

TAKING COMFORT.

THE dream of mortals is of a time coming when cares shall cease to infest, anxieties to oppress, every wish to be gratified, and they shall "take solid comfort." Many waste all their lives in the vain pursuit of this dream which, like the will-o'-the-wisp, leads them a sad chase over bog and fen and morass, eluding them to the last. A few thoughtful souls arrive seasonably at the wise conclusion that not in this world will time ever come, when, without any dregs of bitterness, the chalice pressed to our lips will be full of only comfort. We must take the bitter with the sweet as we go along.

Contentment is not of an outward growth. Its roots spring from the very depths of the soul, and are nourished as well by rain as by sunshine, by sorrows as by joy. When once one has resolved within himself to take life as it is and make the best of it, then he may, even in tribulation, take comfort, though the majority of people do not prefer to take it in that form.

The delights of life, like pleasant weather through the year, are scattered all along the way, and unless we enjoy them as soon as they come, the opportunity once past never returns.

It is all very fine to provide for a rainy day, but the man is very foolish who allows himself to be soaked by drenching rains that he may save his umbrella for some possible future storms. We live altogether too much in the future, too little in the present. We live too poor that we may die rich. We get all ready to be happy, and when we are quite ready, infirmity or disease or death steps in, and the chance to take comfort in this short life is gone. If we could only be content to seize upon the little pleasures that lie just outside and often within our daily pathway, they would make a large sum total at the end of three-score and ten. Far too many of us scorn pleasures that are cheap and dear and within our grasp, and complain because we cannot have such as are costly and remote and inaccessible. But if we only magnify the little things that make life pleasant as we do those that make it unpleasant, the cup of our joys would continually

overflow. We complain of cloud and storm, but do we rejoice in the sunshine and fair weather? We grieve at the coldness of a friend, but do we value the fidelity of those who remain true? We count the hours when sickness prostrates us, but how many days of health pass utterly unnoted and without thanksgiving? We mourn passionately for the dead while we neglect the living for whom to-morrow we may weep as dead. It is well for us to heed the sayings of the wise man, "There is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

THE MEMORY OF MOORE.

(From the Dublin Irishman.)

Two things saved a past generation from the lightning bolts of BYRON'S wrath, gathered darkly in the "Avatar"—these were the eloquence of GRATTAN and the genius of MOORE.

The tribute of that mighty master of the lyre to our National Bard should suffice to shrivel the flimsy fault-finders of the present, who, inflated by the breath of their own vanity, imagine they can manufacture immortality and annihilate genius. They rely for notice on the arrogance of their outcry, but the observation they attain is at once the measure of their capacity and the condemnation of their conduct. A ROSETTI writing a preface to the Melodies, with the object of depreciating their author, resembles nothing so much as the travelling Cockney who should deface the pedestal of an APOLLO by the vulgar inscription of his ignoble name.

Away with them to the swine-troughs of the sensual schools: their names may be known in the crannies of callow Cockaigne, ours is a Poet whose renown has illumined a World!

The last strains that die on the ear as we leave Europe may be sounds he has created, and the first that welcome us to the new world, those which he had made famous. From Persia to Paris, from Cadiz to California, the radiance of his genius beams undimmed—welcomed under every sky as the inspirer and consoler of the human heart, tenderly interpreting, sweetly suggesting its finest emotions; nobly arousing it to