

FALLING LEAVES.

What will become of the trees, Mamma? The leaves are falling, one by one. Colder it blows; Soon come the snows. What will become of the trees, Mamma, The bare, brown trees, when all is done? Will not the trees be cold, Mamma, When all the leaves are blown away? When nights are long, And winds are strong, Will not the trees be cold, Mamma, On many a cold and wintry day? What will become of the leaves, Mamma? Away before the wind they fled; After their play, Harried away. What will become of the trees, Mamma? I can not think that they are dead. Poor little leaves! It is sad, Mamma, If I run after them, will they mind? Now for a race! Now for a chase! I will bring you some pretty leaves, Mamma; Some tired leaves that are left behind.

GRETTE'S TRUST.

Old Von Hausen sat on a stone about half way up the Guldernhorn. Far above on each side of him rose the eternal hills, their ice-clad peaks of the present moment rosy-pink with the sun's parting rays. But up from the green valleys gray blue shadows were creeping and driving the pink away. Far beneath him were hills and valleys, a village and a lake, and a streamlet meandering through a dark pine wood. Very beautiful, all of it. But its beauty was entirely lost upon Von Hausen as he sat there on his stone thinking aloud, after the manner of solitary men who are well up in years. He cared no more for the scenery than did any of those bats that, like birds of evil omen, went sweeping past and past him, and round and round his head. "Virtue always triumphant!" he was saying—"Pahl mere sentiment, mere moonshine." The fact is, Von Hausen had been to the play in the village down yonder only the evening before. He had spent no less a sum than twenty batzen on those strolling actors. Not for any pleasure it was likely to give him, had he gone, but Grettie, the prettiest girl in all the village, had asked him to take her. She could not go alone, she said, and Rudolf would hardly return from chamois hunting for days to come. "Virtue always triumphant? Yes, that is what she said. Pahl money is, Hal ha! I have that. Oh! my worthy but poverty-stricken Rudolf, you may return when you please, Gretty, will you marry Von Hausen. Old? Eh? Who calls me old?" He took snuff as he spoke from an old horn, sending the powder home with his finger point, and it must be confessed he looked anything but handsome as he did so, for he wrinkled his brows and twinkled his eyes, and leered like an aged baboon. "Old? Let me see; seventy last birthday. Merely in my prime. Ten years more and I'll be only eighty; twenty, and I'll be but ninety; then I may grow old. Eagles renew their ages. Why shouldn't A-ha!" he screamed, "yonder is an eagle!" He turned up as he spoke, and with eyes started skywards and finger pointing up, began tottering forward step by step towards—destruction. A precipice fully five hundred feet deep lay at his feet; he was on the brink of it—the next step would have been his last. But a rough hand seized him by the coat collar pulling it till his head sank within, like a monk's in his cowl, but dragging that man back at the same time. "Tired of your sinful life, old bird?" said the new-comer, a rough but good-natured chamois-hunter, with gun in hand and bag on back, a morsel of feather stuck jauntily in his hat, just to show the village maidens he used to say, that Bernzezzell was still a bachelor. "Old bird!" growled Van Hausen, resuming himself on his stone. "Who are you calling an old bird? You're as bad as any one else. Humph!" "Well, I say," said Bernzezzell, "this is gratitude! What are you going to give me for saving your neck, eh?" "Neck? What? Oh, yes, to be sure. We'll go down to the village, and I'll pay for a pot of lager." "A pot of lager?" cried the other, laughing. "Is that all the value you put upon your—Hal ha ha!" "Value I put upon my ha ha ha! What d'ye mean? You're uncommonly like a fool!" "Well, well, perhaps I am; but I say, friend, you're in a fine temper to-night. Any one been vexing you?" The old man grew all smiles and leers in a moment. His face lighted up like a withered melon with the afternoon sun on it. "No!" he chuckled, taking another pinch, and digging his friend in the ribs. "Oh—the contrary. Was at the play last night with Gretty. Hal ha? Ho! no! She doesn't mourn long for the hunter. And look here, she's going to marry me." "Marry you!" "Ay, she promised—that is, she will promise when I ask her. But now come along down and have the lager. Keep your hands to yourself. Do you think I want your assistance to get up?" "I beg a thousand pardons, old bi—I mean you merry young grouse, you! Here, I say, hold on; don't leave me behind. Why, you go bounding along like a young stag." "Young on the legs, eh?" "I should think you are." They were seated very shortly in the village tavern. They hadn't taken long to go down hill. "And now," said Von Hausen, "I'm going to unfold my plans. But here, let us have another pint." "What can the old heron mean," muttered Bernzezzell to himself, "by such reckless liberality? Something in the wind, I know. The grey hawk doesn't whistle till he is just going to swoop." "Well," said Von Hausen, "how is trade, eh? Got good bags lately?" "Hardly any luck at all," sighed the

other. "I'm stiff with jumping, and I haven't bagged a buck for five days." "Wouldn't mind having a spell of pleasure, I dare say?—couple of months in France, now? Come, come, you're not drinking. We'll have another pint. Money was made to spend. Drink and be merry, you young dog, you, I say." When quite unfolded, Von Hausen's plans were something as follows. Bernzezzell was to meet Rudolf in the hills and prevent his return for a couple of months at least. He was on no account to come near the village for that time, nor see Gretty, to whom he was betrothed. The "old bird," as Bernzezzell called him, was to pay all expenses, but the young man must be kept in Paris, in the midst of gayety, and must never for a moment be allowed to think of home. Nor must he write, or, when he did, his letters were to be destroyed. "Suppose," said Bernzezzell, "he misses his foothold among the mountains and tumbles into the crevasse?" The old man positively rubbed his hands and cackled with delight. "Capital! capital! capital!" was all he could say. "Hal ha! Hal! Capital! Virtue is always triumphant in the end? He! he!" Bernzezzell smiled in his face as he said—"Of all the old sinners that ever lived—" "Eh? eh? What's that?" cried Von Hausen, who had not heard him. "I said you were a right merry old soul," shouted Bernzezzell. "Hal ha! Yes, merry, but not so old, you know." That very night, this miserly Von Hausen counted out to Bernzezzell one by one the pieces of gold, for the chamois-hunter was to start early next day. "I declare," said Von Hausen, "it is like buying a wife. Precious expensive affair. But I can trust you." "Certainly; virtue you know, is always—" "Go on! go on!" cried Von Hausen; "good night. Go home and sleep." Bernzezzell to himself, as he trudged off with his gun on his shoulder, "Yes; but not before I've seen Gretty." Once clear of the village, he took his way hillwards up the glen. High up in the middle of the mountain lights were gleaming—it was now dark; they came from the window of Gretty's cottage. A very humble hut it was, though very pretty and rustic. Gretty lived here with her mother, tended the goats, and looked after the dairy, for the old woman seldom left her chair all day. Gretty ran to meet Bernzezzell, and took both his rough hands in her own white ones. Was he not a friend of her lover's? She led him in, and the old woman nodded, smiling, at a stool near the bright, cheerful fire of wood. Gretty had just dressed for the evening, and very simple, but neat, was her attire. She was slight and delicate in form, with sparkling eyes and an eager, pretty face. She asked fifty questions of Bernzezzell, nearly all on the same subject; and when the chamois-hunter bade the mother good night at last, and went away, he beckoned Gretty to follow. "He has something to tell me," said Gretty to herself, her fair face flushing with anxiety. Very humble are the heroes of this little tale, but in Gretty's eyes her Rudolf was by no means humble. So fresh and rosy, so stalwart and strong, as Rudolf, goal-herd though he was, none had so beautiful a voice, so white a brow, such glossy hair. None could bound from crag or climb the mountain steep, axe in hand, so bravely as he did, and his wild glow glow at sunrise or sunset could be heard ringing high o'er the hill and glen, and re-echoed too from peak to peak. And Gretty, simple lassie, loved him so dearly and devotedly. There was a scimitar moon shining through the pine tree tops, and the stars were all out, so there was light enough to see the foot-path that led to the well. Here was a seat, and Bernzezzell did not say a word, anxious though Gretty was, until he got there. The truth is, this chamois hunter hardly knew what to say, or how much he dare in fairness tell the girl. Probably he ought to have thrown the miser's money in his face and stigmatizing him as a villain, refused to have anything to do with his plans and schemes. "But," he thought, "if I do, my friend's life is not worth a day's purchase. Murder has been committed among these mountains before; an assassin is easily hired. No, I'll take the cash, and I'll keep Rudolf away for a time. I shall not spend the money, though I have a brother in Paris who will be glad to see us. And the gold I'll send as a gift to Gretty's mother, when her daughter is married. She will not know where it came from, and it will keep her in comfort for years." "Gretty, my little sister," he said, when they were seated by the well, "you won't see nor hear from your lover for two whole months. He is well, and will be well. He and I are going together, it will be for your good—at least, for your mother's. I cannot tell you more. Nay, I pray you do not ask. My mouth is sealed. You'll be true?" There were tears and prayers and entreaties, yet Bernzezzell remained as firm as the rocks that towered over them; but when he left next day to seek his friend in the hills, he carried with him a lock of bonnie hair in a tiny parcel, and beside it the blue ribbon that had bound it. Rudolf was rejoiced at the idea of going to Paris, but couldn't he go to see Gretty first? No, there was not an hour to lose. He must come at once or stay. "Then I'll go," said the young man, "I can trust Gretty." "You may indeed." "And what a deal I'll have to tell her when I do get back!" "Yes," said Bernzezzell, laughing. So away they went together over the hills. Old Von Hausen was a friend of Gretty's. Gretty's father and he had been inseparable. He came to the cottage now every day. He read to the old lady and talked much with the daughter. His universal themes were money and poverty; the pleasures the former could bring, the misery entailed by the latter. He broached the subject nearest his

heart first to the mother, and, strange or not strange, he gained her consent to marry Gretty. Meanwhile weeks flew by, and there was no word from Rudolf. Weekends a month, and then two. Oh! what could have become of him? Was he false? Impossible! But a terrible storm with a slight shock of earthquake took place, and all Gretty's goats appeared to have stampeded during the night. At all events the doors were found open, and the goats had fallen or been cast over a precipice near the cottage. Near that old well where she had plighted her troth she now must sit and weep. Ah! it was the mournful tale of Auld Robin Gray repeating itself. For Gretty's Mother she fell sick; poverty started them in the face, and they were beholden to the charity of Von Hausen the miser. By night as well as by day Gretty toiled hard with her knitting needles. Work was the only consolation, the only relief, she could find. And her face grew wan, and dark circles appeared about her beautiful eyes. What can be harder to bear than grief and poverty too? Many months went by, and still no word returned. Von Hausen had heard he was dead; that did not add to Gretty's grief. Some one else heard he was married; this was worse, but she bore it. Meanwhile where were the trunks? Bernzezzell had found his brother ailing, and at the end of a month medical men had prescribed a voyage to Madeira. They would just get back within five weeks, then they would both return to the dear little cot among the Swiss mountains, and Rudolf would marry his Gretty. Here at Madeira Bernzezzell's brother died. "We are wealthy now, alas!" said Bernzezzell, "and we'll go shares." The steamer that was to take them to France was wrecked behind time. One day, "Xonder she is!" shouted Rudolf, and off they both went, and were bundled on board. The ship stayed but an hour, then steamed away again, bound for the distant Cape. They had boarded the wrong boat! There came a day when in the little cot among the hills Gretty sat weeping by her mother's bedside, and near her stood Von Hausen. The doctor had just gone. Nothing, he had said, except a change could save the patient's life. "Now, Gretty, my child, now or never!" cried the old man. "Be my wife. Give me the right to save your mother's life. Gretty, be mine." Gretty's mother did not speak, but—"She gazed in Gretty's face till her heart was like a break." Gretty stood up—tearless now, but with sad pale face. She took her mother's hand. "Give me the right to save your mother's life," pleaded the miser once again. "Stay!" cried a manly voice, "I have a prior claim." Next moment, with a fond cry, and color in her cheeks once more, Gretty was pressed to her lover's breast. That day three weeks, dinkle—dinkle—dinkle—dang went the village bells. Not pretty bells at all—indeed, I always thought they were pot metal—but how sweetly they sounded in Gretty's ears! She was going to church to be married. That ends my story, as marriage ends all stories. Yet one word; a few years after this the old miser died, and Rudolf found himself his heir. "As some reparation," said the will, "for evil done and meditated." Jumping Beans. The mystery of the jumping beans of Mexico was solved several years ago here on the Comstock. The explanation is simple enough; there is in each bean a worm whose instinct it is to skip as to keep the bean in motion. The insect gives motion to the bean by drawing itself into a close coil and then suddenly uncoiling in such a way as to strike against the upper part of the cavity it occupies. In Mexico these beans in great numbers are to be seen skipping over the ground under the tree, upon which they are produced. They thus skip and roll along the ground until they lodge in some hole or cavity where they are likely to be covered with earth by the first rains. The worm is a provision of nature by means of which the beans are distributed and planted. When the beans were brought here our Comstockers did not let the "concealment" of the "worm in the bud" worry their "damask" cheeks, but "busted" the bean and went after the inner consciousness of the thing. When dug out of its nest, the insect—which resembles those used in peapods—to skip, and is able to hop to a foot or more. Scripture and Shakespeare. There are some curious parallel passages which show that "the bard of Avon" was familiar with the Scriptures and drew from them many of his ideas. For instance: Othello—"Rude am I in my speech." Bible—"2 Cor. xi, 6." Witches in Macbeth—"Show his eyes and grieve his heart." Bible—"Consume thine eyes and grieve thine heart."—1 Sam. ii, 33. Macbeth—"Life's but a walking shadow." Bible—"Man walketh in a vain show."—Psalm xxxix, 6. Banquo—"Woe to the land that is governed by a child." Bible—"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child."—Eccles. x, 15. Timon of Athens—"Who can call him his friend that dips in the same dish?" Bible—"He that dipeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me."—Matt. xxvi, 23. Macbeth—"We will die with harness on our back." Apocrypha—"Nicanor lay dead in his harness."—2 Mac. xv, 28. A German paper trade journal says that a waterproof paper which will shine in the dark can be made of 40 parts paper stock, 10 parts phosphorescent powder, 10 parts water, 1 part gelatine and 2 part bicromate of potash.

East Indian Jugglers. A traveler in India says; the Indian juggler is a very humble individual; he does not appear before his audience in the glory of evening dress; his only costume is a cloth around his middle. And thus, if a coat-sleeves or pockets at all assist in magic, the Indian juggler is at a decided disadvantage, for both his arms and legs are bare. He is a thin, an unattractively thin, wiry looking individual—the Indian juggler. I do not know why he should be thin, but I do not recollect ever seeing a fat Indian juggler. Recently I had a visit from an amalgamated troupe consisting of seven members, five men, one woman and a boy. Probably the seven had conjoined their entertainments for that particular day only, and the next day they might be performing separately again. If I give a description of what these feats, however, though undoubtedly genuine, is pleasant to look at. He blew fire and flames out of his mouth without revealing the object or cause of the fire, and apparently without burning himself. He took about half a dozen stones of the size of, say a hen's egg, out of his mouth; how they got there, or how his mouth contained them after they got there, was a mystery. He was talking just before he began; but on being asked a question in the middle of this stone performance, he could not speak. After discharging the big stones, he wound up by disgorging about a handful of old nails and miscellaneous rubbish. A much more pleasant trick to look at was the one which followed. He took a coconut shell with one end cut off, and filled it with water. In the water he placed a little piece of cork, having a bent pin on one side and two straight pins on the other side, so that the cork as it floated roughly resembled a lilliputian duck. The cork lay dead in the water, and it was difficult to think what magic could possibly be got out of it. Presently the juggler, sitting about two yards off, took out a musical instrument and began to play a lively tune. Instantly the imitation duck commenced to dance violently in the water, sulking its motions to the music. The dancing continued till the tune was ended; then the juggler ordered the duck to sailam, and he was at once obeyed. He even requested the buoyant cork to dive to the bottom of the water, and his request was immediately complied with. While the performance was going on, the coconut shell was standing almost at our feet, and the performer was not only sitting beyond reach, but both his hands were employed in playing the instrument. One more trick will finish my list. Our juggler told a native servant, whom he did not know, to stretch out his arm, palm upward. Into the outstretched palm he placed a silver two-anna piece, and, holding out his own bony hand to show us that it was empty, he lifted the coin from the servant's hand, shut his own fist, reopened it in the twinkling of an eye, and an enormous black scorpion dropped into the servant's palm. The latter fled, shrieking with terror, for, next to the serpent, the particular aversion of the Hindoo is the scorpion. November. November was styled by the ancient Saxons *Wint-monat*, or the wind month, from the gales of wind which were so prevalent at this season of the year, obliging our Scandinavian ancestors to lay up their keels on shore and refrain from exposing themselves on the ocean until the advent of more genial weather in the ensuing year. It bore also the name of *Blot-monat*, or the bloody-month, from the circumstances of its being customary then to slaughter great numbers of cattle, to be salted for winter use. The epithet also had reference to the sacrificial rites practiced at this season. The first day of November was surrounded by many superstitions in ancient times. The night was celebrated by many curious sports, all deemed important to usher in All Saints Day, or the first of November. Much of all that was connected with the old ceremonies and sports is still observed in many places, but greatly modified. There was a very ancient custom of ringing the church bells, beginning on the vigil, or All Hallow Eve, and continued through All Saint's Day, not as a part of the festivities, but a religious office, for the continued protection of the souls supposed by them to be in purgatory, against the influence of the evil power, a part of the superstitious notion then in practice, of ringing church bells when a friend was dying, to shield them from evil influence on their passage from earth to purgatory. The Passing Bell is a remnant of the same idea. This bell was rung while the person was dying—not after death—to call the friends to pray for the passing soul. Like all the months of the year, each day of November was set apart for some saint's day, or had some peculiar rites or superstitions associated with it; but most of them have less interest than many of the other months. To many people it is a sad month. The frost has cut down every green thing. It is the season of decay, and most of the legends and superstitions connected with it partake of its sad and gloomy character. We have some balmy days and brilliant nights, and the Indian summer often lingers to cheer up some of the November days; but, after all, we can part with this month with less regret than any month of the year. Fear sin, and you are safe. From saving comes having. Every man hath his weak side. Content is a communicable virtue. Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. Misery travels free through the whole world. Two things that pay—Working and waiting. Where there is much light the shade is deepest. No inferior person feels and forgives an offense. Planning goes a great way toward lightning work. Reason should not regulate, but supplement virtue.

ter, the patriarch, must be a man of infinite patience. For instance, one actually loaded a small brass cannon set on a miniature gun carriage, pushed the charge home with a small ramrod and fired the piece off by applying a lighted match, held in its beak to the touch-hole, displaying not the slightest fear at the noise caused by the firing. The other bird would, if its master threw any small object into the air, seize the object in mid air and bring it to the bird trainer. Numbers five and six, man and boy, of the troupe, were circus Wallahs, and gave a native gymnastic entertainment which, as it did not materially differ from a British performance in the same line, need not be detailed. Number seven was a juggler of divers accomplishments. He swallowed swords and put an iron hook into his nostril, bringing it out off his mouth. Neither of these feats, however, though undoubtedly genuine, is pleasant to look at. He blew fire and flames out of his mouth without revealing the object or cause of the fire, and apparently without burning himself. He took about half a dozen stones of the size of, say a hen's egg, out of his mouth; how they got there, or how his mouth contained them after they got there, was a mystery. He was talking just before he began; but on being asked a question in the middle of this stone performance, he could not speak. After discharging the big stones, he wound up by disgorging about a handful of old nails and miscellaneous rubbish. A much more pleasant trick to look at was the one which followed. He took a coconut shell with one end cut off, and filled it with water. In the water he placed a little piece of cork, having a bent pin on one side and two straight pins on the other side, so that the cork as it floated roughly resembled a lilliputian duck. The cork lay dead in the water, and it was difficult to think what magic could possibly be got out of it. 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FOOD FOR THOUGHT. To owe is human; to pay up divine. Those who can command themselves command others. He who is firm in will molds the world to himself. We may be as good as we please if we please to be good. An old man repents of that of which a young man boasts. Patience is the endurance of any evil through love of God. Oh, that we had spent one day in this world thoroughly well. To reveal its complacency by gifts, is one of the native dialects of love. Converts who boast of their blessedness are not always the most stable. The most important lesson of morality is this: Never do an injury to any one. Men often judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice. Trying to admire that which you do not like accumulates failure, and exhibits weakness. The charities that soothe, and heat, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers. Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and education must finish him. The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping. Often extraordinary excellence not being rightly conceived does rather offend than please. Sweet is the breath of praise when given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give. Not that which men do worthily, but that they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record. It is better to have a lion at the head of an army of sheep than a sheep at the head of an army of lions. One dies twice; to cease to live is nothing, but to cease to love and be loved is an insupportable death. Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of his temperament. If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen. True modesty blushes for everything that is criminal: false modesty is ashamed of everything unfashionable. We see farthest into the future—and that is not far—when we most carefully consider the facts of the present. Sense shines with a double luster when it is set in humility. An able yet humble man, is a jewel worth a kingdom. Success soon palls. The joyous time is when the breeze first strikes our sails, and the waters rustle under our bows. He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend it. Reflect upon your present blessings of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable. There are never in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains. The most universal quality is diversity. A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath is the moaning of the sea. Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can grow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it—nothing. Hard words are like hailstones in Summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops. The best advertisement of a workshop is first-class work. The strongest attraction to Christianity is a well made Christian character. A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the full value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. These are good rules: Do not all that you can do, spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; tell not all that you know. Religion can be no more learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiery, or engineering, or painting, or any practical trade whatsoever. There is no policy like politeness: and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or supply the want of it. As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance; so good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals. False friendship, like the ivy decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports. Who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly penetrated the intricate and ever-changing nature of a woman? Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease; many without labor would live by their own wits only, but they break for want of stock. It is absolutely needful for one to be humble and prostrated and thrown among the pots from time to time. Life is a school; we are perverse scholars to the last, and require the rod. To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books. They presently fix thee to drive them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness. What is called ill-nature and want of generosity, is very often nothing more than a quick eye for the injustice and unreasonableness of others, and a determination not to gratify it; not the desire to save one's own money or trouble.