MYTHOLOGY.

Small Boy: "Can you tell me what ancient god this is?"

Minister: "No, my little man, I am afraid I cannot."

S. B. "It's Ma's."

DREAMING.

Softly through my soul to-night
Flows a mystical delight—
Flows a mellow, pleasant light,
Softly, gently beaming;
And the sweetest music floats,
As from distant angel throats,
Swelling with seraphic notes
For a soul that's dreaming.

Tender eyes, that seem to glow
With a love that angels show,
Far too deep for man to know,
On me now are beaming;
And my soul, in sweet surprise,
Calmly resting, gently lies
Gladdened by those tender eyes.
Ah! I'm merely dreaming.

—Nassau Life.

L'ENVOI.

There's a world above and a world below,
Some say there's a world between,
Where mortals linger a year or so,
Then quietly shift the scene;
But, ah! there is one who in all these parts
Will never find fitting room—
That jussé queen of the tender hearts,
The belle who has lost her bloom. —Orient.

Down by the trysting-gate,
Half jesting, yet desirous quite,
He begged a kiss, just merely one,
And said it really would be right.
Then she, coquetish sprite,
With eyes downcast to hide their fun,
Blushed rosy red, and low replied,
"I'm sure I cannot,—only one?" —Courant.