

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—John Knell, his wife and three children, were found at their home in Baltimore on the 6th inst. in the process of escaping gas. Elizabeth, one of the daughters, aged 13 years, is dead, and the eldest daughter, Mary, is in a precarious condition. The rest are expected to recover.

—E. W. Haskett, ex-United States District Attorney for Alaska, was killed at Needles, California, on the 5th, by falling from a train. He was on his way home, having been removed from office.

—The President on the 7th appointed James A. Bayard, of Maryland, (a son of Secretary Bayard), to be Secretary for Arizona; Joseph C. Stranghan, of Indiana, to be Surveyor General of Idaho; James A. Dawson, of Colorado, to be Surveyor General of Colorado; John Hise, to be Surveyor General of Arizona; Edward R. Pierce, to be Appraiser at Portland, Maine, and Robert A. Thompson, to be Appraiser at San Francisco.

—The State census of Wisconsin, just completed, shows a total of 1,563,423, divided as follows: White males, 806,342; white females, 748,810; negroes, 5576; Indians, 2695.

—The President on the 7th issued a proclamation commanding all persons at Seattle and other places in Washington Territory, who have assembled for unlawful purposes, to desist therefrom and to disperse and retire peacefully to their homes on or before twelve o'clock meridian of November 8th. A force of United States troops has gone to Seattle to preserve order there.

—The inspection of the returns in the Hamilton county Senatorial cases, now before the Circuit Court in Cincinnati, has disclosed a number of discrepancies between the total votes credited to Senatorial candidates and the total number of names on the poll book. These frauds—or mistakes—will probably result in the election of the whole Republican ticket.

—The last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railroad was driven near Farwell, British Columbia, on the 7th, by Hon. Donald Smith. General Manager Van Horne was present, and the party went through to the Pacific coast.

—Rev. Dr. O'Connell, bearer of the decrees of the Plenary Council, is about due in New York, and is expected in Baltimore this week. He will confer with Archbishop Gibbons before the decrees, approved by the Pope, are published.

—Secretaries Manning and Whitney have returned to Washington, and resumed their official duties.

—President Cleveland on the 8th attended the First Presbyterian Church in Washington and heard Dr. Sunderland preach on "Reform."

—Full returns from all the Legislative districts in Virginia show that the next Senate will have 30 Democrats to 10 Republicans, and the next House 70 Democrats to 30 Republicans.

—The latest election returns from New York give Jones, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, about 4000 plurality over Carr. This shows that Carr ran about 7000 ahead of Dayenport.

—The President on the 9th appointed Everett Salmonstun to be Collector of Customs at Boston; Don Carlos Buell, Pension Agent at Louisville, and Colonel Robert McKinley, Pension Agent at Detroit. Don Carlos Buell was the noted Union General during the civil war, who for a long time commanded the Army of the Ohio. The President also appointed S. G. Bennett postmaster at Pittston, Penna., and T. G. Bunnell postmaster at Newton, New Jersey.

—The legislature of Oregon met on the 9th in special session for the purpose of electing a U. S. Senator to succeed James H. Slater, whose term expired on the 3d of March last.

—At Chicago on the 9th Judge Prendergast, after an official canvass, decided the new election law adopted. The vote in its favor was more than two to one.

—General Clinton B. Fisk, Erastus Brooks, Dr. James F. Rhoads, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Hon. Albert K. Smiley, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Mrs. I. C. Kinney, Mrs. A. S. Quinton and Miss Alice C. Fletcher, members of the committee appointed by the Indian Conference held at Lake Mohonk, last month, to present its views to the President, are now in Washington.

—The trustees of the Actors' Fund in New York on the 9th, adopted resolutions on the death of John McCullough. The New York and St. Louis Lodges of Elks have appointed committees to attend the funeral, and each offered a burial place for the dead tragedian.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt was elected President of the St. Nicholas Society in New York on the 9th.

—Major Edward Mallet, of Washington, on the 9th called upon the President and made an appeal for the interference of this Government to prevent the hanging of Riel by the Canadian authorities. The President, after giving the matter thorough consideration, concurred with Mr. Bayard's opinion, previously given, that it was not a case in which the United States Government could properly interfere.

—The President on the 10th appointed William Hyde to be Postmaster at St. Louis, in place of Rodney D. Wells, suspended; James Burns to be Surveyor of Customs at Kansas City, Missouri; Oscar Valetton, Assistant Appraiser at New Orleans, and Allan S. Stirling, Jr., Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifteenth District of New York. Mr. Hyde, the new Postmaster for St. Louis, is editor of the *Republican* newspaper of that city. He was endorsed

by both Senators and all the Democratic Congressmen from Missouri, by the President of the St. Louis Council, nineteen of the city officials, by managers of insurance, steamboat and railroad companies, and by prominent bankers. Samuel J. Tilden, Jr., the new Collector for the Fifteenth New York District, is a nephew, as well as namesake of Samuel J. Tilden. He was at one time a member of Governor Cleveland's staff, but has always heretofore declined public office.

—General Middleton passed through St. Paul on the 10th on his way from Winnipeg to Montreal. Being questioned about Riel, he said "there was no question but that Riel would hang, and he did not believe there would be any hostile demonstration when the execution occurred."

—The North, South and Central American Exposition, at New Orleans, was formally opened on the 10th. The ceremonies began with a civic and military parade. The programme at the building included music, prayer, speeches by the Director General, the President of the Exposition Association, Commissioner General Pitkin, Governor Emory, Mayor Guilloitte, Senator Romero, Rev. S. H. Werley (colored), and Major Burke. Only a small portion of the exhibits are yet in place.

—The 8th annual American Fat Stock and Dairy Show opened on the 10th in the Exposition Building at Chicago. Nearly all the famous herds of fancy cattle in the United States and Canada are represented, and the display of draft horses is said to be unusually large and fine.

—By the fall of a scaffold on a new iron bridge in course of construction near Keokuk, Illinois, on the 9th, four men were killed and two others were severely injured. The killed were Patrick Conway, James Mc Cann, John Olsen and Patrick Noonan.

—Professor Wiley, Chief Chemist of the Agricultural Department, goes to Europe this week to purchase for the use of the government, in its experimental stations in Louisiana, the latest improvements in machinery for the manufacture of cane sugar.

—The agreement for the reciprocal crossing of the international boundary by troops of the United States and Mexico in pursuit of hostile Indians has been extended until November 1st, 1888.

—The National Conference of Free Traders and Revenue Reformers met on the 11th in Chicago. About 200 delegates were present. David A. Wells, the President, called the Conference to order, and General Stiles, of Chicago, delivered an address of welcome. B. R. Bowker, Honorary Secretary of the Conference, read a report, in which he said there were State reform associations in thirteen States, and local organizations in many other States. Most of these organizations are in relation with the American Free Trade League, which is now organized as a national association. He urged upon the Free Traders "the necessity of planning for a great campaign, the first step toward which is the raising of a fund of \$20,000, which will be needed this and next year, in view of the Congressional elections of 1890." He said a third of that sum was already pledged.

—The President on the 11th appointed General Joseph A. Bartlett, of New York City, to be Second Deputy Commissioner of Pensions, in place of Lewis C. Bartlett, resigned on account of ill-health; and William Morgan, of Nashville, to be a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, in place of Orange Judd, resigned. General Bartlett was a soldier of the War for the Union, and was Minister to Stockholm under President Johnson.

—Dr. John G. Lee, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Secretary of Legation at Constantinople. The appointment was made at the personal solicitation of Minister Cox.

—The Governor of New York has appointed Aiton B. Parker, of Kings-ton, to be Justice of the Supreme Court, to succeed George Westbrook, deceased.

—The total value of our exports of mineral oils during the ten months which ended on October 31st, 1885, was \$41,598,424, against \$40,467,025 during the corresponding period of last year.

—A telegram from Reading, Penna., says that a number of iron ore mines along the East Penn Railroad, which were worked steadily during the past season, are about to close down. This will throw out of employment several hundred men who worked during the summer for 60 cents a day.

—The Methodist Episcopal Conference in New York, on the 11th completed its appropriations for domestic work. The total is \$205,000. The grand total of appropriations by the conference this year is \$1,250,000.

—A meeting of the State Board of Health was held in Harrisburg on the 11th. A number of reports were submitted. A resolution was adopted "prohibiting the removal of the rags from the steamship Lucy A. Nichols, just arrived at Philadelphia from a Japanese port, until properly disinfected."

—The American Association of Mechanical engineers, in session at Boston on the 11th elected the following officers: President, Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia; Vice Presidents, Olin H. Landreth, of Nashville; Horace Zee, of Philadelphia; Charles H. Loring, of Washington; and Allan S. Stirling, Jr., of New York; Managers, Hamilton A. Hill, of Boston; William Kent, of New York; and S. T. Wallman, of Cleveland; Treasurer, William H. Wiley, of New York.

—There is a new island about 300 feet long in the Hudson a few miles below Albany, which boaters say will seriously obstruct navigation.

—The Kona coffee of Hawaii is said to take a peculiar flavor from the soil, a delicious rich sweetness equaling if not surpassing the Mocha.

—The brokers of Mark Lane, London, say that people want 20 per cent. more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild and muggy.

A THOUSAND CHEERS.

A thousand cheers for the blighted life,
The lonely one—we daily meet,
The sad, sad lot—a knight in the strife
Is trodden down by rapid feet.
He needs our hand in the heartless race,
The voice of love might calm his fears,
Our smile might brighten his care worn
face,
Inspire his life with a thousand cheers.
A thousand cheers for the sewing girl
With her tired hands and her heavy
heart—
Though pure in soul—unknown in the whirl
Of money makers in city mart,
O beautiful flower on the toilsome path,
O jewel rare for the weary eyes,
O thought sublime that her toiling hath
A thousand cheers from the starry, skies!

A thousand cheers for the honest boy,
Unlearned in schemes of fame and
wealth,
Whose steps are heralds of restless joy—
The restless joy of rugged health.
The clouds may shadow, some sunny day,
This picture gilt with morning light,
But honor on earth still finds a way
And room enough for a deed of right.

A thousand cheers for the man of might
Who bravely strives when others fail,
Who marches on to the losing fight
When rights go down and wrongs
prevail.
The man who bears the scorn and the
frown
And Censure's bitter blasting breath,
Receives at last, a dear-bought crown.
A thousand cheers at the gates of death.

A CRUEL WRONG AVENGED

On the piazza of a spacious residence on the plantation of Mark Denham, in Alabama, sat two gentlemen in earnest conversation. The elder was about forty years of age, the other but twenty-three. The former was the owner of the plantation, and the young man, Louis Hirst, was a visitor in the vicinity; he had seen Elia Denham, the niece of Mr. Denham, a beautiful brunette of twenty, and fallen in love with her. She loved him in turn, and he was now asking her uncle's consent to the union. A peculiar smile lit up the features of the planter, which he sought to conceal from the pleader. He faced the young man and said:

"The significance of your words, as I understand them, implies that you want the girl for your wife?"

Hirst inclined his head, and the planter continued:

"Well, young man, I cannot say that I have any objections to the match. I suppose you have settled matters between yourselves?" he asked, and again the peculiar triumphant smile illumined his features.

"Yes, sir," was the response, "and she referred me to you."

"And very proper, too," Denham rejoined. "You have my consent; but before you wed her you should be let into a little secret of her pedigree—a secret she does not know herself, I believe."

"I think I have heard that which you refer to," was the smiling rejoinder.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the planter, in surprise. "I cannot believe it."

"You refer to the fight of Elia's father after that fatal duel, ten years ago, do you not?" asked Hirst.

"No; that is a trivial matter in comparison to what I have to reveal. Listen, I will relate the story in a few words. You have, I presume, observed the handsome quadroon woman who officiates as housekeeper in the family?"

"Yes, and a handsome, as well as intelligent and refined woman she appears to be," rejoined the young man, quite unprepared for what was coming.

"She is Elia Denham's mother!"

"My God!" cried the young man, as he started to his feet.

As he uttered this exclamation a faint wail echoed it behind him, and Lizzie, the alleged mother of Elia, stepped out upon the piazza and stood before them.

"Do you not miss your words?" Denham asked the stricken lover, as he sat with his face buried in his hands.

Hirst made no response.

"Because, if you do not, here is her mother to verify my statement," the planter continued.

Hirst looked up and gazed at the woman in a dazed manner for a moment, then hoarsely asked her if it were true?

"That I am Elia Denham's mother? Yes," was the reply.

"And her father?" asked Hirst.

"Richard Denham," replied the woman.

"And Elia was born—when?" almost whispered the anguished young man.

"In 1857, three years before the rebellion."

"Were you a slave then?"

"I was," replied Lizzie, and at a signal from Mr. Denham the quadroon glided into the house.

"Well, Hirst, when shall the wedding be?" asked the planter, in a mocking tone, and he no longer strove to conceal the triumphant expression that now lit up his whole face.

"Sir; you insult me!" cried the young man, starting to his feet again.

"Don't want to marry a slave, eh?"

"Mr. Denham," was the indignant response to this taunt, "I look you for a gentleman, but I now see my mistake."

Denham flamed up at these words, and, striding up to the young man, he hissed these words in his face:

"The same mistake, perhaps, I made when I took your father for one fifteen years ago. He was my neighbor, and by devilish means he enticed me to resort to the gambling table, and almost ruined me. He fled to the North with his ill-gotten gains, and I could not reach him. However, I swore to be even with him on one of his kin.

"You came most opportunely, and you may suppose I eagerly watched your growing love for the daughter of a slave, and was not slow in striking at the proper time.

"Marry her, if you will," he continued, "I shall not say nay; possibly she will make you a good wife—good enough, anyway, for the son of such a father as Philip Hirst."

"Wretch!" cried the now enraged man, and with one blow he struck the planter prostrate at his feet, then sped away in the gloom of the deepening twilight.

When Denham arose to his feet he wore an expression that boded no good to the young man; he was about to fol-

low after his assailant, when a low voice cried:

"Uncle, I want to speak to you."

"I will see you after I have chastised that scoundrel," was the hasty response, and the next moment he disappeared.

Denham did not return until a late hour; whether he and Hirst had met was not known; nor was it known what transpired in the interview between the planter and his niece.

It was prolonged until past midnight, and, according to the testimony of the servants, it was a stormy interview; violent words were used by both, but their import could not be learned.

When all was quiet the affrighted servants retired. In the morning they found their master dead in bed—stabbed in the heart.

Elia Denham was awakened and apprised of what had occurred, and she at once denounced Louis Hirst as the murderer. She hastened to inform the authorities of the tragedy, stating that her uncle and Hirst had had a serious quarrel the previous evening, during which the young man knocked down Mr. Denham, and that in was her firm belief that Hirst was the assassin.

The young man was taken into custody at his hotel, just as he was on the eve of departure for his home in Philadelphia. He expressed both surprise and horror when he learned what had occurred, but smiled disdainfully when told who was his accuser.

Before a magistrate, the girl repeated what she had witnessed, but did not positively declare that Hirst had killed her uncle, but was impressed with that belief.

Hirst stoutly denied the killing, and said he was willing to swear that after he parted from Denham, after their quarrel, he went directly to his hotel and retired.

That night he slept in a felon's cell. Next morning, Elia Denham was missing, and the greatest consternation prevailed among the servants, who sought for her everywhere in the vicinity without success. She had disappeared and left no trace behind her. Why she went away and whether she had gone was an unexplained mystery.

The coroner's jury found Louis Hirst guilty of the murder, and the young man was remanded for trial.

When the deceased's affairs were examined it was discovered that the plantation really belonged to his exiled brother. This was attested to by the attorney who conveyed the estate, in trust, to Mark Denham, by the consent of Richard, his brother, said estate to become the exclusive property of Elia Denham, daughter and only child of the exile, when she attained her majority.

Where Richard had hidden himself was known to few, if any, save, perhaps, Mr. Barbour, the attorney. Whether Elia knew it could only be conjectured, but it was presumed she knew where her father was and had probably joined him. But the cause of her abrupt departure was a mystery.

It had not been for the fact that she and her uncle lived on most amicable terms, her hasty flight would certainly have looked suspicious and inclined the neighbors to think that she, instead of Hirst, had committed the murder.

At the trial that followed, Hirst's counsel had subpoenaed Lizzie, the quadroon, as a witness for the defense, and truly her evidence created a sensation in court.

It appeared that Mr. Mark Denham had her in his power—the reason she would not give, however. Presuming that he compelled her to assume the position of mother to the girl, Hirst believed to be a slave, tainted with African blood.

"I nursed Elia from early infancy," the witness said. "Her mother died directly after her babe was born, and she was a white woman. I was in the parlor and heard the whole conversation between Louis Hirst and Mark Denham. I was instructed by the latter to appear at a certain stage of the conversation and proclaim that I was Elia's mother. I did not know that the poor girl was also a secret listener to the foul slander Denham uttered against her until I felt my hand seized by her's and then, with a moan of pain, she sank insensible at my feet."

"After I had played my part on the piazza, I returned to my poor charge and restored her to consciousness, when I undeceived her and told her the truth. This aroused her anger to a pitch of madness, and she swore she would avenge the outrage."

"I endeavored to appease her, and pointed out to her that no harm was done, now that the calumniator had been properly chastised by Hirst, who, himself, would probably return to his northern home, and no one would repeat the scurrilous story."

"Properly punished!" cried the girl in scornful tones, "do you call being simply knocked down proper punishment for so atrocious a slander? You shall see what I deem a proper punishment for such a dastard."

"That night after Denham returned from his search for Hirst, he and Elia had hot words about it, but their nature I did not learn. However," continued she, "when I found in the morning that Denham had been killed during the night I feared that the girl had committed the deed, and intimidated as much to her."

"No," she answered, "I was just perfecting a plan when some one forestalled me. Louis Hirst evidently killed him, and that act lay to his credit as an offset against his cruel decision not to unite his destinies with one of the 'accursed race.' I shall nevertheless, denounce him to the authorities, and let them decide his fate. I loved him truly, and now despise him."

"After her flight, however," the woman said in conclusion, "I was convinced that she avenged the foul wrong put upon her, and I believe so still."

The jury was of the same opinion and acquitted the accused after a brief consultation in the box.

As Louis left the door a letter was thrust into his hand by a colored lad, who instantly disappeared in the crowd. The letter was addressed to himself, written in a beautiful feminine hand. He opened it, looked at the signature and saw the name of Elia Denham.

Hastily thrusting the letter into his

pocket he went to his hotel and in the privacy of his room he read its contents. This is what he read:

"Sir—Had you come directly to me after that foul slander was foisted upon you by my uncle, and manifested sympathy for me on account of that 'accident of my birth,' I might have forgiven you even though you abandoned me afterwards; that would, at least, have been acting a manly part. But, instead, you believed the 'coined lie,' though uttered by an avowed enemy, and cowardly fled without seeing me or asking for an explanation. If you have truly loved me you are now fifty punished since you have the assurance that I am no 'negro.' But even were we to meet hereafter—which is not likely—I shall never recognize you, bear that in mind. I know you did not kill my uncle, but to satisfy my outraged feelings I caused your arrest. I did not choose to have your blood upon my soul, and had you been condemned I would have proclaimed myself as the person who took the life of the miscreant, who, to gratify a petty spite he had against your father, would have inoculated me on the altar of his unholy revenge! But I am amply revenged for the foul wrong he would have put upon me, and I do not regret the act. You may make whatever use you see fit of this voluntary confession; its promulgation cannot harm me, for I am lost to all who knew me in Montgomery, and they shall never see me again."

With a saddened heart the young man went home with that chastening letter close to his heart. He kept her secret, for he now doubly loved the spirited girl who was lost to him forever.

But the matter was not to remain a secret in spite of his resolve to shield the girl he loved. Lizzie called on the mayor and made a voluntary statement that Mark Denham fell by her hand.

On being closely questioned she entered into the details of the murder in so concise a manner that not a doubt arose as to her guilt.

She was arraigned and subsequently committed for trial, and the affair was widely published in the papers.

Several days before her trial was to take place the authorities received a letter from Elia Denham, in which she boldly proclaimed herself as the murderer of her uncle, and gave her reasons for committing the deed.

Denham had blasted her hopes of happiness by coining a cruel lie, whereby she was forever separated from the man she loved, and such a wrong could only be condoned for with the blood of the wretch.

The trial of Lizzie took place, but it was a farce, notwithstanding she vehemently declared that she, and not Elia, had killed Denham; that the girl meant only to shield her from harm.

The girl had said the same words in her letters—namely, Lizzie confessed the murder only to shield Elia, whom she loved better than life. She wound up in these words, which decided the jury in their verdict:

"I had a powerful motive for what I did. What motive had poor Lizzie? None whatever."

It appeared that the woman's only apprehension was that her darling would be arrested and perhaps hanged for the crime, hence her confession.

Elia never returned to her late home and the property was disposed of by the attorney, the proceeds of which doubtless reached either Elia or her father.

The Queen of America.

A letter from Louisville, Ky., says an old lady with a remarkable appearance and bearing, swept into the Circuit Court recently with queenly grace. She was under the escort of a couple of policemen and was given a seat in front of the jury. This was a celebrated crank, Lucinda, Queen of America, and she was to be tried for lunacy. For several years she has been a conspicuous character in this city, and she was in the habit of appearing in public places in regal attire. She would go to the Galt House and ask for the King, and everywhere she was the same queenly personage. Upon one occasion by her presence she created something of a sensation at McCaully's Theater. She was not, however, always happy. Her throne was being usurped. About two years ago she called at the office of a leading lawyer to engage his services for the purpose of removing Arthur to the asylum. He told her jestingly that the Attorney General of the United States was the proper person to take steps. The next thing heard of her she was in Washington besieging President Arthur, and was arrested as a crank meditating assassination and sent home. Since that time she has issued long weekly proclamations, sending them to all the newspaper offices. The circumstances which led to the request of this morning are these: A short time since the woman engaged a furnished room on Sixth street, between Grayson and Walnut. For the past three or four days she remained barricaded in her room and acted in such a manner as to attract more than the usual attention of other lodgers. Her insanity had taken another turn, and she was laboring under the fear that she was to be assassinated. The police were informed of the old lady's situation, and last night she was removed to jail. The officers were compelled to force the door, as she refused to let them in. She had a club with which she threatened them, but was too feeble to use it. This morning she was the reigning queen and the jury were her obedient subjects. Arthur had retired and Cleveland was banished. Her son, Mr. McDonald of Texas was King. Mr. McDonald was best governed.

"If you are Queen and Ingersoll King, then you are husband and wife."

"No, we are not married," was her reply.

She said she was 74 years of age. She was of course adjudged a lunatic.

"We find Christians," says St. Liguori, "who communicate daily, yet commit mortal sin; Christians who give abundant alms, yet commit mortal sin; Christians who fast and mortify their bodies, yet commit mortal sin; but you will never find a soul who meditates daily that remains in a state of mortal sin."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Lame excuses carry the crutches of plausibility.

Why use two names? Isn't a tuning fork a pitch fork?

How to overcome a sorrow—strike one of your own sighs.

Brevity is the soul of wit, so don't eat cucumbers—they'll weep.

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of women.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul lends the tongue words.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

There are many men who are not happy unless they are miserable.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in mathematics.

Let us be happy. We can always find somebody worse off than ourselves.

Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

Many people find their only happiness in forcing themselves to be unhappy.

Continual talkers may find a precedent in Balaam's travelling companion.

A wife who has her own will may one day find fault with her husband's.

If religion has done nothing for your tempers, it has done nothing for your souls.

We should have no faith in the religion or literature which groans over the world.

Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly prepares the worst for the day when it comes.

False ideas may be refuted by argument, but by true ideas alone are they expelled.

Adhere so firmly to the truth that your year shall be yea and your nay shall be nay.

All the fine clothes that a tailor's goose ever hatched out won't make a gentleman.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.

I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.

To be wise is to feel that all that is earthly is transient, and to experience misfortune is to become wise.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept aloof from idle companions.

Happiness consists in occupation of mind. Small minds require to be occupied by affairs. Great minds can occupy themselves.

Do you know that a wise and good man does nothing for appearance; but everything for the sake of having acted well?

The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for truth, and begin striving for ourselves.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Humiliation is a guest that only comes to those who have made ready his resting place and will give him a fair welcome.

Make no man your idol, for the best man must have faults; and his faults will insensibly become yours, in addition to your own.

Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full of it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill natured one; the latter attacks only his enemies; the other injures friends and foes alike.

A sense of forgiveness does not proceed from marks seen in yourself, but from a discovery of the beauty, work and freedom of Christ.

If the Lord careth for thee, be thyself at rest; for if he care, why shouldst thou care too? His providence will provide if thou sincerely trust it.

An irreligious man, a speculative or a practical atheist, is as a sovereign, who voluntarily takes off his crown and declares himself unworthy to reign.

If you have a friend in private—let him be what he will—you are bound by honor and self-respect, bound by your fidelity to your flag, to be his friend in public.

Would you be happy—attend to your own business, give gossiping neighbors the cold shoulder, trifle not with other men's reputations, and read the papers regularly.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

The home is the birthplace of good or evil. It is mightier than the school, the lecture-room, the pulpit, or even the press. In it the first impressions are made, when the mind is pliable and ductile, and takes the direction that is given.

Guthrie compares some men to the rough, oaken, battered chests brought across the seas, which externally give no indication of their contents. Lift the lids, and the air is regaled by aromatic fragrance and the eye dazzled with gems, or delighted with costly attire, wrought with cunning workmanship.

It is the bubbling stream which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farmhouse, that are useful, rather than the swollen flood or winding cataract. So it is the quiet daily virtues of life that accomplish the greatest good, rather than one-spun theories and high-sounding pretensions.

Language comes more easily to some than to others; but it is a desirable acquisition, and therefore it is essential that the book and the teacher in this schoolhouse should join in inducing the student to express himself. Not that men and women must be able to talk all the while. Under this fashion of things the world would soon be talked to death. The essential thing is that the mind be made capable of examining a subject, of amplifying a theme, until it shall assume fullness of symmetry and general beauty.