

At an evening party a few days ago, the following question was suddenly asked by a young lady, to the great consternation of all the guests. Pointing to a dish which had lately contained a mixture of a certain shell-fish with a certain vegetable, she said, "Why is that dish like the shell of a lobster that my sister Sarah had for supper last night? Because it is all that remains of a lobster tail had."

Sickness should teach us these four things:—What a vain thing the world is! What a vile thing sin is! What a poor thing man is! What a precious thing an interest in Christ is!

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For The Weekly Visitor.

HALF AN HOUR AT A STREET CORNER.

Reader, did you ever stand at a street corner for half an hour, waiting for a friend, or lazily loitering about killing time? If you have, you will be familiar with the multiplicity of things which I will attempt to recount, and in which I have the heartfelt satisfaction of being experienced. Turning round from a cursory survey of a linen-drapers' window, my optics were greeted by the sudden appearance of a slop waggon, steaming like a lank kitchen on a washing day: the crows might have had a mortgage on the horse while the wheels performed their circuitous duty, obliquely, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. The cluvia survived the vehicle; and I looked again up the muddy street, down which were coming a strange jumble of carts, omnibuses, carriages, buggies, and street cars, interpermed with a proportionable number of ash men and wheelbarrows—my sight at intervals being obscured by tall, gaunt figures passing before me. Twining my orbits longitudinally to get a view of the sidewalk, elbowing a colored whitewasher, and innocently stepping on a lady's dress at the same time, an avalanche of humanity nearly overwhelmed me—forms long and short, fat as aldermen, or slim as churchwardens, streamed along—faces full and broad—faces elongated and stringy; plump, chubby-faced creatures, with flabby cheeks and double chins, hobbling by. Old weather-beaten, paleled women, smelling strong of whiskey; and Stanley-street interpolate with the liveried, straight-laced citizens of Jarvis-street. Men in blue aspects and buck-skin mittens, supported by legs encased in mouse-colored breeches, and the whole surmounted by dog-skin caps, and tusks made from the skins of other equally docile quadrupeds. Barristers and ministers, "stiff with starch and arrogance," and looking as punctilious as though they had just emerged from a bandbox. Racy, apple-faced damsels, fresh from the country, briskly pace the planks, their arms laden with their maiden purchases. Puny news boys, with numerous air-holes in their garments, utter their sonorous ditties. Corpulent butchers with faces as red as their beef; millers with chalk-colored eyebrows and flowery outfit dusting all and sundry in their way; fat tavern-keepers with big seals to their watch guards, thrifty mechanics in mutual gangs, with dirty faces, trudging home to their wives and pancakes. The thin-shelled aristocracy also indulge themselves, and rustle their silk against their rival's satin—their heads crest as horses

dragons, the circumference of their crissoline too much to be credible, and their Lilliputian, would-be China feet being modestly exhibited every opportune time. In short, I saw, dispensing with expetives, men, women and children of every age and station; here a face beaming radiant with joy or success; there a phibrowed out of its legitimate shape;—phibionomies as long as kitchen towels, or as broad as Cheshire cheeses. Hats too, like their owners, of all sorts, shapes and sizes—wide-awake, stove-pipe, and pork-pie, being the pre-luminant trio. Hair resembling the heads attached—mostly and fancy, or sleek and oily, coarse and fine, like the combs wherewith to rake it. Heads, like the hair fastened thereto, as varied as the vegetable kingdom: plump, jolly heads on good substantial shoulders; calculating heads like mental arithmetics; Lincoln, Brougham, wedge-shaped heads; fat, circular, Dr. Johnson heads. Brows, moreover, conspicuous by their convexity—long-combed and furrowed—with dark, scowling or bright, open eyes to match. Thus, every day this tide of confusion rolls along—a vast panorama, with living figures—a mammoth play, rehearsed every day, with some change in the actors,—the great universal medley of city life.

MARCO.

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