SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned.
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurn'd,
The things o'er which we griev'd with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink,
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push a ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land,
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say that "God knew best."

—*Religious Herald.*

AROUND THE RAINBOW.

A dappled day, a day in June—
Two barefoot boys, a thoughtful man;
A rainbow bridging in its span
The vast, still Sabbath afternoon.

Some drops of rain. He caught us up,
"It is not far to church," he said.
My brother pillowed his black head—
My head was as the buttercup.

And then I slept. I slept and dreamed
That we did round the rainbow's bend.
And oh, the gold there without end:
A very sea of gold it seemed!

I clutched both hands tight full. I cried,
"Now care shall leave my father's face,
Now want shall never leave his trace
On baby brother at my side.

I wakened with exultant head,
I wakened with a boyish shout.
I wakened with both hands reached out,
But empty as a man's that's dead!

I still recall my quivering chin,
For oh, such grief! I could not speak—
My brother brushed from off my cheek
Some drops of rain as we passed in.

And yet the memory of that day,
That dappled rainbow day in June,
That one all-glorious afternoon,
When I had gold to give away!

Yes, I have gold. Yet am I sad,
No father now with anxious brow,
No barefoot baby brother now,
To take my gold and make me glad.

Give back that one brief time of old,
Take all for that one afternoon,
When my warm heart was full of June,
And my wee hands were full of gold.

—*Joaquin Miller, in Youth's Companion.*

HOW KITTY SAW THE FAIRIES.

BY MARY C. PENNIMAN.

"But there are no such things as fairies!"

"No such things as fairies!" said little Kitty in amazement.

"No, of course not; only babies believe such nonsense now-a-days."

So Master Joe in all his dignity of jacket and trousers, pronounces, looking contemptuously at the little face disturbed by the great shock to her cherished faith. It is only once in a while that you find a boy who believes in fairies, and I am afraid that big brothers are not always as gentle as they might be in differing with their sisters.

"But there are, too; I know there are, and I'll ask mamma."

Mamma could not quite confirm Master Joe's opinion, but she had never seen a fairy.

"I know there are such things," said Kitty, "I hope I'll see one sometime."

This conversation occurred in grandma's sunny parlor, where all the children had come to keep Christmas. Such a pleasant parlor, with lots of places for children to get into and tell stories, and a great bay window full of grandma's flowers; old-fashioned flowers many of them, roses, pinks, geraniums, gilly flowers, with ivy and vines creeping all about. Little Kitty loved grandma's flowers dearly; she thought the fairies would like to stay among them.

It happened the next day after this conversation that Kitty was standing by the flowers in the great window. Joe, the unbelieving, had gone to see the bigger boys skate, mamma had gone shopping, and there were only Kitty and grandma at home.

Grandma sat by the fireside with her book, while Kitty looked at her lovely flowers, and wished she could see a fairy.

"I wish there would one come just now out of these flowers."

She sat down on the floor and looked up into the branches of the fairy maple that stood in the centre of the window in a beautiful china jar. This would be a splendid place for them she thought.

As she looked she saw a queer old man, with the thinnest of legs in bright yellow stockings, and such puffy orange and yellow-striped knee-breeches. He rubbed his eyes and yawned as he peered down at her.

"Why, it's a fairy!" said Kitty.

"To be sure," said the little man, "did you never see a fairy before? Oh! I forgot you are one of the modern children; they don't believe in fairies and so can't see them, but you shall."

He pulled a green wire as he spoke, and set all the bells of the maple dancing.

No sooner had he done this than a brisk young fairy, dressed in pink and white, appeared under the tree.

"Here I am!" said he, "the first one, too. Where is her majesty?"

"Her majesty could not come," said a sweet voice. "She sent a sunbeam to tell me to take her place."

Pinkie bowed low, cap in hand.

"Your highness is most welcome," he said. "I await your highness' commands."

Such a tiny fairy, in a beautiful crimson dress, with a coronet on her dark hair, and a wand in her hand.

There were more fairies in the jar now. How they came Kitty could not tell, but they thronged around the little fairy crying: "Long live Princess Rosa! Welcome to the fairy maple, your highness," and the little old man rang such a peal that it was heard in the fernery that stood in the corner, and the timid wild-wood fairies came flying to the jar.

Kitty started when she heard the bells. "Why, I have heard that sound before in the woods!" she cried.

"To be sure you have," said the old man.

The fairy princess turned to see who had spoken, and a tall, sturdy-looking fairy said:

"Your highness, that is little Kitty, she loves the fairies; I have seen her looking for us many a time."

She is welcome," said the princess. "Form a ring, my friends; let us dance."

In a moment they had formed a circle, and danced round and round the tree till Kitty was almost dizzy watching them. Then they stopped and broke into little groups and chatted to each other.

"Times are changed," said one fairy. "Once the children often came to our dances, and were glad to seek us out, but now they care nothing about us."

"Not quite so bad as that," said the tall fairy, who had recognized Kitty. "I see more mortals than almost any one of us, unless it may be Ivy here, and I can tell you there are some children, yes, and grown people, too, who care for us."

"Ah, yes," said graceful Fuchsia, "I know how they look for us, and whisper their wishes to us."

"Yes," said Ivy, "for all old Scarlet has been among mortals so long, I go to a great many of their haunts that he does not, and I will tell you how it is. Children love fairies as they love all bright things, but a great many children have a sort of fairyland of their own; not like ours, you know, for their beautiful dresses and toys tear and soil and break, while ours are always the same, but when theirs are fresh they are lovely, and they are so taken up with them that they haven't time to care for us. Then they have so many parties of their own that they don't care for our dances, and sometimes their mothers give so much attention to all these fine things that they never think to tell them of the fairies, and so they never even hear of them. Scarlet's friend, little Kitty doesn't think so much of fine things, but that she can love the flowers and fairies."

"One thing more," said a tall, beautiful fairy, the loveliest of them all, with pure white robes and pale golden hair—she looked like the beautiful angel in the church window, Kitty thought, "It is only good and gentle little children who can see us; children who love each other and are good to their mammas. We couldn't have ill-tempered, greedy or rude children find us—we should vanish away instantly."

"Halloo!" cried Joe, flinging open the door with a bang.

"What are you doing there, you little stupid?"

"Hush!" said Kitty. "Just see the fairies!"

"Fairies, indeed! I guess so; where?"

Kitty pointed to the jar, but the fairies had vanished.

"There is nothing there, you little goose! You've been dreaming. There, don't cry. I don't mean to plague you," for the tears started to Kitty's eyes, and Joe was a kind-hearted boy in spite of his roughness. The little old man just peeped out from the maple boughs and nodded as Joe put his arm around the little girl in a shy, shame-faced way.

Kitty pointed eagerly. "See Joe!"

"Is it a butterfly?" said Joe. "I'll catch it for you."

He hastily stretched out his hand, but the fairy vanished.

"It was a fairy, Joe, did you really see it?"

Joe looked puzzled.

"I saw some wings fluttering, but can't find anything. Are there really fairies after all?"

The grip is caused by dust carrying the germs into the throat and lungs.

Maine shows an increase of population in the whole State of 12,150.

Tea gowns of figured China silk vary those of black, white and plain colored.

A funeral took place the other day at Hannibal, Mo., at which six young women officiated as pallbearers.

SOMEBODY has computed that if thirty-two million people should clasp hands they could reach round the earth.

STREET CLEANING experiments in New York City show marked advantages of the "block" system over the machine system.

THE TYRANNY OF MOOD.

Margaret J. Preston, in Sunday Afternoon.

I.

MORNING.

It is enough: I feel, this golden morn,
As if a royal appanage were mine,
Through Nature's queenly warrant of divine
Investiture. What princess, palace born,
Hath right of rapture more, when skies adorn
Themselves so grandly; when the mountains shine
Transfigured; when the air exalts like wine;
When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn?
So satisfied with all the goodliness
Of God's good world—my being to its brim!
Surcharged with utter thankfulness no less
Than bliss of beauty, passionately glad
Through rush of tears that leaves the landscape dim—
"Who dares," I cry, "in such a world be sad!"

II.

NIGHT.

I press my cheek against the window-pane,
And gaze abroad into the blank, black space
Where earth and sky no more have any place,
Wiped from existence by the expunging rain;
And as I hear the worried winds complain,
A darkness darker than the murk whose trace
Invades the curtained room is on my face,
Beneath which life and life's best ends seem vain.
My swelling aspirations viewless sink
As yon cloud-blotted hills: hopes that shone bright
As planets yester-eve, like them to-night
Are gulfed, the impenetrable mists before;
"Oh weary world, (I cry), how dare I think
Thou hast for me one gleam of gladness more!"

THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

Of all engineering work that which is least certain is what is called subaqueous tunnelling—that is driving tunnels under rivers or other bodies of water. Usually the tunnel must be driven in clay or river silt or sand and gravel, with, in any case, more or less loose rock and boulders. The trouble is to keep a tight roof, and, if the material is very soft, to keep the tunnel itself in shape.

There is great danger that the water will break through the roof and flood the work, or that the sides of the tunnel may be crushed in by the pressure of the water and the half-fluid material beneath it. The St. Clair Tunnel is the latest subaqueous tunnel completed, and is one of the most remarkable in the world. The tunnel is six thousand feet long, about a mile and one-seventh. Including the open cuttings on each end, the work is eleven thousand six hundred feet long.

It was driven through blue clay. Above the tunnel flows a swift river, forty feet deep. Between the tunnel and the river is from fifteen to twenty feet of clay, sand and gravel.

The work was done by an almost untried method. When it is complete it will have cost about three million dollars.

The novelty and magnitude of this work, the difficulties met, and the boldness and speed with which it was done, have made it a matter of great interest to engineers all over the world, and perhaps the boy who intends to be a civil engineer will also be interested in a short account of it.

The Grand Trunk Railway crosses the St. Clair River from Sarnia, Ontario, to Port Huron, Michigan. About sixty trains cross there now by ferry, and at least seventy will go through the tunnel every day when it is completed. On the St. Clair River there is a shipping commerce five times as great as that which passes through the Suez Canal.

The river is from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and the current flows at from six to eight miles an hour.

For many years trains have been taken across on great ferry-boats. This is comfortable enough for passengers, but it takes up precious time; the boats are expensive to keep up and operate, and in winter, when the river is full of floating ice, the delays and cost are serious.

To carry the tunnel, which it was decided to build here, through clay, with occasional pockets of gravel and quicksand, and with a great river flowing only fifteen feet overhead, was a difficult problem.

"One thing more," said a tall, beautiful fairy, the loveliest of them all, with pure white robes and pale golden hair—she looked like the beautiful angel in the church window, Kitty thought, "It is only good and gentle little children who can see us; children who love each other and are good to their mammas. We couldn't have ill-tempered, greedy or rude children find us—we should vanish away instantly."

"Halloo!" cried Joe, flinging open the door with a bang.

"What are you doing there, you little stupid?"

"Hush!" said Kitty. "Just see the fairies!"

"Fairies, indeed! I guess so; where?"

Kitty pointed to the jar, but the fairies had vanished.

"There is nothing there, you little goose! You've been dreaming. There, don't cry. I don't mean to plague you," for the tears started to Kitty's eyes, and Joe was a kind-hearted boy in spite of his roughness. The little old man just peeped out from the maple boughs and nodded as Joe put his arm around the little girl in a shy, shame-faced way.

Kitty pointed eagerly. "See Joe!"

"Is it a butterfly?" said Joe. "I'll catch it for you."

He hastily stretched out his hand, but the fairy vanished.

"It was a fairy, Joe, did you really see it?"

Joe looked puzzled.

"I saw some wings fluttering, but can't find anything. Are there really fairies after all?"

It was decided to do the work inside of steel tubes, called shields, which should be pushed ahead as the work advanced, and to line the tunnel with rings of cast iron as fast as the shields went forward. In this way the danger of collapse of the tunnel would be avoided, and it would be practically finished as fast as it was dug.

But to keep the water or soft material from flowing in at the open front of the tube was another thing. How that was done will be told later.

One shield was started in from the Michigan side and one from the Canadian side. Each of them was a tube twenty-one feet and six inches in diameter, and fifteen feet, three inches long. It was made of steel plates one inch There was a second track to bring in the empty cars.

As fast as the shield went forward the tunnel was lined with rings of cast iron. Each of these rings was twenty-one feet in diameter and eighteen inches long, measured in the direction of the length of the tunnel. The ring, being of less diameter than the shield, could enter the rear of it; and so there was always a complete tube of steel and iron from the face of the clay where the men were digging, to the entrance of the tunnel.

Each of the iron rings is made of thirteen pieces of cast iron, each of which weighs about half a ton. The pieces are bolted together, and each completed ring is bolted to the one behind it so that the tunnel is lined with a continuous tube of iron two inches thick and water-tight. The cast-iron lining weighs about twenty-seven thousand tons. The shields were pushed forward by hydraulic jacks. The hydraulic jack is a cylinder into which water is forced; and the water, entering, pushes a piston just as the steam in a locomotive cylinder pushes the piston to one end or the other of that cylinder.

Each shield had twenty-four of these jacks in the rear end, placed in a circle close to the shell, or outside plates of the tube, and also so placed that when their pistons were thrust out they would push against the cast-iron ring forming the lining of the tunnel.

They could push with a force of three thousand tons—a power sufficient to lift up bodily a large ocean steamship. This tremendous power was found to be twice as much as was needed to force the shield forward in the clay.

At each step the shield was pushed along eighteen or twenty inches. Then a new ring was added to the tunnel lining; the clay was cut down as far as it could be done safely, and carried away. Then the shield was pushed forward another step.

This was all very simple so long as the work was under the dry land; but when it reached out under the river it was necessary to find some way to keep the water out. Otherwise when seams of loose material were struck, water would have poured in and flooded the tunnel, and that would have ended the matter. To prevent this compressed air was used.

Every one knows that he can hold up a column of water with a column of air. Let him fill a U-shaped glass tube half full of water, hold it upright, with the open ends upward, and blow into one end of it.

The water will rise in the other leg of the tube, and the harder he blows the higher the water will rise, and the longer will be the part of the tube free from water.

Now, if one could put a fly in the dry leg of the tube and stop the end of it, the water would be held in the other leg, and the fly could move about at his pleasure, dry-shod.

This is the principle on which compressed air has long been used in deep foundations and other subaqueous work. At the the St. Clair Tunnel the dry leg of the tube was the tunnel; the wet leg was the river, and the workmen were the flies.

It must be remembered that in all of this description I speak of one half of the tunnel. It was built from the United States side and from the Canadian side, simultaneously, and the work at each end was entirely independent of that at the other, until the headings met under the middle of the river.

A brick partition, eight feet thick, was built in the tunnel just where it passed below the edge of the river. This was to hold the air in the tunnel. The air was pumped in through tubes in the brick partition, and the pressure was always kept up to the point where it balanced the weight of the water overhead.

It will be understood that the deeper one goes, and the higher the column of water, the greater the air pressure that must be carried.

The men mules and clay cars went in and out of that part of the tunnel which was filled with compressed air by means of an air lock in the brick partition. This was a big tube extending through the partition with a door at each end, both doors opening against the air pressure—that is, toward the working end of the tunnel.

To get into the tunnel from without, the air in the lock was allowed to escape until the outer door could be opened. Then one entered the air lock, shut the door and opened a valve by which compressed air from the tunnel ahead was let into the lock. When the pressure there was equal with that in the tunnel ahead, the inner door could be opened and one could pass into the tunnel. To get out the process was reversed.

The painful part of the journey is in the air lock, at the time when the pressure is changing. There people often suffer severe pain in the ears from unequal pressure on the two sides of the ear drum, and sometimes the suffering is so great that they cannot go on.

After one has been a little while in the compressed air the pain ceases; but there is a trouble which is peculiar to working in compressed air, and which disables a good many men and kills a few. The men call it "the bends." It is a paralysis, more or less complete, of the muscles, and especially of the muscles of the legs.

Sometimes it is not painful, but more often it is so; and sometimes it is very painful indeed. At the St Clair Tunnel there were three deaths from this cause. Horses could not work in the compressed air, but mules stood it well, though occasionally one of them was visited with the "bends."

The pressure of air carried was ten pounds to the square inch at first, and twenty-three pounds when the middle of the river was reached. At times it was run up to forty pounds. Of course these pressures are in addition to the normal atmospheric pressure of fourteen pounds per square inch, which is always present on every surface in the open air.

The air pressure was kept up by pumps, and to guard against accident there were two sets of air compressors at each end of the tunnel. If the supply of air had failed for a moment the water would have rushed in and drowned the men.

Besides the air-compressing plant, machinery had to be provided for pumping out any water that drained into the tunnel during the work, and other machinery for lighting it with electricty. There were hoisting engines and derricks with which to lift to the surface the dump cars as they came out loaded with clay.

It happened repeatedly that the shields, as they were forced forward, entered pockets of gravel or quicksand going deep down into the blue clay.

Then the air would escape through the loose material, and the water would begin to flow in.

Generally this could be stopped soon by increasing the quantity of air pumped in, but not always. Sometimes the air blew out through the bottom of the river so fast that the air pumps could not keep up pressure enough to stop the flow of water.

More than once it seemed as if the tunnel would be flooded in spite of all that could be done, but luckily the engineers were always able, by plastering over the face of the gravel with clay, and by working the air-compressors up to a pressure of as much as forty pounds to the square inch, to hold back the water long enough to get the shield through the loose gravel into the clay beyond.

On the thirtieth day of August, 1890, the shield from the United States shore met that from the Canada, under the middle of the river. This was just one year after they started on their strange journeys; and I do not believe that Meade, on the Fourth of July, 1863, was happier or more thankful than was the chief engineer of the St. Clair Tunnel on this August day.—H. G. PROUT, in *Youths' Companion.*

Fashion never seems to tire of the polka dot.

Flowers are worn invariably at the end of a round waist.

The imported gowns and wraps show many ribbon bows.

The true cornflower blue has a purplish lavender cast.

In spite of the attractive grenadines, lace nets are good sellers.

A girl in Iowa recently ran away from home to avoid practicing on the piano.

The daughters of the Princess of Wales are reported as having no taste in clothes.

AFTERNOON TEA-CAKES.

Dainty cakes are always a welcome addition to afternoon tea, more especially if home-made, and so I venture to give a few recipes for some delicious and easily made cakes.

LEMON CAKES.

Into three quarters of a pound of flour rub three ounces each of lard and butter, and six ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix in to a moderately stiff paste with two well-beaten eggs; devide into small rough pieces, place on a buttered tin, and bake in a brisk oven for twenty minutes. When done, and while hot, sift castor sugar over them.

COCOA-NUT CAKES.

Into half a pound of flour mix a quarter of a pound of ground rice, then rub in three ounces each of butter and lard, add six ounces of castor sugar, one teacupful of desiccated cocoa-nut, and a dessertspoonful of baking powder. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, mix in, add a little milk if not moist enough, and bake the same as above in a moderate oven.

SPONGE FINGERS.

Beat two eggs very light with a quarter of a pound of castor sugar; sift in gently two ounces of fine flour and the grated rind and juice of half a small lemon. Drop on buttered papers in long fingers, not too near each other. The oven should be very quick, and the "fingers" a delicate brown. When you drop the mixture, if it inclines to run, beat it a little longer *hard*. These are very nice dipped in chocolate icing.

OSWEGO CAKE.

Quarter of a pound of corn-flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of fine sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add eggs (two) one at a time, then corn-flower and powder. Bake in a rather shallow tin, buttered, in a moderate oven.

COCOA CONES.

One pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of grated nut, five egg whites, one teaspoonful of best arrowroot. Whip eggs stiffly, adding sugar as you go on until it will stand alone, then beat in nut and arrowroot. Mould the mixture with your hands into small cones, and set them on buttered paper two inches apart. Bake in very moderate oven.

DROP CAKES.

Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a basin; beat to a cream; add half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and work in gradually half a pound of currants, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of mixed peel (finely shred), and grated rind of a lemon. Beat one egg well, mix it with a gill of milk, and stir into dry ingredients. It should be stiff. Drop in knobs the size of a walnut on baking sheet dusted with flour, and bake in a brisk oven. Place cakes on tin an inch and a half apart

HUNTING NUTS.

Rub five ounces of butter into one pound of flour; add three quarters of a pound of very coarse sugar and a quarter of an ounce of ground ginger. Break an egg into a bowl, and mix all together with half a pound of treacle. Make the nuts the size of a marble, and bake on buttered tin in slow oven.

QUEEN CAKES.

Beat two ounces of butter to a cream beat two eggs well; add half a pound of fine sugar to the butter, and a little of the beaten egg, and one tablespoonful of milk. Beat in half a pound of fine flour, another tablespoonful of milk, the grated rind of a lemon, or a few drops of any essence, and pour in the rest of the egg by degrees. Roll out to about as thick as a penny, cut into round cakes, lay on buttered tins dusted with flour, and bake to a pale brown for about fifteen minutes in a well-heated oven. Lay on a sieve to cool.

ALMOND CROQUETTES.

Whisk a batter of half a pound of castor sugar and six eggs; add six ounces of ground almonds, grated part of lemon rind, and sift in half a pound of fine flour. Place in small, well-buttered tins, and bake in good oven.

INVALID CAKE.

Three ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder, grated rind of half a lemon. Beat butter and sugar in a basin to a cream, add one egg and half the flour; beat well, then add the second egg and remainder of the flour, lemon rind, and lastly the powder. Beat well a minute or two, then pour into a small round tin, well buttered, and dusted with sugar, and bake in good oven. While still warm pour over an icing made with half a pound of icing sugar, moistened with a tablespoonful and a half of water and a few drops of essence of lemon. Beat it free from lumps, heat before the fire for a few minutes, then pour over cake, and ornament with a few dried cherries on top.

GENOISE CAKES.

Beat a quarter of a pound of fresh butter to a white cream with a wooden spoon, add to it four ounces of powdered loaf sugar, and beat till light and white; then add one egg and beat smooth, then add three eggs, singly, and always beating between each. Lastly, mix in lightly a quarter of a pound of fine flour, and as soon as you have beaten it smooth pour out on a well-buttered plate and put into the oven *at once*. Bake till done (in about ten or fifteen minutes) and turn out, underside up, on a sieve to cool. Spread on half the cake some apricot jam, place the other half of the cake on top, and with a sharp knife cut into neat squares or diamonds. Ice over top with the icing flavored with vanilla.

GERMAN BISCUITS.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of fine sugar, one egg, and a good pinch of baking-powder. Rub dry ingredients together, and mix to a paste with the egg well whisked; roll out thin and cut into round cakes. Moderate oven to bake them a pale brown. Put in pairs with jam beween and icing on top.

The true essence of true nobility is the neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone like the bloom of a soiled flower.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Hold fast by the present.

Every moment is of infinite value.

Truth is like a torch; when shaken it shines.

Some men have to die to head a procession.

Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin.

There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

We would all be rich, but the Lord cannot trust us.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Among the books that help most people is the pocketbook.

What we ought not to do we should not think of doing.

The golden stair appears to be the only reliable fire-escape.

Some people only understand enough of a truth to reject it.

He who is never satisfied with anything satisfies no one.

Don't growl at this world until you are sure of a better one.

The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.

Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

A prudent man is like a pin, his head prevents him going too far.

Reputation will do for the present; time will attend to the future.

The man who laid up money for a rainy day just struck it last winter.

The man who turns over a new leaf too often will soon use his ledger.

A single grateful thought toward Heaven is the most effective prayer.

About the only objection thus far to the new year is that it ends in naught.

Don't allow yourself to be carried away with enthusiasm—you may have to walk back.

Hypocrisy may pass muster on earth, but there will be no masquerading in Heaven.

Nature's tendency is to restore the balance; as a man gets "short" his face gets long.

A woman's happiness is in danger when she begins to compare her husband with other men.

Laziness of mind, or inattention, are as great enemies to knowledge as impiety.

Somewhere in men's best efforts you will find the saving grace of woman's influence.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

There will always be something worth living for while there are shimmery afternoons.

The eccentricities of a great man furnish more material for his biographers than his deeds.

The heart must be beaten or bruised and then the sweet scent will come out

The man who prays loudest and longest usually has something on his conscience.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy and can make them wretched.

The young lady who has the most beaux is not always the one who gets tied to the best husband.

The first thing for acceptance of truth is to unlearn human doctrines and become as a little child.

When lovers hang over the gate there is a good deal to be said on both sides before they quit.

How many things there is to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.

Harsh counsels have no effect; they are like hammers which are always repulsed by the anvil.

Blessed is the man who at forty has the fire of twenty and the peace of seventy together in his soul.

Strange, isn't it, that a stately woman's carriage shows to the best advantage when she walks.

It is the lawyer that asks a suspension of public opinion until he has secured his fee in a criminal case.

Not the cry, but the flight of a wild duck, says a Chinese author, leads the flock to fly and follow.

The Lord used but one pattern for all men, but he cut the majority of them smaller than the pattern.

When the weather is cold and miserable it is not difficult to find many men who have seen better days.

If a young man wants bright prospects he should hurry up and make them bright by rubbing against the world.

Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small, mean souls are otherwise.

Train a boy to be brave and to speak the truth, and you have done your best by him; the rest he must do for himself.

Nothing can be had for nothing. Whatever a man achieves he must pay for; and no favor of fortune can absolve him from his duty.

The art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, timeliness in being at the right spot.

The way to emancipate man is to make him so large that you can't afford to furnish iron enough to make a fetter.

No matter how good a man may be, he does not like to have people think he could not be wicked if he should try.

The man who boasts that he keeps "square with the world" does well to remember that a cipher can do the same.

How strange it is that most men would rather be flattered for possessing what they have not, than to be justly praised for having what they possess.

The feeble tremble before public opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skilful direct it.