

Things to Think about.

CHANGE.—Things themselves change less than our manner of looking at them.

See that your experience is not like the light of a ship hung astern, illuminating only the track it has passed.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow—keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

In the early and best days of Greece and Rome, it was either valor, justice, virtue or ability that raised men from the common throng above their fellows. Wealth had no share in the advancement.

I am much afraid that he who at the first sight treats me as a friend of twenty years, will, at the end of twenty years, treat me as a stranger, if I have some important service to ask of him.

It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portion should be given with young women in marriage. When this great lawgiver was called upon to justify this enactment, he observed—'That in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty.'

Sir William Gooch, being in conversation with a gentleman in the city of Williamsburg, returned the salute of a negro, who was passing. 'Sir,' said the gentleman, 'do you descend so far as to salute a slave?' 'Why, yes,' said the governor, 'I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners.'

EDUCATION.—Man, though born with a capability for much that is great and exalted, would have scarcely any idea beyond the pleasures of sense, were he left by others to follow his natural inclinations. Education calls forth the latent capability, and creates a taste for refined enjoyments.

He is not a free man, who, convinced that it is right to adopt a certain course of conduct, adopts a contrary one for expediency's sake, whether to gratify the vanity of another, to suit his own temporary interest, or to avoid the censure and punishment of a stranger.—He is not a free man, and he will never conquer. The votaries of fashion and mere custom are slaves.

BEAUTIFUL SAYING OF A DYING MAN.—The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows:—"You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of the evening or in the dark night. These are not times to visit the grave of a Christian; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

Things to Smile at.

When a young man steals a kiss from a Shropshire girl, she blushes like a new blown rose, and says smartly, "You daren't do that twice more."

Some sensible chap says truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheel-barrow, and undertake to wheel himself!

A person who was in delicate health being asked by a friend, "Will you venture on an orange?" replied, "No, thank you—I should roll off."

"Hallo, watchman, are we in space?" cried a trio of wanderers in the granite city. "No, you're in Skene Terrace," was the reply of Charle.

BAD SIGNS.—It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true democracy to a lamp-post. It is also a bad sign to see a fellow lie down in the gutter, supposing it to be his bed, and commence calling a poor innocent dog all sorts of hard names, mistaking it for his wife.

A GOOD JOKE.—Decidedly the best joke we have heard for a week was played off on a relentless, sharp-nosed constable, in the western part of the State. He started out to arrest a person who had often escaped pursuit, but who, he was informed, was at that time in a neighboring corn field. The constable, wishing to take him by surprise, took a roundabout direction, scaling the sheds and fences opposite, when, "squatting," he crawled stealthily along, and at length pounced upon his victim, clenching him firmly around the waist, exclaiming, "you're my prisoner." He had nabbed—a scarecrow.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A MR. WILDER.

There was a couple *wild* with joy,
In courtship while progressing;
All other pleasures seemed alloy,
And hardly worth possessing.
'Twas hoped that Hy-men's silken band
Might make this couple milder;
But ah! how vain are dreams of man,
Alas! they both are *Wilder*,

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

THE CADET is Published on the 1st of every Month, at 1s. 3d. per annum, or Ten Copies for 10s, when paid in advance, by J. C. Becket, No. 22, Great St. James Street, Montreal.