

Grief and care shall flee away,
 Darkest night be turn'd to day,
 Winter snows to Summer showers,
 Autumn leaves to Spring's fresh flowers.

Sordid pleasures have their day,
 Truth and Love shall ne'er decay ;
 Heaven and earth their blessings give,
 Love and Truth shall ever live.
 Then, let Love our bosoms thrill,
 Empty hearts may have their fill ;
 The poorest may be rich in love,
 Bless'd on earth and crown'd above !

A KISS THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

THE telephone,
 In merry tone,
 Rang "Tinkety-tinkety-tink !"
 I put my ear
 Close up to hear,
 And what did I hear, do you think ?

"Papa, hello !
 'Tis me, you know !"—
 The voice of my own little Miss ;—
 "You went away
 From home to day.
 But you never gave me—a kiss !

"It was a mistake,
 I was not awake,
 Before you went out of the house ;
 I think that a kiss
 Will not be amiss
 If I give it--sly as a mouse !

"So here goes, Papa,
 And one from Mamma,
 And another when you can come home :
 Just answer me this,
 Is it nice to kiss
 When you want through the dear telefome ?"

"Hello ! " I replied,
 With fatherly pride,
 "I've got them as snug as can be ;
 I'll give them all back,
 With many a smack,
 As soon as I come home to tea !"