INSPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

...higher will we climb
...the mount of glory,
...our names may live through time
...our country's story;
...when our welfare calls,
...conquer, be who falls.

...er, deeper let us toil
...the mines of knowledge;
...wealth, and learning's spoil,
...from school or college;
...we twice the stars of diadems.

...ted, covered may we press
...ough, the path of duty;
...e is true happiness,
...eforce true beauty,
...ers of celestial birth,
...ve thou a heaven on earth.

...er, closer let us knit
...Hearts and hands together,
...Where our fireside comforts sit,
...In the wildest weather:
...h! they wander wide, who roam
...for the joys of life from home.

MONTGOMERY.

THE OLD GUARD.

An old soldier of the Imperial guard, a veteran of fifteen years of suffering, had been unexpectedly discharged for service, had a retreat, and with his savings, opened a little *cabaret* in the neighbourhood of the *Hotel d' Invalides*. There were, in the society of a few old military companions, who contrived to beguile his time in relating to the recitals o their individual hair breadth 'scapes,' and brilliant deeds, in which they had been engaged. Three silver medals, and the cross of honour, which he treasured as the trophies of his former glories, on all occasions were displayed upon his bosom, and also furnished with several business cards, principal characters in the Bible. These are well designed and executed a little flag, which he pompously exhibited from his door, as a three cornered hat, on the other a weeping willow, under whose branches stood a little tomb, on which was inscribed—'The tomb of the Brave.'

The politic, ever officious, chose to ...ecognise the design, and especially the ...mical to the returning governments, ...ordingly preferred a charge ...of the old soldier ...bold and ...

...mand, and ...e was roused ...is under the great N... ...ation; ...ed language only added ...lled to the ...ing ...

...ge, for such was his name, ...the court with a heavy heart, ...ntinued to ...

...'Wherefore should we not be proud of our ...? wherefore should we not speak ...? Well, well my comrade, I will not attempt a ...ription. Now I am old, and feeble, and ...ed, and shrivelled at a little door. ...ut I will tell you a story, which will ...ly remove that we whitened the earth ...ly before the eyes of his ...ers, now to be despised, insult- ...and oppressed ? Well, well my comrade, ...ill soon be over, and I will join my com- ...ade in Heaven. I will not attempt a ...ription of all the veteran gave vent to. ...That night he retired to his humble pal- ...let, but not to sleep. The sieges, battles ...ed victories in which he had been a ...sharer, arose vividly before the eyes of his ...agination, and a thousand times he ...cursed deeds and memory of Napoleon. ...At last, with the dawn he arose, should- ...ered his firelock, and directed his steps to ...the street of Vaugirard, where he hoped ...to find some would change the inscription ...so flatteringly condemned.

He had already traversed several streets ...your days when faint and hungry, ...and alleys without finding his object, ...and was on the eve of returning home, ...when he discovered a rude sign, contain- ...ing the unpretending words, 'Painter on ...porter of the Vaugirard.' With difficulty the old ...sixth story.

...assembled the crooked and crazy ...and knocked at a little door. ...

...Within ...was busy at ...

...the door, so that his ...hidden from the old ...

...ter, arose vividly before the eyes of his ...

...ter, arose vividly before the eyes of his ...

...ter, arose vividly before the eyes of his