Broken, dismantled! would that it were I would not keep it in that dusty nook,

Where tangled cobwebs cross and intertwine. And grim old spiders from their corners

From distaff, band, and polished rim, are hung The dusty meshes. Black the spindle is, Crooked and rusty-a dead, silent tongue, That once made whirring music-there it

O, dear to me is this forsaken thing! I gaze upon it, and my eyes grow dim; For I can see my mother, hear her sing, As winds the shining thread, and whirls

So sweet she sang! her youngest on her knee, Now a warble, now some fine old hymn, Sublime, exultant, full of victory, Triumphant as the songs of seraphim.

Sweet toiler! through her life of crowded While grief came oft, and pain, and wea-

Still swelled the anthem, still was breathed the prayer, Till death came clasping with his cold

caress. She sings no more. Beside the chimney

No more she spins. Years come and go Above her grave upon the lone hill side The snow drifts lie, the summer grasses grow.

MB. MARKBY'S REVENGE.

When the Annerly's discovered that Mr. Samuel Marbky, whose acquaintance the f had made during their summer trip on the Continent, kept a bric-a-brac shop in Bond street, they found themselves in a very awkward predicament. for, never doubting that his social position was equal to their own, they had, upon their return to town, sent him a card of invitation to a dinner party It was only upon receiving his reply that Mrs. Annerly had the curiosity to look up his name in the directory, where the humiliating truth stood revealed. Both the girls were highly disgusted and indignant, especially Miss Amy Annerly, the younger sister, for, to tell the truth, she had rather encouraged Mr. Markby's attentions when they were abroad. Mrs. Annerly hastened to atone for her indiscretion by writing a second letter to the young man, stating that the invitation had been sent under a misapprehension, and declining to renew their acquaintance. She took care to express herself in the clearest terms, without much regard for his feelings, and, by way of avoiding any misunderstanding in the future, she and her daughters cut Mr. Markby dead when they chanced to meet him in the street shortly afterwards.

There is no doubt that Sam Markby had just cause to complain of the Annerlys' conduct; but on the other hand, he had been guilty of deception. He was a good-looking young fellow, of pleasing manners and appearance; but, being snobbish enough to feel ashamed of his business, he always endeavored to convey the impression that he was a gentleman at large. Though he told the Annerlys no lies about himself, he at least—upon good terms, having a carefully concealed the fact that he was keen eye to his own interests. But for a retail tradesman, and never even hint- this c ed that he was in business of any kind.

But Sam would by no means admit unpleasantness that had occurred. His rage and indignation were unbounded. the more especially as he considered that Miss Amy had trifled with his manners and his imperturbable good affections. He resolved, therefore, to humor. be revenged upon the Annerlys for the slight they had put npon him, and, after being cut by them in the street he upon his friend, Mr. Jonah Montagu, the fashionable money-lender, on the chance of picking up a little information that might be useful to him.

Mr. Jonah Montagu was a student of human nature on a vast scale, and, his pursuit with keenness and ardor. affairs he did not know something about, him a visit. and Sam not unreasonably hoped that he might have some knowledge of the of being pleasant and affable to gentle-Annerlys. Mr. Montagu received him in men of Sam Markby's peculiar line of a perfectly easy and natural manner, for with his spare cash to invest on profitable terms, as his father had done before him.

you here?" inquired the great man, patting his visitor affectionately on the shoulder with his bejeweled hand, "Not business this time, Mr. Monta-I want to have a little chat in a

"Well, Sammy, my son, what brings

friendly way." "By all means, my boy. What is it?" said Mr. Montagu, cordially.

"Do you know any one of the name of Annerly?"

"Annerly! Annerly! There was a paid up all right. I bel'eve he is now in India with his regiment," said Mr. Montagu.

want to find out all about the old people. Old Annerly lives at Lancaster Gate, and is something in the city." "Oh he is all right! Good for any amount! You needn't be afraid," said | cigarette. Mr. Montagu, reassuringly.

"You don't know anything against him, then?" said Sam, biting his nails, "No, I don't!" returned Mr. Montagu, looking surprised; "nor any of his family, for that matter. By the by, you know who Mrs. A. was, of course?"
"Mrs. Annerly! No! Who was she?"

inquired Sam quickly. She was the daughter of old Tom the Annerlys move in tip-top society. But her father died when she was quite a child, so I suppose she has cut the connection."

"Then it seems she hasn't got much to be proud of after all," said Mr. Markby, spitefully. "Only a publican's daughter! She gives herseif the airs of

come from nothing. By the by," ad-ded Mr. Montagu, thoughtfully, "she dyed moustache thoughtfully." sir," She can never be ded Mr. Montagu, thoughtfully, "she dyed moustache thoughtfully. They mostly do, my boy, when they

had a brother once-a regular bad lot.

still alive," "You don't say so!" exclaimed Sam,

exultingly. Mr. Montagu seemed a good deal surprised at his young friend's evident satisfaction; but he asked no questions, and Sam shortly afterwards took his departure with a radiant countenance. He was a vindictative little man, and he hurried off to concoct some scheme of revenge based upon the discovery he | false pretenses, as it were," had made. But, though the secret of utilizing it to his satisfaction. The Lord Algernon, sententiously. Annerly's had attained too firm a foothold in society to be easily assailed, and though it would do them no good to have it spread about that Mrs. Annerly was the daughter of a publican and the sister of a returned convict, the scandal was hardly likely to affect their position materially. The consequence was that Sam gloated over the compromising secret for some months, while waiting for an opportunity to turn it to account. Meanwhile he cherished his resentment, for he was one of those morbid-minded individuals who brood over their wrongs and never forget an injury.

At length the newspapers announced young Lord Reavely, the Earl of Bestwood's son As Sam's vindictativeness was intensified by a thrill of jealousy, he perceived that the time had come to discharge his venom. The occasion was promising, for it was hardly likely that Lord Reavely could be aware of Miss Anner'y's antecedents. As for the Earl. Sam was convinced from what he had heard of him that he would never cansent to his son making such a mesal-liance. The prospect of breaking off the match, thereby aiming a blow at the Annerlys in general and at Miss Amy in particular, while at the same time giving circulation to the scandal, filled him with savage satisfaction. He was the more eager to avail himself of the opportunity, because he realized that, if the marriage took place, the Annerly's social position would be so strengthened that his precious secret

would be valueless. His first impulse was to communicate direct with Lord Reavely or his father, but he naturally preferred to keep in the background. A more effectual and at the same time a safer plan seemed to be to work his revenge through some influential third person, and with this reflection the name of Lord Algernon Todd, the Earl of Bestwood's brother, naturally accurred to him.

Lord Algernon was well-known among the money-lenders at the West End of town, and he had also been mixed up in many shady transactions east of Temple Bar. Always impecunious, and by no means overscrupulous, Lord Algernon was a ready tool of company promoters, and though his aristocratic name had long since lost its alluring influence with the knowing portion of the British public, he still found it a marketable commodity. With his family, however, Lord Algernon bad always contrived to remain-outwardly, hardly have survived his moral delinquencies. As it was, many of the best that he was in any way to blame for the houses were closed against him, but in club and on the turf, and, in fact, on neutral ground he was rather popular than otherwise, on account of his genial

It occurred to Sam Markby that Lord Algernon might easily be prevailed upon to open the eyes of his brother, the took the earliest opportunity of calling | Earl, and generally to make things unpleasant for the Anneriy's. He knew there was no love lost between him and publish the reason for Reavely backing his nephew, so that the prospect of out." interfering with the lad's happiness would not be likely to deter him, Moreover it was notorious that Lord Algerhaving interested motives, he followed non was the most obliging man in the world when properly managed, and Sam There was hardly a prominent individ- was sufficiently well acquainted with ual in London society whose private him to feel no hesitation about paying

Lord Algernon always made a point business. When he called he received Sam was in the habit of intrusting him him in his bedroom, where he was undergoing the process of shaving, and he greeted his visitor as familiarly as though be had been his dearest friend. At a sign from his master, the welltrained valet placed a box of cigars and a liqeur stand at Sam's elbow and disappeared,

"What is in the wind, Mr, Markby?" inquired his Lordship, affably, "I called to make a communication of a private nature to you, my Lord.' said Sam, with a shade of embarrass ment

"Oh!" said Lord Algernon, glancing approvingly in the looking-glance at the young Annerly who came here once to reflection of his valet's handiwork. renew a small bill he had backed. He "Well, take a cigar and a glass of curacoa, and fire away.'

"I hear your nephew, Lord Reavely, is going to be married," remarked Sam, "That is the family I mean. I know as he availed himself of Lord Algernon's the son is in India," said Sam "But I hospitality. "Miss Annerly is the young lady's name, 1'm told."

"I don't know much about my nephew's affairs, but I believe that is so," said Lord Algernon, lighting a

"I suppose Lord Bestwood is not aware that the young lady's mother is the daughter of a publican and the sister of a convict," said Sam, endeavoring to look unconcerned. "No, by Jove!" exclaimed Lord Al-

gernon with genuine surprise, "you don't say so?"

Sam proceeded to give Lord Algernon all the information he possessed Rogers, who kept the 'Silver Grid' in and as he had taken the trouble to veri-Fenchurch Street years ago. You fy Mr. Montagu's statement, he was wouldn't think it, would you? I'm told able to convince his Lordship of the

accuracy of his assertion. "Well," remarked Lord Algernon, poolly, when he had finished, "all I can say is, it is devilish lucky for the young lady that my brother knows nothing of | ner.'

all this." "I suppose the Earl would forbid the marriage," said Sam, eagerly. "Most certainly; and I don't think

"I felt it my duty to tell your Lord-The last I heard of him was that he was quodded for forgery, and I believe he is at Lord Algernon's demeanor, "before it was too late."

"Too late! Oh! you think I ought to interfere, eh?" said Lord Algernon with a curious smile.

"Of course I don't presume to advise or suggest; but imagined you might counter. consider it advisable to do so, my Lord,' said Sam, endeavoring in vain to hide his eagerness. "After all, the Annerlys are marrying into your family under

"Perhaps you are right. In fact, up-Mrs. Annerly's origin seemed at first on reflection, I think I ought to open sight to furnish promising material to my brother's eyes. One owes something work upon, he found a difficulty in to one's family after all," remarked

"Quite so, my Lord. Besides, it would serve the Annerlys right to be reminded of their proper position," said

Sam. "Yes. It would be impossible to conceal the reason for breaking off the match," said Lord Algernon, with a meaning glance. "I suppose I may take | these half dollars, which had been it that I should be rendering you a service, also, Mr. Markby," he added pleasantly.

"Well, my Lord, I don't mind owning, between you and me, that I owe the Annerlys a grudge," acquiesced Sam, rather unwillingly. "But the information I have given your Lordship engagement of Miss Amy Annerly with is true, nevertheless, and I thought you might be glad to know it."

"I am, Mr. Markby. The more I reflect the more obvious my duty appears to be. As for the Annerlys, it is like their infernal impudence," said Lord Rand came up and agreed with me. Algernon, gravely, though Sam fancied he detected a grin about the corners of his mouth. "However, you may safely leave the matter in my hands. By the by, Markby," added his Lordship, in an off-hand tone, oddily enough I was coming to see you. Just look at that picture on the sofa there. I'm told it's worth £500."

"Your Lordship mustn't believe all you are told," said Sam, recognizing the work of art referred to as an old acquaintance. "I suppose you took it instead of cash?"

"I had to. That little thief Isaacs insisted. Of course, it isn't worth half what he says," laughed Lord Algernon, good-humoredly. "I'll tell you what though, Markby, you shall have it for

Sam was not unprepared for something of this kind. He had brouget his check-book with him, knowing that Lord Algernon never rendered a service without some equivalent. He raised a faint protest, but ultimately yielded with good grace. The picture was intrinsically almost valueless; but he did not object to pay for the luxury of revenge, and he perceived that Lord Algernon needed some incentive. He therefore wrote a check, and arranged to send for the picture-Lord Algernon volunteering to look in the course of a day or two, and let him know the result of his mission.

His Lordship was better than his word, for the very next afternoon he strolled into Sam's shop and accosted

him in his sanctum. "I lost no time you see. It was an exceedingly unpleasant business," he feit half dollar covered with tin foil. said, mysteriously. "My brother was a The rage that followed Brown's disumstance his reputation would good deal cut up for the youngster's sake but the marriage is off. Reavely, I hear, is awfully indignant with old Annerly. The fact is, I think Annerly behaved mighty deceitfully, and so do other people, as he will find out. I shouldn't wonder if the Annerlys were cold-shouldered next season.

"Oh! Is it known already?" said Sam, highly delighted.

"Well, it is known in a quiet way, I've mentioned it to several mutual friends, with my brother's consent. In fact, in self-defense, we are bound to

"Naturally. Then, I suppose it is no longer a secret," said Sam, exultingly "About the engagement being broken off? Not the least. As regards the other thing, we don't want it to get into the papers for own sakes. But the Annerlys will soon find people to know about it."

Sam felt strongly tempted when Lord Algernon had departed to write a letter of mock condolence to Miss Annerly, but he had sufficient sense of decency to refrain. His satisfaction was complete when he heard the Annerlys had sudhad effectually revenged himself. It never crossed his mind that Lord Algernon had played him false, and consequently the announcement which apamong the guests present at the wedconspicuous. Before he could realize the meaning of his lordship's conduct, are entitled to much confidence. he received the following note from Mr. Montagu, which clearly explained the

situation: DEAR SAM: If you know where to lay your hand on any of Lord Algy Todd's paper, buy it immediately, either on your own account or on mine. I hear on the best authority that Mr. the other day, is going to pay his debts. Between you and me, I fancy Lord her pursuer, then knelt down, and, with Algy must have got hold of that scan-uplifted hands, implored him not to instroke of business.

Ever thine.

"So you wish to marry my daughter, well, I rather like you personally, but the question is can you support her?" "I have an income of \$8,000 from an

uncle's estate." "Good; that will pay the rent of house. "I get \$7,000 more from bonds which

I own. "Good again; that will pay the ser-

"I have \$5,000 a year from a business firm of which I am a silent part-"Yes, that will feed you. What else?"

"That is all, sir." "All! And do you expect my daughter to go without clothes? Do you think Reavely would come up to the scratch, we are Hottentots? She can never be Brown as a Detector.

"Is that a good half dollar?" asked a gentleman of a friend as they entered a Chicago cigar store. The coin had all the advertisements of a spurious piece. It looked like lead, felt greasy and sounded dead when thrown on the

Without waiting for an answer the gentleman said: "I had some fun once with one of these pieces. I was clerking once in a bank at Aurora, a good many years ago, and there was a man whom I will call Brown, since he is not here to defend himself, who used to oaf about the bank and stick his nose in everybody's business. He was a dreadful bore, always getting off silly the garret were again all ablaze. The little practical jokes on others, but never tolerant of the slightest joke on himself. One day Mr. Bradley, the cashier, and Mr. Rand, who has since been mayor of Minneapolis, fized up a make a collection, bringing back one of I handed the money over the counter to Mr. Bradley.

"'Here, said he, holding up the badlooking coin, 'what kind of money do

you call this?' "At this Brown jumped up, as we thought he would, and, looking at the coin, began to laugh at me and jeer me for not knowing more than to take so bad a counterfeit as that.

"I said I thought it was good money. Brown said I was a fool. Then Mr. "'Well,' said Brown, 'I'm ashamed

of you, Rand. A man that has handled millions and millions as you have ought money,

"'I do,' said Mr. Rand, 'and that's why I say this is a good piece.' "'I'd bet \$1,000 it isn't good money, said Brown.

"'All right,' said Mr. Rand, taking up a pen and writing a check for that amount, 'I take the bet,' "Both checks were written, when Brown asked:

"'Who is to decide?" "'You may,' replied Mr. Rand, peeling off the thin tin-foil with which the good coin had been carefully cov

ered. "Brown was the maddest man I ever saw. Oh, he ripped and swore. He called us a set of thieves who had conspired to rob him, and said he would rather leave his money on the bar of a beer saloon than trust it to our keeping any longer. As he went out the door he slammed it spitefully and walked toward another bank. He repented, however, and left his money with us simply because he knew it was judicious from a ficancial point of view. In a few days he learned that Mr. Rand never had any idea of keeping his \$1,000; but for three or four months he did not loaf about the bank. Then he fell back into his old habits and we played another trick on him. It looked like the same trick, and Brown was glad to play the But this time it was really a countercovery of this second trick on him was a lasting one. He never came into the bank except on urgent business after that, and then he was very short with us and never smiled."

Weird Sights,

The latest psychological marvel is the breaking out of ghostly performances in an old and uninhabited house known as the Hammond homestead, near the boundary between Wareham and Middleboro, Mass. If the assertions of various respectable people are not falsehoods, the new outbreak beats the one last month near the Westfield and Cheshire boundary, in the same State. This old farm-house, for years without a tenant, stands in a wild and lonely spot, a half-mile or more from

any habitation. It is an old New England farm-house erected over 100 years ago, two stories of the Atlantic. and a half in height, and is of that rambling style of architecture which characterizes such structures. The old farm-house has been the scene of frightful crimes. Many years ago (says denly left town, and he considered he a letter from Wareham) a murder was committed in a room of this house, and girl was murdered and her headless body was found in the cellar. No clue peared in the papers shortly afterward to her murderer was ever discovered, of the marriage of Lord Reavely and and as time went on, the horrible deed Miss Amy Annerly came upon him like | was forgotten, only to be recalled by the a thunder-clap. The ceremony had recent remarkable phenomena which taken place down in the country, and are said to be witnessed here. It has been but some three weeks since the ding Lord Algernon Todd's name was manifestations commenced, and those

The first was witnessed by a party of age, who, day after day were obliged to pass and repass the house. They report seeing a young and beautiful lady dressed in black, rush out of the house, closely followed by a man who held in his hand a heavy piece of wood. When Annerly, whose daughter was married but a few steps from the door the young lady suddenly turned round and faced dal about Mrs. A. and done a good jure her. The man, not appearing to hear her supplications, whirled the stick two or three times over her head, and with fearful force brought it down upon the poor victim's head, prostrating

her to the ground. The man then quickly took the body soon as the two were lost to view, the | 000. most distressing cries were heard, as though coming from a multitude of female voices. The children say that they were frightened at first but that afterward they seemed to be magnetized and when he had entered the cellar, transpired, and when the mysterious death, they ran for their homes, which they reached in an exhausted condition. All available means were at once taken to ferret out the so-called phenomena direct answer to her prayers.

and ascertain, if possible, the truth of the children's story.

A party of citizens the following evening visited the old homestead, taking up a position in the woods near by, where they could have a commanding view of everything that transpired within and without the house. The party consisted of eight young men of the village. Suddenly the house within was brilliantly illuminated and forms, both male and female, were seen to pass and repass the open window. The excitement in the place seemed to be intense, and the most unearthly shrieks were distinctly heard. Suddenly all was dark in the place and a death-like quietude reigned for half an hour, when all the apartments from the cellar to young men then started for the house on a run, but when they came near the manifestation ceased and all was dark

again. William R. Luce, who resides near 10b. I was to go out and pretend to Middleboro line, a few evenings since, was passing by this old house when he noticed the bright light within. Thinkprovided. I went, and when I returned | that tramps had taken possession of the place, he observed several females pass and repass the door. Soon they were seen to proceed up the rickety stairs, into the apartment above. After a while he heard a scream and the body of a female was hurled down the stairs amid fearful shouts from the inmates. Mr. Luce sprang from the vehicle and quickly proceeded to the honse, when suddenly the light was extinguished and all was as still as death in the old mansion. Mr. Luce was not a little excited over what he really supposed to be a tragedy; and was more surprised when he investigated affairs at not finding the house occupied, or showing men. to know just a little something about any signs of having been inhabited for the past fifty years or more.

Mr. Lowell's London Home.

An unpretending house in a quiet London square, painted that dull red color-an American importation, by the way-with which we are now so familiar in the western district of the metropolis. It is the residence of a Minister who represents the vast Republic of the west, over which the sun takes four hours to rise, and which

stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is nothing ambassadorial in his surroundings. The arms of the United States are not here conspicuously emblazoned, as would be those of some petty German State. Mr. Lowell is not approached through an antechamber filled with secretaries and gilded attaches. You are introduced by a manservant out of livery into a little room on the ground floor at the back of the house, which contains a few wellfilled bookehslves, a writing table strewed with papers and letters while a few simple engravings here and there cover the walls. Seated in an easy chair, reading, is a slight spare man with a profusion of curling hair and a luxuriant beard which is almost white, His manner, as he rises to greet you, is singularly quiet and unaffected, and, though he has made the Yankee dialect of New England immortal, you cannot part Mr. Rand had played before, detect in the tones of his voice the long passed his sixtieth birthday, having been born in the same year as Queen Victoria: vet it is impo him as old. He reminds you of nothing so much as the beautiful Indian summer of his native land, differing only from midsummer in the circumstance that the subdued tints of the foliage and the still dreamy air tell you instinctively that they are the heralds of coming winter. Taking a well-colored little meerschaum from a rack, he proceeds to smoke, and hands his visitor a box oi cigarettes. Leaning back then in his chair, he turns toward you his full, deep gray eyes, at once thoughtful and penetratieg, and seems more in-clined to listen than to talk. The conversation drifts from one subject to another, and it is only when some chord keep for the future. which interests him is struck, that you catch a momentary glimpse of the varied knowledge, the rich cultivation, the genius and power which have made it, is blunt and torpid, for him so great a name on both sides

Jars of Gold Pieces. Harrison Raymond lived for many years in Hinckley, Medina county, Ohio, and amassed considerable property, most which was in cash. He would not live years later a young and beautiful trust his money to the keeping of a bank, but hid it about his own premises keeping the hiding-place secret even if he does his duty in it. from his own family.

A short time ago he told his wife that he had hidden about \$30,000 in money and that pretty soon he would inform her of its whereabouts, so that, in case of his death, she would know where to look for it. He neglected to do this good and wise, strong and happy. and about a week ago he died of aposchool children from 8 to 13 years of plexy. After his death an examination of his papers showed that he had \$335,-000 in money all hidden about his premises. The most thorough search failed to reveal the hiding place, and the widow divine ear than that which comes up began to despair.

Then she was impressed with the notion that if she prayed with faith the Lord would direct her to the place where the money was hidden. Wednesday she prayed all day and all house when overtaken by a shower. night. On Thursday morning she was impelled to go to the bee-hives, which fishness, mastery of one's self-it is stood on a bench near the house, and these that tell in the long run, far in the excitement of expectation she more than the most brilliant qualities. knocked over one of the hives, disclosing to her view the top of a bench with a pile of greenbacks of large denominaup in his arms, re-entered the house, tion upon it. A search under the other and was seen to go down the cellar. As shive resulted in finding a total of \$15,

In the afternoon one of the family dropped a bunch of keys through the barn floor, which necessitated taking up a plank to find them, and when the young man put his hand down he struck and could not move; but after the man half-a gallon fruit jar. which he pulled had, as they said, murdered the victim, out to find partly filled with \$20 gold improving, must be gradual. Leaps pieces. Other jars and a grain bag were and jumps are not successfully taken they all seemed to realize what had also found containing gold and silver, transpired, and when the mysterious and when it had all been counted the cries were heard, frightened almost to total amount figured up over \$213,000. statement to the correspondent said she | worth living, as the humble but grate-

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Chance usually favors the prudent Iron chain or silken cord, both are

To know how to wait is the great

secret of success. A long face is plaguy apt to cover a ong conscience.

One always has time enough if he will apply it well. The word "impossible" is the mother tongue of little souls.

Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears. Honesty provides the most certain

conditions for safety. Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim. The way to forget our miseries is to

remember our mercies. A man makes himself greater as he ncreases his knowledge.

Experience joined to common sense,

to mortals is a providence. Consistency is about as scarce in the world as in a dog kennel. Sweetest melodies are those that are

by distance made more sweet. Ill-fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. Be at peace without thinking of the

future: there may be none for you. Content is the philosopher's stone, that turns all its touches into gold. He that leaves certainty and sticks to chance, when fools pipe he may dance. Life, like the waters of the sea, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven. As charity covers a multitude of sins

before God, so does politeness before He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own

errors. The superiority of some men is, merely local, because their associates are little.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hid in adversity.

The light of friendship is the light of phosphorus-seen plainest when all around is dark.

Dews of the night are diamonds at morn. So the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.

There is no such change of scene and air as a new thought in the head and a fresh hope in the heart. Do not try to force yourself into the

confidence of others. If they give their confidence, never betray it. No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept away from idle companions.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to new a block of marble with a razor. Do not begin to quarrel with the

world too soon, for, bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in-here. There's nothing that should be despised so much as cant of all kinds; it's a sure sign of a tricky disposition.

Music is the best refreshment of a man, whereby his heart is again brought slightest trace of Americanism. He has into peace, invigorated and refreshed. We have found that those who have a pride in making their religion very broad, generally get it amazingly thin

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore live every day as if it would be the Life's fears build life's fortresses;

cautious minds which suggest fears have the best chance to erect sure defences. The years write their records on hu man hearts as they do in trees, in hid-

den inner circles of growth which no eve can see. We must, if we are wise, make some calculation in our life, and say what we shall spend now, and what we shall

Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the superstition on the letter of talent. Character, without

When once the lake is cased in ice, heat from below cannot warm its surface; only the breath of heaven can bring life and motion. As we distrust the sincerity of ex-

travagant expressions of friendliness, so do we that of ostentatious professions of religious fidelity. A good man and a wise man may at times be grived with the world, but no man is ever discontented with the world

Sober-sense, self-possesson, and intelligent self-conrol are the safeguards of head and heart, and make a beautiful temple for the soul. We were sent into the world not

only to enjoy ourselves, but to do our best to make those under our influence Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there

anything that hath not its place. No cry is ever more pleasing to the from hearts which sorrows have made conscious of sin and helpfulness.

The name of God is the believer's harbor; where he may betake himself as boldly as a man steps into his own

Character, judgment, virtue, unsel-A believer hath so much opposition in his way to glory, that he had need be well-locked into the saddle of his

profession, or he will soon be disnounted. There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much to the faults of his companions, which offend him, than to their perfections, which please

All changes, to be permanent and either in mental advancement or in

moral character. There is nothing which helps us so The widow was overjoyed, and in her much to feel that our lives have been believed that the discoveries were in ful consciousness that we have helped some other soul to fulfil its destiny.