

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The wife of Congressman Bynum had a terrible experience with a burglar at her residence, in Indianapolis, on the 7th. Mr. Bynum is absent at Washington, and the family at home includes Mrs. Bynum, two children and a domestic. At half-past two o'clock a burglar awoke her and told her to search the house for money, and upon giving him \$5 he attempted to assault her. Alarmed by her screams he fled, and she took refuge in a neighbor's house. Meanwhile the burglar escaped.

Train wreckers on the 9th set fire to the trestle on the Savannah, Florida and Western Railway about fifty miles north of Jacksonville. While burning, a train ran into the trestle and the locomotive and fifteen cars were burned. No lives were lost. All the trestles on the road are now guarded.

In joint session of the Illinois Legislature on the 9th Morrison received 11 votes for U. S. Senator. The rest were scattered. A telegram from Springfield, Illinois, says that the Leeper, the defeated Democratic candidate for Representative in the Thirty-fourth District of Illinois, will contest the election of Weaver, the successful Republican candidate.

General Grant slept fully seven hours on the 9th, and when the four doctors of the staff met in consultation they found the General's condition was, if anything, improved, but the cancerous spots were unchanged.

Ex-Congressman Charles M. Shelley of Alabama, has appointed Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, to succeed Charles Beardsley, resigned. He has qualified, and will enter upon his duties on the 11th. The president on the 11th signed the commissions of William B. McConnell, to be associate justice for Dakota, and A. P. Swineford, to be Governor of Alaska. Maurice Litsch was, on the 11th, appointed Postmaster of Mahoney City, Penn., to succeed J. L. Bricker, whose term has expired.

The National Republican gives a report that the President has offered the office of Register of the Treasury to General W. S. Rosecrans.

Frank L. Scribner, of Philadelphia, a graduate of Girard College, was, on the 11th, appointed Assistant Botanist of the Agricultural Department.

General Grant was troubled during Sunday night with considerable pain in his throat, and his sleep was frequently interrupted, but he did some work on his book on the 11th. He took a drive early in the afternoon.

A church congress was opened in Hartford, Connecticut, on the 11th. Prominent clergymen and laymen were present from different parts of the country, including, Revs. Grafton, Boardman, Giles and Newton, of Philadelphia; Bishop Cox, of New York; Presidents Smith of Trinity College and Hopkins of Auburn Seminary, and Adams of Rochester. The congress was called to order by Governor Harrison.

The total value of our exports of domestic breadstuffs during the month of April was \$14,078,351, against \$12,251,178 during April, 1884. The total value of such exports during the ten months which ended on the 30th of April was \$135,106,338, against \$133,093,318 during the corresponding period of last year.

The Hampden coal mine at Wilkesburg, eight miles east of Pittsburg, caught fire on the 11th, and is reported to be burning fiercely. A number of miners were in the pit at the time, but all escaped. The mine is one of the largest in the district, and the loss is expected to be heavy.

Martin Buzzard, John Buzzard, Jacob Marshall, Matthias Hauck, Jacob Armstrong, Isaac Minn, Levi Peters, David Peters and Henderson Marshall, all living on Welsh mountain, were arrested on the 11th and taken to Lancaster, Penna. They are charged with having been accessories after the fact to felony, in assisting "Abe" Buzzard, for whose capture a reward of \$1000 is offered. They were committed each in default of \$300 bail.

The Supreme Court of Indiana on the 11th, unanimously affirmed the validity of a law requiring saloons to be closed from 11 o'clock at night until 5 o'clock in the morning.

A valuable tract of land in Fulton county, Penna, caught fire on the 11th, from burning brush, and William Hess, a farmer, fought the flames until he fell senseless to the ground. Two of his daughters, Annie and Lizzie, becoming alarmed at his absence, went out in search of him and found him lying a few feet from the line of approaching flames. They picked him up and hurried to a place of safety, but their clothes having become ignited they were so badly burned that their recovery is doubtful. Hess is also not expected to recover.

The usual performance of casting a few scattering votes for U. S. Senator was gone through with in joint session of the Illinois Legislature on the 11th.

Archbishop Ryan on the 12th, confirmed 1100 children in the Roman Catholic churches at Shenandoah, Penna.—800 at the Irish church, 200 at the German church, and 100 at the Polish church. Several of the colleges in the vicinity were idle, the breaker boys being at church receiving confirmation.

General Grant rested well on the 11th. He took a drive on the 12th and subsequently suffered much pain, which was attributed to the chilliness of the atmosphere.

A conference of leading Democrats of the Illinois Legislature was held in Colonel Morrison's room at Springfield on the 11th, at which it was unanimously agreed that no caucus should be called.

The municipal elections in Cuba have resulted in favor of the Conservatives.

The President has appointed Joseph M. Poe to be Appraiser of Mercandise for the Cuyahoga district of Ohio; James Curran, Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels for the third District and the following Collectors of Inter-

nal Revenue: George L. Spear, for the District of Vermont, Charles E. Hasbrook for the District of Missouri (6th District), Edmund A. Bigger for the 23d District of Pennsylvania; Edward C. Wall, for the 1st District of Wisconsin; Hugh Kinnard for the 5th District of New Jersey.

—There was a heavy frost in the interior of New York State on the 12th and ice formed in many places. White frosts were experienced in the Carolinas and Northern Alabama on the 11th.

—Swarms of grasshoppers have appeared in Panola county, Texas, destroying the corn and other grain.

—The count of the money in the Treasury vaults has been finished and the funds found to be correct.

—The statue of Garfield, for the Hall of Statues in the National Capitol, has arrived in Washington from Rome. It will not be unveiled until after the meeting of Congress.

—The large brewery of M. Brand & Co., in Chicago, was burned on the 13th, to the extent of \$250,000. The mill of the Massachusetts Warp and Yarn Company, at Parker Village, Connecticut, was burned on the 13th, Loss \$30,000. James Richey's coffin factory, in Cincinnati, was burned on the 13th. Loss \$50,000.

—A pay train dashed into the rear of a repair train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad near Savage station, Maryland, early on the 14th, making a wreck which obstructed travel on the road for nearly three hours.

—In Pike county, Kentucky, on the 13th, while Merritt Clark was trying to run away with a young woman named Stratton, he encountered her brother. They fought and Stratton was stabbed and Clark shot, both fatally.

—One hundred and ninety-eight members attended the joint convention of the Illinois Legislature on the 13th, but no vote was cast for United States Senator.

—The President on the 13th appointed Ferdinand F. Dufais, of New York, to be Consul at Havre. Also, Colonel John M. Wilson, of the Engineer Corps, to be Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds for the District of Columbia, in place of Colonel A. F. Rockwell, whom he will relieve on the 1st of June.

—The commission of Frederick Douglas as Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia expired on the 13th.

—The Comptroller of the Currency on the 13th appointed Robert E. James, of Easton, to be Bank Examiner for Eastern Pennsylvania.

—The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada opened on the 13th in Atlanta. Major Joseph Hardie, of Selma, was elected permanent President and Geo. T. Coxhead, of St. Louis, Secretary.

—General Grant was not as well on the 13th as the day before. His sleep during the night had been greatly reduced by pain in his throat, and the increased swelling of the throat was noticeable.

—General Sheridan was injured so severely by the upsetting of his carriage near Santa Monica, California, on the 11th, that he was obliged to remain there all the next day. No serious result, however, is expected.

—The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States has re-elected General Grant as its Commander.

—The forces under General Middleton captured Batouche on the 11th driving Riels men from the position. The loss of the rebels is unknown; that of the troops is reported five killed and ten wounded.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SENATE.

The Session of the Senate on the 11th was devoted exclusively to the first reading of a dozen bills.

In the Senate, on the 12th, a message was received from the Governor suggesting to the Legislature the propriety of withdrawing the Senatorial Apportionment bill, now in the Governor's hands. It was laid on the table. In the afternoon session Mr. Lee's amendments to the House amendments to "Natural Gas Companies" bill were further considered. Selheimer voted no. Adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 13th, the Senatorial Apportionment bill was received from the Governor, amended by adding thereto the apportionment of Representative Districts as set forth in the bill on that subject, and ordered to be prepared for passage. Mr. Adams asked unanimous consent for the consideration of order of the Philadelphia Water Loan bill. Mr. Reyburn objected. The proposed repeal of the collateral inheritance tax after discussion was defeated—yeas 12, nays 26. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, on the 11th, Mr. Penrose offered a resolution providing that the Bullitt bill be read the first time immediately. Agreed to—yeas, 108; nays, 53. The bill was then read at length. The Senate resolution dispensing with the session of the Legislature in May, in order to enable the Legislature to attend the ceremony of the unveiling of the monument to Governor Snyder, was concurred in. On motion of Mr. Brown, a resolution was adopted to the report of the committee to investigate the Connessville Hospital matter to the Attorney General, with the request that he may take such action in the premises as he deems proper. Adjourned.

In the House a large number of bills were considered. Agreeably to the special order made on the 12th, the House met at 8 o'clock at night for the consideration of the Bullitt bill, on second reading. Some amendments were adopted and the House adjourned.

This being Second Reading day in the House, was presented with a calendar of 19 pages, containing bills at that stage of progress. The only bill, however, which was ordered transcribed to a third reading, was one to regulate bankers and peddlers, and to provide penalties for peddling without a license. Adjourned.

REVUE.

The golden gates of morn are wide;
On every blade the dew is bright;
The azure veil is drawn to hide
The awful glories of the night;
The roses each to each have told,
Another sun will soon be seen;
And shall not I my light behold?
Make day for me—come forth, my Queen.

The tale the river told all night
Has taken now a gladder strain;
The flowers, as eager for thy sight,
With odors seek thy window-pane;
The jasmine tells thee Light has come,
And waves across the lattice-screen;
And shall thy voice be longer dumb?
Make music for my heart, my Queen.

In shade as yet, the eastern hill
Stands sharp against the yellow sky,
The purple woods are sleeping still,
And white mists in the village lie;
But westward slopes are all awake
With change and play of softer green;
O Love, my summer morning make,
'Tis time for day—shine forth, my Queen.

AN INVESTMENT IN THE BANK OF PROVIDENCE.

The yellow haze of midsummer hung its radiant pennons over the velvet slopes of the Fairhaven farm—the river, murmuring softly over the pebbly bottom, flashed up like a sheet of silver—and the purple fields of clover, nodding ready for the scythe, filled the warm air with slumberous scents.

"Fine weather for the hayin," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his maternal nature, God's sunshine and the grand glitter of earth and sky, were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessions to a 'good crop'! Alas! is not this world full of Eliakim Fairhavens, in one shape or another?

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting and watching the cumbersome frolics of a pair of twin lambs, deserted by their heartless mother, whom she was 'bringing up by hand.'

"Yes," she said, with a mechanical glance in the direction of the beamy West. "Who's that a comin' up the path, I wonder?"

"One of the new hands, I calculate," said Eliakim, screwing up his eyes. "I didn't 'gree to give 'em their supper and board into the bargain, a night afore the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child nine years old, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child," said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress; "what ails you? and what do you want here?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and—"

"No, I can't! abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. 'This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place. If ye can pay your way, well and good; if ye can't, the sooner you go about your business the better!'"

"We have no money," timidly began the child, while the man, as if stunned and bewildered by the heartless fluency of the old farmer's speech, leaned up against the fence, pressing his hand on his forehead; "but—"

"Then clear out and be done with it!" said Eliakim, resuming his seat, with dogged composure.

Miss Comfort looked appealingly at her brother.

"If I could just get 'em a bowl of milk, Eliakim, and—"

"Stuff and nonsense," sonorously ejaculated the farmer, "I ain't a goin' to give in to this sort of thing. Once begin, and you'll never leave off, you soft-headed womenfolk!"

Slowly and wearily the two travelers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road—the languid foot-
steps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

"Oh, papa, papa!" sobbed the little girl, turning her blue, wistful eyes to the white, worn face, how cruel people are!

He placed his hand upon her curly, uncovered head.

"Never mind, Essie," he said, with a mournful tender pathos in his voice; "it will soon end. It cannot be for long, as far as I am concerned, poor child. But for you—" he stopped, his voice husky with emotion.

They had walked what seemed to little Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to stop.

"It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, reckless of her grammar. "Eliakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class-meeting at Squire Dundas, and I cut down through lots to overtake you. I tell you I can't somehow get your father's face out of my mind. You're sick, ain't you mister?"

"I shall soon be quite well, he answered calmly—and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected. Yes, he would soon be well, but it would be in that country where the inhabitants never say 'I am sick.'"

"Where are you going?" asked kind

Miss Comfort, her voice growing husky in spite of herself.

"We are going to my grandpa," said little Essie. "Grandpa was vexed with mamma for marrying papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now. But I won't stay with him unless papa stays too!"

And she resolutely tightened her grasp upon the thin, fever-burning hand.

"I suppose you want to get to Lonsdale?" said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Is it far?"

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort; "but I'll tell ye what—I'll make Joab get out the wagon, and with a good buffalo robe over the seats, you will ride easy enough. They'll be back afore Eliakim gets through, and while you're a waitin' I'll bring down a snack o' bread and meat, and a bottle of my currant wine. 'Taint good to travel on an empty stomach."

And five minutes later Miss Comfort was carrying her hospitable intentions into effect, greatly to the delight and appreciation of the hungry child.

"Now, see here," said Miss Comfort, drawing the child aside, when Joab drove up with the comfortable farm wagon and stout old horse, "I don't guess you've got more money than you can use?"

"We have only enough for our railroad tickets," said Essie, her countenance falling, "but—"

"I thought so," said Miss Comfort; "and here's a five-dollar bill I've laid aside out of my better money that Eliakim don't know nothin' about. I'd laid out to have a new mouse-colored merino dress this fall, but I guess you need it more'n I do; so here 'tis, and mind you don't lose it."

The child's eyes were brimming as she looked up in Miss Comfort's honest, hard-featured face.

"Will you let me kiss you just once?" she whispered, standing on tiptoe to bring her blooming cheek close to the spumster's wrinkled lips.

Kissing, as Miss Comfort might herself have remarked, had she had leisure for a remark, was not much in her way, but she could not resist the sweet, wistful entreaty.

There, she said, with a strange moisture in her eyes, run along, Joab's waitin'."

"Oh! cried little Esther, as she sat on the buffalo-draped seat. 'I wish I was rich and grown up!'"

"Why, what 'ud you do?" demanded honest Joab.

"I'd buy a diamond necklace and a pink dress for that good lady!"

Joab chuckled. "I don't know as they'd become her," he said, with grim jocularity. "So gee up, old Doll!"

"I know I am pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation, said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, but I cant starve, nor I won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother could not rest till he speculated it all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't much care where or—"

The intelligence-officer keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory e equence.

What wages did you ask?

Poor Miss Comfort—the blank word wages called a rusty glow to her cheek. I ain't particular about that so long as it's a good home.

Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—Housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponcau's, No.—Fifth Avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person of your appearance would suit.

I ain't young, I know, said Miss Comfort, with a sigh, but there's a deal o' tough work left in me yet. Give me the address—I shan't give up and starve without tryin' for it!

Yet, spite of all her philosophy, Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the Queen of Sheba, of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth Avenue mansion, surrounded by silken chairs, gilded tables, flashing mirrors and pictures, whose radiant skies might have been painted in liquidized gold, so rare and costly were they.

I'm 'most sorry I come! thought Miss Comfort. I don't fairly believe I can give satisfaction here.

While the thought was passing through her mind, the door swung open on its silver-plated hinges, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered—a young lady with golden brown hair looped after the fashionable style over brow, and deep blue eyes.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I've called to see—," she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by the young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried out, ecstatically. "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whither!"

And she hugged Miss Comfort more enthusiastically than ever, the bright tears sparkling on her eyelashes.

"Why," demanded the bewildered spinster, "who are you?"

"I'm Essie. Don't you remember little Essie Bell, that you gave the five-

dollar bill to, in the twilight, by the wild-rose bushes, years ago—"

Oh, o—o—hl exclaimed Miss Comfort. You don't mean to say that you are that—

And here she stopped, nearly strangled by Essie's renewed embraces, while she listened to the story of 'papa's death,' and how grandpa had adopted her; and how she was surrounded by all that luxury could devise, or art invent.

And I have longed to see you again, added Essie, for if it had not been for your kindness, papa never could have reached his home! And you shall live with me now, and be my darling old friend!

"No," said Miss Comfort, gravely, shaking her head. "I've come to apply for a situation as housekeeper, and if you won't give it to me, why I must go elsewhere."

And Essie was obliged to consent.

"But mind," said she, nodding the golden masses of her *crepe* hair, "I shall give you what wages I please! Grandpa always entrusts those things to my management!"

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed, nominally a housekeeper—really the trusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury she never dared to dream of in her loftiest aspirations.

Miss Comfort Fairhaven had invested the five-dollar bill advantageously. She had cast her bread upon the waters and after many days it had returned to her.

Among the Oranges.

The orange tree is hardy and lives for many years. One still healthy, somewhere in the Orient, is said to be over 2,000 years old. Frost does not kill the tree only the fruit. Trees commence to bear much more plentifully each year until 3,000 or more oranges are raised on a single tree in a single year. When first picked the oranges are put on racks to remain there until the moisture is dried from the skin. Each orange, before being boxed, is wrapped in a piece of paper, the wrapper acting as an absorbent of moisture and keeping the moist skins of the oranges from coming in contact with each other. Many people who go to Florida see oranges on the trees that line many of the streets in the largest places, as well as unpicked trees in groves. Hence they infer that oranges are so cheap as not to be worth the picking and boxing to sell. That's a mistake. The oranges so seen are bitter or sour oranges and not such as are sold. They are left for use when wanted for orangeade or punch, as well as for ornament to the grounds. Boys don't "go for" bitter or sour oranges, hence they are allowed to remain on the trees. In its original state the orange was probably bitter or sour, and the delicious flavor of the sweet orange came in by cultivation. It is a common sight to see the ripe orange, the green orange and masses of orange flowers all on the tree at a time. The ripe orange will remain on the tree for a year or more without picking, and many leave a few oranges on the tree to be picked as wanted. The orange, by remaining unpicked, becomes more dry and stringy but when the next year's fruit begins to be perfected the old orange fills up again with new juices and becomes nearly as good as the new fruit.

Washington and Benton.

With an old man, my talk turns upon Senator Benton and his life in Washington. I said: "Was Benton a frequent caller at the White House while Jackson was an occupant?" He replied: "I was there daily for more than a year, and during that time saw Senator Benton as a visitor not more frequently than the average Congressman. Benton was a man who did not come to Washington until Congress had convened and who left before its adjournment. He did this to avoid arrest. There was not a public man in Washington who went into debt to the extent that he did. He seemed to buy everything on credit, and some merchants that I knew finally refused to trust him. I remember one time I was in a dry goods house buying hose for my wife. The proprietor was showing me a line of fine goods which he had just received. While I was examining them Benton's daughter entered. The merchant grabbed the hose from my hands and thrust the boxes with the samples under the counter. I was indignant and started to leave. Before I reached the door the proprietor of the store caught me and began apologizing. 'You must excuse me he said, 'but Miss Benton entered and I did not want her to see the goods at which you were looking. She would certainly have wanted some, and I could not afford to let her have anything so costly on credit.'"

The Sorrow Tree.

Near Bombay, on the Island of Goa, there is a singular vegetable termed the "sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole year.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

No one knows the weight of another's burden.

Hard work is the best remedy for temptations.

Leave no time for the enemy to get an entrance.

We do more good by being good than in any other way.

By reading you enrich your mind, by conversation you polish it.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

All who joy would win must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

It is more honest to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

To persevere is one's duty and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage.

To a man, truth is what he knows; to a woman, truth is what she believes.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the zoving heart gathers no affections.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

To mistake difficulties for impossibilities, may determine whether you succeed or not.

There may be such a thing as chance, but there is one thing certain, no man can prove it.

Hear but one side and you will be in the darkness; hear both sides, and then all will be clear.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining.

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.

He that will not look before him will have to look behind him—and probably with some regret.

Self-abnegation is that rare virtue that good men generally preach, and good women practice.

Truth only smells sweet forever; and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the cankerworm.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it in case of emergency.

The very nature of love is to find its joy in serving others, not for one's own benefit but for theirs.

All nature is a vast symbolism. Every material fact has sheathed within it at least one spiritual truth.

When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning, there are numerous ways of escaping from its bonds.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Method is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.

The Spartans, notwithstanding their Doric ancestry, prayed the gods to grant them "the beautiful with the good."

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.

In studying character we do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend or the virtues of a bitter enemy.

No human mind is contented without occupation. No human soul is satisfied without an aim or purpose in life.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.

It is in vain to gather virtues without humility; for the Spirit of God delighteth to dwell in the heart of the humble.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

Thought engenders thought. Learn to think, and you will learn to write: the more you think the better you will express your ideas.

Envy is a littleness of soul which cannot see beyond a certain point, and if she does not occupy the whole space, feels itself excluded.

The main token of a strong character is not to make known every change and phase in thought and feeling, but to give the world the finished results.

Right habits are like the thread on which we string precious pearls—the thread is perhaps of no great value, but if it be broken, the pearls are lost.

Those who without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

Heart is a hope-place and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaken who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

There is no escaping the nail that grinds slowly and grinds small; and those who refuse to be living stones in the living temple, must be ground into mortar for it.