

## NEWS OF THE WEEK

The Georgia Senate, on the 18th, by a vote of 24 to 14, passed and sent to the House a bill to amend the Railroad Commission act. The bill repeals the arbitrary powers of the Commissioners, giving them the right to hear complaints only. It authorizes the railroads to make their own rates, and gives them the right of appeal to the courts.

A convention of the Young Democracy of Chicago, held for the purpose of electing officers, was in session on the 18th. The nomination of Henry F. Donovan for President was opposed, on the ground that his election would interfere with the Civil Service rules, he being Superintendent of Carriers in the Chicago Post-office. Finally Postmaster Judd endorsed the nomination, and Mr. Donovan was elected by a large majority.

A terrible prairie fire was raging west and north of Steele, Dakota, on the 17th. At Sterling, eighteen miles west, the farmers lost everything, their losses in grain ranging from 1000 to 3000 bushels each. At Buffalo, 200 stacks of wheat were destroyed on one farm; on another, 150 acres of wheat were consumed. A few miles from Steele, Mr. W. L. Bedford, while fighting the fire, inhaled flame and is in a critical condition.

"Bishop" John Sharp, the Utah director of the Union Pacific Railway, appeared in Court at Salt Lake City on the 18th, and pleaded guilty to the charge of "unlawful combination." He said the "plural marriage" in question was entered into before there was any statute against it, in good faith, according to his religion, but he recognized the supremacy of his adopted country's laws and would live within them henceforth. He was fined \$300, and was discharged upon payment of that sum.

Archdeacon Farrar, who is now in Montreal, has accepted an invitation from the Bishop and Catholic clergy to visit the Catholic colleges and convents.

A passenger train on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad collided with a special engine and pay car, near St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 17th. Both engines and the baggage car were wrecked. Supply Agent Hamilton, of the Rock Island Road, who was on the special, had a leg broken, and Engineer Black was dangerously, if not fatally, scalded.

The race of the Commodore's cups over the ocean course from Sandy Hook New York, took place on the 18th. The Douglas cup was won by the English cutter Genesta and the Bennett cup by the schooner Grayling.

It is announced that Imperial silver medals will be conferred on the troops recently engaged in suppressing the rebellion in the Northwest Territory.

General Miles on the 20th, left Santa Fe, New Mexico, for Leavenworth, after making the following statement: "I have put additional troops in the field, equipped in such a way that they can go wherever miners or Indians can, and it will be their duty to hunt the latter in places where they may seek shelter. Colonel Bradley agrees with him in the belief that, with the present disposition of the troops, they will give protection to settlements and make this Territory uncomfortable for any hostile Indians. My object is to make New Mexico untenable for the Indian and restore confidence to its citizens."

Andrew Corning, a farmer, was murdered near Marion, Indiana, on the 19th. A verdict of paricide was rendered on the 20th, and the two sons of the deceased, Samuel and Ira, were arrested. Their mother was to have been arrested in the evening.

The President on the 19th appointed Anthony F. Seeberger to be collector of customs at Chicago. Mr. Seeberger is a prominent hardware merchant of that city, "a man of wealth and high social standing," and "a consistent Democrat who has never been prominent in political affairs."

The Board of Naval Officers appointed to confer with the Secretary of the Navy regarding the new vessels to be constructed finished its labor in Washington on the 18th and adjourned. The report will probably be submitted to Secretary Whitney this week.

The subscriptions for the Grant Monument Fund in New York up to the 19th reached \$79,915. Madison Square Garden has been leased for three months for the purpose of holding a fair in aid of the fund.

Princeton college will open this year with about 550 students on the roll.

It is estimated that the losses by the prairie fires in Dakota will reach several thousand dollars. The loss by the burning of the Smith American Organ Company's factory in Boston, on the 18th, is estimated at \$100,000.

The Royal Netherlands Mail Company's dock in Jersey City was damaged by fire on the 19th to the extent of about \$50,000. A fire near Kildare, Texas, on the same day, destroyed A. T. Anderson's saw and planing mill and 1,500,000 feet of lumber, causing a loss of about \$25,000.

It is reported from Rock Springs, Wyoming, that the Union Pacific is determined to put the Chinese back in the mines. Notice has been posted that work will be resumed in four of the mines on the 28th, and that all the miners are expected to return to their places, and will be protected by the civil and military authorities both at their work and at their homes. All the strikers who do not return to their work will be paid off and discharged. It is expected that the Knights of Labor will retaliate by ordering a general strike along the line of the railroad.

A car full of Hereford cattle was burned while in transit from Lesueur, Minnesota, to Dakota, on the 23d. Two men who were in the car jumped off and sustained severe injuries. The car was fired by a spark from the engine.

Our numerous pensioners have been receiving their quarterly instalments during the past few days and are happy. There are a few more striving to get into Uncle Sam's till. It is said "Death levels all," but the old bones with his scythe can't reduce the number of U. S. pensioners!

The threatened trouble in the Constitutional Convention of Dakota has been settled by the adoption of a bill of rights which declares "all political power inherent in the people; all free government founded on their authority, and that they have a right to alter the forms of government," and declares the State of Dakota inseparably a part of the Union, and the Federal Constitution the supreme law of the land.

Generals Schofield, Tompkins and Sanger passed through Omaha on the 20th, on the way to Rock Springs, Wyoming. General Schofield was met at the depot by General Howard and several officials of the Union Pacific Railroad, with whom he had a long conference. The Chinese miners and such white men as were willing to work with them were put to work at Rock Springs on the 21st under military protection. The white coal miners who declined to work were paid off. No more trouble is expected.

The President on the 21st, appointed James F. Giffen to be Assistant Appraiser at New Orleans. The Secretary of the Treasury on the same day appointed John W. Roberts to be Superintendent of the Federal building at Denver, Colorado, in place of Peter F. Barclay, suspended, and Thomas Mumford to be Clerk of the local Inspectors of Steam Vessels at New York city, in place of William Tobin, suspended. The office of Chief of the Post-office Inspectors has been offered to William A. West, a planter, living near Oxford, Mississippi. Mr. West, who is now in Washington, holds the offer under consideration.

At Bevier, Missouri, early on the 21st, an air compressor, to be used in a coal mine, was blown to pieces on the car from which it was not yet unloaded. It is supposed dynamite was used, and strikers are suspected of the deed.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad is about to call for tenders for the building of a bridge across the St. Lawrence river to connect its system with the American railroads at St. Johns and Southeastern Chamby. The length of the bridge will be 3000 feet and its cost is estimated at \$1,500,000.

Secretary Endicott returned to Washington on the 20th and was at his desk on the 21st.

Secretary Lamar has been confined to his house for several days by a severe influenza. He was reported somewhat better on the 21st.

Archdeacon Farrar arrived in Toronto on the 22d. He will be the guest of Cyrus W. Field at Irvington, New York, on October 23d. Dr. Farrar will deliver three lectures in New York city and will preach at Trinity and Grace churches.

The annual Convention of the Order of United American Mechanics met on the 22d in New York. Forty delegates were present, representing New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Iowa and California. J. F. Kimball, of Massachusetts, presided. Secretary N. Caley, of Philadelphia, read reports showing an increase of 665 in membership in the past year, the total being 19,992. During the past year the receipts from subordinate Councils were \$141,291; paid in benefit and relief funds, \$65,015; now in the treasury, \$365,210.

The New York Republican State Convention met on the 22d in Saratoga, and temporarily organized with Senator Miller as chairman. James W. Husted was chosen permanent chairman, and nominations of candidates for Governor were then made. One ballot was taken without result. Carr receiving 205 votes, Warren 137, Davenport 105, Seward 57, Bliss 53, Morton 43, Drexel 37, Sevinne 32, Low 16, Cornell 4 and 3 scattering. Necessary to a choice, 347.

The Secretary of the Treasury has directed the suspension of George H. Sterling, recently appointed weigher at the New York Custom House in place of Captain George B. Bacon. The suspension is pending an investigation based on information that the appointment is an improper one.

A manifesto from the Riel Defence Fund Committee has been published in Montreal, in which the aid of the press is asked. The manifesto says "the Government is perhaps disposed to pay the costs of the appeal, seeing that the question of constitutional right, which interests the nation at large, is on the tapis."

By an explosion of natural gas at Sharpburg, Penna., on the 23d, William Schwartz, aged 40 years, and a boy named Beck were dangerously if not fatally injured. The explosion was caused by a leak in the main which Schwartz was repairing.

The boiler in Fabel's soap factory, at Louisville, exploded on the 23d, killing Edward Earnest, the Engineer, and damaging the building to the extent of \$15,000. A boiler in the same factory exploded a year ago, killing two men.

The Secretary of the Treasury has asked for the resignation of Martin L. Noerr as Chief of the Division of captured and abandoned lands. Mr. Noerr was appointed from the District of Columbia, and is one of the oldest employes in the service. It is said there are no charges against him.

Near Seattle, Washington Territory, on the 21st, a mob of masked men went to the quarters of the Chinese workmen at Black Diamond Mine and burned their houses. The Chinamen had been discharged from the mines and were preparing to go to Seattle. A convention of delegates from all parts of the Puget Sound region will meet in Seattle to-day "to devise means of riding the section of Chinamen."

A garbage-sifting machine in New York disposes of 140 tons of rubbish daily. One hundred tons is found to be valuable.

Dr. Jaeger, of Munich, maintains that those people who wear wool, and nothing but wool, winter and summer, never catch cold.

The first violins in the celebrated Brussels Monnaie orchestra of 80 members, receive, it is stated, only £10 per month.

## SUMMER COMPANIONS

"Mid the flowers and the brakes,  
In the sun, in the shower,  
One with insect and bird,  
Children born for an hour;  
They pitched their white tent  
On my wild blooming sward,  
Contented with summer  
And nature unbarred.

One morning when storm-wind  
Swept over the land,  
And the fog-bell was tolling  
Blind ships from the strand,  
I sought my green pasture  
And sail-sheltered birds,  
There was silence for laughter  
And sadness for words.

Nor again with the season  
When soft waves return,  
God's sweetness of sunshine,  
And lilies that burn,  
Do they pitch on my green sward  
Their white-winged tent,  
Nor dance in cool sunshine  
When clover is bent.

Then come, mighty storm-wind,  
Companion thou me,  
For in dark and in tempest  
My spirit is free!  
The summer may go,  
And the flowers they may die,  
On thy wing to my dearest  
Ever nearer I fly.

## CATHARINE'S PRIZE STORY.

ne summer not very long ago I was spending the warm months at a Northern resort noted for its salubrious climate and beautiful surroundings. While there I made the acquaintance of a talented young artist and his wife. He was fair, tall and slender, while she was a dark-eyed little woman of the dumping order. They seemed eminently fitted for each other, there being evidently a perfect sympathy between them. She studied art for his sake, and had acquired a fine critical taste.

One day when she was showing me her husband's pictures I was much attracted by the portrait of a young and beautiful girl; but the face bore a certain undefinable expression that baffled me. It was not hope, neither was it utter despair; but rather a blending of the two combined with a certain mournful resignation. I felt the tears start to my eyes as I gazed.

"You are attracted by the expression of that portrait," said Mrs. Shelton. "It is a picture of a relative of ours. My husband painted it from a photograph taken in her girlhood. It does not resemble this, does it?" and she handed me a photograph of a handsome, matronly woman, whose face bore a peaceful, happy expression, much unlike the other.

"The features are the same," I answered, but the fairy godmother has touched her with her magic wand."

"Since you are so interested, I will tell you her story," said my friend. "As to the fairy godmother and her wand, you shall judge for yourself.

"When I was a little girl," she began, "my parents lived in the country, in the suburbs of a small village. I was but 12 years old when Catharine Hawley came to teach our school. She was an orphan and had the care of her brother, a delicate child about my own age, but lame. He had to be wheeled about in a chair. They boarded at our house, for she was very particular that Merlin should have plenty of fresh air, good food and milk fresh from the cow. He was wheeled to school by us children, and then home again at night.

"We became very much attached to him after a while. He had such shy, gentle ways, and though sickly and often suffering great pain, he was a better scholar than any of us, and used to help the older ones with their lessons, and tell stories and draw funny pictures for the little ones for hours together. In return we would do anything in our power for him.

"Miss Hawley had the finest perceptive faculties that I ever saw in a teacher. She could tell if a pupil was guilty of any misdemeanor by instinct almost. Her eyes penetrated all disguises of look or tone or action. The boys used to wonder at being detected in their wrong doings. There was a suspicion among them at one time that Merlin told on them.

"My brother John, though not a quarrelsome boy, caught one of them on the way home from school one night and gave him a severe thrashing for calling Merlin a 'white-faced tell-tale.' The boy was larger than John, too, but indignation had made my brother brave.

"Merlin felt very bad when he heard of the quarrel, and he never rested until he got the two boys together and had them 'make-up.' He told them, too, that he disliked tell-tales as much as they did, and he didn't blame them for getting angry when they thought him one. After that any of them would have fought for him.

"One day a celebrated lecturer came to the village. He and father had been old schoolmates together and he took tea at our house. He was much interested in Merlin, and told Catharine of a famous physician who he thought could cure him. Catharine was very much excited over it. That evening, I remember, she was sitting on a low stool by Merlin's chair, and he was smoothing her hair. She took both his hands in hers and said: 'What would you rather have, Merlin, of all things in the world?'

"And he answered in a whisper, with a glance at his helpless feet:

"You know, Catharine,"  
"She cried a little quite softly before she said, almost as if she were talking to herself:  
"God will surely open the way. He will surely help us."

"A day or two after that I saw her with a paper in her hand. She seemed very much interested in something she seemed read in it. I slept in the room next hers, and I noticed that she sat up quite late that night. She was very thoughtful and absent-minded for a week or two; then she seemed seized with a mania for writing. She was always writing nights and mornings and Saturdays. There were no more cozy evenings now, with Catharine laughing and giving us riddles to guess, as we once had. She had a beautiful voice, as you might know by looking at those great, expressive eyes in the portrait there. Her singing had been one of our greatest pleasures.

"Child as I was, I noticed this change in Catharine and was pained. She didn't love us as she used to, I thought. One day I said as much to her. She took my face between her hands and kissed me.

"Can you keep a secret, Nellie?" she said.

"Then she told me. There was a prize offered for the best story, and she was trying to win it. She wanted the money to send Merlin away to the doctor. Prof. Jordan had advised, so that he might have the chance, at least, of being cured. And I must be her little friend, she said, and do my best to take her place with Merlin and to the children, so that they should not think of her as neglecting them.

"After that she would read me the story, a few pages at a time, as she wrote it. And when, in my childish intensity, I would laugh or cry, as the humor of the story was, her face would lighten beautifully, and she would be quite hopeful.

"After a while the story was finished and I took it to the office for her. Then came a trying time for poor Catharine. The double work, teaching and writing, had been a great strain, and left her weak and nervous. As the time drew near for the delivery to be announced in regard to the stories, the suspense became painful to us both. We used to walk together in the woods back of the house—a beautiful place in summer—and talk about it.

"Oh, if I fail," she would say, 'what shall I do next? The Lord will surely help me! But he can't be expected to supply the lack of capacity, I suppose.' And the smile on her white lips was sadder than any tears.

"Teachers didn't get such large wages then as they do now, and Catharine barely made enough to clothe and board herself and brother. So this really seemed to be her only chance.

"Merlin knew nothing about it. Catharine wouldn't have his hopes excited, she said, for fear they would, not be realized. But sometimes she would sit and look at him as, cheerful and patient, he wheeled his chair about the porch, with such an agony of suspense in her face that a lump would rise in her throat and I would go away and cry.

"I had begged the privilege of going to the postoffice for the mail. I wanted to be the bearer of the news to Catharine that was either to raise her hopes or destroy them. One day among the letters was one addressed to Catharine, and I knew by the postmark that it was the one. My feet scarcely touched the ground on the way home. I rushed to Catharine's room—she nearly always awaited me there—and thrust the letter into her hand.

"For a few minutes she sat holding the letter with the seal unbroken, as if she feared to know her fate. Then, with fingers that trembled so that she could scarcely control them, she broke the seal. A bank note fell out on her lap. She gave one loud, joyful cry, then fainted dead away."

Mrs. Shelton paused in her narrative, ostensibly to loop back the curtain, but—well I brushed the tears from my own eyes, and we were both quite composed when she resumed.

"Well there was quite an exciting time. Mother came running up with the camphor bottle, in answer to my distressed call for help, and the children formed a frightened group outside the door. When Catharine regained consciousness she looked about for Merlin; then remembering where she was, she just swept us all aside and was downstairs and by his chair in a moment.

"Mother kept us all away for a long time; but when I did creep out on the porch the brother and sister had their arms about each other, and Catharine's face shone like an angel's.

"Well, Merlin went away Catharine stayed with us and taught. She could not give herself the comfort of being with him, for fear her money would not hold out. There was a very difficult operation to be performed, and such things are expensive, as you know. It was during those days of suspense that Catharine's face took on the expression in the portrait there. The other was taken since her marriage."

"But Merlin—was he cured after all?" I asked.

"There is no trace of his lameness except a slight limp, as you may see for yourself," she answered pointing to her husband, who was coming up the walk.

"But I thought you said his sister's name was Hawley?"  
"She is my husband's half sister. They are children of the same mother. By the way, Catharine is coming tomorrow. I should like you to be acquainted."

Afterward when I had the pleasure of counting Catharine among my friends, I did not wonder at the devotion with which her brother and his wife regarded her, for she was truly one of the noblest women I have ever known.

## Dining with Alexis Soyer.

Another "male dinner" of which I retain a vivid recollection took place in the private room of Soyer, the famous cook of the Reform club. A paper which I had contributed to a magazine on the inexhaustible subject of gastronomy attracted the notice of an authority at "The Club," and he called at my chambers with Soyer to talk over one of my theories and dispute its soundness. The upshot was that Soyer, who had peculiar notions on the art of dinner-giving proposed that I should dine with him on a day named, and he gave me the privilege of inviting four friends, while he would ask another, and, with the party present, make up the number of eight—just the number that can occupy a round-table, and be seen by each other. A perfect dinner party, where the conversation is general, should not exceed eight persons, or fall short of six. The dinner came off in the autumn, when game was abundant in the markets.

The party consisted of a distinguished actor, an artist, one of The Punch staff, a clerk in the foreign office, a Frenchman of letters, and the three individuals named above. Friends came disposed to be cheerful and strangers soon became friends. The conversation from beginning to end was delightful—varied, intelligent, vivacious; but the style of the dinner was in itself suggestive to remark. Only one dish came upon the table at the time. There were no knives—no salt! The meat, the fish, the fowl came before us in delicate slices, so exquisitely dressed and so rapidly seasoned that nothing more was necessary than to separate the morceaux with a fork and fall to.

There was a different wine for each course. Germany, France, Spain and Portugal contributed the results of their vintages to whet the appetite and impart spirit to the talk. Conviviality was at its height when we had four hours at the table—i. e., from 8 p. m. until midnight—and then, to our astonishment, the butler brought in a ham and a pheasant. With one voice we protested against such a reinforcement after the numerous courses of which we had partaken. But Soyer was absolute. "Cut the ham, mon cher ami," he said to me. I obeyed with the sharpest of knives, brought in for the occasion, when, to my surprise, the simulated ham proved to be a sort of pound-cake with a mass of fruit-ice in its center. The imitation was so perfect that Soyer was quite justified in calling it a "Jaubon in a surprise." The pheasant was a similar imposition. In fact, it was nearly all ice-cream in a very thin paste colored to resemble a roasted bird.

While we were at dinner a servant brought in another specimen of Soyer's taste and ingenuity; this was what he called a "bouquet de gibier"—a bouquet of game. It was three feet in height, shaped like a boy's kite—or, in fact, like an ordinary nosegay. On a bed of evergreens there lay in the center a pheasant in its gorgeous plumage, flanked at the upper corners by partridges, and on either side of the center lay the heads of hares and rabbits, whose feet projected below, the bodies being concealed by the leaves. Two woodcocks, gracefully arranged, formed the vortex of the bouquet. The whole thing was intended as a present to the duchess of Sutherland, the queen mistress of the robes, who heartily patronized the illustrious cuisinier.

## A Gorgeous Cathedral.

"The gold and scarlet of the sun" is rivalled in the cupolas of St. Peter's Cathedral, just finished at Moscow. There are five of the cupolas, and no less than 900 pounds of gold were used in overlaying them. The doors of the temple cost \$310,000, and upon the floors were expended \$1,500,000. Ten thousand worshippers can be comfortable if their souls let them within this \$12,500,000 temple.

## Three Old Counties.

The three original counties established at the first settlement of the Province of Penn in 1682 were Chester, Bucks and Philadelphia. Lancaster county's organization dates from May 10, 1729. It was formed from Chester; and the counties of York, Cumberland, Berks, Northumberland, Dauphin and Lebanon were constructed wholly or in art from this county.

A good country priest said to a dying drunkard: "My friend, you must reconcile yourself with your enemies."  
"Then," groaned the dying man, "give me a glass of water."

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street car when a gentleman gives her his seat.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Self-reliance is quite distinct from self-assertion.  
Fancy runs most furiously when conscience drives it.

Better free in a foreign land than a slave at home.  
The future of society is in the hands of the mothers.

Talk is cheap, but a good example costs something.  
A fruit-bearing tree bends; all the virtues are lowly.

The men that hope little are the men that go on working.  
The scenes of childhood are the memories of future years.

Idleness wastes a man as sensibly as industry improves him.  
People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

Faults are the things that make us all brothers and sisters.  
Idleness wastes a man as sensibly as industry improves him.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, and freedom.  
The ingredients of conventions are truth, good sense and wit.

Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and gracefulness.  
Many live miserably and meanly just to die magnificently and rich.

The man who feels certain he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.  
Love, faith, patience—these are the three essentials of a happy life.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our hopes and delusions.  
Mean souls, like poor pictures, are often found in good-looking frames.

Treat your enemies as if they would some time or other be your friends.  
Hope softens sorrow, brightens plain surroundings, and eases a hard lot.

Life is a long shipwreck of which the debris is friendship, glory and love.  
He who is ashamed of his poverty will surely be arrogant of his wealth.

It is the lot of genius to be opposed, and to be invigorated by opposition.  
It is human nature to love to make experiments at the expense of others.

He who laughs at cruelty set his heel on the neck of religion and godliness.  
It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

Impossibilities, like vicious dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them.  
It is only those that have done nothing, who fancy they can do everything.

He who has filled the measure of his days has only learned how to begin to live.  
Laws are always multiplying lawyers and lawyers always multiplying laws.

Follow the fashion; you had better display other people's follies than your own.  
Many pride themselves upon being wild young men, who are only wild beasts.

Women loves always. When earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.  
The boy whose highest ambition it is to equal his father, seldom amounts to anything.

Anger is blood, poured and perplexed into a froth; but malice is the wisdom of our wrath.  
We measure minds by their stature; it would be better to esteem them by their beauty.

How can we expect to know our neighbor's character, when he doesn't know it himself.  
There is nothing that so refines the face and mind as the constant presence of good thoughts.

The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men that can't be buried.  
A great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

People seldom improve much when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.  
Fortune does not materially change men; it only unmask them and shows their true character.

It is easy to pick out flaws in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.  
Misery must follow sin, at a distance more or less near, as inevitably as the needle points to the pole.

Intelligence tests ignorance and wisdom tests foolies. But who are the intelligent and who are wise?  
The application of common sense in matters of belief or business is always our best guide and monitor.

Less time spent in idle dreaming and devoted to the duties of life would give us wealth and contentment.  
Truth sometimes forces the vicious and depraved to recognize and honor the virtue they cannot corrupt.

Only the power and potency of nature's laws are manifested to us when we come in contact with them.  
Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one and frost out of the other.

Zealous men are never displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are howling you the grounds of it.  
The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one. It has no conscience. Napoleon is the readiest instance of this.

True dignity abides with him alone who, in the silent hour of unward thought, can still suspect, and still reverse himself in lowliness of heart.  
The difference between being perfect and in constantly trying to be so, is the difference between an angel in heaven and a good man on earth.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as trusting him; suspect him and you weaken his faith in himself and in everybody else.  
There is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as custom. It rules all the fools with a rod of iron, and threatens even the wise.