

## Our Casket.

## JEWELS.

George Herbert, a Divine of the 17th century, wrote thus.

"It is most just to throw that on the ground,  
Which would throw me there if I kept it round."

Talent is of no more use without cultivation than bricks and mortar without a mason. Inspiration is, in one sense, "the gift of trying."

Anything that makes the heart deeper, anything that makes the current of affection run fuller, anything that makes gratitude and love and honour and truth and faith stronger, makes the man stronger.

Life must be measured by action, not by time; for a man may die old at thirty, and young at eighty; nay, the one lives after death, and the other perished before he died.

Respect goodness, find it where you may. Honor talent wherever you behold it unassociated with vice; but honor it most when accompanied with exertions, and especially when exerted in the cause of truth and justice.

Our life experiences, whether sad or joyful, should be fertilizers to a large and stronger growth of character, as the dead leaves of trees stimulate them from year to year to higher and nobler proportions.

It is not the being exempt from faults, but the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us, it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

## BITS OF TINSEL.

"Dear me!" said an extravagant wife when she saw the long face her husband pulled at sight of her milliner's bill.

"John," said the teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll let you off this time," responded John.

"Please, mum," said Bridget, looking at the cherubs in Raphael's Dresden Madonna, "What is they?" Hannah calls them bats, but I think them is twins."

An old negro in Montgomery, Ala., while watching the monkeys in the menagerie in that city, spoke thus: "Dem children got too much sense to come outer dat cage; white folk cut deir tails off, and set 'em to workin' and votin' and makin' constitewtions."

A young and illiterate doctor, on being told that a patient was convalescent, said: "Why, that is nothing. I can cure convalescence in three hours."

The mouth of a certain north side man is disfigured by the absence of one of his front teeth. His little son surprised him the other day by asking: "Father, dear, what makes you part your teeth in the middle."

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said in a dreamy tone that made his pulse quicken with hope. "And why," he asked with suppressed anxiety. "Oh," she replied, in a freezing tone, "if you were a comet you would only come 'round once in 1,500 years."

A little girl was reproved for playing with the little boys, and was told that being seven years old she was too big for that now. "Why, grandma," she replied, "the bigger we grow the better we like them."

Milkman (to small boy): "Tell your mother she'll have to pay ready money for milk after this. I ain't going to chalk up any more." Small boy: "What are you going to use instead of chalk, Mr. Grange?"

"If you want to be truly happy, my dear," said one New York lady to another, "You will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club." "Yes, I know," answered the other, wearily; "but what am I to do with my nose?"

"Ma, is Mr. Thompson respectable?" "Certainly, my child. Why do you ask that question?" "Because he wears such poor clothes." "You should not judge a man by his clothes; none but silly people do that." "Then everybody's silly—ain't they ma?"

"Why it kicks: A member of the New York Phonetic Club writes to this able and influential journal, asking us "to drop the final *ue* in words so ending, and spell *dialog*, *epilog*, etc., etc." Well, we kick. We are willing to drop the *ue* to a limited extent, but when the New York Language club asks us to call *gluc*, *gl*, we protest.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The Boston *Journal* relates this evidence of youthful precocity: "In one of our horse cars a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: 'Pleathe charge it to my papa. I've thwallowed the money.'"

## For Girls and Boys.

## BE BRAVE FOR THE RIGHT.

BY VICTOR.

"It is a bitter cold night; come into Hoyt's with me, and have a glass of brandy," said one of two young men, who were walking rapidly up Broadway.

"No, thank you, Burton," was the reply. "I never drink."

"Never drink, Merrill! Why not, pray?"

"Because I think it wrong. I am a temperance man," was young Merrill's quiet reply.

"Indeed!" and Burton's lip curled sneeringly. "Very brave you are to tell me *that*. We shall see how long you will be a 'temperance man,' and live in *our* society. We shall see—we shall see!" he repeated, as, releasing his arm from Merrill's, he bade him a cool "good-night," and entered the brilliantly lighted saloon.

As Ralph Merrill walked on up the thronged street, his friend's words rang in his ears, making him very thoughtful. Would he be strong enough *always* to resist temptation? Would his decision for the right ever be as prompt as to-night?—were questions he asked himself, and his lips just stirred with the unspoken prayer, "In my trial hour, make Thou me strong."

He had come to the city within the year, and entered into business with a young man named Wellington, the son of a wealthy broker, who was at the time traveling in Europe. On his return and introduction to Ralph Merrill, attracted by his fine physique and pleasing address, his cultured mind and generous heart, he invited him to his elegant home, introduced him to his daughter Edith, a fair and graceful girl, and showed a desire in various ways to be his friend.

Not long after Mr. Wellington's return from abroad, some of his intimate business friends planned to give him a banquet at Delmonico's. Everything that could give pleasure or grace to the entertainment, was ordered. Rare and costly wines helped largely to make up the carefully chosen *menu*. The guests invited were gentlemen prominent in the commercial world, the younger Wellington and Ralph Merrill were among them because of their relations with the honored guest of the evening. When the time appointed arrived, the banquet was found to be all that could be desired. After the substantial viands were enjoyed, a variety of delicious dainties were set before the guests. Just then it was that Mr. Wellington spoke to Ralph, whose seat at table was not far removed from his own. "Mr. Merrill, will you take wine with me?"—at the same time sending to him the waiter, with the bottle of rare wine from which his own glass had just been filled. Ralph indicated to the servant that the glass beside his plate was not to be filled. Mr. Wellington saw the motion, and the quick words came,—

"What, Merrill! not take wine with me? *Why not*, sir?"

For a moment there was no reply; for a moment the young man listened to the tempting voice within, listened while it said, "You *cannot* announce your temperance principles in this company. Mr. Wellington will be angry, and with his large influence he can ruin you financially; and Edith—you know how charming you think her. Anger her father now, and you will see her no more—refuse