

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—An express train from Boston on the New York and New Haven Railroad was thrown from the track on the 25th by an obstruction at a point about 16 miles from New York. The engine and mail car were thrown down a bank and the fireman was killed. The engineer was slightly injured.

—John Bigelow, the newly appointed Assistant Treasurer of New York, has resigned that office. His letter of declination will not be given out for the present. Colonel Lamont said in Washington on the 27th, "Mr. Bigelow's declination is solely because of his disinclination to assume the great responsibilities of the office and its duties being not congenial to his tastes."

—Two troops of cavalry and eight companies of infantry have been ordered from San Francisco to Arizona, in consequence of the report of Governor Zuleck that the Indians of the San Carlos reservation are threatened with attack by the lawless whites.

—No determination has yet been reached in regard to filling the prospective vacancy in the office of Assistant Treasurer at New York, which will occur upon the expiration of Mr. Acton's commission on the 31st. It is believed in Washington that Treasurer Jordan will be designated to act as Sub-treasurer at New York until Congress reassembles, when a new appointment will be made.

—Robert A. Maxwell, State Treasurer of New York, has been appointed State Superintendent of Insurance, and William B. Ruggles, Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been appointed Deputy Superintendent. Deputy Shannon continues as Chief Examiner in New York city. Mr. Maxwell's appointment is in consequence of the resignation of John A. McCall, Jr., who has accepted the comptrollership of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

—The Second Assistant Postmaster General is receiving bids for carrying the mails on steamboat and star routes in the Western States and Territories. The time for receiving the bids will expire on the 2d of January. At the same time bids for miscellaneous routes in all the States and Territories, except Delaware, Pennsylvania and the New England States, are being received. The territory comprised in the first mentioned class of bids comprises Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California and Alaska.

—The Republican candidates for Representatives in the Ohio Legislature from Hamilton county have held a meeting and passed resolutions declaring "that while they shall insist that they were legally elected and at the proper time shall present their claims for seats, yet they neither expect to enter the Republican caucus for the choice of officers of the House, nor do they regard it as compatible with the best interests of the State or party that they should take part in the caucus."

—The Secretary of the Treasury has decided to send a search party after the whaler Amethyst, supposed to have been cast away in the Arctic Sea.

—Secretary Whitney has returned to Washington from New York.

—The U. S. steamer Brooklyn arrived at New York on the 28th from Newport. She will sail in a few days for Pensacola with a detachment of marines.

—The Democratic Executive Committee of Fall River, Massachusetts, has adopted resolutions charging Postmaster Hathaway with being "an unworthy representative of the National Government and a traitor to the Democratic cause," and "urging his exclusion from all councils of the party and from all fellowship among good Democrats." This action is caused by the active opposition of Mr. Hathaway to the Democratic nominee for Mayor at the recent election.

—A freight train on the Chester Creek Railroad was thrown down an embankment at Mount Alverno, Chester County, Penna., on the 25th, by the breaking of an axle. James Hambo, the engineer, was killed, and George Mott, brakeman, fatally injured. Two of the train men were injured, but not fatally.

—President Cleveland has written a letter to Senator Voorhees, in relation to the movement for the erection of a monument to the late Vice President, in which he says: "My relations with Mr. Hendricks, both personal and official, was such that it would be a source of much satisfaction to me to see this good work promptly begun, and at the proper time I hope I may be allowed to aid in the undertaking."

—Several sharp shocks of earthquake were felt in Hartford, Connecticut, on the 29th, between half past four and half past five o'clock. There was an earthquake at Bloomington, Illinois, on the 28th, accompanied by a noise resembling the firing of artillery. Buildings were shaken, but no damage was done.

—The Secretary of the Treasury on the 29th issued a call of ten millions of Three per Cents, of 1882, payable on February 1st. This is the first call for bonds issued since October, 1884.

—The 29th Cabinet meeting was devoted to discussing the financial condition of the country and the probability of Congressional action upon the silver question.

—The Postmaster General has signed a convention to take effect on the 1st of January, for the exchange of money orders between the United States and the Leeward Islands, comprising the islands of Antigua, St. Christopher, Nevis, Dominica, Montserrat and the Virgin Islands.

—The northeast gales of the 26th and 27th destroyed five vessels of the Gloucester, Massachusetts, fishing fleet, causing a loss of eight lives. Great damage to vessels and property on shore was done all along the Nova Scotia coast.

—The will of William H. Vanderbilt was probated in New York on the 29th.

—Major Henry Goodfellow, Judge Advocate of the Department of the Missouri, died at Fort Leavenworth on the 29th aged 53 years. He was a soldier of the war for the Union, and held a captaincy in the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was twice wounded in battle, and, at the close of the war, was brevetted to colonel for gallant services. In 1867 he was transferred to the regular army as Major and Judge Advocate. He was a member of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition.

—The volcano of Colima, in Mexico, is in a state of violent eruption. Four days ago loud reports were heard from the mountain, and these were soon followed by eruptions of lava, which completely covered the mountain sides. A white cloud overhangs the mountain and reflects the flames that shoot upward from its crater.

—The 30th, being President Cleveland's public reception day, four hundred and forty-eight persons were on hand in the East Room before two o'clock. He shook hands with them so expeditiously that he got through with the crowd in sixteen minutes. One excited caller, in his agitation, shook hands with an usher and passed the President without noticing him. When reminded of his blunder by the laughter of the crowd, he tried to get back and shake the President's hand, but was born away by the rapidly moving line of people in his rear.

—The Kentucky Legislature met on the 30th. In the Senate "Harry" Glenn, of Carlisle, was elected Clerk. In the House, Charles Offit, of Bourbon county, was elected Speaker; Green Kellar, of Nichols, Clerk, and Robert Taylor, of Gladis, Doorkeeper.

—A census of Charleston, South Carolina, was completed on the 30th, which showed a population of 60,145, against 49,934 in 1880, an increase of over 20 per cent. The colored population is 32,540, and it is stated that "the colored surplus consists mainly of children."

—Two troops of cavalry and three companies of infantry, comprising 205 officers and men, left San Francisco on the 29th for Fort Bowie, Arizona. Four companies of infantry followed on the 30th for the same destination. The troops are sent at the request of Governor Zuleck, to protect the Indians on the San Carlos reservation from an attack of whites.

—The Orange riots in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, have been resuscitated. On the 29th an Orange mob attacked and released Riverhead prisoners and wounded them fatally. At last reports there was great excitement in Harbor Grace and a riot was anticipated. A large detachment of constabulary left St. John's on a special train for the scene.

—John T. Morton, of Arkansas, a colored school teacher who has passed a civil service examination, has been selected for appointment to a one thousand dollar clerkship in the Post-office Department.

The African Oil Rivers.

The district known as the oil rivers (i. e., rivers where palm oil is the chief article of produce) is comprised in that part of the West African coast which lies between the Benin and Old Calabar Rivers, and therefore includes the large delta of the Niger, many of these so-called rivers being, without doubt, mouths of the Niger. In most of the numerous waterways in this region trade between white merchants and the native chiefs is carried on, the principal depots being Benin, Brass, Opopo, New Calabar, Bonny, Akassa and Old Calabar. The chief articles used in barter for the produce of the country are Manchester cotton goods, silk, salt, brass rods, spirits, etc. For the most part the chiefs of the tribes adjacent to these places act as the middlemen to the tribes of the interior, and as such are fully aware of the advantages of their position, and have hitherto successfully opposed any attempt to deprive them of or lessen these advantages. Though these rivers are under British protection no attempt is made to interfere with the freedom of the native, except in questions affecting white men, and then it is found a very difficult matter to persuade or control him. Each chief governs his own district after his native fashion, without dictation, and consequently his independence of character is preserved. In some cases—Old Calabar, for instance—white men have even been allowed to become members of his fraternity, and thus to assume the influence that belongs to a free born native of the country. This concession to native prejudice the merchant has found very useful to him in the collection of his debts, and is a means of promotion to himself.

A Woman Duellist.

In Russian Poland a lady recently became her own champion by fighting a duel with a man who had calumniated her. It appears he had offered his hand, which she had refused. Stung by her rejection, he set himself to spoil her good name by spreading false reports about her. Thereupon this plucky lady declared that a duel alone could vindicate her honor, and, refusing the assistance of several gentlemen who were anxious to make her cause their own, she invited her traducer to "pistols for two and coffee for one." There was nothing for a man to do but accept the challenge, and the combatants met in a place outside Warsaw. Both missed their aim. The lady proposed a second shot, but the seconds declared that full reparation had been made, and she had to defer to their ruling. As for her adversary, he was so moved by her masculine gallantry that he tendered her a formal and ample apology on the spot. She accepted it.

At the Gate.

We stand beside the little gate,
Hand clasping hand, my love and I;
The winds are hushed, the hour is late,
And we have met to say good-bye,
Never a solitary bird
His wing above the river dips,
As we repeat the saddest word,
That ever fell from human lips.
Mid tender sighs, 'tis breathed at last:
I seek to draw my hand away;
But oh! my darling holds it fast,
And love's fond pressure bids me stay,
Dear loving hand! so strong, so brave,
On locks of mine no more to lie,
Or deck my tresses for the grave,
As I have hoped in days gone by.
Ah! gentle hand, that never more
Shall lead me o'er that rugged rock!
At evening, on our cottage door,
How welcome was your well-known knock!
We cannot smile, my dearest, now,
Our future seems so full of care:
There is no brightness in my brow,
There is no sunlight in my hair.
Go, dearest, go, before the weak,
Fond promptings of thy breaking heart
Show through the pallor of thy cheek,
And bid the tell-tale teardrops start,
Go, darling, go; my hand release;
'Tis duty pleads—shall we rebel?
Nay, love, be firm, and go in peace;
We part, because we love so well!

DOCTOR PORTLOCK.

One pleasant morning, in the spring of ten years ago and when trousers were worn wide at the bottom, Mr. Horace Portlock left his lodgings on Washington square to call on his friend, Dr. Miner, of Gramercy Park. Mr. Portlock strolled slowly up Fifth avenue and looked enviously after the young club bucks leaving their chambers at the Beverick to go to breakfast at the Union or Delmonico's. He had broken his night's fast on the roll and coffee furnished as an extra by his landlady; for Mr. Portlock was neither the son of a rich man nor the heir of an opulent deceased aunt. That he felt that either character would become him uncommon well aggravated Mr. Portlock's discontent with his own lot of a young man with his fortune to make and no visible way of making it. It was small consolation to reflect that his starved purse was the inevitable result of owning a grandfather who had lived like a gentleman, for Mr. Portlock was a handsome, spirited youth, of costly tastes and an aversion to small economies and continual labor, and his old ramshackle house at Newport, full of lumbering mahogany and cracked family portraits, could neither be cut up into the garments of fashion nor sliced into cold fowl and champagne. Strong reasons for gloom were wanting this very morning, in truth, a scoundrel of a tailor having been disgustingly pressing and the landlady having sent up the bill for the fourth time. For something like six months Mr. Portlock had been in the city, looking about vaguely for means to better his condition and enjoying meanwhile such little bits of dinners and dances as his fashionable friends threw out to him.

There had been plenty of these, for Mr. Portlock had a large acquaintance in good society. In the first place his was the best set at Yale and he met many unexceptional people abroad—where he stayed as long as his money lasted. But an open door is helpful only where one has the power to pass through. Even with the best introduction of men tradesmen may lose patience and what do I profit by Jones's invitation to come down for a week's shooting if I can't scrape up money enough to pay railroad fare? Mr. Portlock was wondering ruefully, as he walked, where he could find credit now, and was tempted for a moment to desperate and tragic resolutions. But the morning was so crisp and genial, the nurse-maids so fresh and pretty in their white caps, the curled darlings of wealth so winsome as they departed around him, and, moreover, his new gloves such perfection of fit, that Mr. Portlock, who was naturally of a cheerful and susceptible disposition, picked up courage and went on his way in very good spirits. He was going over to help his friend, the doctor, a man of about his own age, with brilliant prospects (his father was just retiring from a high, select practice), on some anatomical drawings for which Horace had a knack. It was the nature of this young fellow to be spending time doing somebody else a favor that were much better devoted to his own concerns.

As Mr. Portlock was turning the corner of Eighteenth street, however, he was conscious of a loud hail. A splendid and imposing youth, whom Dr. Portlock recognized as his friend Tibbitts, old Shadrack Tibbitts' son, had drawn his gleaming dog cart sharply up beside the curb, and was engaging Mr. Portlock's attention by vigorous flourishes of his whip. So Horace went over and shook hands and Mr. Tibbitts begged the favor of his company at breakfast, at his club, at noon. Yes, Horace would come, if the Doctor let him off in time.

"Oh, hang it," roars young Cressus politely, "shake him at the quarter, and I say, old fel., I'll send my fellow over then with the cob to fetch you and save time," and touching his mare's ears lightly with his lash Mr. Tibbitts bowed gallantly off to the admiration of the whole neighborhood.

Dr. Miner was out, but a note asked Mr. Portlock to wait, as the doctor had only to dispatch a sudden call. Very

contentedly Horace settled himself to a book. It was an absorbing volume and the reader didn't know how long the doctor stayed away. He was roused by the sound of wheels outside and found it already time to go to Mr. Tibbitts' breakfast. That must be Tibbitts' cab now, so scribbling a line to the Doctor telling his destination Mr. Portlock took up hat, gloves and cane and hastened to the door. The coachman on the box of a rich-looking coupe touched his hat.

"O! 've been sint for yez, sir, in a hurry," said he. "Will yez come roight along, Doether?"

"Yes, it's all right," said Horace from inside the cab, whither he had already sprung, and not hearing the man's last words. "Confounded neat rig; this," he thought, with a touch of envy. "Well, we can't all have stock operators for fathers," and then he drew on his gloves and arranged himself to enjoy the borrowed luxury to the best advantage as the carriage whirled swiftly on.

"Hello! What new club's this?" Horace asked himself as he stopped before a large double house on Madison avenue. "Rather an out-of-the-way locality, it strikes me," and without more ado he sprang out and ran lightly up the steps. The door, heavy and carved was opened at once by a fat butler in a dress coat, who, without inquiry, ushered Horace into a darkened room on one side. Before the visitor had time to meditate upon the eccentric arrangements of this club house, a woman came hurriedly in, with outstretched hand.

"I am so thankful Thomas found you in," said she. "My aunt is so impatient, and you know fretting makes her worse."

It was a soft little hand and a sweet little voice and after Mr. Portlock had recovered from the shock of this greeting he found himself ardently wishing he was what he seemed to be. The natural blunder he had made was clear to him now. If he had only stopped to question that stupid Irishman! Doctors were being sent for, of course, every hour in the day. He ought to have remembered that. Come to think, the situation was awkward—very awkward. It would take time to explain the full extent of his ridiculous folly. Then the inspiration flashed upon him—why not carry out the part? Surely he could play the doctor for this once, quiet the sick woman and get out of a preposterous scrape. And what a story for the breakfast! Releasing, therefore, the lady's hand, which he had held throughout these swift cogitations, he said, in his friendliest tone.

"I am not Doctor Minor, madame, but a friend of his—ahem!—Doctor Portlock. Doctor Minor is out of town. He placed his patients in my charge until he returns to-morrow. Understanding this to be an urgent case I have taken the liberty to come in Doctor Minor's place."

At his first words the lady had drawn back in surprise. Then she opened the blinds of the window and examined our young scapegrace critically. He saw she was young, with soft, dark eyes and a mass of light, fluffy hair; just the sort of owner for that hand and that voice. Her inspection seemed to be satisfactory, for she said:

"You are very good. If you have Dr. Minor's confidence no doubt you will have my aunt's—Miss Culpepper's. I may tell you that her malady is of a nervous character and seems to be obscure. She is apt to be very cross and abrupt, and you won't be offended at anything she says, please. And, oh! I must tell you that she had three other doctors here already this morning and really talked very impolitely to them. I'm almost afraid to tell you she has ordered them all out of the house, but they say that's a symptom of her trouble and are in the library now, in consultation. Perhaps you would like to meet them before going up."

Mr. Portlock shivered at this thoughtful suggestion. "Perhaps," he faltered, "I had better leave the case in their hands. The etiquette of the profession is very strict on such occasions. Yes, I'm sure I had better say good morning," and Mr. Portlock reached for his hat with undignified alacrity.

"Oh, pray, don't go!" cried the young lady, imploringly. "I'm sure you won't let anything of that kind stand in the way of my aunt's recovery. Oh, Doctor, don't leave me. You needn't see the others, I'm sure, and, indeed, they're quarrelling dreadfully, that is, I mean my aunt is, with all of us, and we don't know what to do," and she laid her little hand beseechingly on his arm.

Mr. Portlock laid down his hat. No, he would not leave her just now. This was certainly a lovely creature. As for the old cat, her aunt, and those squabbling sawbones—pshaw! It was a mere farce. Mr. Portlock took the young lady's hand with great tenderness, and said he would look at the case at once.

The patient reclined on a lounge in a richly-furnished room on the second floor. She half rose when her last attendant was ushered in and looked him over sharply with her glittering little eyes. She was a stout little woman, and her face was full, but leaden and blotched. Her movements were vigorous, for a sick woman, and

she had a truculent and obstinate expression.

"Well, sir," she began, coldly, "and who are you?"

"Dr. Portlock, ma'am, Dr. Minor is out of town, and I came in his place."

"That's it," exclaimed the lady, peevishly. "I'm of so little importance that any druggist would volunteer to treat me if he got a chance. You have taken a liberty, young man."

"I will take another then—the liberty of wishing you good day," retorted the doctor smartly, marching toward the door.

"Heyday! What's that? Come back, sir! How dare you leave me before I tell you to go? I like your independence, sir, and want you to stay. You know I'm a crusty old woman who says and does as she pleases. Now, what's the matter with me?"

Doctor Portlock drew a chair severely beside the lounge and felt Miss Culpepper's pulse with a profoundly professional air. Then he ordered her tongue out with a sudden ferocity that startled the poor woman. Meanwhile he was looking furtively about him. He noticed an untouched bowl of gruel on the table.

"Have you a good appetite?" he asked tentatively.

"Of course I have," said the old lady angrily, "and that's it. I'm ravenous, and those other fools say I must take nothing heating. Heating, indeed! They tell me meat and wine are stimulating, but I'll take no more beef-tee if I starve. Why should the tone of my system be lowered, I'd like to know?"

Her new physician leaned back in his chair, joined his finger-tips delicately across his stomach and contemplated Miss Culpepper attentively.

"Madame," said he solemnly, "I'm amazed at what you tell me. Your bodily health is perfect, except as it is sporadically affected by the effect of external impressions on your singularly acute organization—that is all. Instead of self-denial you should practise rational self-indulgence. Eat and drink what you choose—in moderation. Go out—walk—amuse yourself; don't read or be alone; play whist for a little money, just to rouse and rest you after exercise. Your ailments are of a nature that can be reached only by secondary agents; and though you need constant directions as to treatment the laws are very simple.

"Doctor," cried the old woman, "you enchant me! Can I have something now?"

"Certainly," said her precious adviser, composedly, "a tender broiled chicken, a nice croquette, a trifle of salad, perhaps a cream tart, and a glass—just one—of really dry champagne, would do nicely."

The old woman rang her hand-bell violently. "Catherine, you hear," she cried eagerly to the maid, chicken, rice croquettes, salad, a bottle of champagne. Bring the wine now. Doctor, you must drink with me to my recovery."

Miss Culpepper was at once in great spirits, and was most affable to her medical adviser, who in turn told her all the latest stories of a society in which she had a warm interest. The young scamp knew everybody worth knowing she found, and valued him in proportion. And when at last he told her a particular piquant morsel of scandal that had not yet got into the papers, about her girlhood's dearest friend, the wicked old woman waddled over to her secretary and drew out a check for \$500.

"That's your retaining fee. Such men as you are always in want of money. You must come and see me twice a day."

"But I must confess to you, Miss Culpepper," says Scalawag, hanging his head. "That I am not yet admitted to practice."

"All the better," cries the old lady delighted. "Why boy, you have a genius for diagnosis. Go ahead with your studies and come to see me just the same. You do me more good than twenty diplomas, and if I choose to employ you it is nobody's business but my own."

Two years afterwards the College of Physicians and Surgeons graduated Horace with, I fear, small credit to himself. Acting on the idea the old lady unconsciously suggested, he entered in the spring term of the college the day after that remarkable first call, and studied as hard as his constitutional infirmities and social obligations allowed. The old lady's untiring fancy supplied him with a magnificent income.

He fell into a good practice as soon as he got his diploma, and though a universal favorite with the ladies, married Miss Kate Barrington, Miss Culpepper's niece and heiress, the very next year. To-day his income has climbed high up into five figures and his connection is among the very best people only.

Miss Culpepper still lives. That astounding prescription did not finish her. For it happened that the self-willed, voracious old woman's trouble began in a fit of indigestion after a glutinous dinner. The doctors cured that by starvation, but upset it by spoiling her temper. With the satisfaction of spoiling her had humor her hunger disappeared, though she still pays Horace a large salary to keep her well by amusing her.

Truth is an immortal flower.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world.

If you propose to serve God at all, have the courage to begin His service now.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

The Scriptures impart to the soul a holy and marvelous delight. It is, indeed, the heavenly ambrosia.

Every effect has its cause, and every man must reap as he sows. To thrive or suffer is his actual deserts.

I have played the gross fool to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine own could not contain.

Style is the only frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of a window—a heavy sash will obscure the light.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

The Christian Church gives ten dollars to luxury and show where it gives one dollar to the great work of the Church.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.

Hang out the lamp and scan the omens of duty; ply cheerfully the task in this own special field; in thy work of sorrow and toil.

Mind not much who is with thee, or who is against thee; but take care that God may be with thee in everything thou doest.

Angelic natures never deride, or there were derision in heaven at sight of the discord between men's perception and practice.

Over all the moments of life religion scatters her favors, but reserves her best, her choicest, her divinest blessings for the last hour.

All deception in the course of life is indeed nothing else than a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.

The worstest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

When my servant beats my coat, it is not I that he strikes; so it is with him who reproaches me with the accidents of nature and fortune.

The old order chageth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

If infidelity succeeds in teaching a man that he will die like a beast, it will at the same time succeed in teaching him how to live like one.

Teaching is imparting ideas, training is reducing ideas to practice. Teaching is giving knowledge, training is converting ideas into character.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants, forgetting that it, too, like them, has its root in the dirt.

The virtue of patience bears such a preponderance in the things of God that we can neither fulfill any precept nor do any acceptable work without it.

The dying Chatterfield complained that he had been behind the scenes and had seen the dirty pulleys and the dabbled canvas of the world's paltry spectacle.

The human race are sons of sorrow born, and each must have his portion. Vulgar minds refuse to crouch beneath their load, the brave bear theirs without repining.

There is nothing by which I have through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion and the gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women.

Charles V. used to say, the more languages a man knew he was so many times more a man. Each new form of human speech introduces a new world of thought and life.

Bad as he is, the Devil may be abused, be falsely charged and causelessly accused, when men unwilling to be blamed alone, shift off the crimes on him which were their own.

When there is no recreation or business for thee abroad thou mayest have a couple of honest fellows, in leather jackets, in thy study, which may find thee excellent diversion at home.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him, was never worth the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and like the people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for without finding it.

Men who complain most loudly about the inequalities of the human lot are generally a little blind to those great stores of wealth and blessings that no class can monopolize and no wealth can buy.

Fits of ill-humor punish us quite as much as, if not more than, the persons they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain, to give them up than would be requisite to avoid them.

The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope for them afterwards. They will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry of the world or in the slough of indolence.

Remember in all things that if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings-bank, are all important things; they make a beginning, and hold out a hope.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable, and even dazed; yet God has made them part of the oak, and in so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the light-someness without.

Men do things which their fathers would have deprecated, and then draw about themselves a daisy cordon of sophistry and talk about the advance of humanity and liberal thought, when it is nothing, after all, but a preference for individual license.