#### HAPPIEST DAYS.

The clouds in many a windy rack Are sailing east and west, And sober suns are bringing back The days I love the best.

The poet as he will, may go To summer's golden prime, And set the roses in a row .diong bis fragrant rhyme,

But as for me. I sing the praise Of fading flowers and trees, For to my mind the sweetest days Of all the year are these :

When stubbey hills and hazy skies Proclaim the harvest done, And labor wipes his brow, and lies A dreaming in the sun-

And idly hangs the spider on Her broken silver stair, And ghosts of thistles dead and gone, Slide slowly through the air-

Where all is still, unless, perhaps, The cricket makes ado, Or when the dry-billed heron snaps Some brittle reed in two-

Or schoolboy tramples through the bars His tangled path to keep, Or ripe mast, rustling downward stirs The shadows from their sleep.

Ave, he that wills it so may praise The lilies and the bees, But as for me the sweetest days Of all the year are these.

# TRUE TO HER PROMISE.

'Oh God! spare me, for this is more picture hanging above the mantel in the than I can bear!' and Claire Devere parlor of Oakland Grange. bowed her proud head, and sank, weeping, on her knees, at a low, easy chair in her exquisite boudoir.

For some time sobs shook her slender form, but gradually they subsided, and she remained quietly kneeling, her face, crime in which I have been led, you buried in her hands.

A half hour passed, and she was still in the same position, when the door opened, and a gentleman entered, and your honor and purity will be vindicastood looking at the slender, bowed fig | ted. ure.

Claire had not noticed his entrance | weaker, and at last it sank into a whisand for some minutes he stood without speaking, when he said, in a cold stern thing more to say. Claire brought him voice:

'Claire!'

The golden head was raised, the pure, slightly. proud, gray eyes met his with an ap-

unding look; Claire Davere arose and stand before her husband She was very beautiful, this slender,

stately Claire, with wavy masses of golden brown hair falling in heavy curls lips from his he was dead. to her waist, pure, pale face, with features as classical as a Grecian statue; large, gray eyes, liquid with smoothness, and shaded with sweeping lashes; a crimson mouth with an expression half proud, half tender, made up a face | life, and wondering if peace would ever whose beauty men raved about, and had be her's again. given up all other thoughts in the vain hope of winning.

And out of all her lovers she had chosep Grey Devere.

Some said that it was his immense wealth that won her, otners, the posi- marriage of Grey Devere, to Eva, section it would give her, for he was one of the leading men of the day. But the few that knew her said she married him for love, and they were right.

She loved him with a passionate love, agony? in to adoration, a love so fervent that

#### here she had grown in her youth and spected for his own sake, independen'. beauty, the idolized darling of her par- of the questions to whom or what he was, he became 'catspaw' for a trio of

Her thoughts strayed back to that clever scoundrels. time, she thought of the day her loved 'His sister still clung to him, even mother died, how her proud city aunt when he degraded himself beyond meahad taken her home, of the excitement sure. She dare not meet him openly, her wonderous beauty had caused in and he unmanly coward, as well as ev-London, but most plainly of all stood erything else, constantly reminded her out the day she first met Grey Devere, of her promise to her dead mother al ways to give him all the help in her How handsome he was, with his proud, power, and never to forsake him; bedark face and kingly bearing-how she had learned to love him, day by day-she thought of the bliss of her brief sides, villain though he was, she loved him with a sister's holy love.

'At last her husband found out their meeting, and accused the fair young wife of infidelity. His jealous rage WAS dreadful; he cursed her for a traitress, and told her she might go to her darkand went over to a picture hanging eyed lover. She could not deny her meetings with a man she did not know, and she refused to give an explanation. They parted, a divorce was granted, and

'Oh, mother-mother!' she sobbed, the wife returned to her old home. 'The woman first spoken of, the wife

At this instant a servant entered with of Captain Vernett, was Claire Douga letter. She took it off the salver, and lass, my mother, and also the mother opened it mechanically. It was a mere of your wife. I have the proofs of my mother's first marriage. I am the half-'DEAR CLAIRE .- Come to me. My brother of Claire Everton, and I am course is nearly run; I am dying; I canthe man she met and shielded. Go to not live longer than to-day; each min- her and all will be forgiven. This is ute I grow weaker. If you would see me alive come quickly. WILLIE.' written by one whose days are num bered, and I sign myself, for the last me alive come quickly. WILLIE.' bered, and I sign myself, for the la Three hours after Claire stood beside time, I fear, WILLIAM VERNETT.' For almost an hour after reading the the bed of a dying man, her hands letter, Grey Devere sat with his face clasped in his, her tears falling on his

face-a face that was strangely like the buried in his hands, murmuring the name of Claire. He seemed to have lost the power of action, his thought was of the wrong

'I knew you would never break your he had done his darling. promise, Claure, and I have let you suf-'Can she ever forgive me?' was the

fer for me. I was always weak, and cry of his heart. It was long before Claire opened her though you have known the depths of eyes after she had sunk unconscious on the floor, after reading, as she believed. the announcement of her husband's marriage to another, and when she did, it was only to fix them with a wild stare of delirium on the faithful face bending over her, the face of her old nurse. His voice was gradually growing For weeks she lay tossing in brain per. He made a sign as if he had somefever, raging of Grey Devere and his second marriage. For years she had borne her agony without a sound, but a glass of wine, and held it to his lips. He took a few sips, and it revived him

'I have the marriage certificate, asked if there was any hope. Claire,' he said. 'It-is under-under What Grey Devere suffered during my pillow-Claire-sister-loves me. all the weeks that Claire hovered be-the last words; when Claire raised her could tell.

'Spare her for me, oh God!' was his daily prayer, and at last it was answered. for one morning, the doctor, who had looked so grave before, turned to those around her, and said:

'Let us thank God she will live.'

The first face that Claire's eyes rested on, after reason returned to its throne, was Grey Devere's. 'My darling-my darling!' he said,

falling on his knees beside the couch.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE .- The memory swept over her, and a shudder shook her frame. ond daughter of William M. Stewart. 'Oh, God! I had forgotten,' she said.

you are married again. 'My darling!' he said, no other woman

the stricken heart, alone in its great ever claimed a thought from me.' 'I saw-I saw-

'It was my uncle, Claire, ' he said

# In the Far Bast.

The shops of Cairo, Egypt, line each side like a succession of moderate-sized feet wide. The floor of each is raised about three feet.

his shoes, generally smoking his pipe, while all around, within easy reaching distance, are his shelves, where his goods can often be taken down without fashion. They were not the guineaitself, the trouble of rising There are in-scriptions over many of the shops, such as, "O, Allah I thou who openest our

their special districts.

till the whole place is covered with avail to pass these away. chant asks more than he expects to get | hands of the great painter. and declares he is "giving it away;"

sexton was forced to spend his cherished coin. Next Sunday applicants came as cupboards, though they are some six usual to view it; but in vain, Suddenly a bright thought struck the old man. 'Here, lads," he cried, "ye canna see the guinea, but ye shall see the purse that held it for a pinch of 'sneeshin'." Many names chronicled in history have been remembered rather after this

but happened to be associated with it in regular estimation, and some consequent transference of fame took place. Some great men have reserved this who helpest us in want !" or, "Aid sharing of their dignity; others have from Allah and rapid victory 1" and readily agreed to it. To raise his these are repeated by the shopkeeper as family to fortunes almost equal to his he takes down his shutters in the morn- own, and to transfer to them a portion

of his own greatness was the constant attempt of the first Napoleon. "The One shoe bazar has nothing but red one wise membar of the Bonaparte shoes, and another nothing but yellow family," the old unele who steadily ones, and you can see the people mak- refused to exchange his quiet existence as a parish priest in Corsica is noisy with the hammering on kettles for any advancement offered by the and in the narrowest alley you find the Emperor, greatly enraged his illusgold and silversmiths, with their odd- trious relative by his refusals. On the looking goat-skin bellows and their fur- the other hand exclamations akin to nace and tools on the floor beside them. that of Wamba had been wrung from Here are men who will take your gold men who had climbed the hill of fame piece, and make you something while themselves, but were by no means preyou sit and see them do it. As you pass pared to drag their relations up after on. you reach the sieve-makers, who them. There is a story of a bishop, have soaked their donkey skins cut in whose talents had raised him to the strips like carpet-rags, and are weav. episcopal bench from the humblest walks of life, being sorely pestered by A little further on silk is woven in a his brother to place him in a similar queer, old-fashioned loom. Near by loity position. "No, brother," said the wise prelate; "if your ox is dead I will steel point turned by a machine that buy you a new one; if your plow is suggests a fiddle-stick, and which does broken I will pay for the mending; but a plowhman i found you, and a plow-

five apprentices, mere children of eight years of age, on the floor beside him, ferred; nature is more inexorable than who are at work sawing combs. You even a railway company. A great man may see others dyeing wool, others sell- may force his relatives into positions ing goods in the piece, or a group of similar to his own, and fancy that he tailors at their sewing. A yankee could has succeeded in transferring to them a learn half a dozen trides in an afternoon, for there are no trade secrets is but reflected at the best. When there; everything is open for all to see, Napoleon's star sank not one of the and all in the open air, as there are very kingdoms he had created for his few rainy days, and the mats above you brothers long survived. Richard Cromthe last shock had been too much, and keep off the hot sunshine. Once in a the old doctor looke i very grave when while a heavily-laden donkey or even a England in virtue of his kinship to the camel, comes along the narrow lane, great man who revolutionized the and then there is a great scampering to country and clumbed to royal dignity get out of the way, and a climbing up without assuming the title of king; but into the cupboard-like shops; for there a few months sufficed to show that the is no extra room in such a case, and transfer of Oliver's rank had not car-the driver keeps calling, "Look out! tied with it the transfer of Oliver's take care of your toes !" till you feel genius. Not all the training in the school of a great painter can illumine a

narrow ways, but around the court of genius; not the most self-denying an old building built by the Arabs long efforts on the part of possessors of ago. As soon as a customer appears | honors and dignities, which are the just there, carpet after carpet is spread out reward of their personal qualities, can "I can make them, and bright with beautiful colors. | a lord any day, but out of ten lords I Then if a surchase is to be made and cannot make one Holbein," cried Hen-For a moment she looked at him, then | bargaining to begin, coffee is brought in | ry VIII, when a noble courtier came to tiny cups. The buyer sips it, and offers bim for redress against some alleged less than the goods are worta; the mer- wrong which he had received at the

The mail-clad barons who professed and so they keep on until they come to to swear fealty over the tiny hand of terms, which may not be for hours. .... the infant heir were often the first to But who would mind an extra hour conspire against him; and Nelson's spent in such a place, with those lattic- legacy of "his adopted daughter" was ed windows above, where girls used to not accepted with fervor by the country look down years ago, and perhaps are to which he bequeathed her. The most peeping out now, those arched nooks urritating kind of expected transfer is below, those door ways leading you know that practiced by many kindly souls, not where, while the network of ropes, who require us to attach ourselves to with tattered bits of gray cloth spread persons most uncongeniously to us "for on them only keeps out scraps of the their sakes." George II carried this vivid sunshine, and the very names of principle to its extremest limit when he the places where the rugs are made | wrote to his wife, recommending Lady give a dash of mystery to the whole Yarmouth to her good graces on the thing. But the purchase is over, and extraordinary plea, "You must love you turn towards home once more, past | the Walmoden, for you know that she the bookshelves, where you can buy the loves me!" But almost as incomprehen-"Arabian Nights" in Arabic, and past sible is the free and generous manner the mosques, which are placed there as in which many persons engage to beif to remind men not to forget God in stow, not their own affections only, but also those of their friends on certain Next, perhaps, you meet a man with favored persons, "You will be sure to be delighted with so and so. I have like our yellow jack; another has sweet | told him that I know you will be quite starch in bowls, and, as sweets make fond of him," is a speech often uttered one thirsty, a water-carrier is smart in various forms, and one nearly always resented, secretly, perhaps, but none Sometimes he bears a large stone jar the less deeply, by the 1 stener. Does thou mayest govern. with a long spout, supported on his anyone ever feel an intense desire to be back by a netting; or he may have a introduced to the people to whom we goat-skin full of water, held on his are thus bidden to transfer our attachshoulder by a big strap; and, as he ments? Are we not inclined to rank bends over with the weight of it, it is them with that detested "model boy" not a pretty sight, nor apt to make one who was our torment in childhood? thirsty. Each vender goes along clink- Affection, as the poet truly remarks, ing two brass cups together to attract | must give itself unasked, unsought, and attention. Having seen about all you a feeling of friendly attachment can remount your donkeys and merrily ride | never be transferred at bidding. If kindly deeds are not to be checked like a shuttle-cock, kindly feelings are still less negotiable.

FOOD FOR THOUGH1.

Pen and ink are the best witnesses. Silence never yet betrayed any one. Remorse is the echo of a lost vir-

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene.

Conscience is man's most faithful friend.

The worst men often give the best advice.

A good smile is the sunshine of wisdom.

The really beautiful is always beyond.

Character is a perfectly educated will.

True refinement unites strength with purity.

The ambrosta of one generation is the daily bread of the next.

If the end and aim of life is to please, it must be at the expense of truth.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul is to lose faith in God and woman.

You may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

He who is the slowest 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.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall at least in repute be great.

The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands. Not to oversee workmen is to leave your parse open.

The power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior mind.

Teach your children to say 'How do you do?" or "Good morning" to everyone they meet with whom they are acquainted.

When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go around without creaking last the longest.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of one's temperament.

The one doctrine in which all religion agree is, that new light is added to the minds in proportion as it uses that which it has.

To build up that strength of mind which apprehends and chings to great universal truths is the highest intellectual culture.

service, charging a bawbee for a peep. Hard times came, however, and the

Upon this the merchant sits without

gates with profit !" or, "O, Allah I thou ing. The different trades each have

ing them. The coppersmith's quarter

ing them like our wire ones. they are boring holes in pipes with a

the work in a flash. Now you pass a man with four or man I'll leave you."

that there is no time to lose. The carpet bazar is not in one of the dull pupil with the fire of a master's

### love me still; for my mother's sake. But Claire, I have sent the truth, from beginning to end, to Grey Devere, and

ents' hearts.

married life. How Grey had seemed

to love her, until the dark shadow of

suspicion had come between them, and

She turned slowly from the window,

above the mantel piece. It was the likeness of a beautiful dark-haired,

then how he had turned from her.

'have I not kept my promise?'

note, and was as follows:

The man was speaking:

dark-eyed woman.

even he himself never dreamed of its 'Oh, Grey! my darling you are lost to depth, and now she stood before him, me forever!' her hands clasped tightly together, her face pale as death, raised to his.

She was the first to speak.

'Grey,' she said, and her low musical voice trembled, despite her effort to be calm. 'Will you not trust me, believe in me for a short time.'

'Trust you-believe in you?' he said, 'never, never!' you have disgraced me and my name, unsullied till you bore it, traitress; you are no longer wife of mine; we part to-pay, and forever,'

When he first began to speak, his wife's face had been one of sorrowful pleading, but as he continued, it changed; a crimson flush of indignation swept over her face, and her eyes met his with a questioning look.

'Do you hear me, he continued, do you hear me, madam?'

'I hear you' she answered, 'and I ask you, how dare you insult me in that manner?'

'Oh, injured innocense!' said her husband with a mocking smile.

Again the pale face crimsoned, but she made no answer.

'We part forever, to-day,' he continued. lover till your last, and now you ask me to believe in you, to trust you still. Explain these meetings, and ask then.' For answer the woman sank to the floor at his feet.

'Oh, Grey, my husband, believe me, I am true to you! See, I humble myself thus, and ask you tolbelieve in my honor, in my-'

yeu; I believe you are false to me. I will never look on your face again, ask you to give me some explanation of your conduct, and you refuse. What ter who married them, and when she am I to believe? I have proof that you met this dark-eyed stranger time after despair. time; you do not deny it yourself, and yet you ask me to believe in you, to trust you still!'

Claire drew her slender figure up its height and said, proudly:

no longer to your insults, I will plead wronged me. Leave me now, I can was given to her. bear no more. Go!'

He tried to speak again, but she turned haughtily away, making a jesture toward the door.

the room, and his wife sank senseless on the floor.

Four years have passed away; how quickly to some, but how slowly to the tortured heart of Claire Devere.

After her separation from her hus. band she returned to the home of her childhood.

She had a small income of her own, and refused to take anything from her husband.

'I have plenty in my own right,' she said, 'I will go and live at Oakland Grange. I wish to die out of his life forever.

She is standing now at the parlor stretched far away in the distance.

'Too late-too latel' she moaned When Claire's old nurse came up to in his arms.

seek her, she found her lying cold and senseless on the floor. 'My poor pet!' she said, loosening the paper that she still held in her hand,

She looked to see what had so affected Claire, and her eyes rested on the marriage notice, and she smiled.

'She thought it was her Grey,' she said: 'she cannot have read it through, and she forgot there was another Grey Devere, the youngest brother of her husband's father.

Again she knelt and kissed his brow,

After she reached home, she sat for

some time with her hands folded idly

before her, thinking of her wrecked

Her eyes happened to rest on a paper

lying on the table beside her, and me-

chanically she lifted it. The first words

Then followed a long description of

the wedding. B t what was that to

then silently left the room.

her eyes rested on were :

Grey Devere was alone. In his band he held an open letter. His face grew white as he read it and suddenly it dropped from his nerveless grasp.

'Oh, God1' he moaned, 'Claire, Claire! my darling, my beautiful love, my love! how I have wronged you!'

We will, with the privilege of an author, lift the letter, and see what so affected him.

"To Grey Devere .- Sir: There is a from the others." long story to be told in this letter. Many years ago there lived a girl of vorce, Claire. Listen; I know all from ne'er-do well, cailed Captain Nernett. your first meeting with your dark-haired Well, the girl loved him, or thought she did, while h-r father was bitterly

opposed to him; he had forbidden his daughter to speak or even to think ot him. But this only tended to make the girl fonder of her handsome lover, and to come to the point at once, there was

two months after the captain's regiment was ordered out west, and months The crowd stood around like so many 'This is useless, Claire, I cannot trust after that, he was killed in a skirmish with Indians. The unfortunate woman had no proof of her marriage, she did the stakes the machinist recovered his not know even the name of the miniswas to become a mother she was in

'In her sorrow she turned to her foster-mother for consolation. But I must better be twenty rods off!" shorten my story; let it suffice to say that, through her foster mother's advice, she kept her marriage still a se-

'It's better, then, as you say, that we cret, her child was born at her fostershould part, and at once. I will listen | mother's home and no one ever suspected the truth. Some years past and no longer for your trust. A day will the girl married again, and one year come when you will know how you have after the second marriage a daughter

'When the daughter was seventeen the lady died, but not before she had told her daughter the story of her first marriage, and made her promise to give Without a word, he turned and left all the assistance in her power to help her brother (for the child of her first marriage was a boy) in his endeavor to prove his right to his father's name, and also to swear that she would keep the affair a secret until they had proof of and starving horse, that had been abanthe secret marriage, and if proof was doned by its owner and turned out to never found, to keep it hidden forever. die, wandered into the tower, and, in She told the boy the story as well, and

bound him to the same promise. "The orphan girl learned to love her newly-found brother, partly for his own sake, but principally for their mother's.

'After a few years she marrried a gentleman, and for a time she was very appy. 'Her brother was of a weak, timid

window of the Grange, gazing sadly out nature, easily led into wrong, and so, tice, and that during the remainder of at the green fields and meadows that instead of manfully setting his mind to the horse's life his owner should pro-

'Your uncle,' she repeated, and then she sank to sleep like, like a tired child, Three months after there was a quiet

wedding in a little country church, and the bride had hair of golden brown, and eyes of the deepest gray, and her husband called her Claire.

## In Seven Seconds.

"Gentlemen," he began in a smooth, molasses sort of a voice, "I am dead broke but no beggar. I want to raise about three dollars, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain as large as his thumb and containing six links and passed it around. After it had been carefully inspected by each of the party he continued:

"I want to bet my overcoat, which is certainly worth \$10, against \$3 in cash that none of you can separate one link

The piece of chain was passed around again to be more closely scrutinized. eighteen. She was beautiful and of and finally one of the party, who was a part forever, to-day,' he con-'And I intend to sue for a di-of lovers, and among them a handsome 'And I want to put up that sum "And I want to put up that sum

against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself. "Done!" said the stranger as he

pulled off his coat. Coat and cash were put up in the hands of a stakeholder, and the stran-

ger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a a secret marriage between them, and blacksmith's shop, and picked up a cold chusel he deliberately cut out a link. pumpins at a county fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed wits sufficiently to exclaim:

"Sold by a professional dead-beat! The money is yours, old fellow, but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick, and you had

" "Thanks-glad to have met yougood day!" replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds,

#### Bell of Justice.

It is a beautiful story that in one of the old cities of Italy, the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrates of the city and ask to receive justice. And when, in the course of time the lower end of the bell rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who rang the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused

the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed, that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have jus-

retched far away in the distance. prove his mother's marriage, or if that vide for him proper food and drink and This had been her childhood's home; failed, to make himself honored and restable.

their busiest hours.

a tray of candy, some of which looks enough to follow him.

home. Not Transferable.

Railway companies are not the only classes who resent the transference of agreements or interests. The feeling against such practices is very common, and yet how many people are slow to realize this, says the London Globe. "Not transferable" might be inscribed on many things beside season tickets. The wisest of fools, Wamba, in "Ivanhoe," never uttered a truer sentiment than when he remarked that "kind service cannot be chucked from hand to hand like a shuttlecock or a steel-ball." yet many good-natured persons are fond of attempting the feat. Offers of services or attentions made purely to themselves personally are by them cooly transferred to some outsider, whom the profferer of the kindness has no reason to desire to oblige. "My son cannot accept the appointment you offer, but I have promised it to a young friend, whom it will just suit"-"the child you undertook to vote for is elected, but I have filled in the polling paper for another most deserving case," Have not many of us experienced this kind of benevolent transference of our

proffered favors, and resented it as much as do the railway directors the handling about of the tickets? A far more common description of attempted transference is that of claim-

ing a share in the fame of an illustrious him relative solely upon the plea of kindred. History is full of examples of men who attempted to obtain wealth and consideration by this system. "I was the son of my father," or "the relative of the popular hero," has proved a valid reason for the transfer of such reflected glory. There is a story of an old Scotch when such coins were rare in Highland

### A Vigorous Old Canadian Farmer.

A remarkable feat of physical strength was performed recently by Mr. J. Blue, a pioneer farmer of Aldborough township, Canada. Mr. Blue is the oldest farmer in Elgin county, being in his ninetieth year. A short time ago he went into the field after one o'clock in the afternoon and bound 64 sheaves of wheat in a short time. The work did not fatigue him to any extent. He enjoys the best of health and is in full possession of his faculties. He is the father of Mr. Archibald Blue of the Bureau of Statistics.

Fortune befriends the bold. Order is Heaven's first law. Youth should be a saving's bank. Industry prevents vice.

Betray no trust, divulge no secre-There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates-Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over very man-up in his heart, maybe-into which the sky-lark, happiness always goes singing.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits and appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. 'Tis better that a man's words should praise

Liquid Steel .- A rolling mill has been devised for rolling molten iron or steel in a liquid state. According to this, the rolls are cast hollow, so as to receive a current of water which will maintain sufficiently low temperature, and the metal is to run from a hopper sexton who possessed a guinea at a time or distributor and fall between the rolls, becoming cooled on contract with them. parishes. He used to exhibit the trea- The effect of this process, it is said, is sure as a curiosity on Sundays after the i to free the metal entirely from gases.

It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well: which is, in truth, a greater benefit than ife itself.

Covetous ambition, thinking all too little of which presently it hath, supposeth itself to stand in need of all which it hath not.

Hard words are the hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that

It is the greatest and first use of history to show us the sublime in morals, and tell us what great men have done in perilous seasons.

So long as thou art ignorant be not ashamed to learn. Ignorance is the greatest of all infirmities; and when justified, the chiefest of all follies.

In every relation of life we must bear and forbear; we must not expect perfection, and each party should carry the cloak of charity for the other.

There should be methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

There is no man that is knowingly wicked but is guilty to himself; and there is no man that carries guilt about him but he receives a sting into his soul

The water that has no taste is purest; the rain that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

The foundation of every good gov-ernment is the family. The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy fire sides.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear a the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.

The child taught to believe any oecurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.

A cucumber is bitter throw it away. There are briars in the road; turn aside from them. This is enough. Do not add: and why were such things made in the world?

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind that we are the most disposed te picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly: but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.