Close on completion we never attain ! Why? For a boundless unsatisfied longing Lies deepest down in the warm human heart Ever with this are the sympathies thronging

Ever by this do the heaven-flowers start Grow with our spring; we can follow you

wholly Only as far as its instincts are sen Summer's a fact that is hidden and holy, We have not seen it-we are not content.

## -Elaine Goodale, in Sunday Afternoon. Poetic Answers.

WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER? A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun To relish a joke and rejoice in a pun.

That of the epicure, who, serenely full, may

Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day. Luxurious avaricious, false, deceitful, Sallen, malicious, smacking of every sin the

has a name. -Shakespeare. WHAT IS YOUR CHIEF ATTRACTION? Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on,

Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven, And though no science, fairly worth the seven

A form so fair, that like the air

Tis less of earth than heaven. -E. E. Pinkney. He is so full of pleasant anecdote, So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit

And ruddy morning through the lattice peeps WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST. That all-softening, overpowering knell,

A slight flirtation by the panses

With music to play in the panses

—Willis, And nobody very near.

The tocsin of the soul-the dinner bell.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold! Bright and yellow, hard and cold. Give me kisses ! all is waste save the luxury o

the taste, And for kissing-kisses live only when we take

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE MOST?

It to the list you add a score, Are not so bad, upon my life,

-Holmes. Drinking, vice. Drunkenness, whose vile incontinence Take both away, the reason and the sense, It drowns the better parts, making the name To foes a laughter, to friends a shame.

Thick for thin and thin for thick, -Hood. WHAT IS YOUR HIGHEST AMBITION? To go to church to-day, To look devout and seem to pray, And ere to-morrow's sun goes down

Be dealing slander through the town. -Mrs. Sigourney To dress as the nobles dress, In cloth of silver and gold, With silk and satin and costly turs In many an ample fold. -Hood Oh, grant me, Heaven, a middle state, Neither too humble, nor too great,

More than enough for nature's ends, With something left to treat my friends.

Oh, gie me the lass that has acres of charmne lass wi the weel stockit farm !

-Dr. Franklin. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FLOWER? Magnificent calla, in mantle of milk.

The chaste camelia's pure and spotless bloom That boasts no fragrance and conceals no thorn. —William Roscos. And faith that a thousand ills can brave Speaks in thy blue leaves, "forget-me-not

> -Percival. Rose, thou art the sweetest flower.

-Burns. A perfect woman nobly planned, To warn, to comfort and command, And yet a spirit still and bright, With something of an argel's light.

A judge, a man so learned, So full of equity, so noble-envy Itself cannot accuse or malice vitiate. -Chapman and Shirley A hungry, lean-faced villain,

A thread-bare juggler, and fortune-teller, A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch -Shakespeare. A rosebud set with willful thorns

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

As sweet as English air can make her.

WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF YOUR INTENDED She takes the most delight In music, instruments and poetry -Shakespeare.

The solemn top, significant and budge, A fool with judges, and among fools a judge

with profit,

And can talk charmingly: she can sing And play, too, passably, and dance with spiri

She is knowing in all needle-work; And shines in kitchen as well as parlor

He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one. Exceedingly wise, fair spoken and persuading

Never wedding, never wooing, Still a lovelorn heart pursuing -Campbell To be a man of rank and of capacious sou To riches have, and fame beyond desire, And heir to flattery, to titles born

And reputation and luxurious life. Single as a stray glove, minus its mate. -Fanny Kemble.

WHERE WILL YOUR HOME BE?

Where heasts with man divided empire clair And the brown Indian marks with murderou aim. —Goldsmith. Where from the rise of morn to set of sur The mighty Mohawk runs,

And the dark woods of pine Along his mirror darkly shine. In some enchanted isle.

Where heaven and love their Sabbath hold.

## DEMETER'S DAUGHTER

of people to hear a white-haired man of lofty artistic pedigree read. She was fond of patronizing talent. When Mr. Kemble had given his Sir Anthony Ab-solute and Sir Peter Teazle, Mrs. De Lettante went about among her guests and explained that she had still another

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The state of the s

Pedestrian Hints.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Died in Harness.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on tha

Stretched in the broken shafts, and erushed by the heavy load; Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering

eyes Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold ! for his toil is over-no more labor for him;

See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;

See on the friendly stones how peacefully resta the head-Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it

to be dead; After the weary journey, how restful, s to lie With the broken shafts and the cruel load

waiting only to die. Vatchers, he dies a harness-died in the shafts and straps -

Fell, and the burden killed him; one of the