

UNDER THE SNOW.

F. L. VEISS.

Like down from an angel's wing, The snowflakes are innocently kissing, The yet unborn flowers of spring.

I stood and watched by the window, The emerald too dear for an earl, As it folded the grave of my sister, Then deep with its ridges of pearl.

I remember her orphaned babe, As he laughed at the beautiful snow, As the flakes in silence were hiding, The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

Poor boy he knew not the trials, A motherless child must endure, Nor whose was the hand that robbed him Of a love so good and pure.

With tears in my eyes I kissed him, And he kissing back, did not know That our first and life-long sorrow Lay under the deepening snow.

THE MARTINS' JOLLIEST ST. VALENTINE'S.

BY A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

The parson had difficulty in turning the corner of the Old Year's Bills, but finally he managed to round it safe on the side of the New Year with an empty purse and his small brood of Martins.

After much deliberation Parson Martin and his wife decided that expenses must be reduced. There were so many pressing demands on the first quarterly stipend—new cloaks were needed to cover a multitude of sins of omission in the dress of the children expected to flock in the ministerial front pew every blessed Sunday; the furnace dragon was roaring for coal; the parson's life insurance premium was due; so was his missionary subscription. In face of these facts it was easily settled that economy must be enforced; just how, was quite another affair.

There was one small item of expenditure that could be curtailed, the parsony post. It was an institution of the parsonage that, as an inducement to the young Martins to fly to the distant village office in quest of mail, levied a tax on the heads of certain letters arriving. A missive containing a long expected check from the publishers for whom the Rev. Mr. Martin wrote was worth three cents, one with money for the church, two cents, and so on down the scale. It was a poor rule that didn't work both ways. The parson said he should charge the unucky postman bringing home an article returned "without thanks" the sum of three cents, two cents for a refusal to help the church, and one cent for a printed circular. Though Mr. Martin might charge this tax, he was never known to present this bill, and the children, deeming this was one of the jokes of which all parsons out of the pulpit are fond, were confident that the penny post would supply them with candy and pickles and slate pencils, and various sorts of kick-shaws.

This reducing of expenses blasted the hopes of the Martins. St. Valentine's Day was at hand, and they had depended on the penny post money for purchasing the dainty missives of the season.

"When my ship comes in I'll settle for all your favors, children," said the parson, having screwed his courage to the sticking point of announcing that for the present he could offer no pecuniary reward for delivering the mail. Alas for the parson's ship! It had been coming in these twenty years or more. I really don't believe there ever were any ships for ministers, or if there were that they ever reached port in safety.

The Martin children chirped a cheerful assent to their father's reluctant proposition. "Poor little father," they cried. Whenever their sympathies were aroused, it was always a "poor little" some body or other whom they pitied.

"Poor little father!" so they cried rushing up to hold a council of war in sister Gertrude's room; "poor little father. Wish we had a million dollars for him!"

Sister Gertrude was Chief Sachem. It was she who adjourned the meeting till after tea. Then the desks were cleared for action, by which we only mean to state, that the dining-table, stripped of cloth and china, stood gaunt and bare, showing the boards that propped its leaves up to the required level. About it, the Martins gathered, with the stores for which they had ransacked the parsonage—bits of colored paper shaped indistinctly into hearts and rounds, tin-foil from yeast cake wrappings, bright-tinted doves and roses culled from scattered pictures and worn-out books in the play thing drawers. The scheme was divulged the next morning.

"We are going to make our valentines this year," proudly announced one of the twins to his school-chum, as if scorning the idea of boughten missives, that anybody's pennies could purchase at the stationer's store for the Fourth of February.

"We're going to make our valentines this year," said the other twin to his particular comrade, echoing the tone and sentiments of that sweet Carol Bird who said it showed ever so much more love to make your Christmas presents than to buy them.

Every evening these Knights of the Round Table worked upon their St. Valentine offerings till the nine o'clock bell rang and sent them scampering off to bed to dream of a land where the clouds were pink tissue and the snow silvery paper, and tiny blue hearts grow on all the rose bushes. Mama Martin gave the children the lace paper from the box of thanksgiving raisins, and big sister Gertrude donated to the cause, to be made over, the stock of valentines she had treasured for so many long years that she had quite forgotten of whom they were touching memories. Dear father Martin was touched by the children's uncomplaining struggles. In slippers, feet he made a raid on the book case, stealthily on the gorgeous fly-leaves from the back of various ornamental works of art, Christmas gifts from admiring parishioners, and laid his contribution on the altar of St. Valentine. From these materials, such glory was evolved! There were enough for the rounds of everybody, from Amy, the pit of the parish, and lame Mr.

Scranton, to old Towser and all the school friends. Milly, the youngest of the Martins, labored long over the rhyme on her offering for the pet of the parish's valentine, a dainty affair of a violet fleur-de-lis perfume, all sweet with scent. After much thought she wrote victoriously:

"I love little Amy Because she is tame-y!"

And the thing was done, and I'm sure it was a much prettier token than a ready-made valentine, decorated with a penitron youth and an impossible pink Dresden shepherdess, and the striking original sentiment:

"If you love me as I love you, No knife can cut our love in two."

and which can be bought at any shop in the country for a few coppery Indian heads.

St. Valentine's night how the Martin's bell did ring! The parson was kept busy trotting in his slippers from study to the front door, for all the children, under the angel guardianship of their big sister, were out delivering at the village houses their tokens of affection, and Mrs. Martin was up in the "Propheet's Chamber" waiting upon the unfortunate Miss Lewis, an unexpected old parishioner who had arrived, alas! with one of her sick headaches.

The duty of door-tender kept the parson busy. His sermon progressed slowly that Saturday night. He almost resolved to preach without notes, or turn the sermon-barrel upside down and begin anew on its contents. Some folks regard sermon-barrels as myths, yet such things do exist.

"Feneugh!" exclaimed Rev. Mr. Martin in a whistle after he had scanned the door half a dozen times after a species of those presumably highly amusing constructions known as comic valentines, or had bent his stiff knee-hinges half a dozen other times to pick up chalked envelopes from the front steps, only to hear a smothered laugh from the neighbor's children behind the japonica hedge. "Feneugh! this game isn't worth the candle. But the next half-dozen times the bell jingled, he trotted patiently out into the entry lest by any omission the valentines left for his small Martins should be whisked away by the waltzing wind. Virtue did not prove its own and only reward, for the parson discovered a number of packages addressed to himself or to "Mrs. Rev.," as some of the parishioners called her.

They were opened in great glee and arranged artistically—the parson prided himself on his artistic eye,—on the parlor mantel piece, as poor little Miss Lewis was more comfortable since her dose of hot-water bag and ginger, and peeked at the fun through the banisters. Mr. Martin unwrapped an unwieldy package till he arrived at the nucleus, a former acornite bottle, gay with ribbon and deacalmanian roses, and tied to a card whereon was inscribed in one of the twins' uncertain chirography:

"The rose is red, The violet is blue, Cologne is sweet, And so are you, N. B. You are sweeter than cologne."

Evidently the linked sweetness of the original amount of perfume dropped in the vial had been long drawn out by the aid of water, rendering the sweet liquid of a milky hue. It was none the less prized by Rev. Mr. Martin. Most Reverends are fond of cologne, and the parson was no exception. He immediately gave his handkerchief a prodigious sprinkling of the scent.

"Bless that cherub," he said fervidly. By "cherub" he evidently referred to young Master Martin, who not exactly resembled the stereotyped notion of cherubim, in his red mittens and rubber boots and cold blue nose, as he in common with the other Martins peeped into the parlor window to enjoy the fun of Mr. and Mrs. Rev. over their valentines.

A tiny envelope with the motto "The pen is mightier than the sword," and "O for a forty parson power," all intertwined with appropriate decorations contained five stub pens, beloved by the parson, with the inscription:

"The Stub! The Stub! Gives other pens the rub. No stub-dub is the Stub, A Valentine, O stub, do I thee dub, O Stub!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed the parson, skipping along the hall, as a powerful pull at the bell seemed almost to jerk it out by its wire roots.

"No, no, Kilhern!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin from her post on the stairway, "let me have the fun of going just this once, then I must return to poor Miss Lewis."

So she opened the door, and bore back a thin flat package addressed to herself. It was the triumph of small Milly Martin. She had seen daintily painted satin banners for guest chambers, at church fairs, temptingly out of reach of her purse. She possessed no satin, and even if she had, she couldn't have painted upon it even a daisy, which everyone knows is easy for an amateur's brush to trace, if all the success of St. Valentine's Day depended on her efforts. Nothing daunted she took from her pet herbarium a spray of poppies, and fastened the scarlet flame-like flowers to a square of thick double white paper, on which she outlined in odd characters:

"Sleep well Within this quiet room O thou, Who'er thou art, Disturb thy neighbor yesterday, Forget thyself and all the world, Put out thy feverish light, The stars are watching overhead. Sleep sweet, Good night! Good night!"

"Dear child!" and there were tears in mother Martin's eye as she recognized in the dainty bow of ribbon on the banner the best white sash of Milly's very favorite doll, the creases having been subdued by a ponderous heated iron. "Dear child! I'll hang this on the bed-post in the Propheet's Chamber. May it bring comfort to poor Miss Lewis and all forlorn souls that find a shelter under our roof!" "Poor little Miss Lewis," sighed the parson, using the children's expression. Jingle! jangle! jangle! The parson

dashed to the door to catch sight of what seemed to be a rubber-booted centipede vanishing around the corner. He longed to give chase, but repressed such an unministerial desire and retraced with the bulky valentine. Contrary to his economical custom of winding all bits of cord and rolls of newspaper against the day, Mr. Martin Christmas presents, Rev. Mr. Martin recklessly "kitchied" the wrapping twine, much to the amusement of the row of Martins on tiptoe outside the window. He unwound the papers as carefully as if he had been unfolding the coverings of a mummy. Inside lay an Egyptian-hoed ginger-bread heart, frosted in its frosting—ministerial frosting, boiled sugar and water, with a suspicion of vanilla, cheap and good, but tough on the muscles of the one who has to beat it into the required whiteness. To the heart was attached an official looking document worded:

"Of all the cakes My mother bakes For me and little Ginger cakes This gift we make For little Amy To the father who always Takes the cake."

Mrs. Martin looked somewhat dubious at this last line. After her two months' ordeal of a No-Slang-Society it was rather hard on Mr. Martin to laugh in a pleased way. He was proud of the inference, though it had setting in slang. He had on his pleasant, proudest air when the Martin children flocked into the room a few minutes later.

"It's been just the jolliest St. Valentine's!" cried the twins, "even if we hadn't any money to rely upon."

"That's just where the fun came in," said Milly, dragging around in trailing rubber boots that seemed determined to stick by her.

"You've been the best of children, helpful to your father, and brave and uncomplaining about the loss of your penny post. I know how disappointed you must have been just at this St. Valentine season. I shan't forget it, my dears, when my ship comes in!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Martin, bearing his valentine trophies in tender hands to his study.

It was passing strange, but the parson's ship did come in. It was an unexpected wedding fee on Washington's Birthday.—Cottage Hearth.

A Traveller's Tale.

As we read a tale as ever sprang from a traveller's imagination is told of a ship that lies in the midst of the great Colorado desert, a waste of sand double the size of the State of Massachusetts. Some years ago a daring explorer journeyed over a part of the desert, several hundred feet below the level of the sea, which had never been visited by man before. At last he came to a valley, which stretched out as smooth as a floor for miles and miles. The surface was of an ashy white hue, and in the midst a vessel lay. The appearance of the wreck—for such it seemed—was exceedingly ancient. To a point not out of pistol range from the ship the traveller approached without difficulty, but when he strove to come nearer, the ground, which was but a crust covering a slimy liquid, broke beneath his feet, and he was compelled to abandon his efforts to reach it. He got to the nearest settlement with difficulty, but his wanderings en route had been so extensive that he could not do more than guess at the location of the valley. To this day the mysterious vessel has never been seen again, but it is surmised that it may be a Spanish galleon, loaded with gold, which the old Mexican chronicles say, sailed up the California gulf, which at that time extended as far as the Colorado desert, and was lost in the ocean of sand.

Wanted Papa to be Still While Grandpa Talked to His Plate.

A three-year-old girl accompanied her father, not long ago, upon a visit to her grandparents in the country, where a blessing is invoked by the white-haired patriarch before each meal. The custom was one with which our little friend had not been familiar at home, and of course on the first occasion she was silent with interest and curious watchfulness. But when the family gathered around the board the second time, she was prepared for the preliminary religious ceremony, and observing that her father did not seem duly conscious of the approaching solemnity, she called him to order by saying with stern gravity:

"Be still, papa, grandpa's going to talk to his plate pretty soon."

He Grasped the Situation.

One little Indian boy who attends school at Indian Island, Old Town, takes an intelligent interest in his lessons and does not simply learn them by rote. The teacher had been giving instruction in punctuation and closed by saying emphatically, "Now, when you come to a period you must stop." A little black-eyed girl then commenced to read and went on in a reckless manner, regardless of the period in question, whereupon the fat and bright little Indian boy poked her in the ribs and electrified the school by yelling lustily, "Whoa!"—Bangor Commercial.

The Largest Tree in the World.

The largest tree in the world, according to statistics lately published by the Italian government, is a monster chestnut standing at the foot of Mount Etna. The circumference of the main trunk at sixty feet from the ground is 212 feet.

It is no crime to be poor, but in the eyes of many people it is rank felony to be rich.

DEATH stills the tongues of a man's detractors, but it seldom changes their convictions.

SEVERAL women, it is said, rode twenty-five miles into Cheyenne, Wyoming, to vote at the last election.

An illuminated vellum fan will last for centuries. Illuminated paints are body water colors that preceded the discovery of oil paints.

ABOUT SHAWLS.

BY MARION LEWIS.

Just at present the feminine heart is set on a seal-kin saque; but there was a time, and not long ago either, when an elegant shawl or cashmere was the coveted article. As these shawls possess intrinsic value, they will always remain a high prized heirloom or gift, though the owner may not be one who can wear a shawl becomingly.

It is about one hundred years since these shawls were appreciated in Europe. Many years before, some ambassadors of the ruler of India left a few specimens in Paris. They were regarded as curiosities and used as floor-rugs! After Napoleon's expedition to Egypt they became the fashion, and one good result from the campaign was the introduction of a fabric which became the model of one of the most famous manufactures of France.

Madame Guodin, a reigning beauty at this time, is said to have been the first to wear a cashmere shawl in Paris, but she was closely followed by the Empress Josephine, and the India shawls at once became the rage. So great was the demand that fifteen hundred dollars would be paid for a much-soiled specimen. They had probably been worn as a turban or sash by some Indian chief. But so durable were the colors that the article could be effectually cleaned.

But as the demand increased new shawls were manufactured, but brought an enormous price. These shawls were made of the finest wool in the world, that of the Thibet goat, and only the finest of this is used, so that a full-grown goat will not yield more than eight ounces of the finer quality in a year. The loom which produces this wonderful web is the most primitive imaginable, the warp being supported by two sticks, while the wool is worked in by hand. But no machinery can rival the exquisite neatness of finish. Whole families work at this "craft" for many successive generations, and family secrets of the trade are carefully handed down and jealously guarded.

The shawls were woven in separate pieces, but so skillfully put together that the seams cannot be found. From three months to two years were required to complete a shawl, according to size and number of people working on one. The Hindoos carefully cherish the secret of their dyes, and an experienced eye can at once detect a shawl of European manufacture from the genuine ones of India by the colors alone. Every stitch in the latter is worked by hand, and may be pulled out, though it is not easily done, without further injury to the garment, while in the pieces made in France, shawls, though often a close imitation of a long thread that would leave its trail across the garment, would be the result of such an experiment.

But progress has been made even in that unprogressive country, in the manufacture of these wraps, and they are richer and more elaborate than ever. From thirty to forty men have been employed for nearly two years in the preparation of a single shawl. If the rate of daily wages was as high in India as here, what would be the value of one of these garments?

An old magazine contains a description of the way the gold thread is prepared that appears in some of these shawls. It is manufactured at Boor-hampoor. A piece of the purest ore is beaten into a cylindrical form about the size of a thick reed, and then beaten out in length until it will pass through an orifice an eighth of an inch in diameter. It is drawn through still finer perforations until it is reduced to the fineness of a bobbin thread. Then the wire thus produced is wound upon several reels which work in pivots, the end of the threads being passing through a steel roller, and then affixed to a larger reel, which is set rapidly in motion, and still further attenuates the thread. It is afterwards flattened on an anvil of highly polished steel by a practiced workman, and a silk thread is then plated or sheathed by this minute wire in an ingenious manner, which is another secret of the trade.

The foundation of the silk shawls known as China crapes is made at Nan-kin, and then sent to Canton to be embroidered. The pattern is formed by two workers, the one passing the silk down, the other from beneath passing it up, while a third hand changes the silk for them. Thus the pattern is equally perfect on both sides, and the fastening on and off defies detection. It is not easy to successfully imitate one of these shawls, and the woman who possesses the genuine article should prize it highly.—Household Monthly.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

A quaint old lady of a past generation used often to say that one could not expect all the virtues for eight dollars a month. Although the dollars have increased in number, the difficulty still exists.

Such has been said about "woman's mission" but I long ago settled it in my own mind, that the "mission" of American women of the nineteenth century is to civilize and refine the working women of Ireland, Germany and Scandinavia, teach them the language, and in due time send them out to found homes and train the next generation of American citizens. Nor is it an unworthy mission—if only the American woman survives the process.

Notice the next generation from the Irish or German emigrant who learned in American homes the language, civilized ways, and even some refinements of life. See what a long step the children are in advance of the parents? Let us take heart, my sisters! It is pioneer work among the future mothers of our country that we are doing. If it were not for this great training school, through which pass the crowds of ignorant emigrants flung every year upon our shores, what would be the future of our country? How long would it be before the peasant races of Europe would outnumber and overpower us? Although the result is great, it must be admitted that the process is wearing, and many a delicate woman has been crushed by it. The conditions seem

indeed to grow harder from day to day, and I believe they will continue to do so, till we are absolutely forced to take the next step, before which we are now hesitating and hanging back,—co-operative housekeeping.

This subject is deep and wide, but if thoughtful women will take home the idea of co-operation and the hope it holds out, to think of, and seriously consider—something will come of it. And something must come to our relief; our burdens are growing heavier than we can bear.

Meanwhile, until we have mustered courage for the unavoidable next step, what little mitigations of our misery can be suggested? In selecting a servant in our day, and with our methods of service, we are obliged to make choice of evils. Shall we put up with stupidity for the sake of a cheerful disposition, or shall we insist upon capability, and dispense with sunshine below stairs? Shall we set our hearts upon neatness of dress and habits, and endure poor cookery, or shall we be thankful for a well-served table, and never dare to investigate the methods?

Each mistress must decide the question for herself, and since the best thought one can offer, indeed the only thought of practical value, must be out of her personal experience, I will briefly tell how my problems have been solved, and preface it by saying that I have always been, what in housekeeper's parlance is called, "lucky with servants."

First, in selecting, I have two or three notions which govern me. I never hire a girl whose appearance does not pleasantly impress me, though she have testimonials and references a yard long. No matter how well one can do her work, if I do not like—at least I must not dislike—her, I cannot have her in my house. The perpetual feeling of antagonism is too wearing upon the nerves. Secondly, I never look twice at a person with any "air" or any "airs" whatever. Third, and this is perhaps the most insistent, I never take a servant who asks about "privileges" or "the size of the washing"; this may seem of little importance, but it is a test of character. If I like her appearance, I tell her plainly, and exactly, about the work, the discomforts, as well as the comforts, the "privileges" and the "size of the washings" included.

When the new maid comes, I take pains to make things pleasant for her till she feels at home. I give her a room and her furnishings as good as my own children have, never forgetting rocking-chair and bureau. A pleasant room is wonderfully potent in securing contentment. I always interest myself in my maid's affairs, her sister's baby, or her mother's troubles. I look after her health, notice her cough, and prescribe for her headache. In a word, I try to make her feel that my house is a home, and that I take thought for her comfort.

These things appear small, but they are not small in effect, they pay, even if not done from principle or from naturally friendly feelings.

I never scold, when I have to speak of shortcomings, I do it as quietly and courteously as I would suggest changes to my son's tutor or my daughter's music-teacher. Thus I never give a chance for "talking back," and as a matter of fact I never have it. Because my kitchen-maid is not a person of refinement, should I therefore forget that I am?

My grievances are such that gentleness will not cure, I simply tell her that although I do not scold, I shall not long endure, and if that is not effective, I dismiss her, for I never submit to imposition; though I am mild, I am always mistress.

In a good many years of housekeeping by this method I have never had trouble with servants. I have not, by any means, found "all the virtues" for any number of dollars a month, but I have found that the result of putting a person upon her good behavior, in this way is to keep her faults in the background. If you smooth your domestic pussy the right way, she will be grateful and purr; if you rub her the wrong way, she will spit and scratch. This is true of people as well as of pussy.—The Chautauquan.

How to See the Wind.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge; a large hand-saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day for the experiment, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only let it not be in murky, rainy weather. Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind. If the wind is north, hold your surface east, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about 42 degrees to the horizon, so that the wind striking, glances and flows over the edges as the water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully along the edge some minutes at a sharply defined object and you will see the wind pouring over the edge in graceful curves. Make your observations carefully, and you will hardly ever fail in the experiment. The results are even better if the sun is obscured.

A Handsome Blue Flower.

A beautiful annual is the Torenia Fourieri, it has large sky blue flowers, having three large spots of dark purple blue, and is yellow in the center, resembling somewhat a pansy blossom. Sow in the house, in a warm room, in the spring, transplanting to the open air when it is warm enough. The plants will bloom constantly all summer until frost, withstanding the sun well; they are well adapted to our hot summers. Give them plenty of moisture.

Countersunk notes are very rarely taken in the banks of Russia. The tellers are held responsible and therefore exercise keen vigilance.

SIDNEY ANN WILBERT, of Sedalia, Mo., is one hundred and six years old, weighs 250, and was a slave to George Boone, a brother of Daniel Boone.

If the sea boiled, where could one go to find water to cool it?

One part of the world in which no native pipes and no native smokers have been found, is Australia.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Not to sow means not to reap.

Labor is a great producer of wealth. When free from folly, we to wisdom rise.

They that govern most make the least noise.

Without labor there would be no ease, no rest.

A bad egg takes up as much room as a good one.

The youth of friendship is better than its old age.

Constancy in labor will control all difficulties.

Get each man right, and the nation will be right.

It is better to fall in trying to do good than never to try.

The more money a man has the more he needs religion.

Wrong doing people are the most exciting of all people.

Heart work is something that can not be paid for in money.

The man who loves others will try to make himself lovable.

You can tell what a man believes by finding out what he does.

No man ever hears birds sing who goes into a cave to look for them.

You can't tell how much milk a cow will give by the way her bell rings.

Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the father of lies also.

The great essential in saving men is to convince them that you love them.

The man who is always thinking evil finds out ten thousand ways to speak it.

The man who is always looking for an easy place will have a hard time of it.

Every man on earth needs more courage more than he does more money.

In learning from experience one must not count the mistakes.

The wealth of society is its stock of productive labor.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Genius can never despise labor. Labor is the law of happiness.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

Kind words are flowers that any one can grow without owning a foot of land.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his power.

Cheat me in the price rather than in the goods.

No man was ever deceived by another so seriously as by himself.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.

What we know is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense.

At twenty the will reigns, at thirty the wit, and at forty the judgment.

There are some people who, like a new song, are in vogue only for a time.

Unworthy offspring often boast of their worthy descent, and have descended a long way.

It is to be feared that they who marry where they do not love will love where they do not marry.

Conviction, were it ever so excellent; is worthless till it converts itself into conduct.

Self-will is so ardent and active that it will break a world in pieces to make a stool to sit on.

To rejoice in the happiness of others as to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.

It is better to have a few feeble thoughts of one's own than to be entirely occupied with the ideas of others.

Progress in evil is so rapid and inevitable that long after one has entered upon crime he believes himself only in a passion.

It is at our own will whether we see in the despised stream the refuse of the street, or, looking deep enough, the image of the sky.

For a steady thing, the light of a tall candle is better than that of a skyrocket.

The preacher fails who tries to preach a doctrine that has not been tested in his own heart.

If you want to have plenty of opportunities for doing good, be sure that you do not neglect the first one.

Life long enough for quarreling? Are there so many good people that they can afford to shun and avoid each other.

A bet is a fool's argument, but you can't make the man who has won believe that he is not wise in his generation.

There is no house so small that it has not room for love; there is no castle so large that it cannot be filled with it.

Labor, therefore is a duty from which no man living is exempt without forfeiting his right to his daily bread.

Labor in all its variety, corporeal and mental, is the instituted means for the methodical development of all our powers.

Labor has an agreeable end in the result we gain; but the means are also agreeable, for there are pleasures in the work its self.

There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend more to the faults of his companions which offend him than to their perfections which please him.

Those who discharge promptly and faithfully all their duties to those who "still live" in the flesh, can have but little time for poking and peering into the life beyond the grave. Better to attend to each world in its proper order.

Prudence in a woman should be an instinct, not a virtue.

What I have been taught I have forgotten; what I know I have guessed.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.