

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Prohibitionists of Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 1st nominated a full city ticket, headed by Edward D. Conant for Mayor.

Henry F. French, ex Second Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, died in Concord, New Hampshire, on the 28th ult., aged 72 years.

The steamer State of Maine on the 1st took to Portland, Maine, the crew of the schooner Isabella Thompson, dismasted in a gale on Thatcher's Island, and likely to become a total wreck.

General Crook telegraphs to Adjutant General Drum, from Arizona, that the hostile Indians are killing all the White Mountain Indians they can find scattered over the reservation.

The Governor of Washington Territory, in his report to the Secretary of the Interior, gives the population of the Territory as 129,433, an increase of 36,930 in two years.

The President on the 2d, appointed Albert A. Wilson, of Washington, to be Marshal of the District of Columbia, in place of Colonel Clayton McMichael, whose resignation, offered the day after President Cleveland's inauguration, has been accepted by the President.

The resignation of General Coster, Pension Agent at New York, has been accepted with the understanding that he will remain in office until the December pension payments are made.

The cylinder head of a 650-horse power Corliss engine in the Worcester Steel Works, at Worcester, Massachusetts, blew out on the 1st, killing George Hyder and injuring several others.

Under instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury, the Collector to the Port of Baltimore will, after the 15th inst., dispense with the services of fourteen employes whose salaries aggregate \$17,385.

The President on the 1st appointed John W. Causey to be Collector of Internal Revenue for Delaware, and John C. Thompson, of Kentucky, to be Surveyor General of Wyoming.

A. W. Fletcher, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Equipment in the Navy Department, vice S. Henriques, reduced to a fourth class clerkship.

The furnace of the Leesport Iron Company, at Leesport, Berks County, Penna., which has been idle for the past ten months, resumed on the 1st, giving employment to a large number of hands.

The Richmond Whig newspaper was put up at auction on the 1st in Richmond, Virginia, under a decree of court. The highest bid made for the entire property was \$4000.

A telegram from Ottawa says "it has been discovered that a large proportion of the phosphates exported from Canada to England and Germany is reshipped to the United States as British and German phosphates.

Commodore Charles Lowden, retired is reported to be dying at his home in Talbot county, Maryland. He is 86 years of age.

The conference of Methodist Episcopal Presiding Elders opened in New York on the 1st and will continue two days. Fifty Elders were present from the following conferences: Wilmington, Philadelphia, Central Pennsylvania, Wyoming, New York, Central New York, Northern New York, New England, New England Southern, Newark, Genesee and Troy.

The final obsequies of Vice President Hendricks took place on the 1st in Indianapolis. After services at St. Paul's Episcopal Church—Bishop Knickerbocker and three other clergymen officiating, and Rev. Dr. Jencks preaching the sermon—the remains were interred in Crown Hill Cemetery.

The Supreme Court of Ohio, at Columbus, on the 1st, rendered a decision in the Deggett habeas corpus case from Cincinnati, discharging the defendant and holding the Cincinnati and Cleveland election registry law to be unconstitutional. The decision of the Court was unanimous.

By a premature blast at the Iron Ore Mines, near Olympia, Kentucky, on the 1st, eight men were injured, three of them fatally. One of the victims had both eyes blown out.

Two freight trains, running at high speed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, collided on the 2d in Workman's Cut, half a mile east of Washington, Penna. There is a curve in the cut, which prevented the engineer of either train from seeing the other until it was too late.

The Ottawa Citizen asserts that "the newly formed National party offered one of the Dominion Ministers a sum equal to his salary if he would resign his seat in the Cabinet."

A cable dispatch was received at Harvard College on the 2d announcing the discovery of a faint comet at Paris. It was in right ascension 0h. 39m. 35.5s.; declination north 21 degrees, 2 minutes, 25 seconds; daily motion in right ascension 2 minutes, 25 seconds; declination south, 3 minutes. The comet was seen at Harvard Observatory on the evening of the 2d.

The State Board of Charities met on the 2d in Harrisburg, Pa., and elected Mahlon H. Dickinson, of Philadelphia, President, and Cadwalader Biddle, Treasurer. The latter as Secretary, presented a report for the last three months, saying that all the prisons and public institutions were visited and found to be in a satisfactory condition.

The Legislature of Virginia met on the 2d in Richmond, and both Houses organized by the election of Democratic officers. The House adopted a resolution that the vote cast for Governor and Lieutenant Governor at the recent State election were counted on the 3d.

Bills have been introduced in the Mexican Congress authorizing the expenditure, jointly by the City of Mexico and the Federal Government, of \$400,000 yearly for the drainage of the Valley of Mexico, and increasing the duty on foreign beer in the interest of domestic brewers.

The public debt statement for November shows an increase of \$4,887,198.

All the Cabinet members who went to Indianapolis to attend the Vice President's funeral returned to Washington on the 2d.

The Farmers' National Congress met on the 2d, in Indianapolis. Sixty delegates were present, including some of the wealthiest farmers and planters in the United States.

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Several ladies have recently been robbed of their reticules on the streets of Chicago in broad daylight. The robberies have been committed by two well dressed men, who are supposed to be coachmen.

The committee in charge of the affairs of the National Base Ball League has decided to limit the number of clubs in the League to six, viz., the Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. The franchises of both the Buffalo and Providence teams are now in the hands of the League, and no others will be issued.

The schedule for the season will consist of 100 games each club playing twenty games with the others, and the programme will be so arranged that the fifty games played in each League city will be played in engagements of two weeks' duration at intervals of two weeks.

More than three hundred employes of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Works at York, Penna., struck on the 2d against a reduction of ten to fifteen per cent. in their wages. Last night, however, they decided to accept the reduction, and they returned to work.

Five men were burned, three dangerously, by the explosion of a cask of gasoline oil in Chicago on the 2d. One of the men, a street lamp lighter, was filling torches with the oil when the explosion occurred. Nelson Bloss, a young man of Hobbie, near Hazleton, Penna., was mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun while out hunting on the 2d. He died in four hours.

The Virginia Legislature, soon after meeting on the 3d went into joint session and counted the vote cast at the last election for Governor and Lieutenant Governor. The count showed the following result: Total vote cast for Governor, 289,071, of which Fitzhugh Lee (Dem.) received 152,544; John S. Wise (Rep.) 136,510; scattering, 17. Total vote for Lieutenant Governor, 284,003, of which John E. Massey (Dem.) received 149,179; H. C. Wood (Rep.) 134,791; scattering, 33. The vote for Lieutenant Governor in Scott county was not received. Lee and Massey were then declared Governor and Lieutenant Governor for the term of four years.

The President's Message and other matters to be submitted to Congress were considered on the 3d in Cabinet meeting.

The President on the 3d appointed John A. Sullivan to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District of New York; J. Bomar Harris, United States Attorney for Southern Mississippi; Lafayette Dawson, of Missouri, United States District Judge for Alaska; William G. Langford, Associate Justice for Washington Territory; and Charles R. Pollard, of Indiana, Associate Justice for Montana.

In the Supreme Court of Ohio, at Columbus on the 3d a petition in error to the Circuit Court of Hamilton county, in the Senatorial contest, was filed, and a motion to take up the case out of its order was argued.

Mayor Grace, of New York, on the 2d, began suit for libel against the New York World, claiming \$50,000 damages. Mr. Pulitzer was arrested in the afternoon and released on \$5000 bail.

A Victoria (Columbia) Chinaman, worth \$200,000, is to marry a white girl, with the consent of her parents.

Washington fashion allows ladies to use perfume about their persons concealed in satchets, etc., but forbids them to saturate their handkerchiefs with it.

A scientific journal in England estimates that it would take a capital of \$5,000,000,000 to successfully divert the vast power of Niagara Falls to useful purposes.

Easter of next year falls on St. Mark's Day, April 25, its latest possible date. The last time this occurred was in 1736 (old style), and it will not so fall again until 1943.

Female conductors are employed now on the Valparaiso (Chili) street cars. In Santiago female conductors are stated to have been a success for some time past.

A Spring Note. Listen her great heart is beating, Once again you hear it warm and strong. Through her veins of blue the waters, Seaward drawn; full-flooded, bound along.

Tongues are in the brooks and voices In the winds are set like fairy flutes; Trees and vines and herbs are quickened, Life has long been striving at the roots.

In the branches climbs the life-blood, Thrilling them to their remotest tips; Nectar in the cells is waiting, Hebe's cup and royal June's lip.

Now upon our mountain altars Earlier comes and longer burns the flame; Sweet-voiced strangers throng the valleys, Putting all the poets' song to shame.

Far and wide o'er stream and woodland Flings the shower its crystal treasures rare. Iris robes in light descending On her jeweled ladder in the air.

Roll the silver constellations Through an ocean-world of milder blue; In the night aerial splinters, Fill the new-made flower-cup wit dew.

Mother Earth, I may not ask thee All the mystery I seek to know, Listening upon thy bosom To the force that lives and works below.

But with this bright dome above me, These sweet sounds of life returning here, Well I know thy heart beats ever, Though mine foebler beats from year to year.

"A MADMAN." Whenever I hear anybody say: "You know Jacques Parent died mad in an insane asylum," a painful shudder, a creeping of fear and anguish passes through all my bones; and I see again before me the figure of that tall strange man, mad perhaps long before I knew him—an alarming person, a really fearful man.

He was a man about forty years old, tall, lanky, slightly stooped, with the eyes of one troubled by hallucination—black eyes, so black in fact that the pupil could not be distinguished—mobile eyes, wandering, sickly, haunted. What a singularly annoying person he was—bringing with him, spreading around him an atmosphere of uneasiness, a vague distress of soul and body, such an incomprehensible feeling of nervousness as inclines people to believe in supernatural influences.

He had one very unpleasant crank—a mania for keeping his hands concealed. He was scarcely ever seen to let his hands wander listlessly—as we all do—upon surrounding objects, tables, furniture. Never did he touch anything in his vicinity in that familiar way which nearly all men have. Never did he let them be seen uncovered—those long, bony hands of his, slender and slightly nervous. He always kept them either buried in his pockets, or hidden behind his coat-tails, or concealed under his armpits when he folded his arms. One might have supposed he was afraid that those hands might, in spite of him, do something wrong—might perpetrate some ludicrous or shameful act if he allowed them to remain masters of their own movements.

When he was obliged to make use of them for the ordinary necessities of life, he did so only by sudden jerks, by swift movements of his arms, as though wishing to prevent them from having time to set of their own accord, to rebel against his bidding, to do something else instead. When at table he would handle his glass, his knife or his fork so quickly that nobody ever had an opportunity to observe what he was going to do before it had already been done.

Now I was able one evening to obtain the explanation of his astounding disease of mind. He used in those days to pay me visits from time to time at my country residence; and on the evening in question he seemed unusually nervous.

A storm was rising in the sky, black and stifling, after a long day of atrocious heat. No breath of air moved the leaves. A sort of hot-bath vapor passed across our faces, made us pant for air. I was feeling very uneasy; very much agitated, and I wished to go to bed, to sleep.

When he saw me rise to leave the room Jacques Parent seized me by the arm with a grip of terror. "Oh, no!" he said; "stay a little while with me!"

I looked at him in surprise, and murmured: "It's only because this storm is making me very nervous."

"And he?" Oh! remain here, I beg of you—I do not want to be left alone. His looks were wild. I asked him: "What is the matter with you? Are you losing your senses?"

And he stammered in reply: "Yes, now and then, on such evenings as this—electrical evenings—I am—I am—I am afraid—I am afraid of myself, no, you do not understand me. It is because I am gifted with a might—no, a power—no, with a force. In short I cannot tell you what it is; but I find in myself a magnetic action, so extraordinary that I am afraid—yes, terrified at myself, as I have just told you."

And he concealed his madly quivering hands under the lapel of his jacket. Then I myself began suddenly to feel the trembling of fear—a fear, vague, mighty and horrible. I felt an awful desire to get away, to run away, to escape the sensation of feeling his wandering eye passing over me, then turn from me and circle about the ceiling, seeking some dark corner of the room to fix itself upon, as if he wanted to hide his awful gaze as well as his awful hands.

"I stammered out: 'Why, you never told me this before.' He went on: 'Do I ever tell anybody? Listen! This evening I cannot keep my secret, and I would rather you should know everything. Besides, you might be able to snoor me.'"

"Do you know what magnetism is? No. Nobody knows what it is. But its existence is fully established; its manifestations are recognized; the doctors themselves practice it; one of the most illustrious, M. Charcot, professes it. Therefore there is no doubt that it exists."

"A man—a being—has the frightful and incomprehensible power of compelling another being, by mere force of will, to sleep, and of robbing him while so asleep of his thought, of his soul, just as one might steal a purse. He steals his thought—that is to say, his soul, the sanctuary, the secret of the Me—the soul, that deep of being supposed to be impenetrable, unfathomable—the soul, which is the asylum of fancies that man dares not avow, of all hidden things, of all joys, of all that one desires to conceal from other human beings; and he tears it open—he violates it—he exhibits it nakedly—he flings it to the public! Is it not atrocious, wicked, infamous?"

"Why how can this be done? Does anybody know? Why, what can anybody know about it? All is mystery. We have no means of communicating with other objects save our miserable senses—incomplete, infirm, so feeble that they have scarcely power enough to discern what is round about it. All is mystery. Think of music, for example; that divine art—that art which troubles the soul, carries it away, intoxicates it, maddens it—what is the music? Nothing."

"You do not understand me! Listen! Two bodies strike against each other. The air vibrates. Its vibrations are more or less numerous, more or less powerful, according to the nature of the shock. Now each of us has in his or her ear a fine small skin which receives these aerial vibrations and transmits them to the brain in the form of sound. Fancy a glass of water turning into wine in your mouth! The tympanum accomplishes this incredible metamorphosis—this miraculous change of motion into sound. See!"

"Music, that complex and mysterious art—precise as algebra and yet vague as a dream—that art made of mathematics and of wind, exists only through the strange property of a little morsel of skin. Did it not exist, that little skin—neither could sound exist, since sound consists in itself of a mere vibration. Could music be understood had we no ears? No! Very well, then! we are surrounded by many other things the existence of which we will never be able to even suspect, simply because we lack those sense-organs which could reveal them to us."

"Perhaps magnetism belongs to this class of things. We can only have a pretension of the power—we can only feel our way tremblingly in its spectral neighborhood—we can only catch a faint glimpse of this new secret of nature—because the natural instrument of revelation does not exist within us."

"As for myself—as for myself, I am possessed of a frightful power. I feel as though there were within me another being, another life imprisoned in me, another being who is ever striving to set against my will, who agitates me, gnaws me, exhausts me. What is it? What is he? I do not know, but there are two of us in this miserable body of mine; and it is he, or the other one, who often proves the stronger; as he is this evening."

"I need only look at people in order to stunpey them as thoroughly as though I drugged them with heavy doses of opium. I have only to extend my hands in order to produce things—things—horrible things! If you could only know! My power does not merely extend to men; but to animals and even—to even to inanimate objects!"

"All this tortures and terrifies me. I often think of tearing out my eyes—of cutting off my hands."

"But I am going to show you—I want you to know everything! Here! I will show you the power I speak of—not over human creatures, that can be seen anywhere—but over—over animals. Call Mirza!"

He walked to and fro with great rapid strides, like one in a hallucination; and he stretched out his hands, which had been kept hidden in his bosom. They seemed to me as terrible as though he had suddenly produced two naked swords.

And I obeyed him mechanically, completely subjugated, quivering with terror, and nevertheless devoured by an impetuous curiosity to see. I opened the door and whistled to my dog, who was lying down in the hallway. Forthwith I heard the hurried patter of her nails on the steps of the stairway; and she appeared at the doorway, all joyously, wagging her tail.

Then I ordered her to lie down in an arm-chair; she leaped upon it, and Jacques began to stroke her and look into her eyes. At once she became uneasy; she commenced to quiver, turning her head first to one side, then to the other, in order to avoid the fixed gaze of the man, seeming to be seized with an ever growing fear. Then suddenly she began to tremble all over, as dogs tremble. Her whole body palpitated, shook with long shuddering; and she tried to escape, to run away; but he simply placed his hand upon the skull of the animal; and under the touch she uttered one of those long howls that may be heard by night through the great silence of the country.

I felt myself numbed, dizzy as one feels when on the deck of a rocking ship. I saw the furniture bending, the walls moving. I gasped out: "Enough of this, Jacques, enough!"

But he did not listen to me. He continued to gaze at Mirza in a frightful continuous manner. She closed her eyes at last and let her head drop as if sinking to sleep. He turned toward me.

"It is done," he said. "Now watch. And throwing his handkerchief to the further end of the apartment, he shouted: 'Watch!' The animal rose, staggering, stumbling as if blind, moving her feet as paralytics move their limbs, and found her way to the handkerchief, which made a white spot at the edge of the wall. Several times she tried to seize it in her mouth; but she snapped in the air close beside it, as if she could not seize it. Finally she caught it in her jaws, and returned with the same unsteady, somnambulist gait."

It was something terrifying to see. He commanded her: "Lie down!" She crouched. Then touching her forehead he cried: "A hare—seek him! seek him!" And the animal still lying on her side, seemed trying to run, tossed her limbs like dogs do, while dreaming, and without opening her mouth made

strange barking sounds—ventriloquistic barkings. Jacques seemed now like one insane. The sweat streamed from his forehead. He thundered out: "Bite him!—bite your master!" She made two or three terrible struggles, one would have sworn she was trying to resist, striving against an irresistible force. He repeated: "Bite him!" Then rising up, my own dog approached me, and I recoiled; I retreated to the wall, trembling with fright, my foot raised to kick her, to repulse her.

But Jacques again ordered: "Come back here—at once!" She returned to him. Then with his two great hands, he commenced to rub her head, as though removing invisible hands which tied it.

Mirza opened her eyes. "That's all!" he said. I did not dare to lay my hands upon her—and I pushed the door open immediately to let her go out. She went forth very slowly, trembling all over, thoroughly exhausted; and once more I heard the pattering of her claws as she descended the stairs.

But Jacques again approached me. "That is not the worst," he said. "What terrifies me most is this: 'Objects obey me!'"

On my table was lying a sort of ornamental poniard which I used to cut the leaves of books. It seemed to crawl—it moved slowly—and all at once I saw—yes, I saw the poniard tremble and quiver, and slide of its own accord, slowly, surely to the outstretched hand waiting for it, into the grasp of the fingers ready to close upon it.

I screamed with terror. I thought a moment that I had become mad myself; but the shriek of my own voice at once calmed me.

Jacques continued: "All objects come to me in the same way. That is why I hide my hands. What is this? Is it magnetism, electricity, loadstone powder? I don't know—but it is horrible. And do you know why it is horrible? When I find myself alone—the very moment I am alone—I cannot help calling to me everything about me. And I spend whole days in moving things this way from place to place—never tiring, exerting this abominable power of mine, as if to find out whether I am losing it or not."

He had again buried his two large hands in his pocket; and he stared into the night. A slight noise, a faint shuddering seemed to pass through the trees.

It was the rain commencing to fall. I muttered: "It is frightful!" He repeated: "It is horrible!"

Then a great tremor rushed through the foliage like a gust of wind. It was the heavy shower descending—a thick and torrential rain.

Jacques began to breathe in the air, with long, powerful aspirations which lifted his chest.

"Leave me," he said; "the rain will give me calm. I wish now to be alone."

Lost In the Woods. Recently two gunners named, respectively, Benjamin Johnson and Caleb Smith, the former from Brooklyn and the latter from Hoboken, N. J., arrived at Suffern, N. Y., on an up train on the Erie Road and started out through the mountains for a day's hunting, intending to return home by an evening train. Game being rather scarce in the immediate vicinity, they kept going farther away, evidently with out calculating the distance they traveled, until they found themselves in a very wild region which they say they believe was "never before traversed by man."

Here they succeeded in bringing down a few birds and a couple of squirrels by dusk, and then made a start on their return to the station. They went in the direction they supposed to be east, but which proved to be nearly the opposite, and when darkness came they found that their way was a very uncertain one. They continued to grope through the trees and over rocks until nearly midnight, when they were so fatigued that they could proceed no further. The moon, although partially obscured by clouds, gave light enough to enable them to see how they were situated. They gathered upleaves and sticks of wood and built a good fire, and then sat down for all night. They took turns sleeping an hour at a time until broad day light, when they were surprised as well pleased to be found by an old farmer, whose house was not more than a quarter of a mile away, and where they could have taken shelter for the night had they known it. They returned to their homes with little game but much experience.

Spontaneous Combustion of Cotton. During the hot days of June a Connecticut lady thought she smelled something burning up stairs. In searching for the fire she entered a small close garret room used for storage. She opened a window and instantly a bag of carpet rags hanging there burst into a flame. The rags had been there all winter. The fire was promptly smothered; and when the bag was opened it was found that only balls of cotton rags were burned. Whether the rags had been dyed is not stated.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim. It seems probable that the electric light will be largely employed in dyeing works, where also electricity may be employed for other purposes. At night the light permits the matching of colors as in daylight, and in the daytime the current may be employed for electro-chemical purposes.

It is claimed that the sugar beet in California does not exhaust the soil. A beet raiser reports raising on his ground from fourteen to twenty-nine tons per acre in four years, planting on the same ground each year, without fertilizers.

Glass spinning and glass flower manufacture are a very extensive branch of Austrian glass industry. It is now so developed that a petroleum flame gives some 1550 yards of glass thread every minute, that is woven not only for glass cloth, etc., but also for watch chains, brushes, etc.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT. I would rather cherish affection than indulge grief, but everyone must follow their mood.

The noblest gift of God ever bestowed upon man was the liberty to work out his own salvation. Religion is good for nothing one day in the week, unless it is also good for all the seven days.

It is in men as in souls, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owners know not of. If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.

A holy life is the grandest of sermons, the most convincing of arguments, the most persuasive of appeals. Mystery, such as is given of God, is beyond the power of human penetration, yet not in opposition to it.

There are some who write, talk and think so much about virtue, that they have no time to practice it. The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

Wickedness may prosper for awhile, but in the long run he that sets all knives at work will pay them. Religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world, said Coleridge. It alone will gentelize if unmixt with cant.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before the world. A man protesting against error is in the highway towards uniting himself with all men who believe in truth.

Indolence is a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

We would be ashamed of our very best actions if the world were witness to the motives which produce them. The greater part of men have no opinion, still fewer an opinion of their own, well reflected and founded upon reason.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that shows them off to advantage. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best; and he whose heart beats the quickest lives the longest.

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are. Harry and cunning are the two apprentices of dispatch and skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

Fride is not the heritage of men; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfections. Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

Were you building a monument to remain for the ages, how majestic and substantial would be its construction! How much more august and solemn in life!

Let us not listen to those who think we ought to be angry with our enemies, and who believe this to be great and manly. Nothing is more praiseworthy, and nothing more clearly indicates a great and noble soul than clemency and readiness to forgive.

Rather take pains with your heart than to improve your knowledge—that ought to be the great study of your life. The true greatness of man lies in the heart; it must be elevated by aspiring to great things, and by daring to think ourselves worthy of them.

Polliteness, that cement of friendship and soothe of enemies, is nowhere so much required, and so frequently outraged as in family circles; in near and dear connections it is continually abandoned and the result is, that all the beauties of life are destroyed, and with them much of the happiness.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will indicate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, habitually and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and rough-hew the habits that form it.

If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made kind by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To be good is a luxury. If you are not better and wiser at the end of the day, that day is lost.

When you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

Without steadiness of character in social life, there can be no true fellowship. Accomplishments may please, beauty may charm, fluency and grace may attract; but to win confidence and respect, to be trusted and relied upon, the man or woman must be stable in character, self-poised, true to promises, punctual, unflinching firmness to geniality and steadfastness to good nature.

Select your object in life, and then make it your first and constant aim to attain it. This is the only true principle of success in any department of labor—the great principle acted on by men who attain anything like eminence. They select their object for the most part in early life, and then pursue it with unshaken resolution and firmness.

Philosophy fails of its noblest object; if it does not lead us to God; and, whatever may be its pretensions, that is unworthy of the name of science which professes to trace the sequences of nature, and yet fails to discover, as if marked by a sunbeam, the mighty hand which arranged them all; which falls to bow in humble adoration before the wisdom and power, the harmony and beauty, which pervade all the works of him who is eternal.