

THE QUIET HOUR.

No sin is greater nor more injurious to God than despair in His mercy. The circling year is a clock, whose hands measure the hours it blossoms.

Good habits are the soul's muscles—the more you use them the stronger they grow.

There is transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

Somewhat has well said: "The best woman has always somewhat of a man's strength, the noble man a woman's gentleness."

You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair.

The world is out of tune, and our hearts are out of tune, and the more our souls vibrate to the music of Heaven, the more must they feel the discord of earth.

I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honour without the sentiment of religion—Laplace.

Let human love be strong as death, complete, unalloyed, abandoned, uttermost in its intimacy, an entire surrender, yet when God stares at us in the eyes we are alone with Him.

God has made man, generous promises to men, and to encourage sinners to repent, assures them of pardon; but He nowhere promises time. That He reserves to Himself and His own disposal.

"There is nothing," says Seneca, "however difficult or arduous, which the human mind cannot conquer, and assiduous meditation render familiar. Whatever the soul demands of itself it obtains."

My Saviour! fill up the blurred and blotched sketch which my clumsy hand has drawn of a Divine life, with the fulness of Thy perfect picture. I feel the beauty I cannot realize; robe me in Thine unutterable purity.

As the soldier takes the sword, the painter the brush, the musician his instrument, the mechanic the tools of his trade, each to perfect himself in his art, so he who wishes to "think must take the pen and do honest work."

There is a beautiful legend regarding the appellation "Venerable," which is always prefixed to the name of St. Bede. It is said that after his death epiphany a memorial like the Brookway field at Princeton, which commemorates the heroism of Frederick Brokaw, the Princeton student who gave his life to save two servants from drowning, reminds us of one or another of these sacrifices. But far more frequently a grave in an unfrequented churchyard, or a proud pang of a woman's heart, is the only memorial of the "unknown hero."

THE JOKE CROP.

Well Framed—"You're the very picture of health." "Yes and I'm in a contented frame of mind."

The Impossible in Society—"They are impossible persons?" "Yes?" "Yes, they have no ancestry whatsoever."

As Far as He Went—"I asked you if I could sue on that claim," said the disappointed litigant to his lawyer, "and you said I could." "I didn't," admitted the lawyer, "but I tried to say you could win."

Local Prejudice—"Benjamin Franklin sleeps in Philadelphia," remarked the reverent tourist, "Well," answered the New York salesman, with the plaid clothes, "what else is there for a man to do in Philadelphia?"

His Distinction—"I'm sure I don't know why the Rev. Mr. Fitzhugh calls himself the boy preacher," said Mrs. Snaggs. "He's 40 years old, if he's a day." "Perhaps he's the oldest boy preacher alive," explained Mr. Snaggs.

Verdict as Rendered—"Gentlemen of the jury," asked the clerk of the court, "have you agreed upon a verdict?" "We have," replied the foreman, "The verdict of the jury is that the lawyers have mixed this case up so that we don't know anything at all about it."

"Yes, monsieur, there are shoes worn by Louis XVII., when led to execution." "He must have limped painfully." "On the contrary, monsieur, he walked boldly upright and with great dignity." "He must have been a marvel of stoicism. Both these shoes are his rights."

Ransom Howlett—"Mah ter' fo' dis woman's dices' am I to be fou' in 'em?" "Philippian, chapter—" "Deacon Goodie (arising and making for the door)—" "Sorry fo' toe cause talk, but I hears dis Philippian question ax'z in de work, an' I doan sit fo' to hear it on Sundays nohow." (Bangs the door.)

A Bald Statement—"It's hard to be happy once you've got a reputation

for saying sarcastic things," remarked the one-eyed man. "What's the trouble?" "I've lost another friend. I complimented him on being the most cool-headed person I ever saw. He took it as an allusion to the fact that he is totally bald."

"When Bilford went West he told me that as soon as he had settled down and pulled himself together he would write to me, but I have never heard from him." "Bilford was blown up in an explosion of dynamite three months ago. He may have settled down, but I don't believe he has pulled himself together yet."

More Diplomacy—"I tell you my wife knows a thing or two. The people who inhabit the neighbourhood into which we have just moved look at us with awe." "How did she manage it?" "Engaged two of the biggest vases in town to move us, when all our goods might have been transported in a wagon without overloading it."

The Trouble—Hicks—"Why is it you are so hard on Wellington? He never did you a bad turn or ever spoke ill of you." "Wicks—" I know that, but the fact is the first time I saw Wellington, I thought he was somebody out of the ordinary, and I was as polite to him as I knew how to be. I never shall be able to forgive him for that mistake."

A Penalty of Knowledge—"It seems to me," remarked the high-browed theorist, "that people positively resent education. A man who is more than ordinarily wise is usually left to himself as much as possible." "Perhaps you are right," answered Mrs. Cayenne. "When a man knows such a very great deal, he makes one apprehensive. There is no telling when he may be going to sit down and try to tell it all."

The Reason Why—A schoolmaster in a village school had been in the habit of purchasing pork from parents of his pupils on the occasion of the killing of the pig. One day a small boy marched up to the master's desk, and enquired "if he would like a bit of pork, as they were going to kill their pig?" The schoolmaster replied in the affirmative. Several days having elapsed, and hearing nothing of the pork, the master called the boy up to him, and enquired the reason he had not brought it. "Oh, please, sir," the boy replied, "the pig got better."

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY.

In a bright epigrammatic contribution to the August number of the "North American Review," which is in the form of a dialogue between an artist and his wife, Max O'Roll celebrates "The Pleasures of Poverty." Monsieur is possessed with a desire for riches that his wife may live in luxury; Madame insists that they could never be so happy in luxury as they are when their income was most contracted, and she has the best of the argument, as is indicated in the following extract:—

"She—And do you also remember when, two years after we were married, our general suddenly gave notice, and left us alone to manage household affairs as best we could? And how I cooked all the meals, and how you never enjoyed them better? Now, say it's true."

"He—Perfectly true. "She—And the house was gay, happy, ringing with our laughter all day long; so that, in a month, baby put on six pounds of flesh?"

"He—And how I cleaned the knives? "She—Which helped your appetite for breakfast."

"He—And the boots? Now, I did not like cleaning the boots. "She—Yes, you did, and they never shone so beautifully."

"He—Well, I flatter myself I was able to make myself useful. "He—And how pretty you looked with a white apron on, and your sleeves tucked up, showing your lovely arms?"

"She—Ah! and how you were once turned out of the kitchen for kissing the cook? You were sorry when I got a new servant."

"He—Upon my word, I believe I was. "The NEW WINDOW CLEANER.

Here is a good story of a man called William, who is engaged as a window-cleaner at a certain big hotel in London. One morning William, instead of doing his work, was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as bad luck would have it, the manager looked in.

"What's this?" he said. William was dumfounded. "Pack up your things and go," said the manager. So poor William went to the office, drew the money which was owing to him, and then went upstairs to put on his Sunday clothes. Coming down, he went to say "Good-bye" to some of the older servants, and there he happened to run across the manager, who did not recognize him in his best coat.

"Do you want a job?" asked the manager. "Yes, sir," said William. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir."

"You look like a handy sort of chap. I only gave the last man 2s., but I'll give you 2s."

"Thank you, sir," said William, and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the windows this time and not reading the paper.—Tid-Bite.

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SAVED TIM VASE.

The little son of a Manchester gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck, and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fat of the luckless young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand," he commanded the fearful young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy.

"Can't?" demanded the father. "Why?"

"I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!"

The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase, and out came the hand.—Tid-Bite.

THE OLD LAD.

I mind myself a wee boy w' no plain talk. An' standin' not the height of two pears; There was things meself consat' or the time that I could walk, An' w'na's to tell when wit an' children-draw me't."

"Two's better than one," said the old man, "the stars high up in the skies, The first I knowed of a mother's face 'Til the kind love in her eyes. Oh, och! The kind love in her eyes."

I went the way of other lads that's anyther good nor bad, An' still, d'ye see, a lad has far to go. The kind love in her eyes.

But the things meself consat' when I wasn't sick nor sad, They're aye told an' little used to."

"Two's whiter than a boat on the say beyond, An' whiter a girl on the shore, An' whiter a scrape o' the oddie strings, Or maybe an odd thing more, Maybe an odd thing more!"

A man, they say, in spite of all, is in under a girl to write; In under this ould cove I live me lone; I never see the woman yet I wanted to see in my life.

Nor I never made me pillow on a stone, "Tis fancy buys the ribbon an' all, An' fancy sticks to the young; But a man of his years can do w' a pipe, Can smoke an' hold his tongue, Smoke an' hold his tongue."

Ye see me now an ould man, his work near done, Sure the hair upon me head's all grey, But the things meself consat' for the time that I could run, They're the nearest to me heart this day."

Just the daises down in the low grass, The stars high up in the skies, The first I knowed of a mother's face 'Til the kind love in her eyes. Oh, och! The kind love in her eyes. M'ra, O'Neil, in Blackwood's."

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THE ORIGINAL FATHER O'FLYNN.

The author of "Father O'Flynn," Mr. Arthur Forceval Graves, was born in Dublin in 1846, his father being the late Protestant Bishop of Elmerick. "The young Irishman," says a writer in a contemporary, "was always proud of his nationality, loyal to the traditions of his race, and manly enough to declare his sentiments. Two years after he had graduated, and while he was acting as private secretary to Mr. Wintworth, the Secretary of State for Ireland, Graves composed "Father O'Flynn" while walking across a park to the Home Office. He says that a lively tune, to which he often joggled as a boy, was filling his ears and his mind, and do what he could he could not get rid of it. The tune was "The Top of Cork Road." Over and over again he sang it, mentally, until suddenly the words of "Father O'Flynn" sprang into being of themselves, and all he had to do when he reached his office was to write them down on paper. Soon after this, Charles Santley got hold of the song, and it is what it is to-day. Graves has frequently been asked to declare who the original was. But he has recorded that his verses were meant to give a picture of a friend rather than that of an individual. He has said in conversation that an old friend of his father the Bishop, a priest, the Rev. Michael Walsh, of the parish of

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