

Give to your neighbor no offence,
Pay all your debts—one hundred cents—
Make your religion common sense ?
Then thank your stars.

Can you assist the man that's poor—
Perhaps he tramps from door to door—
Impart out of your goodly store ?
Then thank your stars.

Have you a hope beyond the grave ?
Are you a servant, not a slave,
Obeying whom your blessings gave ?
Then thank your stars.
WM. STRONG.



Memories.

Heaven help me just for once to dip my brush
So I may catch the hue,
And paint the pictures that mine eyes beheld,
That sweet spring morn when the distilling dew
Fell from the hawthorn blossom upon the primrose bed ;
When from the tree-top, meadow, and from briar bush
Came the inimitable notes of linnet, laverock, thrush.

No uninspired pen can possibly portray
The beauty of the landscape scene—
The pleasures of the hour, youth's joy, earth's charm,
As came ushering in the day.
There is a color that the artists use
To paint the water, earth, and trees ;
But what can represent the song of birds,
Or the sweet humming of the bees ?