

SEAVES.

All day the reapers on the hill
Have piled their task with sturdy will,
But now the field is void and still;

And, wandering thither, I have found
The bearded spears in sheaves well bound,
And stacked in many a golden mound.

And while cool evening suavely grows,
And o'er the sunset's dying rose
The first white star throbs and glows,

And from the clear east red of glare,
The ascending harvest moon floats fair
Through dreamy deeps of purple air,

And in among the stunted sheaves
A tender light its glamour weaves,
A lovely light that lures, deceives—

Then swayed by Fancy's dear command,
Amid the past I seem to stand,
In hallowed Bethlehem's harvest land!

And through the dim field, vague described,
A homeward track of shadows glide,
And sickles gleam on every side.

Shadows of man and maid I trace,
With shapes of strength and shapes of grace
Yet gaze but on a single face—

A candid brow, still smooth with youth;
A tranquil smile; a pair of truth—
The patient, star-eyed gleamer, Ruth!

AN INNOCENT DECEPTION.

"A. It is delightful! Absolutely perfect, Mr. Tregarvis! I never saw a more splendid view! How kind you were to bring me here."

A grim, rock-bound region on the North, Cornish coast; inland a graceful steel-blue river, bounded by verdant pines and a stately grey tower among its terraces upon the banks. The house was peculiar in its architecture, as well as its solitude; and May Probyn's blue eyes, after wandering over the landscape, came back to him.

"This is a handsome place!"

Her companion, a handsome, stately fellow in a miner's suit, seemed averse to replying; but his grave glance grew gloomy to severity.

"Do you know who lives there, Mr. Tregarvis?" she asked.

The young man answered the question with reluctance.

"No one at present, I believe."

After a moment, he added:

"It is called the Grange."

The girl looked up at her companion quickly.

"Our landlady told me its history yesterday." "How the owner, Squire Verschoyle, died there last year; that his only child had married against his will; that he received her child when she died, yet always hated the father, who grew up as heir to the property; yet his grandfather quarreled with him on his dying bed, and left his beautiful estate to the daughter of a brother, whom he had not seen since infancy."

The young man's grave, blonde face was a study in its play of emotions as he looked at the girl.

"Did she tell you what the quarrel was about?"

"She did not know."

Oswald Tregarvis spoke slowly.

"The father was a good, but inflexible man. He gave up the boy with reluctance, at the prayer of his dying wife. He deprived himself of his humble but upright life he lived solitary. But when the son was of age he made himself known to him. The two men came to love each other. The grandfather had never shown affection for the boy, whose heart starved in his breast through all his youth for a little love."

The young man paused for a moment, then went on again.

"His father had been a miner in his youth. He returned to a superior branch of it in his old age, and stationed himself near his boy. There was no hope that the grandfather would relent, but this made the two dearer to each other. Then came the old man's long, last sickness. He called his grandson, and bidding him repudiate his father's name, and take his inheritance, he informed him what he had made him his sole heir. The young man repudiated. In every other way I have tried to please you grandfather, but this I cannot do. The old man may have had some suspicions. He did not name them, but his anger was terrible. He turned the grandson he had never before had cause to reprimand out of the house."

"Do you know what he did then?"

"Joined his father, went into the mines, and worked with him."

"He was very brave. The grandfather was unreasonably cruel."

The young man hurried away from the rock against which he had been leaning.

"Perhaps he came to something of that belief, for a codfish was added to his will, bequeathing the Grange to him in case of his cousin's death. But I am afraid," he added, with a quick upward glance at the lowering clouds above them, "it is going to rain; you cannot sketch here to-day."

The girl glanced up at the sky; then took up the sketch, containing artists' materials.

"I can come up here—another time," she said.

The two went down the rocky slope to the road. The young man turned and looked into his companion's face.

"And now you have my history, Miss Probyn?"

"I knew," she said quickly.

"Did you?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Mamma and I heard part of the story the first evening we came."

Past turn after turn of the piney, winding road they proceeded together to the old farm house at the riverside, where the two were fellow-lodgers.

It was an old-fashioned place, but full of comfort—honest and respectable—nothing more.

May Probyn and her pale mother had come there from London in search of quiet and retirement, they said, and so became acquainted with Oswald Tregarvis, who was a lodger at the farm where they took up their temporary abode.

May had never seen him in a miner's suit until that day when he had come from his work to meet her, and guide her to a new sketching ground; but she thought him very handsome in the blue flannel shirt, his throat bare, and

fair curls showing their crispness under the simple cap.

May ran fleetly up the old staircase to her mother's room, and Oswald went back to his labor.

He walked and worked with a musing eye. It had cost him something, stirred him painfully, to refer to his experiences. He was not in the habit of speaking of his misfortune.

His unjust disinheritance was a sore spot, which he was fond of probing. And a new thought haunted him now, which he tried to put aside; and, leaving his monotonous task, began to talk with the men about a proposed blasting of rocks, for which a heavy train would soon have to be laid.

"You'll be careful, boy—eh? Blasting is dangerous work," said a bent, little man, in a low tone, at his elbow.

"I'll be careful, father," with a rare smile. "We shall not be ready for a few days, anyway."

But when work hours were passed, the haunting thought again took possession of him. This blue-eyed girl, whom he had known but a brief month—he loved her!

After he had parted from her the truth broke upon him. How fair and sweet she was, and how fragile! Who would wish to keep carefully this delicate flower, though May Probyn was far from believing herself not strong, and, indeed, had a peculiar elasticity of constitution. It was rather a tenderness and sensibility of nature, which seemed to need protection, and the fostering care of love.

Did he read aright those eyes of blue? Had he found favor in their sight?

The thought made his countenance luminous for a moment; then it grew downcast.

He was a poor and homeless man. He had no wish to wed one he loved to such misfortune. What would any woman gain by giving up her freedom and independence to marry him? He could not support a wife in comfort. He would never ask this girl to live on the wages of a mining overseer.

How lovely she was in the Sunday calm of the next day, walking slowly along the pretty path of the old garden, among the tall red hollyhocks, in a dress of simple white, with ribbons to match her eyes!

He walked by her side. The attention with which he regarded her did not discompose her. It was part of May's charm that she seemed quite unconscious of her beauty, and unaware of its effect upon others.

"Have you heard the news," she asked, "that the heiress of the Grange is going to take immediate possession?"

"I have not heard." And added, "It does not matter to me."

But something mattered. He sat down wearily when she paused at a rustic seat under an old tree.

The housekeeper told Mrs. Lord, our landlady, that they were expecting Miss Verschoyle this week. But perhaps you do not like to talk of this?"

"I do not!" he answered, briefly.

He missed her glance of sympathy, but he felt that she pitied him; yet, she could not know how the world seemed chaos about him.

Would he had never been born if the best things of his life—affection home, wife—must be denied him. He loved this girl! He would love no other, and he could never call her his. Yet, the reticent face of Oswald Tregarvis betrayed little.

Day by day he fought his fight. This Miss Verschoyle, this unknown cousin of his—how fortunate was she!

He recollected that he would be expected to call on her. Ah, that was asking too much! Though he needed no anger against her. He had heard that she had been poor. He believed she was an orphan. Yes, she was fortunate.

Round and round went the weary circle of thought. There was nowhere relief but in the depths of toil in the mines. Physically wearied, he would spend his nights in sleep instead of thought.

At length came the day appointed for blasting the huge mass of rocks which obstructed the opening of another shaft. The task was his, and the trust an important one.

The train was laid and the locality cleared. No need to warn those who were familiar with the danger of such an explosion, but a look-out must be kept for persons unconscious of the peril.

Yet all seemed as it should be. The sure red spot was creeping up the hill on its way to the powder-filled drills. The explosion would come, and no one was liable to be hurt by the flying fragments of rock.

Gathered in knots at intervals of safe distances, the men waited for the terrible report of the blast.

Suddenly a hand grasped Oswald's arm.

"Look there, boy!" whispered old Mr. Tregarvis, hoarsely.

Oswald followed his father's pointing finger to the top of the hill.

A woman's figure stood there.

Oswald did not know who it was. He only saw that she had come over the hill from the other side, and passing had turned to look back over the landscape. He saw, too, that the other men had come up around him.

"It's Miss Verschoyle. The Grange carriage is at the foot of the hill," he heard one say.

"Shout, boys! Call to her! Warn her off!" he was saying, as he tore off his coat.

"Oswald, my boy, you cannot do it. The fuse is almost at the top, and you have a long run," said his father, catching his arm.

"Lord, yes, sir! You'd get there only in time to share her fate," said a young man, pushing his hand against Oswald's breast to enforce attention. "She can hear the call! and yell!" There's time enough for her to get off the way. You'll get yourself hurt bad, sir."

It was only an instant of time that Oswald lingered, looking at the motionless figure upon the hill.

The girl wore a grey dress, and a white flower in brown braids looped under a jaunty hat of black velvet. His

grandfather's heiress! Only one little instant he lingered, but in that brief time Satan made a bid for his soul.

"She does not heed—she does not understand!" he cried, his voice breaking strangely.

Then he was off.

He was a swift runner. He had a powerful voice, too, and he used his legs and lungs with the desperation. The distant shouting had failed to attract the girl's attention; but as Oswald came across the field, she turned her head and looked at him.

In that instant his voice failed him; but his wild leaps brought him to her side.

"May! are we too late?"

His cry, as he snatched her up, was ambiguous; but she grew white. She clung about his neck. Speechless, he bounded down the rocks she had lately climbed so leisurely. Boots and branches snapped under his strong tread. Once he slipped, and it seemed as if they would be whirled to the bottom, but clapping his precious burden tighter, the young man bounded to the hill's foot, and springing into a cave, lost his footing at last, and fell, as the whole world seemed drowned in the voice of the explosion.

Hestrugled up.

"My little darling! are you hurt?"

"No, no! But you look so dreadfully—Oh, what is the matter?"

He told her.

She could scarcely be whiter, when she understood what her peril had been; but her broken words confessed her love with her gratitude.

"Sweetheart! pure soul!" he sobbed, "I am not worthy of your dear love. But a moment ago, I had the heart to let you perish. I thought you were my grandfather's heiress."

"And so I am. Dear Oswald, will you not share my good fortune with me?"

"You?"

"I am May Probyn Verschoyle. It was a harmless one. You will forgive me. I wanted to know you, and I did not want you to hate me at the start. Come; here is the carriage; let us go and look at our home together."

How could he resist such soft beguiling? And, indeed, there was no longer any need to deny his heart.

Half a Dollar at Least.

A stranger who got into the Union depot yards, Detroit, while trying to find the railroad ferry slip, would have been run down by one of the numerous switch locomotives had not a man at work in the four sheds seized him and pulled him off the track. The stranger was greatly confused and shaken up for a moment, but after he had taken a seat on the platform and got his breath he called out:

"My man, that was nobly done. I suppose you can make use of \$5,000 in cash?"

"Well, perhaps."

The stranger breathed heavily, rubbed his arm and after a minute continued:

"Yes, I feel just like making you a present of a thousand dollars."

This was a painful reduction from his first observation, but it wasn't for the four-roller to find fault. He brushed away at the stranger's hat to get the dust off, and as he handed it over he was informed:

"I think you would know where to put a hundred dollars if you had it, eh?"

"I want nothing, sir. You were in danger, and I pulled you away."

"But I shall insist upon your accepting something. You certainly saved my life, and I shouldn't begrudge \$25."

He got out his wallet which was crowded full of bills, and as he handed them over he remarked:

"Ten dollars would buy your wife a dress, and every time she wore it you could think of me."

"Yes, sir."

The bill came out but was quickly replaced, and after a minute spent in some mental calculation, the stranger all at once handed out a \$2 bill with the observation:

"Here, my man, and rest assured I shall ever be grateful to you."

"Then it was seen that the laborer was painfully embarrassed. He shifted from one leg to another, looked up and down the shed, and when asked the trouble he replied:

"Please, sir, but haven't you any small change about you? I think a quarter would be plenty of reward for saving your life."

"A quarter? Well, considering the railroad company pays you for the time you were hauling me around, maybe that is enough. Here it is, and I guess you will make good use of it. I hope I can get down to the slip all right from here, but if you happen to save my life again, you can look for half a dollar at least."

One of the Legends of Cape May Point.

There are some old reminiscences of Cape May that are quite interesting to our readers; among them this may be apropos: About thirty years ago, what is now known as Cape May Point was under the control of Hon. Downs Edmunds; some of his workmen found one day on the marled surface of trees peculiar signs. The signs created a great deal of comment, and finally resulted in Messrs. Enoch Edmunds, Downs Edmunds, Walter B. Miller, Alexander Jamieson, Ziah Olyer and "Black Mose," making up their minds to dig for buried treasures of "Captain Kid." They found marks on trees which directed them to a certain spot, now within a few feet of Lily Lake. Mr. Miller carried by money road. At midnight he struck what was supposed to be the money box; immediately it appeared as though pandemonium had broken loose, so hideous were the yells. Mr. Miller stood it as long as he could, then said: "I can't stand this; I can't keep my hat on; let's run." They left and this wound up the search of the Cape May money-hunters. Query:—Was a joke played on them?

The charities that soothe, and heat, and bless lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

He Blushes So Easily.

"But didn't you see him blush?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Don't you think he was lying?"

"No, I don't. I know he was telling me square truth."

"Do you know the circumstances?"

"Yes, and I know he told them just as they were."

"If sounded like a lie anyway."

"That is why he blushed," said Mr. Denison, for this talk was taking place in his law office just after the departure of a young man who had been sued and was seeking advice from his attorney.

"I venture to say no man has had more trouble than I with blushing, and I think I know some of the causes behind them. You may have noticed that I blush on every conceivable occasion. If a question is put to me quickly, I blush. If I meet a friend slap on the street—unless I see him some time before I reach him—I blush. If anybody speaks my name from behind or from some unexpected quarter, I blush. As much as I have been before juries, I blush every time an opposing advocate refers to me as the 'learned counsel for the defense. Hang it! I blush on all sorts of occasions, and yet I don't believe anybody would say I am an especially modest or bashful man."

"No, sir," continued the old attorney, "I have blushed and blushed all my life, and the more I blush the more I try not to, and the more I try not to the more I blush. Above all, the meanest blush is just such a one as you saw on that young man's face just now. I know just how he felt. He knew he was telling a pretty hard story, and he could see in your face that you didn't believe him. That's why he blushed. If he had been talking to me alone he would not have blushed, because he knows I am familiar with the circumstances he related; but you looked doubtfully at him, and he felt your mistrust so keenly that it brought the blush to his face."

After a little pause Mr. Denison continued: "I never pay the least attention to blushing when examining a witness. The blush is not, as is too often believed, the evidence of a lie. Nor is it a true signal of embarrassment. I know that, for I have been told that I was blushing purple when I was as calm and unembarrassed as I am at this moment. There are many causes for my blushing; some of them purely physical, I think; but often when I am telling some little personal recollection, perhaps, that amounts to nothing—I get it in my head that somebody doubts some part of it. Then I blush. Then I feel that I am blushing, and I say to myself: Now he will see me blush and will be sure to think I am lying, and that makes me blush all the more, until finally I can feel my face burn and glow like a coal, and I say to myself: 'Now he is sure I am lying, and he thinks I know he is sure of it,' and so I stand and blush because I think he doubts me until, perhaps, I really make him doubt me because of my blushing."

Sea Monsters.

The kraken is described in an ancient MS. (about A. D. 1180) attributed to the Norwegian King Sverre; by Olaus Magnus (1555); and by Christian Francis Paulinus of Eisenach (1643-1712). Pontoppidan's work was published in 1751, and Mr. Lee, supporting what he says by quotations, describes him as a conscientious and painstaking investigator, who did his best to separate truth from falsehood and exaggeration, and who wrote in a modest and candid spirit. The passage which Mr. Lee quotes, and which is too long for reproduction here, contains a description of the kraken gathered from the reports of the fishermen, who had from time to time seen it; and, allowing for exaggeration, it agrees closely enough with the description of a gigantic cuttlefish.

Pontoppidan, getting confused in his general, showed nevertheless, some shrewdness when he wrote that "as this enormous sea-animal in all probability may be reckoned of the polype or of the starfish kind, as shall hereafter be more fully proved, it seems that the parts that are seen rising at its pleasure, and are called arms, are properly the tentacula or feeling instruments called horns as well as arms." The Bishop went on to lament that, as there seemed little hope of accurately observing a live kraken, nobody had embraced an opportunity which once occurred of examining an entire dead specimen. This opportunity he had heard of from the Rev. Mr. Friis, Minister of Bodoen, in Nordland.

Mr. Friis related that "in the year 1688 a krake (perhaps a young and foolish one) came into the water that runs between the rocks and cliffs in the parish of Alesborg, though the general custom of that creature is to keep several leagues from land, and therefore, of course, they must die there." This fate indeed befell the young and foolish krake, which got entangled in the narrow passage and perished there. To the comments on the occurrence it is added that "the kraken has never been known to do any great harm, except they have taken away the lives of those who consequently could not bring the tidings."

Pontoppidan, in a passage, later defends the devil, since "we ought not to charge that apostate spirit without a cause," against the accusation of making floating islands suddenly appear and vanish. These floating islands the Bishop of Bergen took to be "nothing else but the kraken." Mr. Lee, having quoted and referred to various passages from Pontoppidan and other writers, goes on to distinguish in a few pages of singular interest and clearness between the octopus, the sepia and the calamary. All are constructed on one "fundamental plan," but it is the great calamary which seems to be responsible for most of the stories of the kraken and the sea-serpent. The sepia's shooting of its ink he regards as a symptom of fear and means of concealment from a supposed enemy, not as a means of ambush or of attracting fish by the musky smell of the secretion. The sepia is very sensitive, timid and intelligent, "soon learns to discriminate between friend and foe, and ultimately becomes very

tame." Leaving readers to become acquainted for themselves with the details of what Mr. Lee has to tell us about the octopus (of which he says that an ordinary specimen may very well be dangerous to bathers) and its ten-armed relatives, we come to the fact that no octopus is known to have attained such a size as is necessary to account for the kraken, and which is perhaps more important, that it does not bask on the surface of the sea, but hides and skulks in corners beneath. "Sepia might pass as a microscopic miniature of the great Scandinavian monster, but lacks the attribute of size. There is no reason to believe that any true sepia has a body more than eighteen inches long. As to the existence of gigantic calamaries, there is plenty of evidence, which, however, Mr. Lee tells us was not finally accepted either by naturalists or laymen until 1873; two specimens were encountered on the coast of Newfoundland, and a portion of one and the whole of the other were brought ashore and preserved for examination by zoologists.

The first was seen by two fishermen off Belle Isle, Conception bay. They took it for a piece of wreckage, and struck it with a gaff, upon which it shot out two tentacular arms as if to seize them. They severed the arms with an axe, and the creature moved off ejecting the inky fluid. They described its body as being 60 feet in length, and said that when attacked it reared a parrot-like beak as big as a six-gallon keg.

Reconstructed by Professor Verill from the fragments preserved, the creature's body is shown to have been 60 feet in length and 2 feet 6 inches in diameter. "Long tentacular arms, 32 feet, head two feet, total length about 44 feet." The six-gallon keg beak would be about three inches long in the upper, 1 1/2 inches in the lower mandible. About three weeks later a smaller calamary of the same species was caught in a herring net in Logie and brought ashore entire, but for the loss of its head, which the fishermen were obliged to cut off; and it is noted that they had great difficulty in dispatching it. Both specimens were preserved by the care of Rev. M. Harvey, of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The Old Time Doctor.

The old doctor who years ago was such a great man in Arkansas, has retired from practice. His old saddlebags hang on the quilting frames under the shed, and his grand-children peel apples with his surgical instruments. The bones of his old horse have been used as a fertilizer by some progressive Yankee. There was a day, though, when the old man now so gray and feeble, was strong, almost as strong as the medicine he carried. His word was law in numerous households. Quinine and calomel were the only medicines for which he had any respect. When these medicines failed, it was thought time for the patients to call on a higher power for naturalization papers in another hemisphere. The lancet was a great factor. If a man was slightly ill, bleed him. If he was dead, wait awhile. Bleeding was a mania among the doctors. It raged like an epidemic. If a man had his left arm torn off, the next thing was "sauce" a knife in his right arm. It did not seem to enter the minds of these "old timers" that a man need bleed. With them, flesh might enter the kingdom of Esculapius, but blood was excluded.

On one occasion a young doctor suggested to several physicians with whom he was holding a consultation that it would no doubt be better not to bleed the patient any more. The old physicians looked at the young fellow in amazement, and one of them found breath to exclaim:

"What?"

"I say that I don't think that it would be a good idea to bleed him any more at present."

The old physicians looked at each other, and sorrowfully shook their heads.

"Upon what do you base this wild assertion, sir?"

"I base it upon common sense. The patient was suffering in the first place from loss of blood, then we bled him, and now, I say, that it would be better to wait until he is able to stand another drain upon his system."

"He is hopelessly insane," said one of the doctors, meaning the young fellow.

"I don't know that his case is hopeless," one of the party replied, "but it soon will be unless immediate action is taken. He needs bleeding," and they seized him and cut a hole in his scalp.

All of these old fellows have retired from practice, with records red with the blood of their countrymen. They have not become reconciled to the new and less boisterous mode of practice, and even now, if one of them should be called upon, he would have his knife in the patient in less than five minutes.

Petrified Doctors.

Nate Lawrence has presented the natural history bureau of the Jib-boom club New London, Conn., with a curious freak of nature. It is a branch of a tree, presumably white birch, covered with oysters varying from the size of a cent to that of a dessert plate, and both wood and oysters petrified through and through. This specimen was found 30 feet below the surface of the ground, and must be taken as conclusive evidence that neither Gid. Raymond nor Mr. Morgan, of Poquonoc Bridge, have any right to assert a priority claim as inventors of the process of grafting oysters on trees. It would be interesting to these gentlemen and pisciculturists everywhere if the history of this phenomenon could be written, and even anthropologists might learn from it that there was a cycle in prehistoric time when man or ape had advanced to that high degree of civilization indicated by his acquaintance with a process which has in New London county at least shared with the patent chicken incubator the honor of being the greatest inventive triumph of the nineteenth century.

Duty cannot be neglected without harm to those who practice as well as to those who suffer the neglect.

Prejudice is the reason of fools. Health is the vital principle of bliss. Faith is a higher faculty than reason. If we build, high, let us begin low and deep. Discretion of speech is more than eloquence. Splendor and extravagance are masks for poverty. He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut. He has hard work, indeed, who has nothing to do. Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation. The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self. The great aureole encircles only the brow of the dead. Choose the path of virtue, and imitate a high pattern. As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time. Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most take it least. I've heard cunning old strangers say, fools for arguments use wagers. Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends. Select a worthy object in life, and bend all your efforts in that direction. The weakest spot of every man is where he thinks himself the strongest. Women are happier in their illusions than in their most agreeable experiences. Knavery is supple and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright and yields not. The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of the man to error. Petty singularities are proofs of a little mind, instead of an originality of genius. That action is best that procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience. A certain amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of others as of ourselves. He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it. Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human the latter is divine. Sorrows are like thunder clouds; in the distance they look black; over our heads hardly gray. If ye do well, to your own behoof will ye do it; and if ye do evil, against yourselves will ye do it. Where we may not be able to expiate an evil, it is still our duty to do what we can to lessen it. Steadfastly set your face against needless delays in doing any work for the good of your fellow men. To judge of the real importance of an individual, one must think of the effect his death would produce. Take up one by one the plain, practical duties that lie nearest to hand and perform them as far as possible. A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper. True goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes expect that those of Heaven are upon it. Weigh not so much what men assert, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invention to apparel her comeliness. By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil. Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness. Doubt has been the great discoverer. To question an old lie is usually the first step towards the truth. It is an act of heroism to dispute a moss-grown error out of existence. Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people and abominable to the good. A wise and good man will turn examples of all sorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his pattern; and strive to equal or excel them. The bad he will by all means avoid. Try to repress thought, and it is like trying to fasten down steam—an explosion is sure to follow. Let thought be free to work in its own appropriate way, and it turns the machine, drives the wheels, does the work. Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason you will surely rap your knuckles. The modest department of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly. The body is a tool of the spirit, and if we keep it in imperfect condition, how shall either soul or intellect do good work with it? Happiness and usefulness are not indeed impossible without physical health; but they are of very difficult attainment and of very unreliable quality. It is by the utmost toleration of everything that is new that the sifting process goes on most thoroughly, that what is injurious or valueless drops silently away, and what is precious develops and enters in the living present, making it all the worthier of the past which has brought it forth.