the apartment, when, lo! what did he behold? A big black tom-cat with its head fast in a glue-pot! A strange catastrophe that, but when the pulled the

cat's head out of the pot, a mouse was found in its mouth, and that explained how puss had got into its funny predicament.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE, TORONTO TIME.

Table with columns for destination (Suspension Bay, Hamilton, Paris, London, Chatham, Windsor), departure times, and arrival times for various routes.

GRAND TRUNK EAST. DETROIT TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for destination (Detroit, Port Huron, Sarnia, London, Stratford, Guelph, Toronto), departure times, and arrival times.

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Napanee, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa), departure times, and arrival times.

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Guelph, Stratford, London), departure times, and arrival times.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Newmarket, Barrie, Collingwood), departure times, and arrival times.

T. G. AND B. RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Orangeville, Mt. Forest), departure times, and arrival times.

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Markham, Uxbridge, Midland Junction), departure times, and arrival times.

ST. LAWRENCE & OTTAWA RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destination (Toronto, Prescott Wharf, Prescott Junction, Ottawa), departure times, and arrival times.