

**SPEAK NAE ILL.**

Other people have their faults,  
And so have you as well;  
But all ye chance to see or hear  
Ye have nae right to tell.  
If ye canna speak o' good,  
Take care, and see and feel;  
Earth has all the mak o' woe,  
And not enough o' weal.  
Be careful that ye make nae strife,  
Wi' meddling tongue and brain;  
For ye will find enough to do  
If ye but look at hame.  
If ye canna speak o' good,  
Oh! dinna speak at all;  
For there is grief and woe enough  
On this terrestrial ball.  
If ye should feel like picking faws,  
Ye better go, I ween,  
And read the Book that tells ye all  
About the mote and beam.  
Dinna lend a ready ear  
To gossip or to strife,  
Or perhaps 'twill make for ye  
Nae sunny things o' life.  
Oh! dinna add to others' woe,  
Nor mock it with your mirth;  
But give ye kindly sympathy  
To suffering ones o' earth.

**VICES OF WALKING.**

Nothing is so agreeable to the spirit as motion. The large portion of our enjoyment of life comes from transition from place to place, more or less rapid. No recreation is more agreeable than travel, and no punishment so cruel as imprisonment. And of all sorts of locomotion, voluntary or involuntary, none is so satisfactory and refreshing as that which comes from the use of our feet. The body is not the only beneficiary; the spirit, always more or less in sympathy with the flesh, is the principal gainer. Never can one find so perfect a remedy against the mental condition, commonly spoken of as the blues, as a good, vigorous walk. Again and again, when oppressed by that melancholy to which we are liable at seasons, has the victim grasped hat and stick, and striding out into the open air, has speedily left the enemy far in the rear. One can run away from the "blue devils" in a few minutes at any time.

The world knows all about the walks that Dickens took, for the delightful pictures he has given us are but transcripts of what he found and treasured. In forty years his daily tramps are said to have aggregated one hundred and forty thousand miles. He constructed for himself a theory that to every portion of the day given to intellectual labor should correspond an equal number of hours spent in walking. Carlyle usually took a vigorous tramp of several miles, enough to put him in a glow before he commenced the day's labor. Macaulay found in walking his favorite recreation. Buckle, the historian, walked both forenoon and afternoon, and heat or cold, sunshine or rain, made no difference to him. Kant, the philosopher, accustomed himself to a long walk every day without regard to atmospheric conditions. Equally resolute in his out-of-door exercise was Longfellow, who never omitted his daily tramp, though he might go no further than the walls of his garden. Gladstone at eighty-one is the most active all-round man in England. That bodily motion facilitates mental activity is something we all know by experience. Burns composed all his sweetest songs at the plough. Thompson could not compose except in the open air, and Tennyson, Wordsworth, Keats and Rousseau were all inspired as they walked.

There are thousands of puny creatures in this world of ours who have no excuse for their inactivity—thousands of languid, torpid, complaining bodies, victims of dyspepsia and ennui, but with half their troubles in their brains, who, if they would walk regularly and pleasantly instead of consulting physicians and druggists, would soon find themselves sound, healthy and contented men and women. Instead of toiling on uneasy beds through weary nights, they would sleep "like tops;" their imaginations would clear up, their aches and pains and dumps would flee away, and almost before they were conscious of the transformation, they, who had thought themselves invalids for years, would forget, in the best enjoyments of life, that anything had ever been the matter with them. There are few people who can not, by proper attention to the best of physical exercises, add from ten to twenty-five years to the average vital span. The truth is that most persons die unconscious suicides, owing to the disregard of nature's simplest requirements; not strictly criminal, but nevertheless guilty.

**HEALTH HINTS.**

A remedy for soft corns: Bind on a piece of cotton wool soaked in castor oil.  
Any one subject to sore throat of any kind will find relief and a preventive in the daily use of salt and water as a gargle.  
Much is said pro and con as to the effect of salt water on the head. When properly applied salt water is not only injurious but is an excellent tonic. If allowed to remain in a damp mass, however, it will cause the hair to fall out.  
An excellent gargle is made of one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, a half cup of boiling vinegar and three teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix well together, and when settled strain. Gargle the throat every half hour, or as often as relief is needed.  
Dr. Mapother has often found a dietary largely composed of oatmeal and brown bread greatly promotes the growth of the hair, especially when the baldness was preceded by constipation and sluggish capillary circulation.—Philadelphia Press.  
Dr. Keeley says of the cigarette habit: It brings confusion to the brain and heart and a train of ills from which it is hard to recover, even though you stop the habit. I will not treat a man who persists in using the cigarette. It results in insanity and death.  
Benefit may be derived from an ocean climate in persons suffering from nervous exhaustion and overwork, in impaired convalescence from an acute disease, and in diseases of bones and joints. To these may be added the early stages of hereditary phthisis, especially in a young person.—The Sanitarium.

**A Story of Love in Italy.**

In front of a dingy row of tenement houses on President street, between Columbia and Van Brunt streets, Brooklyn, nearly half a hundred Italians—men, women, and dirty little children—stood vociferously welcoming and praising a tall, slender young man, who stood laughing and bowing to the crowd of his countryfolk, but at the same time keeping careful hold of the young woman at his side.

The girl had evidently been in this country only a very short time, for her holiday dress was almost an exact copy of that of the Neapolitan flower girl on a feast day. The right side of her face is beautiful in outline and charming in color, but when she turned there could be seen extending from her temple to her chin a broad scar, whose edges, drawn together, made a line of hideous wrinkles. So near to the eye ran the scar that the lower lid was drawn down, giving an ugly leering expression in awful contrast to the beauty of the other cheek.

The story of the couple was this. They had loved and wanted to marry, but the girl's father, a fisherman near Naples, had promised her to Francisco, a richer man. At last in despair she begged her lover to disfigure her face. He refused. The next night, the night before her proposed marriage—Giuseppine pleaded again for her own disfigurement. She hated her own beauty because it stood between herself and her own happiness. At last, in a wild fit of desperation, Augustine seized the knife, and with one broad sweep of the blade gashed the lovely face from temple to chin.

As they suspected, Francisco refused to marry a girl so disfigured, but Augustine was tried, and sentenced to three years in prison, and his marriage seemed as far off as before. All the time he was in prison, Giuseppine worked and saved, and when the three years had expired she met her lover at the prison gate, and, putting all her little savings in his hands, bade him go to America and earn enough to send for her. He refused, unless she married him before he left Naples, and as they walked toward the city they met a wandering padre, who made them man and wife.

After one short twenty-four hours of married life, Augustine left Naples on a coasting vessel, and finally made his way to this country, which he reached about six months ago. His countrymen heard his story and found him work, and meanwhile he saved every cent, until at last he had enough to send for his young wife. Her father refused to let her leave, and locked her in their little cottage, but the girl who would sacrifice her beauty for her love, laughed at the old jailer, and one night stole out and away to friends, who helped her to find the way to this country.—New York Sunday Advertiser.

**Don't Let Trifles Annoy You.**

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget! To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer: "If you would keep a book and daily put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or rather get it); for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it; and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you could see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter." The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress, and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and vexations.

**A Pointed Salutory.**

The editor of a new weekly paper says by way of salutory: "We would as soon expect to win a fortune by betting against a pat hand as to suppose that we shall please every body. No doubt in the course of human events we shall realize those pleasant little editorial episodes in which indignant readers find no other soothing syrup for their wounded feelings than by attempting to 'put a head on the editor,' paint a mournful expression over his eye; or, without consulting him as to whether he wants to be an angel and with the angels stand, endeavor to send him to that bourne (on a dead-head ticket) from whence no editor returns. We stand six feet in our stockings in the winter time—five feet eleven inches and a half, without socks, in the summer season. Our principal amusement, when a boy, was to throw one hundred pound anvils over our head, hold a barrel of flour at arm's length, and practice other muscular developments. Aided by our early education in the manly art, we shall endeavor to hoe our own row, paddle our own canoe, and hold a full hand in the editorial game of 'bluff.'"

**Think for Yourself.**

Do your own thinking. Yes, that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone weigh what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will assist in curing you of false notions, and in eradicating unprofitable ideas, and in time, make you better men and women. What you thus gain from surroundings you will unwittingly transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be that you will do your share in the glorious work of elevating the human family. Do your own thinking.

What you lend is lost; when you ask for it back, you may find a friend made an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press him further, you have the choice of two things—either to lose your loan or lose your friend.

**RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.**

The Methodist Episcopal Church baptized 10,000 persons in India during 1891. The Methodist Episcopal Church has over 15,000 ministers, 14,000 local preachers, 100,000 official members and 300,000 Sunday school officers and teachers.

The bell that will ring the hours from the steeple of the college church at Notre Dame, Ind., is said to be the largest on the Continent. Eight men can easily stand erect within it, and its tones can be distinctly heard a distance of twelve miles.

The first church built in this country for colored Methodists was at the corner of Sixth and Lombard streets, Philadelphia, and was occupied in 1794. The site is still used by the congregation, which a couple of years ago erected a church worth \$50,000.

In view of the comparative lack of city mission work in New York above Fourteenth street, some persons who have long been interested in that work are planning to secure a hall for preaching and tract distribution on Broadway somewhere between Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth streets.

The ecclesiastical returns of the Roman Catholic diocese of Colombo, Ceylon, for 1891, show marked increase in every particular as compared with those for 1890. The number of confirmations has increased from 2,565 to 5,639; the baptisms of heretics from 139 to 189, and of infants from 1,011 to 1,117.

Count Campello, a distinguished Roman Catholic, who joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, but soon after placed his work under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, England, is doing fine work in Italy. He has adopted some of the methods of the Salvation Army. A college and training-school has been opened in Rome, and a number of congregations and churches have been formed.

The American Hebrew, commenting upon the festival of Purim, with its gaieties and festivities, its wealth of historical reminiscences, and its inspiration to courage, devotion and fidelity, calls attention to the great temptation to dwell too exclusively on the festal character of the time; while its moral and religious phase is overlooked or not sufficiently emphasized. Without wishing to detract from the merriment of the season, it urges that the highest purpose and possibilities of the festival should not be lost sight of.

The census of all India shows a population of 287,200,000. Of these 207,654,407 are Hindus, 57,365,204 Mussulmans, 2,284,191 Christians, 1,416,109 Jains, 1,907,836 Sikhs, 7,101,057 Buddhists, 89,887 Parsees, 17,180 Jews, 9,402,083 forest tribes (animal worshippers), 289 Atheists, Agnostics, etc. Among the Hindus are included 3,401 Brahmas and 38,948 Aryas. The Brahmas are chiefly in Bengal, the Aryas in the northwest and the Punjab. The latter return themselves as Vedic or Aryans by religion, sometimes as Hindu Aryans, while even a few Sikhs describe their sect as Aryan.—New York Sun.

**PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.**

"Railroads change climates." Aluminium is the best conductor of electricity.

The average mortality of unmarried men between the ages of twenty and twenty-five is 1,174 in every 100,000, while that of married men is only 597. Blood travels from the heart through the arteries ordinarily at the rate of about twelve inches per second; its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three one-hundredths of an inch per second.

A new method of making steel, known as the "direct process," has been adopted by the Homestead Steel Works of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., and it is expected to give the company a "practical monopoly of the steel trade of the future."

The custom of placing green boughs of the eucalyptus or blue gum tree in sick rooms is extending in Australia. It is stated that the volatile perfume has a favorable effect on consumptive patients and is also able to promote sleep.

Aristotle attempted to weigh air by weighing a bag when empty and again after it had been inflated. The result of this experiment caused him to announce that air had no weight. Without air we could see the stars as plain during the day as we can at night.

Dr. Schliemann found bits of glass in his excavations at Mycenae, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known in his time. The most eminent Egyptologists place the date of the first use of glass at a period too remote to be given in years.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

When the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was built, more than 1,000 years ago, the stone and brick were laid in mortar and mixed with a solution of musk, and the building it is said has been infected with the odor ever since. Probably age has imparted a musty odor, from which the musk story was fabricated.

**GRAINS OF GOLD.**

Never let your curiosity get the better of your discretion.

He who would exert influence must exercise judgment.

Only the quickening of conscience can hasten repentance.

We should all be perfect if we were neither men nor women.

As long as the heart preserves desire, the mind preserves illusion.

Thoughts are blossoms of the mind and deeds are the fruits of desire.

Let any one be idle long enough, and he will break out in some folly.

Esop says: He loses character who puts himself on a level with the underserving.

The only way you can bring a child up is the way you're going yourself.—Womankind.

Lover, daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother—in those six words lies what the human heart contains of the sweetest, the most ecstatic, the most sacred, the purest and the most ineffable.—Massals.



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