

## FAREWELL.

Farewell! For, while this life besets me,  
 With you, I feel, I shall not dwell;  
 God, passing, calls you, and forgets me:  
 In losing you, I learn I loved you well.

No tears, no plaint, all unavailing:  
 What is to come I may not rue;  
 So speed the vessel for your sailing,  
 And I will smile when it departs with you!

Forth fare you, full of hope; high-hearted,  
 You will return again to shore;  
 But those who suffer most when you're de-  
 parted  
 You will not see them any more.

Farewell! You go a pleasant dreaming,  
 To drink your fill of dangerous delight;  
 The star that now upon your path is beaming  
 Shall dazzle yet awhile your wistful sight.

One day, you *will* learn, to your profit,  
 To prize a heart that feels for one;  
 The good we find in knowing of it,  
 And—what we suffer when it's gone.

He that sympathises in all the happi-  
 ness of others perhaps himself enjoys the  
 safest happiness, and he that is warned  
 by all the folly of others has perhaps at-  
 tained the soundest wisdom.

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter's  
 falling through a scaffolding of a house  
 which he was engaged in repairing, re-  
 marked, that he liked to see a mechanic  
 go through his work promptly.

A millionaire, who was looking at a  
 level tract of land which he had just  
 bought at an extravagant price, said to  
 the agent who had sold it to him, 'I do  
 admire a rich green flat.' 'So do I,'  
 significantly replied the agent.

A young lady admitted to her mamma  
 that her beau had kissed her on her  
 cheek. 'And what did you do?' asked  
 the old lady, in a tone of indignation.  
 'Mother,' said the young lady, 'I can-  
 not tell a lie; I turned the other cheek.'

When balloons were invented, and  
 the public curiosity greatly excited, Mr.  
 Shirra having seen Lunardi up in the  
 air, exclaimed, 'That will not do; it is  
 not by a balloon that you can get to  
 Heaven. There is another, a better, a  
*surer* way to the Father, and, besides,  
 it is called a *new* way.'

'Doctor,' said a gentleman to an aged  
 clergyman, 'why does a little fault in a  
 good man attract more notice than a  
 great fault in a bad man?' 'For the  
 same reason, perhaps,' answered the

rev. doctor, 'that a slight stain on a  
 white garment is more readily noticed  
 than a larger stain on a coloured one.'

The one great practical truth that  
 ought to be driven over and over again  
 into his own mind by every young man  
 is that he should not care a button for  
 his likes and dislikes, but should do  
 what ought to be done, in spite of any  
 disagreeableness. The lesson of self-  
 denial is far beyond any other in impor-  
 tance. It must be repeated again and  
 again.

A little boy who was to pass the after-  
 noon with a neighbour's little daughter  
 was given two pieces of candy. When  
 he returned his mother inquired if he  
 gave the larger piece to the little girl.  
 'No, mother, I didn't. You told me  
 always to give the biggest piece to com-  
 pany, and I was company over there.'

Wherever there is fickleness you may  
 say with truth to him who is character-  
 ized by it, 'Thou shalt not excel.' The  
 man who is continually changing his oc-  
 cupation, or constantly moving from one  
 situation to another, fails to better him-  
 self in anything, and lives only to illus-  
 trate the proverb about the 'rolling  
 stone.'

LONDON FUN.—Lady Chelsea Ware  
 (with vase)—'Yes, it is quite too dis-  
 tinctly tender. Yesterday it knocked  
 against a loathly modern plate—and  
 chipped!' Chorus of æsthetics—'Quite  
 too preciously terrible!' Lady C. W.—  
 'I treated it with diamond cement, and  
 heart throbbingly watched by its side  
 the livelong night. To-day—to-day—  
 it is as well as could be expected!'

## A CANADIAN BELLE ON ANGELS.

An angel? well, I hardly know;  
 The costume's fresh and striking,  
 And the white chemise and feathers  
 Are exactly to my liking.

And then to have a pair of wings—  
 The thought is quite entrancing;  
 But they'd be rather in the way,  
 I think, when I was dancing.

And, though girls in "the Pirates  
 Of Penzance" look so nice in  
 Long night-gowns, with our furs and cloth  
 We're said to be enticing.

An angel may be very fine  
 All glory, robe and feather,  
 But still I sometimes have my doubts  
 About Canadian weather.

DIOGENES.