

to interior happiness. On the first the thorns prick us as we journey along, but their wounds are immediately soothed when we reach our destination; on the second, the thorn is felt only after we have seized the flower, and all its sweetness cannot allay the suffering it imposes. Let us choose, then, let us "act in the living present,

Heart within and God o'erhead."

Let us follow the path of honor and virtue; a place in the ranks awaits us, and if we would gain the victory "let us buckle our armour," sally forth to battle, and "become heroes in the strife." Each little skirmish will be a victory in favor of self-improvement, the development of our character, and our moral progress, and by triumphing over the enemy, one by one, the outcome of the last great battle will be assured and the laurels will be ours; we shall have won our way to Heaven.

"The winged day can ne'er be chained by man's endeavor,
Life and time shall fade away,
While Heaven and virtue bloom forever."

T. J. CALLAGHAN.

So thoroughly is the average Englishman persuaded that the pun is the very quintessence of humor, that we are surprised that a *Times* reviewer should have failed to mention Father Tabb's cleverness in productions of this sort. As fine a specimen as we have seen of his whimsical ingenuity, is the poet-priest's acknowledgment of a warm eulogy by Andrew Lang, who, however, misspelled his name "Tab":—

O why should Old Lang Sign
A compliment to me
(If it indeed is mine),
And filch my final b ?
To him as to the Dane
In his soliloquy,
This question comes again--
"2b or not 2b?"

The Casket.