

HOWEVER WHY.

I wonder why the world's good things Should fall in such unequal shares— Why some should taste of all the joys And others only feel the care?

I wonder why the sunbeams bright Should fall in paths some people tread, While others shiver in the shade Of clouds that gather overhead!

I wonder why the trees that hang So full of luscious fruit should grow Only where some may reach and eat While others faint and thirsty go!

Why should sweet flowers bloom for some, For others only thorns be found? And some grow rich on fruitful earth, While others still but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some O'erflow with joy and happiness, While others go their lonely way Unblessed with aught of tenderness!

I wonder why the eyes of some Should never be moistened with a tear, While others weep from morn till night, Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!

Ah! well; we may not know indeed The why, but quietly and humbly I But this we know—there's one who sees And watches us through joy or strife; Each life its mission here fulfills, And only He can make the end, And, loving Him, we may be strong, Though storm or sunshine He may send.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

It had been snowing steadily all day long, not in a boisterous, tempestuous way, but quietly and persistently, as if the feathery flakes were rapidly piling themselves one upon the other on the frozen ground had come for a long stay. Towards night the wind began to rise, and when darkness settled down a moderate winter's storm was raging. We were waiting in the little station at L— for the down train, telegraphed an hour and a half behind time, and were endeavoring to keep warm around the small stovetight stove which served as the only heating medium in the low-studded apartment. L— is a place of little importance except as a railroad center, for here two trunk lines cross each other, and it is also the point where locomotives were changed on the different trains. With the exception of the bustle and excitement incident to a junction station, there was but little to attract a tourist, and the few natural charms the place possessed at this time were hidden beneath the soft covering of snow. So the weary waiters were forced by bea

th of amusement, as well as the storm, to while away the time as best they could in the dingy depot. The different advertisements were perused, the flaming advertisements scrutinized, all to no purpose, for the hands of the monotonous-ticking clock crept around the dial with that tardy pace peculiar to railroad timepieces when one is waiting for a belated train. The conductor who was to take charge of the express came in to warm his hands by the little stove, and soon the party was increased by the engineer, whose machine could be dimly seen far down the track waiting for its expected charge. "Bad night, Bob," said the conductor. "Better come in and warm up. She won't be here for an hour yet."

The engineer made some reply and joined the circle around the stove. He was a man of slight build, drooping shoulders, and perhaps not up to the average height. Rather effeminate at first sight, until one noticed the square, firm chin, the quick, steady eyes, and the lines about the mouth, which showed that beneath that calm face and quiet manner lay the will to both do and dare. He has been selected especially to run this night express on account of the danger of the position, for the down train was frequently late, and the last time must be made up before reaching the end of the road in order to meet connections. Time and again nothing but the coolness and judgment of the engineer had brought this train to its destination in safety, and Bob Jennings, as he was called, had been remarkably fortunate, and has never met with a serious accident. The running of the two trains up to L— and back to the city constituted his day's work. The position was a responsible one, and remuneration good, and the "job," as the boys termed it, was looked upon with envy by Bob's fellow engineers.

After some minutes passed in conversation between the engineer and conductor, the latter suddenly remarked: "How was it, Bob, you happened to get this express? The superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg helped you to it, didn't he, on account of that affair up in the mountains? Tell us about it?"

"Yes, yes," spoke up several who had overheard the conversation. "Let us hear the story by all means." "Well, boys," said Bob, as he bit off a generous chew, and deposited the quid lovingly in his cheek, "it ain't much of a yarn, and it'll make you laugh for you'll think me spooky like. However, it's true as gospel, and if I was here he'd say so, too."

"Twas when I was running 49 on the P. & O. road, which hadn't been again more a couple of years. You may perhaps be acquainted with the line, she runs through the White Mountain Notch, and is built right on the side of the hills. How they ever had the spunk to start such a road beats me, for at first sight it seems next to hopeless to get around some of them short curves, to say nothing of the big up-grades. Near Crawford's is that spider-like Frankenstein trestle you've heard so much about, where the track spans a chasm eighty feet wide and one hundred feet deep. Strong enough, I suppose, but it makes a man feel skittish to go over it for the first time. Well, my good luck is all owing to that trestle. We lived in Portland then, Nell and I. She is my wife, we were as happy as could be. The only drawback was that every night I had to take the late express up to Fabyan's, and come back next day on the accommodation. Nell used to be afraid to have me go, particularly as the road was new, and accidents would happen in spite of all we could do. I kept telling her it was safe enough, and the pay was good, so I'd better stick to my

place for a while anyway, though to tell the truth, I didn't like the route, 'twas so awful gloomy-like. No big towns to go through, only now and then a little village, and they would be as dark and quiet as a grave yard, when we struck 'em at night. Summers it wasn't so bad, but winters it was awful. Well, one night in January, when it was my turn to stay at Portland, the superintendent sent for me, and said:

"Bob, there's a party of directors as wants to get through the mountains to-night, and they're going to start about 10 o'clock. I'll have to send a special but haven't an engineer that I can trust. Now, it's your night off, I know, but if you'll pull the throttle for them fellows I'll make it all right with you."

"Well, says I, 'I'll go, of course; but it's going to be a bad night on the mountains.'"

"That's so, Bob, says the superintendent, 'but I know I can rely on you, and them directors says they must go through, anyhow.'"

"So I went back to our little cottage and told Nell as how I'd got to go. She took on very queer like, and seemed distressed to have me away, though she never acted like that before."

"It's an awful night, Bob," says she, 'can't they send some one else? I don't like to have you go.'"

"Nonsense," says I, 'the storm won't hurt me, and I'll be back again to-morrow. The super.'s promised to do the square thing, and I'll come out all right.'"

"She seemed a little reassured, and I got out my great coat and muffler, and in 'em I prepared to start out."

"Well, Bob," says my wife, 'if you must go, why you must, but she added thoughtfully, and there was the queerest look passed over her face, 'be careful of that Frankenstein trestle.'"

"I scarcely heard what she said, but bidding her good-bye was soon on my way to the round-house. It was a wild night, and no mistake; seems to me I have never seen it blow harder or snow faster. Once or twice I had to turn my back to the blast to keep from blowing over. Well I was soon on board my machine, and, backing into the station, hitched on to two cars which were to make up the train. As 10 o'clock approached the directors began to arrive, pompous-looking men with plenty of money and feeling all their importance."

"Them fellows," says I to myself, 'feel their steam pretty well. I don't suppose they'd look at an engineer.'"

"Dan Smith, my fireman, was on the watch for the conductor's signal and when the clock struck 10 we got the swing of the lantern and off we started. 'I've seen some pretty bad nights, but this one was the worst I ever remember. The storm to-night is hard enough, but it don't begin to blow as it did then. Why, every now and then we would get a blast that would make the whole machine tremble, and as the country around Portland is pretty level, we took the full force of the wind. As we got further inland it wasn't so bad, and by the time we were forty miles out it had turned to a summer's gale and was pouring torrents.'"

"And now comes the singular part of the story. We had the right of way, and our dispatcher was to keep the whole up to Fabyan's open for us, my instructions being to stop only at North Conway for water. So I gave her the throttle, and we bowled along at a good rate of speed, making perhaps thirty or thirty-five miles an hour as we went whirling through Sebago Lake station, I had a kind of feeling come over me that there was something wrong. I didn't notice it at first, but every now and then it would come back to me that all was not as it should be, yet I couldn't think of anything that wasn't right. I aliers examine my machine before I start, give her a good oilin', look well to the bolts and parallel rods, try the levers and such; and so I knew when we left Portland last '49 'was in perfect workin' trim. Yet the feeling grew on me until it was a steady thing. I tried to shake it off, but it was no use. I felt it in my bones that somethin' was up."

"Now you gentlemen will laugh at me for being a fool, and I don't blame you, for we was a-goin' along all right, everything from the water-gauge to the cylinders was a-workin' in good time, and I knew that it was only imagination, but to tell the truth, I began to feel uneasy. I had been an engineer for ten years, and had been through some pretty tough scrapes without blowin' for brakes, and the boys all said as how I had a good deal of pinck. Now I began to lose all confidence, and 'Bob,' says I to myself, 'this won't do. You're getting nervous, and all for nothin'. You've no business to be superstitious at your time of life. Brace up!'"

"Twas no use, however. I could have stood up in court and sworn that there was a kink somewhere. Well, meanwhile we was sliding along, and pretty soon reached North Conway, where we was to give the engine a drink. 'Dan,' says I to my fireman, 'there's something out of the way with this machine, and I don't know what it is.'"

"What makes you think so?" says Dan. "I can't tell, I replied; 'she works all right, but I feel it in my bones.'"

"Guess you're thinking of your wife," returned Dan, with a laugh. "But while we were gettin' in the water I took a lantern and went all round the engine. Looked at every part of her, rapped the bars, knocked the wheels, tried her at every point, and couldn't find nothin'."

"And I tried to think no more about it, but the feeling was there, all the same, and do the best I could I wasn't able to throw it off."

"Well, we had got a pretty good distance in the mountains, and with this light loss '49' didn't make nothing of the up grades."

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you have never been through the hills in winter. It's some different from summer, I can tell yer. The mountains loom up bark and solemn, and with their snow-covered sides they seem kinder like ghostly

giants that have been turned into stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it didn't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead of night. This time it was worse than ever. The storm had let loose all the evil spirits in the air. The wind swept down the valley with a roar that could be heard above the rush of the train. It whistled and yelled at the cab windows, and blew the rain and sleet so hard agin the winder frame I could scarcely see the short distance lit by the headlight. The great trees rocked to and fro, and seemed to hold out their arms in warning. It was a solemn place for any one, and I felt it particularly, as I had this awful weight of anxiety on my mind that had been a growin' stronger and stronger each minute."

"Well, we had passed Bartlett's, goin' through there at a pretty good jog, when, like a flash of lightning, the parting words of my wife came back to me: 'Be careful of that Frankenstein trestle!'"

"That set me to thinkin'. Could this be a presentiment of some disaster. Was there anything the matter with the bridge?"

"Nonsense," says I, 'I'm a natural-born fool. If anything was wrong the train two hours ahead would have found it out and signaled me at Bartlett's. I'll think of it no more, but tend to business.'"

"But in spite of me, 'Be careful of the Frankenstein trestle,' kept comin' into my head even the wind seemed to shriek it. I picturad to myself a broken rail and the yawning gulf on each side. What an accident it would make! Then I remembered Nell, and the queer look that came over her face when she gave me that singular caution, 'Be careful of the Frankenstein trestle.'"

"We was a nearin' the bridge, sure enough. Or the up grade '49' was making about twenty miles an hour, and in less than ten minutes we would be over the bridge, or— I caught my breath, for at that moment those warning words flashed into my mind once more."

"If I'm ever to be cured of such stuff," says I to myself, 'now is my chance. What could Nell know about the bridge? I'll put her across at full speed.'"

"A tall white birch that stood on a spur of the mountain was the landmark which showed me that we was comin' to the straight piece which led across the bridge. I put my hand on the throttle to throw open the valve when—"

"Well, gentlemen, I don't suppose you'll believe me, but as true as I'm standing here my wife's voice whisp'ered in my ear, 'not that one, Bob, the broke!'"

"I gave me such a start that before I knew what I did I had opened the Westinghouse for all she was worth, and the train came to a standstill in less than two lengths. Not waitin' to answer any questions from Dan I grabbed my lantern and rushed up the track to the bridge, and walked along the middle plank until I reached the other side, and then back again. Not a thing was out of place, every rail secure, and the bridge was as sound as when first put up!"

"Idiot!" cried I, 'so much for your foolish nonsense. This freak will cost you your job!'"

"I could see the lights of the conductor and brakeman, who had with a number of the passengers come out to see what was the matter. How the boys would laugh, I thought. I should never hear the last of it. I was sneaking back to the cab when I came to the switch of a short siding that had been laid on which to run gravel cars. It wasn't a very long track, not more than a hundred odd feet, and ended within a couple of yards of the precipice. Noticin' somethin' peculiar, I held up my lantern and found a large tree that had just blown down and fallen against the switch-rod, breakin' the fastenin' and throwin' the rails of the main line into the siding!"

"I tell you, boys, it made my hair stand on end. In two minutes that whole train and them directors would a gone off that cliff, and no one would have lived to tell about it!"

"What's the row, Bob?" says the conductor. "Row enough!" says I. 'Look at that switch. I reckon I pulled her up just in time.'"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed a fat director who was standing by. 'Where does that track lead to?'"

"To the other world," says I, 'and we came almighty near making the trip!'"

"Well, you never see a more grateful set of men. They made up a purse of \$500 on the spot, and when we got to Fabyan's they telegraphed the super, as how I was to stay with them during the execution, and I went to all the sights in Montreal with 'em just as though I had been one of the regular party. Not content with that, they gave me an elegant gold watch and chain, the President of the road, who happened to be among 'em, making a neat speech. I tell you a peep into the jaws of death will put rich and poor men on the same level; nothing like it to take the bigness out of them."

"Well, the boys all made a hon out of me when I got back to Portland, and Nell never seemed so glad to see me. That night's work was the making of me, for the superintendent gave me a good show, and finally I got this job. I never told the boys why I stopped the train, for I knew they would laugh at me, and I don't know as I told my wife for a long time. One day, however, she came to me and says:

"Bob, I had a queer dream about you the night of that affair at the Frankenstein. I dreamed I was on the engine with you somewhere, and we was going at a fearful rate. Way in the distance I saw what seemed to be a big gulf, and you thought by getting a good headway you could jump it. I knew, of course you couldn't, so I said, 'Not that one, the broke!' then I woke up!"

"I then told her the whole story, and, gentlemen, whenever I hear a similar

yarn, and I've heard a number of 'em, I don't turn up my nose and say, 'Nonsense!' There's more in one's feelings than most people thinks for, leastwise, mindin' my feelings saved my neck that night at the Frankenstein trestle. There comes the express; good-night."

Long Calls.

It is not always wise to make a rule that no one is to be admitted during the evening; on the contrary, a guest may be heartily welcomed if it is known at the outset he has come in for a short time; that he is cheerful, and friendly, and amusing, and in short, worth listening to and entertaining. But the lily concealed gloom that settles down upon one tired face after another, while the clock strikes the succeeding half hours, and each member of the family in turn comes despairingly to the rescue of the faltering conversation, is a deplorable thing. We are responsible for the state of our consciences, and if dull that they do not give us the unmistakable warning to go away, then we must not fret if we are warded off, dreaded, and called bores. I was delighted to hear some one say not long ago that she did not think that she had any right to spend two hours at a time with any friend without a special invitation, since it could not fall to be an interruption; and it gave joy to my heart that one person so respected the rights of others. Picture some one, who has assured himself that he is not likely to find amusement under his own roof, setting forth in search of a more agreeable place in which to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door; finding that one family has honestly paid its money and gone to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its invited guests, while at the fourth he is met at sight with the information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at the fifth he gains an entrance. One person rises hurriedly from the sofa; another puts down her book with a sigh; another comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes and letters must be written, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of friendship and society. The master of the house returns presently to his avocation, with a brave excuse. It may be eight o'clock when the guest comes: it may be nine, and he may be kind-hearted and unobjectionable; he may even be profitable and entertaining; but he stays until after ten; everybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly regrets his presence. For half an hour he could have felt sure of welcome; in that time he certainly could have said and done all that was worth doing, and have been asked to stop longer, or to come again soon, when he took leave. There is no greater compliment and tribute to one's integrity than to be fairly treated to sit down for ten minutes longer. Of course we treat each other civilly in an evening visit, but it is a great deal better to come away too soon than to stay too late. In a busy, overworked and overburied city life, nothing is so nice as a quiet evening to one's self, or even a part of one. We all wish, or ought to wish, to make life pleasant for ourselves and other people, and are ready to be generous even with our time, but no one likes to be plundered and defrauded. It is the underlying principle of our neighbor's action and conduct towards us which makes us thankful or resentful when he comes to visit us."

Origin of the Funeral Array.

The array of funerals commonly made by undertakers in London and in many large towns, is strictly the heraldic array of a baronial funeral; the two men who stand at the doors being supposed to be the two porters of the castle, with staves in black; the man who heads the procession wearing a scarf, being a representative of a herald-at-arms; the man who carries a plume of feathers on his head being an esquire with his plume of feathers; the pall-bearers, with batons, being representatives of knights-companions-at-arms; the men walking with their wands being supposed to represent gentlemen ushers with their wands. Literally all "the pomp and circumstance" with which the baron of high birth, ancient lineage, numerous heraldic quarterings, and large estates, was conveyed in the olden time to the house appointed unto all living, have been copied without the slightest significance or utility—the mere dry form transplanted into another grade and class to which it is singularly inappropriate and oppressively expensive—in the funeral of the middle class of society, in those of the curate, tradesman, small shopkeeper, and even the first-class artisan, and in this way the cost of funerals is swelled to an enormous amount."

The Carver.

A good carver will remember that the following are esteemed delicacies. The sounds of codfish. The fat of salmon. The fat of venison. Kidneys of lamb and veal. The long cuts and the gravy from the "alderman's walls" of a haunch of venison. The pope's eye in a leg of mutton. The oyster cut of a shoulder of mutton. The ribs and neck of a pig. Breast and thighs (without drumstick) of turkey and goose. The legs and breast of a duck. The wings, back and breast of game."

It was reported a short time ago that pies had been driven by dynamite in some German experiments. Later advices concerning the process state that an iron plate sixteen inches in diameter and five inches thick is placed on the top of the pile to be driven, and upon this plate a pound and a half charge of dynamite is exploded by electricity. The force of the explosion drives the pile into the mud as far and would five blows struck by a weight of 3,250 pounds falling from a height of ten feet. The system was originated by Herr Pradamovic, chief engineer of Pesth.

An Execution in Cuba.

Those who have sailed by daylight into the beautiful harbor of Havana, will, perhaps, recall a dark and low stone building upon the right shore, almost directly opposite Moro Castle, which is perched on the other side of the bay. This building is the prison in which criminals are confined who have been sentenced to death. Attached to it is a chapel, where many a poor wretch has received the last consolations of religion, and the worn stone sill of the door bears witness to the many feet which have passed out to return on earth never more."

In the month of May, 1866, General Dulce being Captain-General of the Island of Cuba, one Ramon Torres, a private in a Spanish infantry regiment stationed at Havana, for some cause or other, in a moment of passion, drove a knife to the hilt in the bosom of his superior officer, killing him on the spot. The culprit was, of course, immediately arrested and sent to prison, where he was at once tried and condemned to die by the garrote. Spanish law sometimes renders swift justice, and in this case but a few days intervened between the murder and its expiation."

When the death sentence is passed upon a criminal, the Juzgado, or court of justice, proceed to the prison, and, calling the criminal out of his cell, the judge reads the sentence to him. After doing so, he generally makes him an address, exhorting him to prepare for the awful change that is coming upon him. The prisoner is then taken in irons to the chapel where he remains until he goes out to his execution. There is a bed in the chapel where he can rest, and a priest is always with him. During the period he is here no reasonable request is denied him, and everything that can contribute to his comfort is readily furnished."

On the day of the execution of the subject of this sketch, about five thousand troops were paraded outside the prison walls, almost as many people of the city and surrounding country were also on the ground. Suddenly there came a chorus of voices from the building, singing in unison a funeral dirge. It was the farewell of the doomed man's fellow prisoners, a ceremony never omitted by them. The sun was gleaming brightly over the still, smooth water of the dark foliage scarcely stirring in the gentle breeze, and amid all the quietness and beauty of nature, the wail arose in the heart thoughts so sad as never to be forgotten to one's dying day."

All at once the prison doors were flung wide open, and the criminal, a man of small stature, came forth with a priest and soldier on either side, the former holding in his hands a crucifix, while he occasionally leaned down and encouraged the doomed man. Immediately following came the verlago (executioner), wearing a dark dress, having upon each of its sleeves an embroidered ladder, the insignia of his office. Two drummers followed, beating the funeral march. It being a Spanish custom on such occasion to loosen the drum snare, the peculiar rattle they produced was far less agreeable than the muffled drum we are accustomed to hear."

The garrote was erected near and directly north of the prison walls, at a place called La Punta, "the Point." It was with difficulty the poor wretch could walk to the spot, and he seemed frequently on the point of sinking to the earth. The instrument of death stood upon a wooden platform and was composed of an upright piece of scantling with the iron collar and arms attached, while below was a rude seat."

Arriving at the foot of the platform, the death sentence was again read, and the alcaide de corse—corresponding to our sheriff—asked the prisoner if he had anything to say to the people. He merely shook his head by way of reply, and was at once seated, his legs tied and his arms pinioned, with the hands crossed on his breast and the collar fixed about his neck. At this point of the proceedings, the verlago pulled from his person a long bright knife, and handed it to the police who were present. A black cap was then drawn over the prisoner's face, and the priests began to recite the credo. When they came to the words "His only son," the verlago, verlago, by a swift and dexterous turn of the lever, launched the soul of the poor wretch into eternity. There was but a momentary quiver of the limbs and a straightening of the form, then all was still; for the man was stone dead. The mode of punishment is far more merciful than the hideous and bungling performances frequently gone through with at our gibbets."

The troops then wheeled into column and marched away to the beat of drums and now came the strange sequel to this dismal spectacle. As soon as the ground was cleared one of the police went forward and seized the verlago, arrested him for murder, hurrying him to the prison, where the Juzgado were still assembled, placing him in their midst, he accused him of having killed a man, and denounced him as a murderer. The judge asked him what he had to say in answer to the charge. "It is true," replied the verlago, "that I killed the prisoner, but I deny being a murderer, for, although I committed the act charged—displaying his arms with the badge—I did it in the cause of justice, and in presence of the law, all of which I am compelled to do by virtue of my office."

"The accused is innocent, and is discharged," answered the court, and thus the formula of Spanish law was satisfied."

In the relations of deaths and births among Catholics, Protestants and Jews, the births are found to be in greatest proportion among the Catholics, but the death rate is so large among their children that they increase in population but slowly. With Protestants the births are fewer, infantile mortality is lower; and increase is often much greater. The Jews have fewer births than either of the other classes, but their death-rate is so low for all ages that their increase in numbers more rapidly than either Catholics or Protestants."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise. He repents on thorns that sleeps on beds of roses. Tears are sometimes the happiest smiles of love.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none. Without proper application even talent is unavailable. Cheerful assistance provides happy rest for the invalid.

A cowardly nature never hurries to exercise forgiveness. No money is wasted that is paid to purchase tranquility. Some people take pride in dispensing more gally than money.

Select your words carefully, and thus avoid much trouble. Who assails his competitor with abuse injures his own business. Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world.

We cannot right every wrong, but we can indeed wrong every right. Prosperity makes friends, but whether they be real adversity will decide. Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either; they ever go up or go down. Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things. We can hardly learn humility and tenderness except by suffering.

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up his living temples. It is impossible for a man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent. All men's souls are immortal, but the souls of the righteous are immortal and divine.

We should seek more of the practical realities of every-day life and less of the ethereal. Who does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly; angels could no more. Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding. He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honor.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong. Give to a wounded heart seclusion. Neither consolation nor reason ever effected anything in such a case. The lazy and the industrious can never live happily together; the lazy despise the industrious too much.

Whenever we are conscious of the least comparative merit we should take much care to conceal the value set upon it. Self-reliance is the best surety against failure, but it is well to cultivate a friend who can assist us in a time of need.

We show little judgment by exhibiting our annoyances in our looks, and less by bursting into a passion about them. Egotists see the world cheerless and ugly; their ways have so warped their sight that all things appear like themselves. Hard words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted out to softness, would fertilize the plants they batter down.

Noble are they who are not too lazy to work, or too proud to be poor; who only eat what they earn and wear what they pay for. Have the courage to face a difficulty ever thought it should kick you harder than bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

The law of harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not. Never hold any one by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.

There is no preacher listened to but time which gives us the same train and turn of thought which older people have tried in vain to put into our heads before. Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise as they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for friends; yet that was only one of the things which He suffered, only the full stop at the close of the great charter of suffering love. Weakness works more ill than wickedness; it is easier, between the hand which strikes and the reed which gives way, to defend oneself against the assaults of the former than to guard against the untrustworthiness of the latter.

The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers, dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved.

True art is not the caprice of this or that individual, it is a solemn page either of history or prophecy; and when, as always in Dante and occasionally in Byron, it combines and harmonizes this double mission, it reaches the highest summit of power.

Spare the feelings of your friends. Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your inmates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.