

His eyes were blue forget-me-nots,  
 His forehead broad and fair;  
 His mouth a tiny rosebud,  
 Like golden threads his hair.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And, waking in the still night,  
 I stretch my hands and sigh;  
 They clasp, alas, the empty air—  
 I call—but no reply.

THERE is art in this rhyming "parrowgraff":

Said a great Congregational preacher  
 To a hen: "You're a beautiful creature!"  
 The hen just for that  
 Laid two eggs in his hat,—  
 And thus did the Hen-re-ward Bescher!

A CRITIC says of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "It makes no difference whether you begin at the last paragraph of one of his essays and read backward, or begin at what he intended for the beginning, you will always find, if you search, the thread on which he strings his pearls."

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PERMIT me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—Taxes—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes upon the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, we must pay taxes.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the