

STORY OF RUPERT AND HIS CAT.

In his empty house poor Rupert sat,
All alone sat he—

Except for a cat, a jolly gray cat,
A-purring upon his knee.
And Rupert was wringing his hands with
grief,

And crying to such a degree!
Me-ow, me-ow! says the jolly gray cat
A-purring upon his knee.

All gone, all gone! it was Rupert's text—
The cash in my box went first;
My land and my railway shares went next,
And my joint-stock bank it burst.
My friends went then—the very men
That often had dined with me;
Me-ow, me-ow! says the jolly gray cat
A-purring upon his knee.

My servants ran, both maid and man,
And left me to make the fire;
But how could I blame? they only came
To work for their monthly hire.
Some bottles of wine went, too, I think,
And two of my shirts, or three;
Me-ow, me-ow! says the jolly gray cat
A-purring upon his knee.

Kissing a portrait, I softly cried:
O, true, though all should flee!
I went to her door, but my promised bride
She turned up her nose at me.
She laughed at my impudence—she said;
Her cousin was there to see!
Me-ow, me-ow! says the jolly gray cat
A-purring upon his knee.

Poor trusty cat, when all are fled,
You tenderly stay with me;
Let's share what's left—this crust of bread,
And mingle our tears, says he.
I knew I smelt that crust, cries puss,
And snaps it from his knee;
Fits, fits! says the jolly gray cat,
And after the rest ran she!

POLISH WOMEN.

Many of the Polish women are very like our English women of the slender delicate type, but with paler complexions, and brighter, and generally darker eyes. I thought it was impossible to see finer and more varied expression than their faces exhibited; for I saw them at a time when their enthusiasm, their indignation, their sorrow, and all their religious feelings were awakened. I had read, in some book, that they were frivolous and changeable: but they have been constant enough to Poland, and dull persons will always mistake animation, quickness of perception, and a light manner of treating light subjects, for frivolity. In every civilized country, women give the tone to society; and this is particularly the case in Poland, where social gatherings are far more frequent than with us, and where there are

no entertainments, no pleasure parties of any kind, at which women are not present. If, however, the Polish ladies cared only for pleasure, instead of placing patriotism above all other considerations; if the balls and bribes offered to them and to their husbands, could make them forget their suffering country; then the Russians would certainly by this time have made some progress in the way of gaining adherents among the Polish families of the kingdom; whereas, as it is, they have not advanced a step. The Polish mothers bring up the young Poles as patriots, and the Polish wives exclude from society all whose patriotism is even doubtful.—*Edwards's Poland.*

KINDNESS AND COURTESY.

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. In all your home talk, remember, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "if you please."

"I DON'T CARE."

Yes you do, too, and there's no use trying to deceive yourself with the sophistry of those words. The best and noblest, the truest and most generous part of your nature does care for the unkind cutting words you have uttered to one that you loved, in a moment of pique. You may carry yourself ever so proudly and elegantly, you may never drop by look or word the sweet dew of healing on the wound you have made, in a nature as proud, as sensitive, and exacting as your own; but, to your honor be it said, you are better than your words, and away down in your heart lurk shame and repentance and sorrow for them. You may carefully hide them both, and in a little while they will be gone; for, O! it is very easy to make one's self sweet and mellow and charitable; but there must be some pain, and some struggling, before you can do a mean, ungenerous thing to one who loves you, and have your heart endorse your "I don't care!"

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year. And you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

There is no prettier picture in life than that of a daughter reading to her aged father. The old man, while listening to her silvery notes, goes back to other times when another one sat by his side, and whispered words he never will hear again; nor does he wish to do so; for, in soft evening light he sees her image reflected in her child, and, as one by one gentle emotions steal over him, he veils his face, and the daughter, thinking him asleep, goes noiselessly in search of other employment. Virgin innocence watching over the care and little wants of old age, is a spectacle fit for angels. It is one of the links between earth and heaven, and takes from the face of the necessarily hard and selfish world many of its harshest features.

ORDER.

Never leave things lying about—a shawl here, a pair of slippers there, and a bonnet somewhere else, trusting to a servant to set things to rights. No matter how many servants you have, it is a miserable habit; and if its source is not in the intellectual and moral character, it will inevitably terminate there. If you have used the dipper, towel, tumbler, etc., put them back in their places, and you will know where to find them when you want them again. Or if you set an example of carelessness, do not blame your servants for following it. Children should be taught to put things back in their places as soon as they are old enough to use them; and if each member of the family were to observe this simple rule, the house would never get much out of order, and a large amount of vexation and useless labor would be avoided.