

Sunlight and Starlight.

God sets some souls in shade, alone;
They have no daylight of their own;
Only in the lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night,
Thy greater heaven hath grander light,
To-day is close; the hours are small,
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind,
Reach forth a larger bliss to find;
To-day is brief; the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

—A. D. T. Whitney.

' Does it Pay ?'

A great many things evidently don't pay. A good many others as evidently do. But there are different kinds of paying, and still more different opinions as to what "paying" really means. When one gives little and gets much, he flatters himself he has a paying thing in hand. When one gives much and gets more he comes to the same conclusion. But the little or the much may be only money, or something which money can purchase or for which it can be exchanged. If things are on the right side of the ledger as far as these are concerned, very many have no doubt about it being all O. K. Yet how often a great deal more has been given which may be never considered at all! Besides so much cash, this one had to put in a goodly allowance of lies. He humbugged. He pulled the wool over his neighbor's eyes. He took advantage of ignorance. He appealed to Heaven. He flattered. He favoured. He suppressed the facts. He exaggerated that. And he gained his purpose. He made a very good spec, and Master Greenhorn had to grin and bear it. Did it pay? He thinks so. He hugs himself at every remembrance of his dexterity. He tells gleefully of what really proclaims his dishonor. Let him wait a while, and he may discover that the spec is a poor one after all. He has given far more than he received back again. He has sacrificed his honour. He has debauched his conscience. He has parted company with self-respect. He has to say sometimes to himself, "Now I'm afraid I am a rogue."

It is possible that the thief thinks his occupation pays. Even the poor, vulgar, ordinary pilferer seems to delude himself with the idea that it is grand to get possession of that for which he has not labored, and for which he gives no equivalent. And the pilferer, in the extraordinary sense, seems to have exactly the same idea. Are there no thieves in Ontario who hold their heads high as honest and honorable men? Of course there are. Plenty of them. In what respect are they worse than the truck that go before the Cadi? They took more. That is about all. How many made their money by smuggling? How many by adulteration? How many by defrauding their creditors? How many by exorbitant charges? How many by simple prosaic stealing? How many by the dirtiest of dirty work? How many in the meanest of all mean ways? And what do they think to-day of themselves and their success? Perhaps a great deal. Perhaps not. Has it all "paid?" We more than doubt if it has. Is there superstition in saying that the curse of Heaven rests upon riches gotten by lying lips, and that fraud and falsehood never in the long run pay? Perhaps. Yet we hold it all the same. Longfellow's "mills" and their "grinding" have been quoted too often to need any repetition here. But what is said about them is true all the same. They do grind very small, though they may go very deliberately about it. Nobody is so shortsighted as the greedy unscrupulous man. His best laid plans are but folly. His greatest success is a delusion. His triumph is only the beginning of his defeat. His highest exultation is only to a deeper fall. And then the misery is that in a great number of cases the man "could have it done better," even in his own sense, if he had only kept to honesty and uprightness. There is not a thief or burglar in the country who does not show an amount of energy and intelligence, which devoted to honorable enterprise would have secured to him even far more money, in a respectable way, than he has ever been

able to secure after his own fashion. There is no use in saying that he could not help it. He could. But he would not. And there he is. A goul bird and an outcast, simply because he thought the way of transgressors was very pleasant, though he has found it at the last, and all the way through, tremendously hard. Pay! Of course you pay, and very smartly too, you foolish, idle, good-for-nothing. Did you think you were going to draw bills on the future and find them unprotested at the last! You are an awful simpleton if you did. Not quite on the square, do you say, with a laugh? Well, well. Look out for squalls. What is not on the square will not stand, as very many have found to their cost—as many more will.

A Perfect Cup of Coffee.

Coffee is the final issue of Eastern hospitality—the climax of the visit. One recognizes, on entering, the sound of the mortar; for in every properly regulated household in the East the coffee is not ground, but pounded to an impalpable powder, having been roasted that morning, each day its provision, and pounded the moment it is needed. And no one who has not drunk it there can presume to judge of the beverage. In England we roast it till it is black, grind it as we would cattle food, boiling it like malt for beer, and we drink the bitter and unaromatic fluid which remains and say we have taken our coffee. The Eastern coffee-drinker knows all the grades of the berry and preparation as a silk merchant knows the quality of silk; the coffeee knows that to roast it a shade beyond the point where it breaks crisply under the pestle is to spoil it, and when the slow pulverising is done, each measure goes into its little copper ibrik, receives its dose of boiling water, just one of the tiny cup's full rests an instant on the coals to restore the heat lost in the ibrik, and is poured into the egg shell cup, and so it came to us, each cup in a gold enamelled holder. The rule in these lands seems to be that few things are not worth doing well, and there is no waste of life or material by over-haste.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A lawyer in Central New York gives the following account of one of his first cases: "My client sued a neighbor for the alleged killing of a favorite dog. The proof consisted in the mysterious disappearance of the animal, and the possession of a dog's skin by the defendant, which, after considerable argument, was brought into court in evidence. It was marked in a singular manner, and was positively identified with many tears, by the plaintiff's wife and daughter as the undoubted integument of the deceased Bose. In summing up to the jury, I was in the midst of a highly colored picture of the deceased, and of the love of the children's four-footed friend, when I was interrupted by a slight disturbance in the crowd near the door of the little school-house which served as court-house. Looking around, I saw my client's youngest son, a tow-headed urchin of twelve, coming forward with a dog whose skin was the exact counterpart of the one put in evidence. The dog wagged his tail with a good-natured composure, and the boy cried, in his childish treble, "Paw, Bose has come home." I gathered up my law-books and retreated, and I have never had perfect confidence in circumstantial evidence since.

A TRAMP'S FATE.—A tramp and his companions, camping out near Steubenville, Ohio, a year since, fell in with a neighboring farmer and his wife, an Englishwoman, who, discovering that one of them was her own countryman, took them all home and gave them a ravishing meal. The husband finally induced the Englishman to abandon his rough life and stay with them. His wife's sister, a widow, shortly after coming out from England, fell in love with the reformed tramp and at length married him. One day he received a letter from England in answer to one of his own, informing him that his father had been dead two years and left him a fortune of £10,000. He then disclosed his identity to his wife and his friends. He was the son of a superintendent of a public library in England, and having in consequence of his fast life there, quarreled with his father, came to this country where he spent, among dissolute companions, the money with which his father supplied him until his patience was exhausted. For five years he led a tramp's life until he was at last provided with a home, a wife, a fortune, and, it is to be hoped, a reformed and sensible mind.