

Sirius.

I watched the darkling dome of night
Grow flecked with God's eternal eyes,
With pulsing heart and ravished sight
I saw great Sirius arise.

Like to a king of royal state,
Swept he in splendor to his throne;
The stars paid tribute, small and great,
When Sirius, the Dog Star, shone.

The moon, an orb of argent fire,
Crept out and turned her face amazed
To where, as tho' he would out-rite her,
Boid Sirius in brilliance blazed.

A FAMILY STORY

"Steerage?" the stewardess inquires,
with only the faintest shadow of inter-
rogation in her tone.

The little old woman at the door of
the saloon shows her ticket. There is
no doubt about her right to enter the
saloon and also to occupy the best
stateroom upon the great ocean steamer
that will leave Liverpool in an hour or
two. But as she enters she hesitates,
catching certain scornful glances from
ladies in the latest style of traveling
costumes, whiskered dandies in attend-
ance, and white-capped "bonnes,"
watching extravagantly dressed chil-
dren.

But while she hesitates Ethel Mordaunt,
a young girl in new deep
mourning, who is with a party of
merry people chatting together, comes
forward, and asks:

"Are you looking for any one?"

"Naw," the little woman says; "but
I'm not knowing where to go." "Then,
encouraged by the sweet face bending
over her, she continued: "My son-in-
law is sending for me to New York,
Miss, and he took my stateroom before
the steamer came away from there.
I'm tired and dazed like, for I've been
on the cars since yestere'en and it's
new to me to move about." "And here
the tears started, for she felt unutterably
forlorn.

Miss Mordaunt had come aboard with
a weary feeling that life for her had
come to a standstill; but youth has
springs of energy to meet many trials,
and an interest awoke at once in this
girl's heart for the little old woman.
Finding the stewardess, she ascertained
the locality of the stateroom, and fol-
lowed its occupant there, making her
comfortable by a few womanly devices,
and winning uncalculated confidence.

"It's my Mary's husband," the little
old woman told Miss Mordaunt; "and
Mary's the last of six children. She
left the old place in Devonshire more'n
thirty years ago, and I've staid with
the others till they all lie in the church-
yard, and Mary will have me come to
New York. It's a grand man, her man
is there, I hear, with a big house and no
end of money. They sent me £100 to
buy clothes, an' all, but I couldn't be
grand if I tried, so I just put the
money by, and Mary can buy them for
me. She'll not be the slip of a girl now
that left me, for she has sons and
daughters of her own. You're in
trouble, miss, yourself, I'm feared,"
and she gently touched the crape on
Miss Mordaunt's dress.

"Both my father and my mother
died of malarious fever in Rome six
weeks ago," was the sad reply, and the
girl did not shrink as a rough but kind-
ly hand caressed her gently, and a ten-
der voice called her "poor dear," and
other homely, pitying names.

It would have astonished the friends
of Ethel Mordaunt to have seen her
presently sobbing like a child in the
caressing arms of "such a very com-
mon-looking person" as Mrs. Foster,
her new friend. Self-contained, proud
and yet keenly sensitive, the girl had
cased herself in an armor of reserve,
for with orphanhood she had met with
other trials.

Letters found amongst her father's
papers proved that he had left home to
try to save expenses, and weather
through financial tangles of magni-
tude. He was in broken health, and
had put his affairs into a lawyer's
hands until he could gather up some
physical strength. And the end had
come suddenly, while to Ethel's heavy
sorrow was added a double loss, as her
mother only survived her father two
days. The friends with whom they
had traveled knew that Ethel would
return home to poverty as well as sor-
row, and without intentional unkind-
ness their pity had a touch of patron-
age that stung Ethel to the quick. So
she had wrapped herself in a cold reti-
cence and suffered in silence.

But in helping another she found
help. Mrs. Foster was terribly seak-
all the way across, and Ethel devoted
herself to the old woman's care, and
kept the poor little soul alive by the
cheery voice, her coaxing and her pet-
ting. It was Ethel who dressed her and
led her on deck when she could bear the
motion; Ethel who listened to the many
stories of "Mary and Mary's good
man," descriptions of the presents sent
often to the mother in England, and
the many letters urging "mother" to
share in the comfort of the New York
home.

But Ethel imagined that Mary's
husband was probably a well-to-do
mechanic and the magnificence of his
home only so by comparison with the
little farm in Devonshire, where he had
been hired man to Mary's father before
he started to make his fortune in
America.

But when the vessel drew up to the
dock in New York, and Mrs. Foster
looking eagerly from the deck spied

"Mary," Ethel smiled; for the Mary
was the girl of 19 or 20, in the very
latest style of New York extravagance,
leaning upon the arm of a gentleman
a few years older, whose face Ethel
could not see distinctly under a wide
Panama hat.

There was the usual delay, while the
custom-house officer came aboard, and
the passengers looked over the railing
at the crowd upon the wharf. A mid-
dle-aged gentleman, with a handsomely
attired lady on his arm, came to the
side of the vessel, and looking up,
asked:

"Is Mrs. Foster aboard?"
And the little old woman, dropping
Ethel's arm, cried:

"It's John and Mary!"
And so it proved, for they came
aboard, followed by John and Mary
junior, who had already attracted their
grandmother's eyes and Ethel kept
away during the inspection of baggage,
and the search her little old friend
made for her. She saw them all
whirled away in a superb, open bar-
ouche, excepting John, Jr., who saun-
tered off on foot, and she said sighing:

"I shall never see her again!"
She heard some one say:

"That was one of our millionaires
with that funny old woman;" and then
she remembered that all she knew of
him was that he was "John, Mary's
husband." Doubtless name and ad-
dress were both in Mrs. Foster's mind
when she vainly searched for her friend
before she left the steamer, but both
were lost now.

"It is simply absurd!" Mr. Ward
said, angrily, as he pushed aside his
breakfast plate, and glared at his only
son—"a girl in a store!"

Miss Mamie Ward shuddered, but
Mrs. Ward said, softly:

"Poverty is not a crime!"
"And she is a lady," said John
Ward, eagerly; "her father was one of
our leading merchants, before he died,
and she has been highly educated. If
you would only see her!"

"Thank you, I do not desire that
honor," was the sneering reply. "I
never expected that you would disgrace
the family by marrying a shop girl;"
and Mr. Ward marched off oblivious to
the memory of the days when the head
of the family followed a plough in
Devonshire.

A pompous, purse-proud man, he
desired in his children, what he had
never held himself, the position due to
education, refinement and social stand-
ing, as well as wealth, and it irritated
him that his wife was always the sim-
ple woman he had married, though she
had a native refinement that kept her
above vulgarity.

He was not mercenary, to do him
justice, and did not care so much for
money in his children's choice of life
partners as for gentle birth and stand-
ing in society. But a shop-girl!
Horror!

He had thought sometimes he should
like to find again Miss Ethel Mordaunt,
his mother-in-law's companion in her
ocean voyage. He had known Mr.
Mordaunt slightly in business, and he
knew that they had been people of po-
sition in England two generations
back, before Ethel's great-grandfather
settled in America. With that rever-
ence for "family" born in the English
peasantry, he would rather have wel-
comed Ethel as a daughter-in-law with-
out a farthing, than the wealthiest par-
venue in New York, whose family was
no older than his own.

But he had never spoken of this, and
his anger was terrible when John, his
only son, had calmly announced him-
self engaged to be married to a Miss
Smith, who stood in a store.

He marched to his office in majestic
rage, while John sought his refuge in
family troubles, "the mother," as he
fondly called Mrs. Ward.

Grandma was called in council, and
while Miss Mamie, nibbling toast, won-
dered what John "could be thinking of!"
Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Ward were
consulting John.

"Suppose, mother," Mrs. Ward said,
gently, "you go to see her. I should
not like to act in direct opposition to
my husband, but you—might—see—
her—and—"

So a very stylish barouche contain-
ing a little old lady in rich black silk,
with a bonnet of Parisian manufac-
ture, of black lace and purple flowers,
drove rapidly from the Fifth avenue
mansion to the ribbon store where Miss
Smith worked.

"Gone home—discharged!" was the
answer to inquiry; but neither speaker
guessed that Mr. Ward, the rich
banker, had so promptly secured the
girl's discharge.

"Her address? Yes, I can get it.
574—street, Brooklyn."

Over the ferry, a long drive to a mod-
est street and a boarding house, and at
last Mrs. Foster was in a parlor wait-
ing to see Miss Smith.

She came down to the room, a pale,
slender girl, in half mourning. There
was a cry of—"My Miss Mordaunt!"
"Mrs. Foster!" and then the two were
embracing; with sincere demonstrations
of affection and delight.

How they talked for an hour before
Mrs. Foster, remembering her errand,
said:

"But I came to see Miss Smith!"
"I am Miss Smith. Don't look mys-
tified. I told you on the steamer that I
was very poor, but I have grand rela-
tions. When I declared my intention

of earning an honest living my aunt,
Mrs. Grey Mordaunt, who was Mr.
Grey Mordaunt's cousin, begged me so
pitifully not to disgrace the family
name by earning my own living that I
consented to be called Miss Smith.
That is all. But what did you want to
see Miss Smith for?"

"Oh, it is of no consequence. You
are going home to dine with me?"
"Now? Well, yes, I will!"
And she smiled a little mysteriously.

It were too long a story to tell of
Ethel's introduction to "Mary," and
Mary's family; of John's delight; the
mutual surprises and explanations.

But it was not until after a wedding
that Mrs. John Ward, Jr., said to her
father-in-law:

"There were some investments of my
father's supposed to be worthless when
he died, that were secured to me after
all his liabilities were met. My lawyer
wrote to me on the day I was dis-
charged from the ribbon store that these
bonds had become valuable. He has
been investigating my claims, and in-
forms me that he has sold out my
shares, and deposited \$100,000 in bank
to my credit."

And Mrs. Grey Mordaunt whispers,
with tears in her eyes:

"It is such a blessing Ethel dropped
her name when she was in that horri-
ble ribbon store, though, to be sure, it
was only for a few months. And, my
dear, I assure you, I never approved of
her marriage with a man of no family
whatever, though really they are ridicu-
lously happy."

"Edisoniana" at the Paris Exposi- tion.

Says a correspondent of the New
York Times, writing of the great ex-
hibition in Paris: What Eiffel is to the
externals of this exposition Edison is to
the interior. He towers head and
shoulders in individual importance over
any other man named in the lists of the
nations. His exhibits have the place
of honor, the largest space given to any
one interest in the whole exposition,
and they attract far more attention
than anything else. He has 9000
square feet, or one-third of the whole
space allotted to America for machinery,
and his people have utilized the space
with admirable intelligence in the main.
The electric light is obviously the most
striking thing in the Edison budget for
exhibition purposes, and is used for all
it is worth, as we say in Paris. There
is a mammoth globe lamp, which con-
tains and diffuses the light of some 13,-
000 incandescent bulbs, and is surround-
ed by some 7000 more, of all grades of
power and shades of color, so that at
night effects can be produced through-
out the vast Machinery Hall which are
more easily dreamed of than described.
All sorts of electrical machines in tele-
graphy, the telephone, the phonograph
and the rest of the Edisoniana, are
spread out in graduated departments,
until the bewildered observer wonders
why Franklin, Morse and others ever
thought it worth while to have pretened
to discover anything at all. Many of
the appliances are new to Europe, and
the scheme of sending despatches from a
running train—illustrated here by a
small working model—is especially at-
tractive to the crowd. The proper ex-
hibition of the phonograph has been
hampered and delayed a good deal by
the difficulty of securing silence. It was
finally decided to build a pavilion, with
exceptionally thick walls, and this has
been done in the American industrial
section, although there were models of
the phonograph as well in Machinery
Hall. In the pavilion the listener can
hear any one of 50 languages from the
wonderful machine, and fresh devices
to give a polyglot character to its work
are being added day by day. Of more
permanent interest is the intention to
utilize the train of distinguished visitors
who come this summer, and collect for
the phonograph a sort of exposition
opera utterances, songs, solos and sen-
timents from all the Gladstones, Pattis,
Rubinsteins and Persian Shahs who
come this way. A piano has already
been put in with this end in view.

Old Taunton's Birthday Gift.

Old Taunton, Eng., sent her greet-
ings to the New England Taunton, but
they were not received in time for the
latter's two hundredth and fiftieth an-
niversary celebration. "The missive is
one of the most elaborate communica-
tions ever seen in the city. The letters
are hand-painted upon thin parchment
in old-style illuminated script. The
whole is surrounded by illuminated
scroll-work, and at the top is a water
color sketch of Taunton Castle, and be-
low it of old St. Mary's Church. On
one side of the castle is the coat of arms
of the town, and on the other side is
a huge T crossed by what seems to be a
beer barrel, perhaps a hint at the
crowning industry of Taunton. The
large red seal of Taunton borough ap-
pears in the lower right hand corner.
It will be framed in a good stout frame
of old English oak taken from St.
Mary's Church at the time of its last
renovation, and which will arrive in the
city in a few days."

Whoever would live his life over
again that he might live a better life
would do well to remember that he
would do no better than he is now do-
ing. If you want to begin over again
begin now, and don't think to order a
new cradle and begin being baby over
again.

MADE RICHER BY THE FLOOD. The Shores of the Chesapeake Strewn With Valuable Drift.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody
good," is an axiom that could not have
a better illustration than in the case of
the recent great storm. While the in-
habitants of the mountainous sections
of Pennsylvania and Maryland were
well nigh ruined by the effects of the
great storm, it will result in great pecu-
niary benefit to a large number of the
residents of this and Kent counties.
This is due to the immense quantities of
logs, sawed lumber and drift stuff
which was forced down the Susquehanna
River into Chesapeake Bay from the
extensive lumber regions surrounding
Williamsport and Conowingo, Pennsylv-
ania, by the great rise of water.

Persons owning the shores have been
busily engaged in securing the lumber,
and if a proper estimate of the amount
secured could be had it would seem in-
credible. That the salvage on the lum-
ber saved will be of great pecuniary
benefit to those who secured it can be
imagined, receiving as they do 25 cents
for each log saved in the event that
they are properly marked and identified
and the owner of the shore advertises
the logs. It is estimated that the logs
which came ashore on "My Lord's Gift
Farm" of William McKenny, tenanted
by Charles Taylor, will, if reclaimed,
net these gentlemen from \$3,000 to
\$5. This is independent of the sawed
planks, shingles, laths, sashes, etc., of
which there is a tremendous quantity.
In Queenstown Creek large quantities
of timber, sawed lumber, and drift
stuff were driven in by the wind.

Business was practically suspended in
Queenstown, the merchants in some in-
stances closing their establishments and
embark on the profitable business of log-
catching. All along the shore of Blake-
ford, Waverly, the Hermitage and Piney
Point there are tremendous quantities
of material, an experienced gentleman es-
timating that there are 1,000,000 logs
on the shores.

It is difficult to imagine the variety
of articles in the mass of drift. House-
hold articles of every description—
chairs, tables, mattresses, bedsteads,
pictures, cooking utensils—in fact,
everything used in a house that would
float. Among articles that have come
ashore are a barrel of whisky, reported
to be extra fine; a barrel of lard, several
barrels of coal oil, cases of canned
corn, a box of dried apples, railway
of sawmill, shingle rack, house frames,
etc.

INCIDENTS OF SEBASTOPOL. Viscount Wolsley's Reminiscences of the Trenches in the Crimea.

I was eating my breakfast very early
one morning in a rifle-pit we had just
taken from the enemy and became
interested in some men near me who
were playing pitch and toss with half
pence.

A fine-looking young fellow of the
party, with his half pence poised on a
piece of stick, was on the point of
throwing them up in the air when I
heard that horrid "thud" I knew so
well, the sound made by a bullet as it
strikes a man, and the player and his
half pence fell at my feet. He was
stone dead, without a sigh, exclamation
or movement of limb or muscle. A
chance bullet in coming through a
sand-bag loophole had struck some
stone that caused it to glance down-
wards.

I have always remembered this cir-
cumstance because it is very rarely a
rifle bullet causes such actually instan-
taneous death. But very many were the
curious circumstances under which
death and wounds presented themselves.
I will mention one remarkable instance.
I was sitting some yards in the rear
of our first parallel, alongside an officer
who was giving me instructions for the
coming night. Two sergeants stood
together facing us, listening to the
orders which I wrote in my pocket-
book.

While so occupied, in what we con-
ceived to be a very safe spot, down
tumbled both of the sergeants in front
of us as a shell rushed past, so close
that we felt its wind. One man's head
had disappeared and the others face
was horribly mangled, his jawbone, as
we supposed it to be, protruding from a
ghastly wound.

The next morning I inquired in camp
how the man was and learned he had
not been touched by the shell, but that
his terrible wound was made by the
jawbone of the other sergeant, which
was driven into his face. Indeed a
little reflection ought to have told us
that no man could be seriously wounded
in the head by the blow of a shell and
still live.

What did most to kill our men was
want of fuel to cook with. Before any
fire could be made men had to march a
mile or two to dig up the roots of the
brushwood that had stood on the
heights at Inkerman. The brushwood
had quickly disappeared, but their roots
constituted our coal mine during our
first winter. It was a sad sight to see
the poor, wet and tired soldier on his
knees trying to kindle enough fire with
these damp roots to boil his kettle. Our
clothing was as insufficient as our food
and not suited to the rigorous climate
of the Crimea. In the winter the cold
was excessive, and our trenches were
often for days mere ditches of mud and
water. All rank suffered much accord-

ingly from the want of long boots. Day
after day I have seen the half-fed,
poorly-clad private soldier struggle with
feeble limbs to the trenches, trying
above all things, for his own credit as a
soldier and for the credit of his regi-
ment, to keep out of the hospital and
what he termed "at his duty." Many I
have seen return from the trenches to
lie down in their tents and there die
from actual want of proper sustenance.

Sleeping Cars in India.

Every man carries his own bedding
with him in India and these Indian cars
give you nothing else but a lounge on
which to spread a cotton comforter, a
shawl or a rug. You carry your own
pillows and the bedding of half a dozen
passengers would fill a car. Each trav-
eler of the first and second class brings
the most of his baggage into the train
with him and there is often as much as
the contents of an American baggage-
car in one of these compartments. No
one undresses, but all lie down with
their clothes on, pull their shawls over
them and sleep the best they can. There
are no porters to wake you at the proper
time and your boots remain unblacked.
Women traveling alone universally go
into compartments reserved for women,
and men traveling with their wives
have often trouble in keeping together.

This luggage being brought into the
cars and the trouble about getting and
holding seats, leads to the necessity,
which exists in India of traveling with
a servant. All English and American
travelers carry one or more servants
along with them, and in figuring up
your railroad fares you must add to the
fare of the class by which you travel a
third-class fare for your native servant.
This servant speaks English. He man-
ages your baggage, sees to the hiring
and paying of the cabs to and from the
stations and the hotels, and waits upon
you at the hotels. In many of the ho-
tels you get nothing to eat if you have
no servant. Your room is not made up,
your boots are not blacked, there is
no bell in the room and you get no at-
tendance whatever. If you have a ser-
vant he sleeps on the floor outside your
door and fights for the best of every-
thing for you. He wants but little
wages and on the whole it is cheaper
for you to take him than to get along
without him.

Talks a Little.

"He says 'yes' now," said the baby's
mamma, as the baby's papa came in;
"he said it lots of times to-day, and he
knows just what it means. Does Willie
love mamma?" she continued, looking
at the baby with great earnestness,
while papa paused with his overcoat
half off. "Papa—gone!" said Willie.
"No, no; papa come. Does Willie love
mamma!—wait a minute, George, he's
going to say it now; he knows. Does—
Willie—love—mamma?" "Got it down
pretty fine, hasn't he?" said George, as
he finished taking off his coat. "Well,
I don't care he does know, only—say,
Willie! Look straight at mamma, now.
Does—Willie—love—mamma? Y—y—
Does Willie love mamma?" "Pitty!"
said Willie, looking suddenly at the
glass pedant on the chandelier, with
well-feigned excitement. "Now, Wil-
lie—let him alone a minute, George—
Willie, be real good, now—just step
into the hall, George, where he won't
see you. There, now, Willie, do you
love mamma?" "Papa—tum?" said
Willie. "No, papa gone, now." "Now?"
said Willie. "Yes, now; why can't you
say what I want you to?" "To?"
said Willie. "You're a naughty,
naughty boy. You might as well come
in, George; he isn't going to say it; he's
angrily contrary and disagreeable some-
times and he just tries me to death."
"Willie," said his father solemnly,
"papa doesn't like naughty boys, mam-
ma doesn't, and I don't know who
does. Do you like naughty boys?"
"Yes," said Willie, with remarkable
distinctness.

Remedy for Sunstrokes.

Whatever is to be done in this dis-
ease, must be done quickly. Clinical,
as well as experimental observations,
enforces this doctrine. There should
in such cases be no waiting for the doc-
tor. The remedy is so simple, the
death so imminent, that the good
Samaritan passing by should save his
brother. The good Samaritan must,
however, have a cool head to be useful.
Not every man who falls unconscious
on a hot day has sunstroke. There is
fortunately one criterion so easy of ap-
plication that any one can use it. Go
at once to the fallen man, open his shirt
bosom and lay the hand upon his chest;
if the skin be cool, you may rest as-
sured that whatever is the trouble, it is
not sunstroke. If, on the contrary, the
skin be burning hot, the case is certain-
ly sunstroke, and no time should be
lost. The patient should be carried to
the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped
of his waist, and bucketful after bucket-
ful of cold water dashed over him until
consciousness begins to return, or the
intense heat of the surface decidedly
abates.

NOT FIXED.—Husband of popular
actress—"My wife has decided to retire
from the stage."

Friend—"Indeed! At once?"
"N—o, not exactly at once." We have
not yet decided upon the exact year,
but she will begin her farewell tour
next season."

FOOL FOR THOUGHT

There are some things that silence
alone can answer.

If you multiply words, you will spoil
what you have done.

Hope is the germ, Faith the blossom,
and Charity the fruit.

Two-thirds of what is called love is
nothing but jealousy.

Rich relatives are like wine—they
grow dearer with age.

When the pantry door's unlocked the
small boy gets his desserts.

The heart rules the head, because the
passions rule the judgment.

Avarice and laziness make the most
disgusting kind of a mixture.

The pugilists strike their hardest
blows when they begin to talk.

A fool always finds some one more
foolish than he to admire him.

Enjoy your present pleasures so as not
to injure those that are to follow.

Those who have little butter must be
content to spread thin their bread.

Measure not men by Sundays, with-
out regarding what they do all the week
after.

The man who wears a diamond ring
on his finger is the man who points with
pride.

No man can be happy without a
friend nor be sure of him till he's un-
happy.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth
its greatest countenance in its lowest
estate.

True merit, like the pearl in the oys-
ter, is content to be quiet until an open-
ing comes.

The greatest events of any age are its
best thoughts. Thought finds its way
into action.

The path of sorrow, and that path
alone, leads to the land where sorrow is
unknown.

It is admirable to die the victim of
one's faith; it is sad to die the victim of
one's ambition.

Fortune never takes anybody by the
hand, but she often allows them to take
her by the hand.

Most people would succeed in small
things if they were not troubled with
great ambitions.

A pretty girl may be so fully occupied
with being beautiful as not to have time
to be agreeable.

Faith is to believe what we do not
see, and the reward of faith is to see
what we believe.

In such times as these, men should
not only know what they believe, but
why they believe it.

One may be better than his reputa-
tion or his conduct, but never better
than his principles.

Marriage is a failure when a man at-
tempts to tell his wife what style of
bonnet she must wear.

There is no greater mistake than that
made by the man who is selfishly seek-
ing any kind of happiness at the expense
of others.

Do not fret. It only adds to your
burdens. To work hard is very well;
but to work hard and worry too is more
than human nature can bear.

At whatever period of life friendship
are made, so long as they continue sin-
cere and affectionate they form un-
doubtedly one of the greatest blessings
we can enjoy.

Time wears out the fiction of opinion,
and does by degrees discover and un-
mask that fallacy of ungrounded per-
suasions, but confirms the dictates and
sentiments of nature.

There are two ways of being happy—
we may either diminish our wants or
augment our means. Either will do—
the result is the same; and it is for each
man to decide for himself, and do that
which happens to be the easier.

Do you know what is harder to bear
than reverses of fortune? It is the
baseness, the hideous ingratitude of
man. I turn my head in disgust from
their cowardice and selfishness. I hold
life in horror; death is repose—repose at
last.

A man who would be a good worker
must see to it that he is a good sleeper.
Human life is like a mill. Sometimes
the stream is so copious that one needs
care but little about the supply; but of-
ten the stream that turns the mill needs
to be economized.

There is nothing so delightful as the
hearing or the speaking of the truth.
For this reason there is no conversation
so agreeable as that of the man of in-
tegrity, who hears without any intention
to betray, and speaks without any in-
tention to deceive.

What makes us like new acquaint-
ances is not so much newness of our
old ones or desire for change as dis-
gust at not being sufficiently admired by
those who know us too well, and the
hope of being more so by those who
do not know so much of us.

Never-ending hurry is but a rhetori-
cal expression for haste that leads to
decay and death. Look at him whose
diligence is sustained by skill and tact,
interchanging with rest, and you will
see the worker who has no need of
haste, yet he will accomplish more than
another whose hurry is waste.

Among the innumerable analogies
that may be traced between the phe-
nomena of the natural and of the moral
world, there are few more perfect, or
more instructive, than that which may
be shown to exist between the weeds of
the field and garden, and the bad hab-
its, the weeds of the heart.

Kind words produce their own image
on men's souls, and a beautiful image
it is. They smooth, and quiet, and
comfort the hearer. They shame him
out of his sour, and morose, and unkind
feelings. We have not yet begun to use
kind words in such abundance as they
ought to be used.

Nothing opens so wide a door to
vice, to crime, to evil habits of every
description, as the absence of occupa-
tion. The downward course of many a
promising youth, the ruin of many a
hopeful life, may be distinctly traced to
the void caused by having nothing de-
finite and positive to do. The faculties
must be active, the energies must be at
work; and, if not employed for good,
they will