

THE CALLIOPE.

and respect, when a wavering and unsettled mind can never be dependent on. Take a lesson from nature; see what precision and regularity she performs her work. The sun never rises or sets before his time; the moon pays her monthly visits with scrupulous exactness, and the seasons follow each other in regular succession, the stars are always to be found at their posts, and even the comets, though their visits are few, are always on hand at the appointed time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Three Rivers, May 9th 1859.

Friend CALLIOPE,

The following lines from Moore strikes me as being rather *hard* on the ladies:—

Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books were woman's looks,
And *folly's* all they've taught me.

He must have studied a very poor edition, or have been exceedingly difficult to please, as the study is both pleasant and instructive. He may have been, like many others, attracted by the handsome *binding* rather than the more valuable contents; selecting those

Who want but little on their head
But much below to make them spread.

Publishers bind the most worthless volumes in brilliant covers with gilt edges to make them saleable; while the more substantial works, find ready purchasers in any binding. The gilt soon wears off and leaves only a bundle of *dry leaves*, while those with a plainer exterior increase in value the oftener they are read and properly understood, and will pay the expense of rebinding at any time. Some people are so captivated by the appearance of a *book*, and so anxious to possess it, that they never

pause to enquire into its merits, but merely judge by its *title* and popularity. Any one of ordinary penetration can however, by a little observation, tell the nature of a *book* by its *binding*; for instance, those tipped, or encircled with brass, or gold, should be avoided, and those more unpretending ones in muslin or cloth, carefully preserved and studied. I would gladly give your young readers a bit of fatherly advice on the choice of such books, but I have already filled more space than I had at first intended.

For the present Adieu,

QUIZ.

Varieties.

“Come kiss me,” said Robin, I gently said “No?”
For my mother forbade me to play with men so.”

Ashamed by my answer he glided away,
Though my looks pretty plainly advised him to stay
Sillyswain, not all recollecting—not he—
That *his* mother ne'er said that he must not kiss me.

“How do you do, Mr. Smith?”

“Do *what*?”

“Why, how do you find yourself?”

“I never *lose* myself.”

“Well, how have you been?”

“Been—been *where*?”

“Pshaw! how do you feel?”

“Feel of me and see.”

“Good-morning, Mr. Smith.”

“It's not a good-morning—it's wet and nasty.”

And the parties separated.

“You would be very pretty, indeed,” said a gentleman, patronizingly to a young lady. “If your eyes were only a little larger.” “My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you *don't* fill them!”