

The Water Lily.

The summer morning opens cool,
A subtle freshness fills the air;
And seel upon the cloistered pool,
The lily opens her bosom there.

Of all the buds and blossoms rare,
No fairer one the eye may bless;
She feels the zephyr's kindly care,
And trembles at his fond caress.

Through all the loathsome mud and slime
She wends her roots to search below,
And undreamed beauties upward climb,
And in her petals throb and glow.

Send down thy rootlets, O my soul!
With darkened lives thy sunlight share,
And seek in myriads deep and cool,
God's beautiful image buried there.

So, in some fair, diviner hour,
When risen free from sin and crime,
Thou shalt preserve life's perfect power
Above the sluggish pools of time.

PHANTOMS OF FLEURY.

It was toward the end of August
when I paid my first visit to the old
chateau de Fleury.

My road, a mere cart track, lay
across the plain, between the golden
stubble fields that till a few days before
had been covered with ripe corn. It
was not often that I walked away from
the great forest that stretched darkly
over the gently swelling hills behind
me, but it was late in the afternoon,
the shadows already gathered thickly
beneath its shade, and I turned involun-
tarily toward the sun. My walk was
solitary. The only people I met were
one or two laborers, men and women,
returning from their work, who saluted
me as they passed with "Bon soir,
m'sieu."

The scene was very peaceful; the air
was warm and soft, the sinking sun
cast his rays gently over the earth; far
away, from one of the many villages
dotted on the plain, came the sound of
the vesper bell, and the land looked
very fair. But with its beauty there
was also that sadness which will come
when summer is giving place to au-
tumn. The earth is at rest. She has
brought her wealth of fruit and flowers
to perfection, and is taking a breathing
space before beginning her winter
struggles. Summer is still with her,
but he hovers with outstretched wings,
ready to answer the voices that call
him elsewhere, turning a last tender,
loving farewell look upon the land he
has so blessed with his presence.

And with this sadness upon me I
passed through the old gateway and
stood in the great quadrangle. The
grass had grown long and the paths
were covered with weeds, but it was
not quite deserted, for at the well an
old man in a blue apron was drawing
water. He raised his bucket and, with
slow and laborious steps, turned and
passed through a little postern gate, the
water splashing over as he went. The
inclosure in which I stood was formed
on three sides by outhouses and stables;
on the fourth, facing me, by the dwell-
ing house, forming a second court and
separated from the large one by a moat
crossed by a drawbridge. The inner
court was brilliant with flowers, wasting
their sweetness sadly, for there was no
one now to open the shuttered windows
and come down the terrace steps to
wonder at their beauty. And I stood
under the great limes by the well and
thought of the days gone by, when the
chateau had been full of life and gay-
ety, and wondered if such times would
ever come again.

Presently I roused myself, and turn-
ing to the left I went round to the
other side of the house. The moat sur-
rounded it only on three sides; the
back, or rather the rear front, faced a
large lake in a far stretching green
park. There was a terrace on this side
of the building, too, the steps leading
into a beautiful rose garden. The roses
were falling now, but the evening air
was laden with their scent, and here
and there was still a perfect flower.
The shadows were lengthening over the
water; two or three little islands lay
darkly on its surface; the wild luxuri-
ance of the vegetation pointed, no
doubt, to the fact that the place very
damp, but on this August evening it
looked warm and sweet enough.

Presently the sun flung a last bright
smile to the tall, stately trees, and
touched the waterlilies on the old
turrets with gold. The sky became
tinged with delicate pale green and
rose color, the reflection of the sunset
I could not see. For a few minutes the
old place was full of soft light, and
then the radiance slowly died away and
the twilight came on apace.

Still I could not bring myself to leave
the spot. I had sunk down upon a
moss covered stone among the roses,
and was gazing out over the lake.
Vague, dreamy thoughts came floating
through my brain, and I sat on uncon-
scious of the passing time.

Suddenly I became aware that the
light on the picture before me was
changing. Mysterious shadows lay
upon the grass on the opposite shore
of the lake. The islands were floating
in a silvery mist. An old boat moored
close to me seemed to shine like a fairy
skiff, fit for any of those dainty danc-
ers of the olden time, of whom I had
been dreaming, to take their pleasure in.
Clearer and clearer became the light,
more fairy like and bright the scene,
and when my own shadow grew out of
the ground at my feet I turned and,
behold, the great golden moon had
climbed the heavens and was peeping

through the trees to the east. A slight
breeze sprang up and rustled their
leaves softly. They whispered and bent
to one another, and the air was full of
their sound. In the center of the
lake a fish leapt, breaking the water
into a thousand sparkling ripples that
eddied to my feet.

At last I rose and turned to go, when
I became aware of a startling change
in the appearance of the house. It was
no longer dark and deserted. The
shutters were thrown open. Lights
shone from every casement, and figures
passed rapidly to and fro. On the
ground floor the door windows were
wide open on to the terrace, and a
stream of light poured forth from each,
mingling with the moonlight. Sounds
of music floated out to me; not the
jingling, rapid airs of our modern
dances, but slow and stately measures
that brought to them visions of
powder and patches, rapiers and lace
ruffles. Amazed, I watched for a little
time, and then, curiosity getting the
better of me, I went up the steps and
stood by the center widow. Presently
I went in. No one seemed to notice
me, and I looked on quietly.

A long broad hall stretched before
me, evidently going the whole length
of the building. The floor was highly
polished and reflected the light of hun-
dreds of wax candles that hung in clus-
ters against silver sconces on the oak
walls. At one end was a musicians'
gallery, whence came the sounds I had
heard. The front of it was festooned
with flowers, and flowers were twined
round the frames of the family portraits
on the walls. There were many por-
traits, of all periods. Knights in armor,
dames in high peaked head dresses,
grave statesmen in furred gowns, chil-
dren playing with dogs and demure
maidens in ruffs and farthingales. But
my attention soon strayed from the
pictures to the figures passing and re-
passing before me. It was evidently a
great and important gathering. The
host appeared to be a tall, portly man,
his powdered hair tied with black rib-
bon, a violet satin embroidered coat
and fine lace ruffles at throat and wrist.
He leaned on a gold-headed cane and
tapped a snuff box as he talked. There
were crowds of courtly men talking to
elegant women, whose eyes glanced all
the brighter for their powder and
rouge. At one end two couples were
gliding through a minut, with many
a bow and sweeping courtesy. As I
grew more accustomed to the brilliant
scene I seemed to know instinctively
who some of the people were. Those
old dames on the settee in the corner
are kinswomen of the host, and their
tongues have not ceased since I came
in. No doubt they are discussing some
dainty dish of scandal. That tall,
stern man moving about with an air
of authority must surely be the son and
heir.

But there is a couple that more than
all the rest excites my curiosity. The
man is small and slight and fair; he is
dressed in the extreme of fashion, in
pale pink satin, with diamond buckles
on his shoes. His rapier has a jeweled
hilt, and through it is drawn an em-
brothered handkerchief. He stands
near the top of the room, and is evi-
dently a guest of importance, for the
host pauses now and again to smile and
say a few words, which the young man
answers carelessly in a thin, bored voice.
His partner is a much more interesting
study. She is very young—not more
than 17—and has a delicate, fragile
look. Her hair is piled loosely on the
top of her head, and a blue ribbon runs
through it. It is the only bit of color
about her. Her white silk sacque falls
in full, graceful folds from her shoulders;
she holds a drooping cluster of
white roses in her hands, which nervously
arrange and rearrange the flowers;
her face is very colorless, and her
deep blue eyes have a strained, nervous
look. The two do not seem at ease in
each other's company; from time to
time the gentleman pays the lady a
vapid compliment, to which she re-
sponds faintly or not at all.

Now there is a general move toward
the top of the room, and the musicians
cease. The company gathers round a
square oak table; on it are pens, ink
and several large sheets of paper. A
man in plain black garments, evidently
a notary, takes a seat, Father and son
stand near each other, and on the
farther side the young couple who have
so interested me; then I see the like-
ness between the girl and the two men
opposite, and it flashes across my mind
that I am assisting at that betrothal
scene I had heard of a few days before.
The notary begins to read, the docu-
ment tells of the dower of the bride
and the settlements made by the bride-
groom, calling forth many exclaima-
tions of wonder and signs of envy from
the assembled guests. The father and
son listen with stern satisfaction; the
bridegroom pretends to pay no attention;
the bride, poor little thing, gets
paler and more nervous.

Now the reading has come to an end,
and amidst the buzz of conversation
the host rises and signs the papers. The
witnesses on his side follow, then the
bridegroom and his witnesses. The
notary turns to the bride and, smiling,
offers her the pen. With trembling
fingers she takes it, then hesitates. Her
great sad eyes are lifted appealingly to
her brother, and seeing no hope there
she looks at her father, and a piteous
murmur that is half a sob breaks from
her: "Father!" But no softness comes

over the stern face. "It is your turn
to sign, my daughter!" is all the re-
sponse she gets. Despairingly she
bends over the table and her name is
added to the rest.

The business being over, the ladies
crowd round her with congratulations
on the splendid match, and surrounded
by them she moves away. Presently
she begs them to leave her by the win-
dow. She feels a little faint, she says,
but a few moments' quiet will soon put
her right, and they leave her in the deep
embrasure. Once alone she rises, and,
watching her opportunity, slips out into
the night. I, too, step through my
window, and see her fit across the ter-
race in the moonlight. At the foot of
the steps a man starts out of the
shadow with a "At last, sweetheart!"
and catches the slender figure in his
arms for a moment. Wrapping a large,
dark cloak over her white garments he
draws her arm through his and leads
her a few steps, when he is stopped by
a hand placed suddenly on his shoulder.
Turning, he sees the dark face of his
lady's brother.

With a cry the girl starts from him
and flings herself between the two men.
Her brother thrusts her aside. "Stand
back! I have to deal with him, not
you!" But she clings to him, and, sink-
ing on her knees, promises anything if
he will only let her lover go safe. He
shakes himself free, and in another mo-
ment the clash of swords brings a won-
dering crowd to the windows. No one
interferes or attempts to go to the poor
child holding the back of a seat to keep
herself upright. Presently a heavy fall
and a shriek from the girl tells what
the end is. The white figure flies to the
prostrate man and the little hands
try to lift the heavy head. "Kiss me,
sweetheart," murmurs the dying man;
"I wished could have saved you," and
then all is still.

For a few minutes no one moves.
The lovers lie as if both, instead of
one, were dead; the guests gaze at
them with pale, scared faces, and mid-
way between the two groups, half way
up the steps, father and son speak in
a low whisper. The moon sheds her
silvery light over all, as she would
were the scene she illumined a happy
instead of a most tragic one. Suddenly
I see the girl lift her head; noiselessly
she rises to her knees, then to her feet.
The two men on the steps notice noth-
ing, so deep are they in their whispered
conference. With a swift, stealthy
movement she glides down to the wa-
ter's edge, and before her father and
brother, warned by a cry from their
guests, can stop her, she has stepped
into a light pleasure boat moored there,
and has pushed off into the lake. In
vain are the cries to her to return. She
floats slowly away in the moonlight,
and as a solemn hush comes over the
spectators the sound of a low crooned
song comes across the water. Then it
stops and the white figure rises to its
feet, a sobbing cry reaches us, and,
with lifted arms and upturned face, it
sinks—and disappears. A scream
bursts from some one in the crowd—
and the figures vanish.

I was sitting alone among the roses,
the old house stood silent and deserted
behind me, the crazy boat was quietly
moored at the little landing stage, but
the moon had disappeared and an owl
in the trees near by was sending forth
his melancholy cry on the still night
air.

The Spirit of Manual Training.

The August number of the "Popular
Science Monthly" contains an interest-
ing sketch on manual training. It is by
Professor C. H. Henderson, of the
Manual Training School in Philadel-
phia, and contains this paragraph: "It
is believed that the specific purpose of
education is to cultivate character, to
induce sound thinking and to make a
necessity of scientific inquiry. Its
highest end is ethical. Of great value,
but secondary to its supreme purpose,
are the skill and the information which
should be the natural result of such
cultivation. The aim of the school is
to prepare for completeness of life. The
central thought in its entire organiza-
tion is always the boy himself, and
everything that is done, every study
that is taken up, every influence that is
brought to bear, has for its sole pur-
pose his development. In this view of
its proper function, the school is a
purely educational institution, and is
industrial only in making use of the
tools of industry to accomplish its
chosen purpose. The manual work,
like work in science and literature, is
simply a means of development. It
bears the same relation to the process
of education that a railway train does
to travel. One may select slower modes
of approach if he chooses, but, in his de-
light at the rapid transit, he must not
confuse the journey with the end for
which the journey is made. Those who
hold this view of manual training,
watch with sincere regret any encroach-
ment of that spirit which places the in-
animate product, however ingenious
and beautiful it may be, above the hu-
man product. The object of manual
training, they believe, is the production
of thoughtful, self-reliant, honest men."

Take a cheerful view of everything.
Keep your own secrets if you have
any.

Angry charity may prove a boomerang.

Tact is the oil that lubricates society.

TELLING THE WEATHER.

Some Points in Regard to Meteorological Science.

Benjamin Franklin was the first to
discover that storms in this country
travel from west to east. He was inter-
ested in observing an eclipse, and
found that while the observations were
spoiled in Philadelphia by a rain storm
that came on just at the beginning of
the eclipse, the sky was clear at Boston
until after the eclipse was over. By
communicating with intervening towns
he learned that the storm traveled east-
ward at a uniform rate. Simultaneous
observations taken in all parts of the
country show that nearly all great
storms follow the same general direc-
tion—from the west to the east. The
same is true of cold or hot waves.
Therefore, to tell what the weather
will be, in advance, we have only to
find out the conditions prevailing east
of us. This is practically the course
pursued by the signal service.

The direction of a storm is frequen-
tly diverted by some local cause. A low
barometer, or large amount of moisture
in the air, attracts a storm, and may
either change its course entirely or hasten
its advance. The rate at which a
storm travels between two points is, in
fact, calculated by the gradient or de-
cline of the barometer from one point
to the other. When a storm is advancing
the wind blows to meet it. Thus a wind
blowing from the east or southeast indi-
cates the approach of a storm from the
west. When the storm centre has passed,
however, the wind changes and follows
the storm. If a person has a good bar-
ometer and a wind gauge he can tell
pretty correctly when a storm is com-
ing. Without the instruments the
clouds may be watched, and when seen
to be moving rapidly from the south-
east, and there are indications of the
presence of much moisture in the air, a
storm is not far away. The old Scotch
saying that

A red sky at night is the shepherd's deli-
ght;
A red sky in the morning, shepherds
take warning,
is partially true in this country. The
red sky in the morning indicates an ex-
cess of moisture in the air, and a storm
is therefore likely to occur before many
days.

The circle around the moon, or lunar
rainbow, shows the presence of moist-
ure in the air. Moisture at a high al-
titude produces a large bow and at a
low altitude a small bow. The smaller
the bow therefore the nearer the moist-
ure and consequently the sooner will
the storm develop. The old saying that
the number of stars to be seen inside
of the circle indicates the number of days
before the arrival of the storm is not
reliable, as the position of the moon in
the heavens may make the number
great or small without regard to the
storm conditions. All attempts at pre-
dicting the weather for months in ad-
vance are mere guess-work. Such
superstitions as trying to fortell the se-
verity of a winter by the thickness of
the breastbone of the goose or the fur
of animals originated in some obscure
quarter and are not worth the cir-
culation and attention that they re-
ceive.

Rewards and Methods of Literary Workers.

There is so much written at this
time about literature and literary work,
that the comments of T. W. Higginson
will be read with interest: "If it be
said that literary people must live, and
that literature is a precarious means of
support, the obvious reply would be
that all means of income are precarious
and literature no more than the rest.
Whatever employment one chooses he
must take the risk of failure in it.
Many a lawyer has literally almost no
clients; many a physician has hardly
any patients; and why should a writer
expect to be more secure? His possible
prizes in money are not so great as the
lawyers, probably, but they are greater
than those of the physician or the
clergyman; and the blanks are less, on
the whole, than in either of these pro-
fessions who are absolutely unemployed.
A lawyer of unusual attainments, re-
turning in middle life to the home of
his youth, told me that for one year he
had not a single client, great or small;
he did not so much as draw a will or a
deed. I have never known a decently
equipped literary man or woman to be
left thus hopelessly stranded; there was
always something to be earned—even
at a low price. Apparently the bitter-
est of these complaints emanate from
literary men in large cities who live
face to face with the vast successes of
the Stock Exchange, and cannot be
satisfied so long as the nation does not
furnish them with corresponding in-
comes. They do not furnish them with
corresponding incomes. They do not
recognize that perhaps it is poverty
which has drawn out of them what-
ever approach to genius they have
shown; and that if they gained the mil-
lions which they seem to themselves to
deserve, perhaps the genius might
vanish, like the song of a canary which
is led too well." The methods of lit-
erary productions are an interesting
study, apart from their results. Many
original and profound thinkers cannot
work in the midst of a noise. Antiquity
furnishes innumerable instances where
light was considered an obstacle to the
action of the mind. In Plutarch's time
they showed a subterranean place

of study built by Demosthenes, where
he often stayed continuously for two or
three months at a time. Malebranche
darkened his apartment whenever he
wrote. Lord Chesterfield, acting on
the same principle, advised that his
pupil whose attention was diverted by
every passing object—should be in-
structed in a darkened apartment. But
then we come to Haydn, who would
never sit down to compose without be-
ing in full dress, with his great dia-
mond ring on his finger, and the finest
paper lying near upon which to copy
his musical compositions. When Rou-
seau was writing his celebrated ro-
mance he was curiously inspired by
some rose-colored knots of ribbon that
tied his portfolio, and also with his ele-
gant paper and brilliant ink, while
Cumberland's liveliest comedy, "The
West Indian," was purposely written
in an unfurnished room, close in front
of an Irish turf stack, because brilliant
rooms and pleasant prospects distracted
his attention. For 50 years a secluded,
naked apartment, with only a desk, a
chair and a sheet of paper, was the
study of Buffon. Wolf, the German
metaphysician, resolved his algebraic
problems in bed and in darkness. Poets,
we are told, in all ages of the world,
have conceived their best work in the
silence of night.

A Learned Judge's Sentences.

In sentencing a prisoner convicted of
stealing from his employer Sergeant
Arabin thus addressed him: "Prisoner
at the bar, if ever there was a clearer
case than this of a man robbing his
master this case is that case." Having
to pass judgment on a middle-aged
man, who, convicted upon three indict-
ments, had pleaded guilty to more,
Arabin said: "Prisoner at the bar, you
have been found guilty on several in-
dictments, and it is in my power to
subject you to transportation for a
period very considerably beyond the
term of your natural life, but the Court,
in its mercy, will not go so far as it
lawfully might go, and the sentence is
that you be transported for two periods
of seven years each." In sentencing a
man to a comparatively light punish-
ment he used these words: "Prisoner
at the bar, there are mitigating circum-
stances in this case that induce me to
take a lenient view of it, and I will
therefore give you a chance of redeem-
ing a character that you have irretriev-
ably lost." He once said to a witness:
"My good man, don't go gabbling on
so. Hold your tongue and answer the
question that is put to you."

The Comfortably Miserable Woman.

BY WM. PERRY BROWN.

The comfortably miserable woman—
paradoxical—you may say, yet how
often we meet with her.
Sometimes she is a wife. Her life
has been a series of small martyrdoms,
that in her own mind fully entitle her
to an heroic niche in the temple of en-
durance. In childhood she sacrificed
herself to her parents. She was dutiful,
considerate and highly decorous—with
a sort of Sunday-school perfection sur-
rounding her like a halo, and should
have died young in order to early illu-
minate heaven with her cherubic pres-
ence. In marriage she sacrificed her-
self to her husband, his relatives, his
children. Upon the conjugal altar she
laid down high prospects, ambitious
parental hopes and her life of maidenly
ease and freedom. In one way or an-
other she has been sacrificing some-
thing ever since. Nobody ever will or
can know all she endures for the sake
of the man of her choice. He was poor,
she accepted poverty for his sake; he
had a mother who would live with her
son, she bore that indignity with saintly
resignation; she denied herself society
because of home duties, yet no one
gives her credit; she has injured her
health by assuming burdens that should
have fallen upon other shoulders; and
so on runs the perpetual drip until the
ear wearies. Yet a faint hope cheers
her soul. After she is gone, husband,
children, relatives, friends, will all dis-
cover what a domestic pearl their swim-
ish understandings have so long neglect-
ed, and in heaven—she hopes—her re-
ward will not be withheld.

But perhaps she is a spinster, though
quite as comfortable in sounding the
necessary variations upon the melan-
choly chorale to which her lonely life is
attuned. In her youth what marriages
could have made. There was A
who was handsome, B who was rich,
C who was distinguished, D, E, F, each
superlatively characterized by some
desirable trait, and yet she would have
none of them, though each was suppos-
ed to be willing to lay himself and his
excellence at her feet. Why? She
must sacrifice herself to her parents,
who could not bear to part with her; or
to orphaned sisters and brothers who de-
manded her care; or in any one of half
a dozen other ways equally noble and
self-immolative. The perpetual martyr-
dom of single blessedness is the result.
Yet she has her reward, in the very egot-
ism of her complaint and the world's
respondent sympathy.

There are other phases of the comfort-
ably miserable woman, but they are all
apt to be different variations of the same
theme. As a rule they eat well, sleep
well, talk well, dress well, and in their
plaintive way enjoy life perhaps better
than half of those who attain the fate
which self martyrdom has denied to
themselves. Apart from these auto-bio-
graphical fancies, the comfortably mis-
erable woman is apt to be a pleasing and
attractive person. She merely has her
weakness and is often the better for it,
which is more than can be said of many
other kinds of affliction.

There is doubtless the comfortably
miserable man—his masculine counter-
part—with his mother-in-law, his ex-
pensive or slovenly wife, his business
 vexations, his liver, and his private
groveling for the expense of every body

else's shortcomings but his own. But
we leave his portraiture to the mercy of
the feminine pen. The ladies will un-
derstand him—if we do not—and com-
press him into quite as small a size mar-
tyr as his strict deserts admit of, even if
it requires a magnifying glass to then
discern them.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

In all promised pleasures put self last,
Never borrow if you can possibly
avoid it.

Perform your good deeds in the right
spirit.

A moment of time is too precious to
waste.

Moral strength is the highest kind of
health.

Most great works are accomplished
slowly.

A ragged colt may make a good
horse.

Trust in God and mind your own
business.

A friend should bear his friend's in-
firmities.

Always speak the truth. Make few
promises.

Keep yourself innocent if you would
be happy.

Do not marry until you are able to
support a wife.

Even the worst people have some
good left in them.

The web of human fortunes is woven
for eternity.

Wis is folly, unless a wise man has
the keeping of it.

The road is long from the intention to
the completion.

Two things instruct man in regard
to his whole nature—instinct and ex-
perience.

More miles can be made in a day by
going steady than by stopping.

A man of honor respects his word as
he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never
give what you cannot, simply be-
cause it is fashionable.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for in-
strumentality. It is the brain of the
hand.

So great is the sweetness of glory that
one loves whatever things it is attached
to, even death.

Silence is as strong as the soul, and
there is no temper so wild with blasts
but has a wilder lull.

General observations drawn from
particulars are the jewels of knowledge,
comprehending great store in a little
room.

All principles cover small affairs. It
does not follow that a scruple is dimi-
nutible, because its object is diminu-
tive. Is the principle of the microscope
contemptible?

Nature and revelation are alike God's
books. Each may have mysteries, but
in each there are plain, practical lessons
for every-day duty.

Modesty is a kind of shame or shy-
ness proceeding from the sense a man
has of his own defects compared with
the perfections of him whom he comes
before.

Although men are accused for not
knowing their own weakness, yet per-
haps as few know their own strength.
It is in men as in soils, where sometimes
there is a vein of gold, which the owner
knows not of.

Many persons fancy themselves
friendly when they are only officious.
They counsel not so much that you
would become wise as that they should
become recognized as teachers of wis-
dom.

The delights of thought, of truth, of
work, and of well doing will not descend
upon us like the dew upon the flower
without effort of our own. Labor, per-
severance, self-denial, fortitude, watch-
fulness, are the elements of which this
kind of joy is formed.

This life is like a bale of silk on a
loom, that winds itself up as fast as it
is woven. You do not know what the
figure is until it has been taken off and
unrolled; then you begin to see what it
is. This life weaves; the other life re-
veals.

Nothing seems much clearer than
the natural direction of charity. Would
we all but relieve according to the
measure of our means, those objects
immediately within the range of our
personal knowledge, how much of the
worst evil of poverty might be allevi-
ated.

Nothing can be done right and effi-
ciently without order and system, from
the boiling of an egg to the management
of the heaviest business or enterprise.
There is a routine even in our daily
personal habits. He is considered a
safe man whom you always know where
to find.

Put it out of the power of truth to
give you an ill character; and if any-
body reports you not to be an honest
man, let your practice give him the lie;
and to make all sure, you should re-
solve to live no longer than you can live
honestly; for it is better to be nothing
than a knave.

It is not the flesh, nor the eye, nor
the life which are forbidden, but it is
the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the
eyes and the pride of life. It is not
this earth nor the men who inhabit it,
nor the sphere of our legitimate activi-
ty that we love, but the way in which
the love is given, which constitutes
worldliness.

If many married women were as will-
ing to be pleasant and as anxious to
please in their own homes as they are in
the company of their neighbors, they
would have the happiest homes in the
world, and there would not be so many
unhappy marriages in the world.

Literature is one of the most power-
ful instruments for forming character,
for giving us men and women armed
with reason, braced by knowledge,
clothed with steadfastness and courage,
and inspired by that public spirit and
virtue of which it has been well said
that they are the brightest ornaments
of the mind of man.