

WORTH WHILE.

Can the flower look upward and lovelier grow? Comes not more than mere color with life's overflow? Come not sweetest of odors to float through the breeze? With the long days of summer amid the green trees? Can the river forget the spring in the height? Where men's gleams, mountain-like, glistening and white? Does not infancy fasten its touch on the boy? Is not man more a man for the earlier joy? Oh! flowers that look upward, oh! rivers and trees, Ye mountains in distance, what messages—these! Tell the old story, the story of life, Sometimes a carnival, sometimes a strife; But out of the fighting as out of the earth, The buds of rejoicing and victory have birth.

Is not sleep the sweeter that soothes weary eyes? Are not stars the brighter that shine from dark skies? Is not living best lived that most of life is? Is not life most of life that is nearest to His? Nearest His whose life is the truest of all? The light that is light with no darkness at all; Nearest His whose life is the light and the way, Whose milestone is this—"I am with you always."

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

"I can't imagine, Estelle, how you came to be so delectably plain; beauty is rather a characteristic of our family." Here Marc Darcy glanced with a satisfied air at his handsome face reflected in an opposite mirror, while a slight flush arose to the dark, almost swarthy, cheek of the young girl seated vis-a-vis to him, and the delicately shaped hands trembled slightly as they sought to continue the work they were occupied with.

"I believe you favor your father?" continued the gentleman.

"Yes, I am like my father. He was not handsome, but so noble, so good. I was so proud of him. I never thought about his looks. I am sorry, more for your sake than mine, that I am not beautiful. Your wife should be, but Marc—" with a quick, impulsive motion, the young girl bent down beside her betrothed and laid her lips caressingly to his hand, adding:

"You will not love me the less? You who are so handsome, who could have chosen from so many, yet asked me to be your wife. You are all the world to me, Marc. No one could love you more than I."

With rather an uneasy laugh, Marc Darcy, placing his arm about his companion, replied:

"Tears, Estelle? Why, what has come over you? It just happened to strike me that it was rather strange you were not as beautiful as the rest of the women in our family, but then you have some redeeming points. Pretty eyes and good teeth—no small item toward good looks, I can assure you, my dear."

A pleased look crossed Estelle's face at the last words of her intended, and twining both arms about his neck she said:

"And you don't mind it so very much if I am plain? You will always love me?"

"Of course I shall," came the reply, as Marc kissed her lightly on the forehead, adding, half laughingly:

"Perhaps, Estelle, I shall put your love to the test some day. Will it fail me, I wonder?"

Raising her head from its resting place upon Marc's shoulder, Estelle's eyes sought his.

There was a strange intensity in their dark depths and she answered slowly, as if weighing each word:

"I do not think you quite understand me, or my love for you, Marc. It is as the breath of my life, yet if ever I came to believe that it was for your happiness for me to give you up, I would do so at any cost to myself."

Before Marc could reply, Estelle had passed quickly from the room.

With a shrug of his shoulders, he selected a cigarette from a handsomely-embroidered case, thinking:

"What a strange girl Estelle is. She is right. I don't believe I do understand her, poor little thing, how earnest she is. I should not have spoken about her plainness; but there it is, there is no denying it. However, as she is to be my wife, I suppose I shall have to make the best of it. I'll buy her the handsomest bracelet I can find for a present-offering."

Marc Darcy was an only son. Handsome as an Adonis, with a fascinating manner, which, when he chose to exercise it, few could resist. Mrs. Darcy had been left a widow with considerable property, but her son's extravagant drains upon her purse had greatly reduced her income.

Marc was not by any means a bad fellow, but simply selfishly indulgent toward himself. Estelle Merten was the daughter of a cousin of Mrs. Darcy's. On the death of her father, which occurred about eighteen months before his story opened, Estelle had taken up her abode at Sunnyside, the home of Mrs. Darcy. Aunt Margaret, as Estelle always called her, was her only relative, and had made the orphan girl very welcome, being a kind-hearted woman, although somewhat narrow-minded, with but one engrossing idea—her son.

Estelle had been an inmate of Mrs. Darcy's home only a few weeks before the thought came to the widow, how nice it would be if Marc and Estelle should fall in love with each other! Marc's debts were pressing heavily upon her. Estelle could so easily pay them off out of her large fortune, for she was an heiress. As Estelle's husband, Marc's future would be provided for, and when her time came she would

die, feeling she had done well for her boy.

Estelle was a passionate admirer of beauty, and, almost ere she was conscious of it, she loved Marc with her whole soul, and Marc at his mother's instigations had carelessly drifted into the situation of Estelle's lover.

Of too noble a nature to see aught but the good in others, Estelle never dreamed that it might be her money, and not herself, that had induced Marc, and not herself, that had induced Marc, to choose her for his wife. Some few weeks after the opening of our story found Mrs. Darcy and Estelle seated at breakfast. Marc had run up to town for a day or two. As Estelle returned a letter she had just been reading to its envelope, Mrs. Darcy remarked:

"From your friend, is it not, dear?" Does she say when we may expect her?"

"Yes, she writes we may look for her to-morrow, by the 2:40 train. Oh! aunt! I think how sad it is for her, left alone so young; only 17, and obliged to earn her own living. I am so glad you are willing I should ask her here for a few weeks. She is so bright and pretty. I cannot imagine Inez being sorrowful. We will try and make it very pleasant for her, won't we, aunt?"

"Of course, my dear," answered Mrs. Darcy. "I always wish to make my guests happy and comfortable," and thus the subject was dismissed for then.

The following week Marc arrived one afternoon at home. In his careless manner, he had omitted to send word of his return; consequently Mrs. Darcy and Estelle were out, returning calls.

Learning this from one of the servants, Marc made his way to the west-drawing-room, the cozyest room in the house. Opening the door, he stood transfixed upon its threshold. A young girl was reclining, fast asleep, on the bear-skin rug before the glowing fire. One dimpled arm, bare to the elbow, was thrown carelessly above her head, while one tiny hand rested under the baby chin. Soft, floss-like hair curled in golden rings about the white forehead and fair neck.

With an exclamation of surprise, Marc turned to go; at which a pair of bewildered blue eyes opened and gazed questioningly at him. Then hastily springing from her recumbent position, the young girl stood blushing before him.

As Marc made his apologies, she interrupted with:

"Oh! I know. You are the gentleman Estelle is engaged to; then I don't mind. It's not so bad as if you had been a stranger. How you scared me!" Here one little dimple, then another, crept forth, till a merry peal of laughter rippled through the room, in which Marc joined.

When Mrs. Darcy and Estelle returned they found Inez, for it was she, and Marc chatting away like old friends.

In spite of Inez's recent loss, which dated only two months back, her childish, mirth-loving nature could take no hold of sorrow. Her tears were like April showers, quickly over. True, she had known but little of her father, having spent most of her life at boarding-school. Mr. Cline had been a selfish, pleasure-loving man, who took but little thought of his motherless child; lived close up to his income, leaving Inez penniless at his death.

The pretty morning dress Inez wore she owed to Estelle's generosity.

The weeks slipped by, and still Inez remained a guest at Sunnyside. At first she talked a good deal of going out as governess, but later on she ceased to do so.

Somehow Estelle and Marc were very seldom alone these days. Inez, with her pretty, helpless ways, contrived to monopolize a great deal of Marc's time. Yet Estelle was pleased that it should be so.

In her noble heart there was no room for jealousy. No thought that Inez, with her saucy, kittenish ways, might win her lover from her. Her faith and trust in Marc were perfect.

The wedding day drew nigh. Inez was to be bridesmaid, and then Estelle with her warm impulsive nature had proposed that she should accompany them to Europe on their bridal tour, and Inez had clapped her hands like a child, exclaiming:

"Oh, if I only could! How I should like it!" Mrs. Darcy, wiser than the rest, perhaps, had judged it best for Inez to remain with her; but Inez had pouted and come as near showing temper as such a weak little creature could, and had gained her way.

It was decided that she should accompany the bridal pair.

Marc and Estelle were man and wife, and the steamer was bearing them on toward England's shores. Inez, too sick to move and wishing herself back on land, was in her state-room, with her thoughtful Estelle tending and petting her, rewarding her husband with a fond smile whenever he came to inquire after the sick girl. How good of him, Estelle thought, when he so disliked the sight of sickness or anything unpleasant.

It was Marc who carried Inez on deck and arranged the rugs and pillows, bearing with her whims when Estelle grew almost indignant at her friend's peevishness toward her husband.

One evening Estelle, suffering from a severe headache, retired early to her state-room, but finding the air below very close she returned to the deck. Seeking her husband and Inez she drew near the wheel-chair. Suddenly she paused and stood still as if turned to stone. In the shadow of the wheel-chair were her husband and Inez. Inez's golden head lay upon his breast, and there was a fond ring to Marc's tones that Estelle had never heard before as he uttered these words:

"For God's sake stop crying, little one! You will drive me mad. You know that I love you as I never loved Estelle, but I was forced to marry her. If I had been rich then I could have pleased myself, but as it was it would have been simply folly."

No cry escaped the lips of the woman whose loving heart had been crushed by these words of her husband, only as she blindly groped her way back to the cabin she thought, "He never loved

me—it was only my money," seemed to stab itself into her heart.

Fighting with her despair, the stricken woman cried out, unselfish even in her agony:

"Mare! Mare! my husband! I would make you happy if I could!" They were hearing their journey's end, and Marc had perceived no difference in his wife. His thoughts were elsewhere. Had they not been he would have seen how pale and thin she had grown, and that never of her own accord did her lips caress him.

Then came the night when they were startled from their sleep by the cry of danger.

Women shrieked and clasped their little ones to their breasts, while men, white to the lips, hurried on deck to be driven back by the wild fierceness of the storm. Waves like gigantic mountains hurled themselves against the ship, under which she staggered and reeled and righted herself again, only to be struck down anew.

Valiantly the good boat fought her fight against the deep. Mast after mast was torn away, till she lay bare, trembling like a wounded human, at the mercy of the angry waters. She had sprung a leak. All night the men worked at the pumps, cheered by their brave captain, who told them they must be close to the Dover cliffs, and they might yet all reach the shore in safety.

Inez clung trembling to Marc, while Estelle, calm and collected, moved about amongst the women, helping with a ready hand.

Little children grew quiet at her touch, and mothers ceased to bewail their fate.

Marc never forgot the pale grandeur of his wife's face as she passed to and fro amongst all the confusion. Towards dawn the storm abated somewhat, but a dense fog enveloped them like a shroud.

At last the order was given to man the lifeboats. Sobbing women and frightened children were quickly lifted over the ship's side; while warm-hearted sailors bade them cheer up, for land was close at hand.

As they lowered the last boat Estelle, laying her hand upon her husband's arm, said:

"Marc, if anything should happen to me, I want you to believe that my greatest wish was for your happiness. You once said that perhaps some day you would put my love to the test. You wondered if it would fail you. It shall not fail you. Marc, my husband, kiss me just once—as if you loved me."

Estelle's wife, I— and Marc clasped his wife to his heart with something of the love that should have been hers from the first. For a moment she clung to him; then gently withdrawing herself from his arms, she said:

"See, Inez is faint. Take care of her. I am strong—now. I can see to myself."

The little crowd pressed eagerly forward, and were rapidly lowered to their places. The captain was the last to quit the ship. With one last look round to see that none were left, he drew his hand quickly across his eyes to dash away the tears that would come at the thought of the fate of the good ship that had carried him in safety for many a year. Then, dropping into the boat, he gave the word to pull off.

In the darkness and hurry none had missed the gentle woman who had comforted them all in their hour of need. Estelle's husband, to do him justice, believed her safe in the boat with them all; but, instead, she stood alone upon the deck of the now fast sinking ship, her eyes trying to pierce the darkness that hid the man she loved better than her life forever from her sight.

Alone, no, not quite. Something touched her hand. It was Carlo, her husband's great Newfoundland dog. Patting him, she pointed to the water and bade him go; but he only whined and licked her hand. Then Estelle knelt down upon the deck and with her head resting upon her faithful friend's shaggy coat awaited her fate.

Almost at the same moment as the last life-boat was drawn up on the beach by eager, willing hands, the great ship, with one heavy toss, went down into the mighty deep, and Marc Darcy learned too late the value of a true woman's love.

COULD YOU AT HOME.

The politeness depends on no rules, written or spoken. There is an Oriental legend of a poor Arab, who on going through the desert, met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a fit present to the Caliph. So he filled the leather bottle, and after a weary tramp, laid his gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch called for a cup and drank freely, and then with a smile, thanked the Arab, and presented him with a magnificent reward. The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worth such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then, after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained his motive of prohibition.

"During the long journey the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man would be wounded." Whether or not our courtesy would equal that of the Arab we all instinctively applaud no noble instance of courtesy.

"I don't care, said a South Side lady, 'who succeeds General Sheridan in command of this department. We can get along without the little soldier, for he is so shy that you never know he is about. But tell me, how are we to get along without those cherub twins of his. There isn't another soldier spoken of to succeed General Sheridan who has twins."

HOUSE FURNISHING.

A lady of limited means, but of rare taste, whose touch molded almost everything into something beautiful, and whose success in all practical matters pertaining to everyday home life made her an oracle to the young and inexperienced, recently said: "I have never coveted any lady's jewels, silks and laces, or even her position in 'society'; but I am afraid I have sadly broken the Tenth commandment when I have seen the beautiful, well-ordered homes of my friends, where every department seemed complete and filled with all that could be desired for health, comfort and beauty." There are thousands of ladies with the same longings, and who, if they have an extra five dollars, would much rather spend it for home decoration than on dress for themselves. It is possible with limited income to make a very modest home more attractive than a much richer one, and its influence on the family, especially upon children, cannot be estimated. Such a home does more to form the character for good than the teachings or discipline of parents. We would like occasionally to help those trying to make pleasant, cheery homes, who have no decorator, but whose own heads and hands must design and do all. For their comforts we would say: A home where the furnishing of each room has been thought out, and perhaps worked out by mother and daughters, has a value to father and sons far beyond one committed to some stranger to "furnish throughout as stylish as possible," at any cost. Its influence does not cease when it is broken up, but reaches down through generations in other homes.

Harmony of color is of the first importance in furnishing. Not that carpet, walls, curtains, chairs, etc., should be of the same color; that would make a room cold and uninventing. There should be two or three colors in a room but these should harmonize. If one is conscious that she has no eye for color, she should consult some one of known taste before purchasing articles which, although by themselves might be desirable, would perhaps if placed with others spoil the effect of the whole, and be a disappointment to be endured for years. A carpet, for instance, should not be purchased without considering what the color of the paint is; and so of the sofa and chairs, if they are upholstered. A carpet is like the background of a picture; it brings into effect the whole. Styles for carpets have entirely changed within a few years. Patterns of huge bouquets of impossible flowers used to be seen almost everywhere; now a very small, set figure, so small as to look almost like a plain color at a little distance, is in much better taste. This may be enlivened by a border of bright colors. The lovely pearl and gray grounds, with vines or tracery of a darker shade, and bright borders of Persian patterns are very desirable and look well with almost everything. The fashion of staining floors black-walnut color for a yard or more around the walls, and having a square of bordered carpet in the center, is gaining ground and much liked for the pretty style and the convenience of taking it up for cleaning. There are now plain, ingrain carpets, in solid colors, called "Wilting," which are used around the center rugs, instead of staining the floor. We have seen parlor carpeted with dark, turquoise-blue fling, with Persian rugs over them, not in any set or regular order. The effect was very good.

Curtains are a very important part of furnishing. Of course there must be shades. There ought to be drapery, however simple; no one thing adds more to the pleasant cheery look of a room. Shades are now rarely white, but tinted, either gray, cream or old gold color. They should never be of a very deep shade. Many use red for the dining-room, but that color is better suited to some public place. A fringe about two and one-half inches wide finishes the bottom. For drapery there are many beautiful and artistic patterns in Nottingham lace, which is low-priced and durable. They may be selected to look so like real lace that they can hardly be distinguished from it. The selowish tint should be chosen and in light patterns. Linen scrim with inserting and edging of gimpure lace, is always handsome. Simple cheese cloth, plain or figured muslin, or cretonne, are all pretty. Heavy fabrics should be used only in large and richly furnished rooms. They may be used with good effect for portieres, to hide or replace a door, or to separate rooms. Heavy lambrequins are not in style. Curtains are hung with rings on poles of brass or wood, and the lambrequin, if any, is straight across, narrow or broad, embroidered or trimmed with fringe, or it may be a simple plaiting. Mantel lambrequins are a plain scarf across the front, with decorated ends hanging low. There is often, as a background for ornaments above the mantel, a curtain, plain or plaited, of the material of the lambrequin, about half a yard wide, hung upon a rod with rings. This may be of velvet paper, headed by a narrow gilt molding. Halls are no longer the barren entrances to the home, but are a part of it. Old and quaint charms look well here, and if there is a window, a drapery curtain with a large plant on a small stand is very pretty. An ornamental umbrella stand is often seen in halls, instead of the old heavy marble top stand.

THE WOMAN-HUSBAND.

A correspondent at Waupun, got a carriage recently and started on a search for Frank Dubois and Gertrude Fuller, finding them after much trouble at the Bristow farm-house. Repeated knocks brought Mr. Bristow to the door, who admitted the correspondent into the sitting-room. The couple were notified that company was awaiting their appearance below, but they refused to be seen. Arguments were brought to bear, however, which finally resulted in their appearance. Dubois was without a coat, and appeared to be a slender, effeminate person. She is 4 feet, 11 inches in height, weighs about 100 pounds, and has broad hips, a full chest, short arms and very small and slender hands and feet. The woman known as Mrs. Dubois—Gertrude Fuller—is apparently about 17 years old, about Dubois' height, and is rather a pretty blonde, with dark hair. She was in tears and appeared greatly distressed when the question of her husband's sex was mentioned. Dubois was uneasy and cast nervous glances toward the door, and the small hands were worked and twisted in apparent mental agony. Her features, small and delicate, and her face, smooth and hairless, appeared to be those of a lad of 19 years. Wrinkles under the eyes, teeth badly decayed, and one or two gray hairs suggested the possibility that she might be a woman of 40 years. Dubois stoutly persisted that she was a man.

"Oh, Frank, for God's sake, tell all and have it over at this moment!" exclaimed the young and pretty wife, tears streaming down her face. Dubois looked toward her with trembling lip, and in a moment burst into tears. "It is true," she said at last, and then endeavored to leave the room, but she was finally induced to tell her story. She said she was really Mrs. Hudson, and had tired of her husband and family, and determined to lose all identity as a wife and mother by assuming the guise of a man.

"My husband," said the female husband, "went to Illinois last spring. I immediately assumed male attire and went to Waupun, where I had previously met and admired Gertrude Fuller. I courted her, and we were married—she not knowing me to be a woman until the night after the ceremony was performed. I then induced her to keep off, and I was thus led to depend upon my own strength, which she had done. While living with my husband, I helped him support the family—peddling soaps and compounding extracts, which I disposed of. I was thus led to depend upon my own strength, and when I took upon my shoulders the support of Gertrude, I felt fully able to carry the burden. I pained, painted, and made and sold extracts, and we were happy. We were preparing to move to Elgin, Illinois, when my husband came upon the scene. After he came to the house, I concealed myself for the time and then took the train for Brandon, Gertrude remaining at the house of a friend, and following on Tuesday to Brandon, where we stopped at the house of an acquaintance, coming here on Tuesday evening. I will not return to live with Hudson, and propose to wear pants, and smoke, and earn my living as a man."

Mrs. Dubois, or, more properly, Gertrude Fuller, appeared utterly heart-broken, sobbing continuously during the recital of the story. She, however, confirmed the statement. She said her father resided in Waupun, where her father and brother were engaged in the nursery business. She had married Frank Dubois, or Mrs. Hudson, and this had on the night of their marriage, discovered that her husband was of her own sex. They had agreed to live together and had done so. It was an affair of their own and nobody was concerned but themselves. They proposed to go to Fon du Lac and arrange to move to Illinois as was intended, when the sensational story was started that the parties were both women.

Notwithstanding the apparent frankness of the statement made by both parties, there is evidently something connected which they will not make public except when compelled to do so by the strong arm of the law. Mrs. Hudson as the husband, wields a powerful influence over the young girl, who is wedded, not a wife—an influence far more powerful than would be possible for one woman to wield over another unless stronger ties bound them together than those existing between the Hudson woman and Gertrude Fuller. The couple expressed a determination to go to Fon du Lac immediately.

THE FIGARO.

The Figaro, of Paris, is a mighty power on the continent of Europe. Its earlier years were years of struggle and poverty, but its profits last year were over \$500,000. No journal has a bolder, more talented editorial staff, and no paper is more widely quoted, praised and blamed. M. De Villemeussant, a born journalist, was the founder of the Figaro. For a long time he was editor-in-chief, head reporter and business manager of his journal. When he died this work was parcelled out among three men, Magnard, Perivier and Rodays. To these three men De Villemeussant said on his dying bed: "Always make up the paper as though you knew I was going to read it the next morning." The placing of this tripartite at the head of the Figaro was a wise selection. Magnard originated the piquant epigrams headed "Paris from Day to Day"; a column made up of many articles condensed from the newspapers of the preceding day. Each paragraph is short, terse and to the point—the quintessence of common sense and condensation. Magnard's leaders are signed "P. M." and never exceed forty lines of long primer. This phenomenal journalist is a man the size and build of General Grant, and is apparently about 44 years of age. He is highly educated, a severe judge of "copy," and is withal a very pleasant gentleman. The staff of editorial writers is quite numerous. One of the writers, M. Wolff, earns as much as \$15,000 a year. He is the dramatic critic. On this journal reporters receive from six to twenty cents a line. The editorial rooms are fitted up with every luxury and convenience, embracing fencing rooms, card tables, etc. An American would not consider the Figaro a great newspaper, but it certainly displays more enterprise in the collection of news than any other journal in Europe. It goes everywhere, and is read with as much pleasure on our Pacific coast, in South America, and the Cape of Good Hope, in short, all over the civilized world, as it is in the Parisian cafes.

QUAIL ON TOAST.—Brown the birds either in salad oil or butter, mix a tablespoonful of flour among them and brown that, then cover them with boiling water, season them highly with salt, pepper, cloves and mace, and stew them fifteen minutes; melt in a tablespoonful of butter for ever two small birds, and serve on toast.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices. Energy well directed never misses the mark. Man must become wise by his own experience. Six days of labor make the seventh comfortable. What a rich man uses and gives constitutes his wealth. A man's wisdom is his best friend, folly his worst enemy. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. He that doeth nothing, hath little time for anything else. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Heaven will be the sweet surprise of a perfect explanation. He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors. Eccentricity is often used as a high-sounding title for a fool. Luck is first lieutenant in the company of Captain Success. People who have more polish than principle, use it lavishly. Lay thy plans with prudence, and be prepared for emergencies. What we need is to pray—not work up a philosophy of prayer. Do all the good in thy power, and let every action be useful. Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark. One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self. Be diligent in thy business, and strictly upright in thy dealings. Cultivate thy mind carefully; it will be a store of pleasing reflection. Value the friendship of him who stands by you in time of storm. Knaves will thrive where honest plainness knows not how to live. In all difficulties be patient, and overcome them by perseverance. It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable to us. Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength. Pride is seldom delicate; it will please itself with every mean advantage. Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good. Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious. There is always a spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves. He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own. To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to preserve happiness. The virtue which requires forever to be guarded is scarce worth the sentinel. A man without ambition is like dough without leaven to make it raise. A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square. To be happy we must be true to nature, and carry our age along with us. Be not sorry if men do not know you, but be sorry if you are ignorant of men. A silent hour under the stars may whisper to you great thoughts of eternity. The largest liberty that can ever be given to any man is the liberty to do right. It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things. Eternity is needed to adjust the inequalities of time; the good man cannot lose by dying. A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning. A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough. Thought is the property of him who can enter it, and of him who can adequately place it. Intemperance in aims is the source of many of the life-failures, which we constantly witness. If ye do well, to your own behoof will ye do it; and if ye do evil, against yourselves will ye do it. She who cannot be a fool, and she who dares not be a slave. Let us learn to appreciate and value at their true price the little blessings that come to us daily. The effects of no man's sins terminate with himself; often he involves others in his own ruin. Show me a people whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham. The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any. A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of torture may place under it. Mankind are too apt to judge of things solely by events, and to connect wisdom with good fortune, and folly with disaster. Let those who would affect singularity with success first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular. I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to Him. Whatever your situation in life may be, lay down your plans of conduct for the day. The half hours will glide smoothly on without crossing or jostling one another.