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CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY J. W. VAN NAMAN, M. D.

O, think not, my friend,
That I'm always so sad.
Bright moments of pleasure
And joy I have had:
Moments of brightness,
Of peace, and of love,
As bright and as cheering
As ought from above.
But these will come
And cheer my brow,
And weep sorrow
On my heart's green now,
But ere the dawn of the day
My grief will depart,
And joy return supreme
On my wild throbbing heart.
This life is made up
Of sunshine and shade,
Of flowers and thorns,
To wither and fade.
Pleasure comes with a smile,
For a time it flows on,
Then sorrow and grief
Follow on with a frown.
But the clouds break away,
And the sunbeams so bright,
Gild shadows of sorrow
With soft, holy light.
We must never give way
To grief or to tears,
Of life will be but
A haze of dark years.
We can make it so bright,
So happy and true,
If we pass over clouds,
And look for sky soft and blue.
Then never despair
Nor give sorrow away,
And joy will be ours
Each swift-passing day.

Nearly Too Late.

I was left an orphan at the age of four, but was brought up by a kind aunt and uncle. My children passed merrily enough until I was about eight, when my uncle, hearing of the Australian gold fields, determined to seek a fortune abroad, instead of toiling for a mere pittance at home. So I was transferred to a family by the name of Graham. They were middle class, plain, homely people—working goldminers, in fact—and lived in Northampton square, Clerkenwell. They had but one child, a daughter, named Lily, who, being only three years younger than myself, we became great friends. It was natural also that as I grew up and went proudly to earn my few shillings a week, and drew nearer to manhood, I should learn to love my pretty little playfellow. Circumstances went on thus happily until I was twenty and Lily seventeen years of age, and then a communication from my uncle in Australia informed me that they had a capital opening for me. I was loath to leave Lily; yet, as I was doing very industriously and had heard of such fortunes acquired in such short spaces of time by energetic men, I summoned enough courage one day to tell the Grahams and poor little Lily I was determined to go to Australia. I shall never forget my parting at Blackwell Pier. I shall never forget my sweet Lily clinging to my neck, and sobbing aloud, and imploring me not to go, and I, struggling between the influence of love and enterprise, trying not to be a coward, when I felt already that I was one. It was in vain I tried to cheer her; I think I did not look so very comforting, though, if I remember rightly, I recollect saying: "Never mind, Lily darling, I shall return one day and make you a grand lady. I shall be sure to succeed, and shall return to make you happy!" My tears, I know, were threatening to break the feeble barriers that held them back, and when she said: "Ah! but suppose you never do return—I shall break my heart, Robert?" Why, then, I think I did shed a tear or so only to keep her company. At last the boat pushed off, and Mrs. Graham—good, kind old soul—still kept her hand upon my forehead, as she waved her hand toward her orphan protegee. I left her in her Melbourne. I went with one hundred pounds, and I had not long been there as I found life in Australia less easy than I had anticipated. I stayed with him for a little time, until I took a dislike to farming—for that was what my uncle had made most of his money at—and joined a party of young fellows starting for a new gold field farther up the country. Three years passed slowly away, and I began to get along much better, and had sent many a nugget to Melbourne. I had only received one dear cherished letter from Lily, written on her eighteenth birthday, and sending me a lock of her pretty chestnut hair, yet I thought I had no cause to regret it, for I knew that writing letters does not give young ladies half the joy of receiving them, and I wrote often enough. Well, time went on. I had found a staunch, true friend about my own age, and we were life-brothers. We always worked together, and when we had been out four years and a half, Tom Thompson—for that was the name of my faithful friend—and I were getting rich. I knew that I was nearer home and more likely to gain my dear little Lily every month I worked; but I also was aware of the desperate crimes and terrible deeds that were being committed around us by the rangers and other villains. I knew that our reputation was as dangerous as gratifying; and so it was, perhaps I should not mention the incident, as it seems to prolong a part of the story that needs most brevity, but, as it bears directly upon the ultimatum of the tale, I shall trespass upon your kindness to give it in full. One night Tom and I had retired to the bedroom we had built above the basement of our little house, and I was already dozing, while Tom, having carefully seen to the revolvers (for I need not tell you how necessary they are in a country where justice is obtained in such a rough and ready manner), was also yielding to the drowsy god, when we fancied we heard something move in the room below.

The "Tower of Silence."

Within the last half century or more old legends have delighted in telling stirring stories of the Parsi dead occasionally returning in their own bodies and flesh among the living after their last remains had been consigned to the Tower of Silence, and their distance is related in which a male member of an old Parsi family, known in Bombay as the Dhunna Patil family, reappeared before a female member of several years after his death and claimed her as his own sister. Not many months ago complaints were made in the local (Gujarat) journals of a corpse-bearer who was suspected of laying with a large iron shovel like those kept in the Towers of Silence, a man who, having come to life some hours after being laid in the Tower, was seen setting up on the stone slab whereon his dead body had been placed. It was stated that had not the man been killed mercilessly he would have sealed the Tower and, escaping with his life, might have been restored to his family and friends. Disguise is said to be a necessary precaution for persons "come from the dead," for a deep rooted superstition associates their presence among the living with a sure sign of an impending public calamity or an epidemic. Such stories of visits from the dead do not, however, find general credence among the Parsi of Bombay. In the Mofussil towns where the walls of the Towers of Silence are low and therefore easily scaled, where the towers themselves are situated at considerable distances from the habitations of men and favor the escape of any one who might come to life after being laid among the dead, old gossip find a free scope for their tongues in the narration of stories similar to those mentioned above. We now hear of a case the particulars of which might be sufficient for a writer of the "sensational school" to weave a chapter of blood-curdling romance. Eleven years ago Shapurji Cahangoshi was a visit to a resident of Dehgam, a village situated at a short distance from Gandevi. A faithful, obedient wife managed his household affairs, and the "even tenor of their ways" was cultivated by the presence of two promising sons. In the course of time the sons were betrothed and married, and their circle of relatives widened. While on a visit to Gandevi on business, Shapurji was attacked with fever and died suddenly after an illness of two days. His wife and relations were present at his death, the proper religious ceremonies were hurriedly gone through, and his last remains were in the manner of Zoroastrians, consigned to a tomb of silence. His relations mourned their loss and went to their own village. Some hours after being laid in the Tower, Shapurji is said to have recovered from a comatose state. He saw the awful position assigned him among the dead bones of his ancestors. Being a man of ready resources, he looked through a small hole usually kept in the wall of a Tower of Silence and saw the living people passing at a distance. He raised a cry of distress, which drew the men nearer to him. Understanding what he said, they assisted him in scaling the walls of the Tower. They went their way and connived at his escape from an awful doom. He procured a disguise and wandered from village to village as though pursued by a terrible foe. By turns he became a beggar, a hakim, i. e., a quack. Wandering far and wide, he has at present turned up in Bombay in the disguise of a hair-dresser, i. e., a religious beggar, and dispenses native drugs and nostrums. He has recognized, or pretends to recognize, certain of his relations, and to their own surprise claims kinship with them. His family and relations at Dehgam have been apprised of his reappearance in the land of the living, and are probably on their way to Bombay in the hope of again greeting one along lost and deeply mourned. Truth and falsehood will soon be seen in their own colors.

Metal of the Ancients.

Lead, a bluish-gray metal, was known to the Egyptians at an early date, and is mentioned by Homer. It was used in Rome for pipes to convey water, and in this sheet for roofing purposes. The powder (cerussa) used by the Athenians ladies to tan their complexions was their white lead. Lead owes its usefulness in the metallic state chiefly to its softness and fusibility. In ancient times tin was scarce, and the chief supply was from India, Spain, and the celebrated mines of Cornwall, England, which have been worked uninterruptedly from the earliest historic periods. Tin was used by the Egyptians nearly 4,000 years ago. Mercury was well known to the ancients and was then supplied from Spain, where it was obtained from cinnabar by a process which appears to have been the first crude example of distillation. The power of mercury to dissolve gold was known to Pliny in the first century, A. D. With mercury is much used in various chemical preparations as a powerful medicine, and as a developing agent in the daguerotype. It is also used to extract gold from its earthy or rocky matrix. The chemist uses instead of water for collecting gases, which would be absorbed by the fluid. For many ages no addition has been made to the seven metals which have been described in modern articles. It was not even suspected that the number could be increased, but towards the end of the thirteenth century antimony was added to the metallic family. It was discovered by Basili Valentine. It is found in Germany and also in India. It is a silvery white color, with a good deal of ductility, neither tarnishes nor rusts. It is valuable in the arts from its hardness in making alloys. A second metal, bismuth, has been known since 1529. It is readily distinguished by its peculiar reddish lustre and its highly crystalline structure. Its principal source is Saxony. It is largely employed in the arts, but rarely by itself. Pearl powder, used to whiten ladies' faces, contains bismuth. Zinc is perhaps the most important of the newly discovered metals, and may have preceded the others; it was certainly described long before. An ancient passage, Strabo seems to show that a certain stone was found to deep false silver when melted, but there is little to show that this false silver was zinc. It is positive, however, that its alloys were known to the later Romans, for numerous coins have been found containing copper and zinc nearly in the proper proportions to form brass. The origin of the term zinc is lost in obscurity. It was first employed by Basili Valentine, but Paracelsus, who was fond of penetrating to the source of things, was the first to associate the word with a metal possessing the character of zinc. Platinum, discovered by Uloa, a Spanish traveler in America, in 1735 is one of the pure metals found only in its native state, and is a glistening globule of a gray steel color, though, on occasions, it assumes the form of a pigeon's egg. It is the heaviest form of matter yet known. It does not oxidize in air at any temperature, no single acid has any effect on it, and it is very infusible. It has been coined into money in Russia. Cobalt is the name of certain metals, most of them discovered since 1731. The best known of these are tungsten, palladium and rhodium, by Dr. Wollaston, who first fused platinum; potassium, sodium, calcium, barium, and strontium, in 1828, magnesium, in 1829. The very first in date is dianium, discovered in 1860.

Making Soap.

In the first place, about six weeks beforehand, the housekeeper must begin by telling her husband that she wants a barrel fixed in the back yard to run off lye. Of course he won't pay much attention at first, but will merely say, "Yes, yes, I'll fix it," and go off to his work as usual. In a week or two she becomes more emphatic; she tells him that every crock and old pot and broken dish about the house is full of soap grease, and that if he don't put up that lye barrel the grease will certainly get worms in it. Then he goes out and looks around the yard and says he don't see any barrel and no place to put one if he did. In about another week she tells him that if she was a man she would have had that lye barrel put up long ago, but it makes no difference to her now, as she means to throw the soap grease away anyway; that there is no use anyway in a woman's trying to amount to anything, as a man can spend at the bung-hole while his wife saves at the spigot; that she will never be any better off for her economy, and finally she caps the climax by telling him she isn't going to save for some other woman to enjoy after she is dead and gone, and then she begins to cry. He goes on in a puff, but in about an hour she discovers that he has really fixed the lye barrel. Then she wants the ashes put in, and there is not a creature in sight to help. So she rather creepily carries them herself and dumps them in, spilling her clothes, getting dust in her hair and making herself generally unattractive and miserable by the operation. When her husband comes to dinner he looks askance at her red eyes and disordered dress, but never says a word. Then water is poured on and the lye begins to run, and then it is a constant worry to keep the children away from it. A week or more of constant and uneasy watching and she has enough first-class lye to fill a big iron kettle. Then one morning she gets the hired man to fix a place outdoors for a fire, and gets the kettle rigged on it and filled with lye. Then she gathers the disgusting grease together and scrapes it into the big pot. The smoke hurts her eyes, and her children all have a dangerous fascination for the spot. She dare not leave it and them, and so she watches and stirs it, occasionally with a spoon and saucer, and scolds the children off and gets fearfully overheated, and in a few hours has a great pot of scalding soft soap that is "just splendid." If she is so fortunate, by close watching, as to keep the baby from tumbling into the soft soap barrel, and congratulate herself that after all her trials and tribulations, and cares and vexations, she has fully a half dollar's worth of the best kind of soft soap.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Seemingly difficulties generally vanish before faith, prayer and perseverance. All human virtues increase and strengthen by the experience of them. There is no less grandeur in supporting great evils than in performing great deeds. When things are plain of themselves, a set argument does not perplex and confound them. It is not advisable to get out of doors without anything on your head, nor in to company without anything on your feet. As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle sentence. Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath. There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it. Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity. It is our duty to be happy, because happiness lies in contentment with all the divine will concerning us. A wrong done us may be forgiven, but how we may forgive those whom we have injured is a grave problem. Virtue is an effort made upon our selves, for the good of others, with the intention of pleasing only God himself. Our own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessities and luxuries of life. All men look to happiness in the future. To every eye heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance. Every person has two educations—one which he has received from others, and one, the more important, which he gives himself. The greatest evil in life has had their rise from something which was thought of too little importance to be attended to. "Knowledge is power." It is a truth that is glorious, but at the same time terrible. Knowledge is power, power for good or evil. Our striving against nature is like holding a weak hero with one's hands; as soon as the force is taken off he rears again with the wind. When you are sick it comes easy to promise all sorts of reformations, and when you recover it is just as easy to forget them. Nothing will make us so charitable and tender to the faults of others as by self-examination thoroughly to know our own. Relations always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance. Avoid tedious circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon-balls, should go straight to their mark. We trouble life by the care of death, and death by the care of life; the one torments, the other frights us. Modern education too often cuts the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sleeves of the wrists. The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows. The law should be to the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke and temper the force. Talk of fame and ambition in the glory and grandeur of this world are not worth one hour of domestic bliss. It is dangerous for one to climb his family tree to the light; he is liable to get among dead and decayed branches. Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sun shade. We hate to see a boy with the manners of an old man; we hate worse to see an old man with the manners of a boy. Love cannot fully admit the feeling that the beloved object may die; all passions and their objects to be eternal as the heavens. The man who violently hates or ardently loves, cannot avoid being in some degree a slave to the person detested or adored. Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of examples is summary and effectual. My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind; I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard. It is difficult, I own, to blend and unite tranquility in accepting, and energy in using the facts of life. But it is not impossible; if it be, it is impossible to be happy. A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not as fast as it ought. Get your doctrine from the Bible. Get your example from Christ. A day will not pass after you have closed with Christ's promise, ere He will meet you with a counsel. Embrace both. Whether the minister feels the congregation or not, the congregation feels the minister. Often the horse knows the rider better than the rider knows the horse. The remedy for the present threatened decay of faith is not a more staid creed or a more unflinching acceptance of it, but a profounder spiritual life. The modern sentimentalism about Nature is a mark of disease—one more symptom of the general fever complaint. It is well enough for a mood or a vacation, but not for a habit of life. No man can succeed in all his undertakings, and it would not be well for him to do so. Things easily acquired go easily. It is by the struggle it costs that we learn to rightly estimate the value. He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hit. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of his sanctuary. The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years else roll on, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow.

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It is well enough for a mood or a vacation, but not for a habit of life. No man can succeed in all his undertakings, and it would not be well for him to do so. Things easily acquired go easily. It is by the struggle it costs that we learn to rightly estimate the value. He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hit. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of his sanctuary. The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years else roll on, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow.

The "Tower of Silence."

Within the last half century or more old legends have delighted in telling stirring stories of the Parsi dead occasionally returning in their own bodies and flesh among the living after their last remains had been consigned to the Tower of Silence, and their distance is related in which a male member of an old Parsi family, known in Bombay as the Dhunna Patil family, reappeared before a female member of several years after his death and claimed her as his own sister. Not many months ago complaints were made in the local (Gujarat) journals of a corpse-bearer who was suspected of laying with a large iron shovel like those kept in the Towers of Silence, a man who, having come to life some hours after being laid in the Tower, was seen setting up on the stone slab whereon his dead body had been placed. It was stated that had not the man been killed mercilessly he would have sealed the Tower and, escaping with his life, might have been restored to his family and friends. Disguise is said to be a necessary precaution for persons "come from the dead," for a deep rooted superstition associates their presence among the living with a sure sign of an impending public calamity or an epidemic. Such stories of visits from the dead do not, however, find general credence among the Parsi of Bombay. In the Mofussil towns where the walls of the Towers of Silence are low and therefore easily scaled, where the towers themselves are situated at considerable distances from the habitations of men and favor the escape of any one who might come to life after being laid among the dead, old gossip find a free scope for their tongues in the narration of stories similar to those mentioned above. We now hear of a case the particulars of which might be sufficient for a writer of the "sensational school" to weave a chapter of blood-curdling romance. Eleven years ago Shapurji Cahangoshi was a visit to a resident of Dehgam, a village situated at a short distance from Gandevi. A faithful, obedient wife managed his household affairs, and the "even tenor of their ways" was cultivated by the presence of two promising sons. In the course of time the sons were betrothed and married, and their circle of relatives widened. While on a visit to Gandevi on business, Shapurji was attacked with fever and died suddenly after an illness of two days. His wife and relations were present at his death, the proper religious ceremonies were hurriedly gone through, and his last remains were in the manner of Zoroastrians, consigned to a tomb of silence. His relations mourned their loss and went to their own village. Some hours after being laid in the Tower, Shapurji is said to have recovered from a comatose state. He saw the awful position assigned him among the dead bones of his ancestors. Being a man of ready resources, he looked through a small hole usually kept in the wall of a Tower of Silence and saw the living people passing at a distance. He raised a cry of distress, which drew the men nearer to him. Understanding what he said, they assisted him in scaling the walls of the Tower. They went their way and connived at his escape from an awful doom. He procured a disguise and wandered from village to village as though pursued by a terrible foe. By turns he became a beggar, a hakim, i. e., a quack. Wandering far and wide, he has at present turned up in Bombay in the disguise of a hair-dresser, i. e., a religious beggar, and dispenses native drugs and nostrums. He has recognized, or pretends to recognize, certain of his relations, and to their own surprise claims kinship with them. His family and relations at Dehgam have been apprised of his reappearance in the land of the living, and are probably on their way to Bombay in the hope of again greeting one along lost and deeply mourned. Truth and falsehood will soon be seen in their own colors.

Metal of the Ancients.

Lead, a bluish-gray metal, was known to the Egyptians at an early date, and is mentioned by Homer. It was used in Rome for pipes to convey water, and in this sheet for roofing purposes. The powder (cerussa) used by the Athenians ladies to tan their complexions was their white lead. Lead owes its usefulness in the metallic state chiefly to its softness and fusibility. In ancient times tin was scarce, and the chief supply was from India, Spain, and the celebrated mines of Cornwall, England, which have been worked uninterruptedly from the earliest historic periods. Tin was used by the Egyptians nearly 4,000 years ago. Mercury was well known to the ancients and was then supplied from Spain, where it was obtained from cinnabar by a process which appears to have been the first crude example of distillation. The power of mercury to dissolve gold was known to Pliny in the first century, A. D. With mercury is much used in various chemical preparations as a powerful medicine, and as a developing agent in the daguerotype. It is also used to extract gold from its earthy or rocky matrix. The chemist uses instead of water for collecting gases, which would be absorbed by the fluid. For many ages no addition has been made to the seven metals which have been described in modern articles. It was not even suspected that the number could be increased, but towards the end of the thirteenth century antimony was added to the metallic family. It was discovered by Basili Valentine. It is found in Germany and also in India. It is a silvery white color, with a good deal of ductility, neither tarnishes nor rusts. It is valuable in the arts from its hardness in making alloys. A second metal, bismuth, has been known since 1529. It is readily distinguished by its peculiar reddish lustre and its highly crystalline structure. Its principal source is Saxony. It is largely employed in the arts, but rarely by itself. Pearl powder, used to whiten ladies' faces, contains bismuth. Zinc is perhaps the most important of the newly discovered metals, and may have preceded the others; it was certainly described long before. An ancient passage, Strabo seems to show that a certain stone was found to deep false silver when melted, but there is little to show that this false silver was zinc. It is positive, however, that its alloys were known to the later Romans, for numerous coins have been found containing copper and zinc nearly in the proper proportions to form brass. The origin of the term zinc is lost in obscurity. It was first employed by Basili Valentine, but Paracelsus, who was fond of penetrating to the source of things, was the first to associate the word with a metal possessing the character of zinc. Platinum, discovered by Uloa, a Spanish traveler in America, in 1735 is one of the pure metals found only in its native state, and is a glistening globule of a gray steel color, though, on occasions, it assumes the form of a pigeon's egg. It is the heaviest form of matter yet known. It does not oxidize in air at any temperature, no single acid has any effect on it, and it is very infusible. It has been coined into money in Russia. Cobalt is the name of certain metals, most of them discovered since 1731. The best known of these are tungsten, palladium and rhodium, by Dr. Wollaston, who first fused platinum; potassium, sodium, calcium, barium, and strontium, in 1828, magnesium, in 1829. The very first in date is dianium, discovered in 1860.

Making Soap.

In the first place, about six weeks beforehand, the housekeeper must begin by telling her husband that she wants a barrel fixed in the back yard to run off lye. Of course he won't pay much attention at first, but will merely say, "Yes, yes, I'll fix it," and go off to his work as usual. In a week or two she becomes more emphatic; she tells him that every crock and old pot and broken dish about the house is full of soap grease, and that if he don't put up that lye barrel the grease will certainly get worms in it. Then he goes out and looks around the yard and says he don't see any barrel and no place to put one if he did. In about another week she tells him that if she was a man she would have had that lye barrel put up long ago, but it makes no difference to her now, as she means to throw the soap grease away anyway; that there is no use anyway in a woman's trying to amount to anything, as a man can spend at the bung-hole while his wife saves at the spigot; that she will never be any better off for her economy, and finally she caps the climax by telling him she isn't going to save for some other woman to enjoy after she is dead and gone, and then she begins to cry. He goes on in a puff, but in about an hour she discovers that he has really fixed the lye barrel. Then she wants the ashes put in, and there is not a creature in sight to help. So she rather creepily carries them herself and dumps them in, spilling her clothes, getting dust in her hair and making herself generally unattractive and miserable by the operation. When her husband comes to dinner he looks askance at her red eyes and disordered dress, but never says a word. Then water is poured on and the lye begins to run, and then it is a constant worry to keep the children away from it. A week or more of constant and uneasy watching and she has enough first-class lye to fill a big iron kettle. Then one morning she gets the hired man to fix a place outdoors for a fire, and gets the kettle rigged on it and filled with lye. Then she gathers the disgusting grease together and scrapes it into the big pot. The smoke hurts her eyes, and her children all have a dangerous fascination for the spot. She dare not leave it and them, and so she watches and stirs it, occasionally with a spoon and saucer, and scolds the children off and gets fearfully overheated, and in a few hours has a great pot of scalding soft soap that is "just splendid." If she is so fortunate, by close watching, as to keep the baby from tumbling into the soft soap barrel, and congratulate herself that after all her trials and tribulations, and cares and vexations, she has fully a half dollar's worth of the best kind of soft soap.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Seemingly difficulties generally vanish before faith, prayer and perseverance. All human virtues increase and strengthen by the experience of them. There is no less grandeur in supporting great evils than in performing great deeds. When things are plain of themselves, a set argument does not perplex and confound them. It is not advisable to get out of doors without anything on your head, nor in to company without anything on your feet. As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle sentence. Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath. There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it. Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity. It is our duty to be happy, because happiness lies in contentment with all the divine will concerning us. A wrong done us may be forgiven, but how we may forgive those whom we have injured is a grave problem. Virtue is an effort made upon our selves, for the good of others, with the intention of pleasing only God himself. Our own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessities and luxuries of life. All men look to happiness in the future. To every eye heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance. Every person has two educations—one which he has received from others, and one, the more important, which he gives himself. The greatest evil in life has had their rise from something which was thought of too little importance to be attended to. "Knowledge is power." It is a truth that is glorious, but at the same time terrible. Knowledge is power, power for good or evil. Our striving against nature is like holding a weak hero with one's hands; as soon as the force is taken off he rears again with the wind. When you are sick it comes easy to promise all sorts of reformations, and when you recover it is just as easy to forget them. Nothing will make us so charitable and tender to the faults of others as by self-examination thoroughly to know our own. Relations always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance. Avoid tedious circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon-balls, should go straight to their mark. We trouble life by the care of death, and death by the care of life; the one torments, the other frights us. Modern education too often cuts the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sleeves of the wrists. The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows. The law should be to the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke and temper the force. Talk of fame and ambition in the glory and grandeur of this world are not worth one hour of domestic bliss. It is dangerous for one to climb his family tree to the light; he is liable to get among dead and decayed branches. Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sun shade. We hate to see a boy with the manners of an old man; we hate worse to see an old man with the manners of a boy. Love cannot fully admit the feeling that the beloved object may die; all passions and their objects to be eternal as the heavens. The man who violently hates or ardently loves, cannot avoid being in some degree a slave to the person detested or adored. Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of examples is summary and effectual. My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind; I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard. It is difficult, I own, to blend and unite tranquility in accepting, and energy in using the facts of life. But it is not impossible; if it be, it is impossible to be happy. A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not as fast as it ought. Get your doctrine from the Bible. Get your example from Christ. A day will not pass after you have closed with Christ's promise, ere He will meet you with a counsel