DAYS THAT NEVER RETURN.

Over the strings of my harp to day
Floats a song that is half a sigh,
Like the sound of leaves when the wind sweeps by,
Like the sound of breakers far away,
As they beat and sob,
As they beat and throb,
Till I hear a voice in the distant roar
On that lovely stretch of sandy shore.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for the dying year—
A song that thrills with an unshed tear—
Through the winter twilight, chill and gray,
As the breakers sob,
As the breakers throb,
And I hear the voice with its old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for my sweet, lost youth—
For oh, I would give, in very truth,
Riches and fame and power away
To dream once more
Those bright dreams o'er.
"It is a vain regret," sighs the old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for the dying year;
A song that thrills with an unshed tear
Like the sound of breakers far away—
How they beat and sob!
How they beat and throb!
And I hear that voice with its old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.

—*Unidentified.*

OLD FRIENDS ONCE MORE.

BY WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

"How we all change!" is often heard, especially among the middle aged when reminded, in various ways, of the altered looks and ways of youthful acquaintances.

No remark is more trite and commonplace, yet within its scope lies a transcendent range of human impressions, embracing every variety of feeling, from joy to sadness, from the summit of hope to the vale of disappointment.

"Only twelve years, yet it seems as if another age had intervened," said a friend rather sadly to me one day.

She was seated in a bay window looking out upon a charming landscape. A pile of æsthetically tinted cushions supported her; two immense jars resurrected from the family garret were at either end of the divan, each nourishing an amber tinted lily or two. Her "gown" was medieaval, dull tinted and lustreless, with a touch of Etruscan gold here and there, and her manner was characterized by an air of gently exhausted melancholy. In her lap was a drab leather album full of old and fading photographs—the portraits of classmates and friends of other days.

Twelve years ago she married and went away. Recently she had returned flushed with western prosperity to her old home. She is looking, as she speaks, at the picture of four of her old school mates. One was Beatrice, the poet and valedictorian of the class in which my friend graduated. Beatrice wears her white graduating gown. She has a pale, serious face, and hair loosely hanging, though innocent of bangs. My friend remembers the sense of unrest, the vague Byronic yearnings with which Beatrice filled her copious rhymes, always vowing that she never, never would marry, because she was sure not to meet her ideal this side of Heaven.

Yesterday she met Beatrice coming out of the village grocer's. Her arms were full of bundles and by her side was a little Beatrice, to whom she gave ginger snaps from a paper bag, to keep the child still while the two old friends talked. My friend hardly knew her, she was so changed, in manners as well as looks. She was gay, smiling and loquacious. She was no longer pensive and dreamy; she had grown stout and matter-of-fact. She talked chiefly about the weather, the price of butter, the scarcity of raspberries; and said that Robson (her husband) was no manager at all. In brief, Beatrice was keeping boarders, and to my friend's surprise, growing fat upon worry and work, despite an indolent husband and the low rate of board.

The old time Beatrice was fond of soft clinging fabrics in her dresses, and the girls thought her a genius, born to "right the wrongs" of her sex in some grand, mysterious way. And here she was, her great mind contentedly settled upon making one dollar do the work of two, with three pretty children and a husband whom she loved, yet who could not make a living. As to her ideals, perhaps the less said of them the better.

Two of the other pictures represented Dolly and Isabel, both favorites of the school and the village. The boys sent them valentines and took them "buggy riding." The girls shared caramels and pickles and new novels with them cheerfully. They had no end of intimate friends, full of school girl confidences, and swearings of eternal fidelity through after life. My friend herself had interchanged a score of delicate feminine secrets with each one of them, and had vowed unutterable affection, and when school days were over began a correspondence with Isabel that was intended to end only in death. It lasted three months, I believe.

The other day she met Dolly in a street car. Her early beauty had faded, there were more lines upon her forehead and beneath her eyes than time alone would have placed there. Time seemed to have been assisted by discontent and a habit of fault finding, totally foreign to her youthful days; and perhaps held in abeyance by the general agreeableness of everybody then.

But Dolly's health had failed, people ceased to be so considerate to her whims, admirers grew less and less attentive, she was still unmarried and had sunk deeply into the typical career of old maid-hood. The staple of her talk now was upon her ailments, upon the disagreeable traits of her acquaintances, and interspersed with acid commiseration of things in general for falling so much below her own expectations of the way they should be. Doubtless good health and an affectionate husband would have changed all this, but these were not forthcoming, and my friend felt sad when she left Dolly.

Isabel, she met the previous summer at a watering place. Isabel was fashionable, and had married a financial magnate, who burrowed away at his office the year round, while his wife squandered money in town and country after strict conventional standards. Isabel's husband is thirty years the oldest and they have no children. From a gay and winsome school girl she had developed into a married coquette of the adroitest kind. She is at once heartless, selfish and prudent. Men follow after her whenever she cares to attract; she draws them to the verge of extremity, yet never oversteps the lines of social propriety, and more than all—is never enthused or confused. The skill with which she extracts entertainment from the hearts of men and the envy of women is only equaled by her after indifference to the source of both.

Other old time faces, my friend saw, youthfully portrayed in the old album, and as she recalls their traits—then and now—she finds much to surprise her and something to grieve over as well as please. Manners have altered, faults and virtues have grown or fallen away, but in most instances the radical basis of character has developed naturally under after influences, though in some producing strange results, to a superficial eye.

In examining herself, she finds that her present condition, though differing much from youthful anticipation, is largely the result of outward causes adjusting rather than creating certain now well defined channels of taste, feeling and thought. She is yet much the same, though in a different way.

Reflection convinces her that the girls that she used to know and herself, have developed into a good deal such women as might have been expected, taking everything into consideration. Not always such, however, as they or their friends did expect—which is often quite another thing. There are no changes so various and wonderful a those of nature, for the reason that they are natural, even when they seem the most unaccountable.

Why Minnie Could Not Sleep.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her. "You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the day-time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantle went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said: "I know, I know, I know." "You don't know either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! you were upstairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out, "Polly did!" "That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in Grandma's room, so now!" Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, then began to "pur-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that too, sounded, as if pussy said, "I know, I know." "Yes, you do know, Kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around Kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I—guess—I—want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story. "I was awful naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then, I—I—O, I don't want to tell, but s'pect I must, I shut Kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma." Then Mamma told Minnie she had known all about it. But she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself. "But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't Kitty?" "Because Kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.—*Kentucky Church Chronicle.*

Something Curious About Birds.

In the early spring the first birds to make an appearance here are the robin and the blue-bird, and a little later come the blue snowbird, song sparrow and pewee. The bird that I greet with the greatest enthusiasm is the song sparrow. Many years ago I made a discovery of a peculiarity in the song of this bird which to me was very interesting. It appears that this bird is not content to sing one monotonous song like most species, but it has a list of tunes, something like the hand-organ grinder, which he sings all through the nuptial season, wooing his faithful mate while engaged in her household duties. If we listen to his songs we will find that after repeating his little ditty from fifteen to forty times he will change it to another, so entirely different that we can hardly believe it to be the same bird singing. Then he will suddenly take a third tune, and so on to the fourth and fifth, and in all he will sing about nine distinct tunes. These nine tunes he sings without variation during his lifetime of from one to five years; but no two song sparrows ever have the same list of tunes, unless by accident they may have one or more of nearly the same. When October comes with its bleak winds, verging on to November, the bird wends its way to its Southern winter home How they spend their time there I do not know, but when the season for their nuptial home arrives, they come back to the same old locality, to the same garden or hillside, wherever it may be, and we hear the same tunes repeated that we learned the year before. I knew of one pair that returned five successive years, singing the same nine tunes each year; whether he kept the same mate all this time I cannot say. Female birds never sing; a chirp is all they give. The song sparrows have a locality which is their home and they do not allow any other of the species to intrude upon their hunting grounds. An acre or two of land is about all they claim. Passing their boundary another pair of the species will be found. They never locate in the middle of a field like the bay winged or Savannah sparrow, preferring the outskirts, banks, gardens and roadsides for their homes. Some may smile and doubt my tale, but I have made a study of the birds for many years and have learned to know them all by their songs.—[*Grandpa.*

BUTTER or cans of milk may be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing a little water, where air is circulating.

Domestic Helps.

BY KATHARINE ARMSTRONG.

It is exceedingly helpful to the one who has the care and management of the table, the cuisine of a family, to find herself in condition to make ready a hasty lunch whenever unexpectedly called for. It is an uncomfortable position for materfamilias to have nothing at hand, already cooked, and be obliged to send out—depend upon outside cookery—for any one knows the baker's work, even of the best, 'tis not like the "home-made," with the home-made taste and flavor. Of cakes and pies and other dainties, we do not speak now, but of the more substantial parts of a lunch, the main dish of which should naturally be cold meat of some sort. One week have a cold leg of mutton; another, a piece of spiced beef; another, a corned or smoked ham. All will keep in a cool place for several days, and "variety is the spice of life," and change from one meat to another enhances the relish for all. Some families, we know, almost never buy mutton or lamb, believing no meat is quite as wholesome as beef; but those very people are the ones who most thoroughly relish a dainty chop at the table of a friend. Nothing but a groundless whim, a foolish notion, prevents their buying a meat themselves that is quite as delicious and as nourishing as the best beef. We mean, in speaking of meat, the best quality of all kinds. A little of the best is more desirable than a good deal of inferior quality.

We will try to give a few ideas in the preparation of meats desirable "to have in the house," ready for convenience or emergency. First, very naturally, comes smoked tongues. They are profitable for families, as there is very little waste to them. They should be soaked over night in milk-warm water, and put into cold water over the fire the next morning; boil slowly for at least four hours, and allow to become cold in the water; then remove the skin and slice in thin slices, beginning at the small end and cutting diagonally in such a way that there will be no small slices, all uniformly large. Cold tongue is a common dish, sure enough, but it is easy to tell whether it is cooked and sliced by one who "understands his business," or not. It is a fair breakfast dish, as well as lunch dish, and not amiss, among other meats, for dinner, served with spinach.

A cold boiled ham is a very mine to the housekeeper—so many ways in which the meat can be utilized for the different meals. It can be brought on for the principal meat for dinner when hot; can make sandwiches, when cold, for the school children or for picnics; a few slices on the breakfast or lunch table will not come amiss, or the ragged parts can be scrambled with eggs in three minutes, and make a very satisfactory dish, or made into croquets with eggs and cracker crumbs. The slicing of a boiled ham should begin at the larger end. It should lie in cold water over night preparatory to boiling, be well washed in the morning, and put into cold water to boil—at no time allowed to boil rapidly. A quart of sweet cider should be added to the water, also a large spoonful of molasses. Fifteen minutes' boiling for every pound will be the exact time to cook it. Nothing is gained by hurrying the boiling of meats of any kind, especially of salt meats. It only hardens them, and makes them tough and coarse. Ham, like tongue, is better cooled in its own broth; then it is moist, and delicate in color. A change from boiled is to give it more slow cooking and browning in the oven. The skin being removed, place it in the oven, the fat side up, having first brushed it over with beaten egg, and sprinkled it over with fine bread crumbs. Put one pint of cider in the pan, and baste occasionally—bake one hour. A stuffed corned ham is an agreeable change. Have the bone removed and fill the cavity with a dressing made of stale bread crumbs, salt, pepper and sweet herbs—all moistened with an egg and a little butter. Secure in a linen cloth, and boil till done, cooling in its own liquor.

Another good way to prepare meat for luncheon, and make delicious the unsightly bits and pieces of good meat, is the following: "Chop finely all the 'odds and ends,' rejecting the discolored pieces and gristle. Add rolled soda crackers and beaten eggs enough to make all of the consistency of a stiff batter, adding salt, pepper and a little butter. Put into a well buttered pudding dish and bake one hour. When cold turn out and slice for the table. A few sweet herbs added, give variety. Some use raw beef—raw meat, for this dish, but we have found most satisfaction in using that already cooked.

Croquets will also make use of odd and ragged remains of any sort of meat, by using one cup of chopped meat, one of milk, one of fine crumbs, a little melted buttert two eggs and plenty of seasoning. Form into croquets with the hands and fry brown in hot drippings.

Most people will relish a salad made of meat in the way; chop finely a couple of pounds of cold boiled corned beef, add two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, a spoonful of sugar, one egg, a little pepper, beat and mix all well together and put in a saucepan over the fire, when boiling, pour into a buttered dish to mould. Cut in thin slices and serve on lettuce.

An appetizing warm dish is made in this way; take clear tender lean beef, about a pint, when finely chopped, raw steak, add one small minced onion, a little salt and pepper, make into round, flat cakes, with the hands, and fry a rich brown, in butter, thicken the butter remaining in the pan with a little flour and water blended, and pour over the browned cakes.—*Observer.*

THE Hon. E. Everett, the American Senator, once had his health proposed thus by the artist Story: "Here's to Learning—when Ever-it rises it grows." Everett, springing to his feet, at once exclaimed: "I beg to amend! Here's to Learning—whenever it rises it grows but never above one Story."

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some patient efforts to get quit of them.

The Pride of the Poor.

'Where'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!'

There is the proverbial blind man at every street corner, a vender of odd things forever dogging your heels, a little flower girl at your elbow whenever you are in a hurry, and at night, when the company have all dispersed, there is a tramp at your back door, Yet, thanks to a free government, an inspired business sentiment, and a conviction that all have equal opportunity to *strive*, the poor of our country are limited—very limited, compared to the destitute that exist under more despotic flags.

But the beggar and the itinerant are not the poor. They are tradespeople—following a profession to their own liking—and since others do not strive for it, they have a monopoly and make a good thing out of it, too. No; these are not the poor. The poor are in hiding. Their wants they never tell, unless you make a bold search to find them out. They pass you every day in the street and unless you look very closely you will not discover that their clothes are poorer than yours. The struggle and the pinching goes on in a scantily supplied home, behind a very effectual screen. If the clothes will stand a cursory glance, the shiny marks of wear can be detected at a nearer view. If the tops of the boots will match your own in decency, the soles, you may be sure, have holes, that let the poor proud feet come once too often in contact with the damp earth on stormy days, and the case may be followed to a consumptive patient on a dying bed.

Not only do the poor hide in the busy haunts, but they walk side by side with you in society and you never suspect it. You wonder why this or that member of a family is absent from an expensive gathering. You talk with the attending representative about it, and with a smiling face you are treated to some plausible excuse, which of course you swallow.

A small family of little girls attended a Sunday School. Only one came at a time. Upon being asked why they did not all come together every Sunday, one of the little ones blurted out: 'Betase we've only one dood frock for us all.'

She was a marvel to look at—a little old lady in black with a close fitting bonnet edged with white. It is true her dress was scant and showed a few neat darns, but she looked so clean and sweet, and had such a cheery smile on her white thin face.

'Oh! Come in, do. You look tired, please stay here and rest.'

Only a look from the faded eyes, but oh, so tender, as the tottering steps drew timidly near the welcome hearth.

'There. Please take this chair; for I know from experience it is the easiest in the house. That's it. Now I will make you a cup of tea, for I'm sure you need it.'

A little more bustle and fuss, an occasional brush across the eyes when the old lady was not looking, and soon the little table of refreshment was placed before the guest. Another of those tender looks, as she was enjoined to partake of what was before her.

Just then the door opened. In came someone who looked every inch a mistress.

'Mary, who have you here?'

Mary explained, but the explanation did not seem to satisfy.

The poor old lady gave a startled look in the direction of the mistress, and then rose with a not unbecoming dignity and moved towards the door.

'Stay, where are you going? I *want* you to have something to eat, especially now it is laid for you!'

'Thank you, madam,' was the sweet but proud reply, 'but I could not eat it now. Good day.'

She went out, but the thoughts that troubled her were not harsh or bitter. Instead, she was murmuring: 'Poor Mary, poor girl! I shall be very much distressed if she gets into trouble through me?'

A tramp entered a confectioner's store. The young lady behind the counter looked hard at the tattered coat, the dented, slouching hat, the grizzled face, as he advanced and instantly made up her mind that he had come begging.

'Sorry,' said she, brusquely, 'but we haven't anything to give you.'

Surprise, anger, indignation, all struggled for expression on the hardened face, and then lifting his head as proudly as a king, he said: 'Didn't ast yer. A penny cake, please,' and down went the money with a ring.

It is not always safe to judge by appearances.

She lived in a very uncomfortable attic, where the sun poured down on the roof day after day, and the showers when they came seemed rather to scald than cool.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, day in, day out, and only a bare living gained. A knock at the door, an imperative, 'Open please,' and in stepped a haughty young dame.

'Is my dress finished?'

'No Miss; I am very sorry, but I have so much work on hand, and it has been very hot.' The needle was held suspended a moment, and the quiet face looked up worn and tired, as if to emphasize the words.

'You promised it this evening, and if I do not get it by eight, you may not expect any more work from me.'

There was something unclearable in the tone, and the gentle seamstress looked up quickly, while a slight blush illumined her pale features. 'Very well, madam. You remember I said it would be finished to-day or to-morrow. I have done my best. You shall have the dress to-morrow. Good evening.' She drew her small, emaciated figure to its full height and ushered her visitor out with the air of an injured queen.

But ere the door was well closed, she dropped to the floor, a poor desolate heap. 'Mother, mother! Why can't I die and come to you? They are all alike. And now she will not send me any more work. But I cannot bear it, if I starve. Oh God, have pity, and take me!'

Yet in our glorious Republic man is equal. So we all say, and despite all outsiders are ready to say to the contrary, we are going to *stick* to it. [The homelier the phrase here, the better.]

We are to be pitied as well as the street arabs. Just think of the drawbacks to our rose-hued plans for doing good. At evening, in richly-carpeted and softly-lighted rooms, fired with the glow that a pretty story—just read from one of our leading magazines—has left, we feel a poignant sympathy with our less fortunate fellows. In dreams we extend our hands, and bend smilingly over picturesque rags and dirt, and feel so satisfied about our charitable frame of mind. But in real life: 'Oh, I am so busy. I am engaged with company. I'll attend to the case later.' It is so easy to forget. It saves us the trouble of confessing that our idle evening dreams will not stand the daylight.

'God helps those that help themselves.' You frequently use this expression and feel justified in doing so. Well, let your street arabs learn it. They need to. But what are you going to do about those that *are* struggling to help themselves.

These are the poor. As deserving poor they should find the well-worn proverb, 'God helps etc,' true. Open your hearts to the poor who make no parade of their poverty. Respect their delicate pride; it is the link that binds them to this world. Use your brain to aid them, your sympathy to warm them, and your heart to love them.

What if you should be among the proud poor yourselves some day! These very ones would be the first to help you from their slender means. Only the heart and the character can make a justifiable distinction between men; for we are all born equal.

'My coat is a coarse one, an' yours may be fine
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw;
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! O, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw:
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa:
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.'

—*Robert Nicoll.*

EDITOR.

Seasonable Things and Where to Buy Them.

It is a matter of universal assent, that the real status of an individual may be determined by a glance at his feet, for these members are usually the last to fall into line and so complete the picture of physical culture and refinement. The style and graces of the *grande dame* may be assumed by any young woman gifted with a fair amount of adaptability; the fashion of her costume and the precise manner in which she wears her bonnet can be easily imitated, but *Miladi's* pretty pedals in their well-fitting boots or ties are not so easily copied. This difficulty, however, is more or less obviated by the high degree of perfection attained in shaping the modern shoe.

There are so few faultless feet that the art of the shoemaker is, of necessity, now taxed to its utmost to overcome all defects.

Among those who occupy a high rank in this department, is A. J. Cammeyer of Sixth Avenue and Twelfth Street.

The throng of buyers to be found in his spacious and finely appointed store, during all hours of the day, bears witness to the truth of this statement.

He leads and controls the best class of trade both in the city and out of it, and all specimens of work sent out by him, bear the marks of exceptional excellence and elegance. A pleasant fact, to be cited in connection with this popular establishment, is that the schedule of prices at all seasons commends itself to people of moderate means Goods are bought in such quantities and so quickly disposed of as to warrant moderate prices to all customers. Just now, unusual reductions are offered, and those who would secure these bargains should avail themselves of this opportunity to purchase the best class of goods at low rates. Their Fall catalogue will be ready by the fifteenth of September, and will contain about four hundred illustrations, together with explicit directions for foot measurements. This catalogue will be promptly sent, by mail, to all who apply for it, and those near to or remote from New York can order anything in this line which he may desire, by following the instructions for measurements indicated and originated by this well-known house.

* * *

Hitherto, nothing has been found to aid ladies in the proper and satisfactory arrangement of the hair, yet there is no part of the toilette which adds so much to a lady's personal appearance.

No matter how rich and elegant the costume may be, or with what grace it may be worn, if the hair is not carefully arranged, the entire effect is spoiled.

AN ELECTROPLATED EGG.—About three years ago, a silver-plater, named Downing, took a fresh egg and put it, properly prepared, into a silver bath, and turned on the battery. The result was a silver egg, which under a strong glass showed all the minute pores of the shell, and appeared to be a delicate work of art. The egg was exhibited for a long time, and not one person in a hundred would believe it to be anything but a cunning specimen of the silversmith's art. One day, to settle a discussion, Mr. Downing cut the silver egg in two, and it was found to be as fresh and sweet as the day it was electroplated. Its silver coating had hermetically sealed the pores of the shell. Since then experiments have been made which have resulted in divulging a most astonishing possibility,—that of embalming the dead in casts of nickel, silver, or gold, according to the purses and artistic desires of the deceased's freinds and survivors.

SALT as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy. Care should be taken not to use too often as it might in that case injure the enamel.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Don't mistake pleasure for happiness.

Conversing with God assimilates the soul to Him.

Life is the best school, and conscience the best guide.

Nine-tenths of man's ills come only as they are invited.

Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit.

Persons who have dirty back yards leave dirty memories.

Our best friends are not those who always come with taffy.

The man who is always sober is always on the right road.

Never ask a man for his advice unless you are willing to accept it.

Every moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal.

Tenderness makes a woman grateful; a noble manhood compels all her deep instincts of love.

Of course it is not a crime to be poor but it might just as well be when its penalties are so severe.

There is something better than a revival, and that is a christian life that doesn't need to be revived.

The mischief of it is that, though traveling takes the conceit out of a man, coming back puts more in.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do.

Whatever else may be wrong it must be right to be pure—to be just and tender, and merciful and honest.

The trouble with your pretty man is that he is too pretty to be useful and not pretty enough to be ornamental.

What would be the result if we never engaged in any undertaking upon which we would not ask, sincerely, God's blessing?

Better follow the sterness of a truth than the glittering delusion of a lie.

Men often follow lies because they shine.

Ninety-nine per cent. of ambition to try and 1 per cent. of talent is all that is necessary to success in whatever we undertake.

When a man has done a good thing he sits down to rest, but when he has done a bad thing he loses no time in doing another.

Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

The next best thing to being happy one's self is to be able to make others so. Perhaps that may be the sort of happiness they have in the next world.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; the leisure the diligent man will obtain but the lazy man, never; so that a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

The value of what many a man says depends upon what he has said previously. He has earned the right to speak with authority, and people listen to him as one of that character.

Never try to get along by substituting muscle for brain. It is not hard work that "gets there," but the right kind of work well directed, which may be done with comparative ease.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look surly upon you; laugh at it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musings and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.

Some people, rather than lose a good metaphor, or a fine sentence, are often tempted to assert what is not altogether accurate; and they have their reward. They astonish but do not convince.

Good character largely depends upon the constant repetition of good actions until they become habitual; and whatever innocent means are necessary to secure this should be used. The best should have the preference if they can be made effective; but it is useless to press unavailable motives to which there is no response in the heart of the one to be influenced.

Courtesy is said to cost but little, while it gives its possesser great gain. In one sense this is true, but in another sense courtesy costs the subjection of self; and that is not a little thing, by any means. The essence of courtesy is the instinctive giving to others the first place in one's thoughts and words and actions. The attainment of this grace costs a great deal; and it is worth more than it costs.

Our post of duty is never in more than one place at the same time. For the time being, we always belong in one place, and in one place only. If we recognize this truth, we shall never have reason to fear that we ought, perhaps, to be somewhere else than just where we are, when we are in a place where our present duty lies,—and we never have a right to be anywhere, even for a moment, where it is not our duty to be. There is no such a thing as a choice between duty and its shirking We ought always to be where we belong; and it would be wrong for us not to be there.

Courtesy is the unostentatious giving of due deference and due attention to others. He who would seem truly courteous—and no one can be truly courteous, without seeming to be so—must show by his words and acts, in all his intercourse with others, that he is thinking of the one whom he addresses rather than of himself; that he has more pleasure in hearing what that person says to him or in expressing his recognition of that person's worth than in telling what he has done, or in speaking of what concerns himself alone. Courtesy may be instinctive; but again it may be the result of an honest effort. In either case it is an honor to him who exhibits it, and a gain to him who is its recipient.

Life is too short to be wasted in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations. Let us banish all these, and think on whatsoever things are pure and lovely and gentle and of good report.