

History of the Beard.

In the earliest Pagan times the primitive deities were represented with majestic beards. In France they played a role from the reign of Pharamond downward. Under Clovis, indeed, the beard of the king was an object of peculiar veneration, and, indeed, every individual was more or less sensitive regarding his beard. It is related that after the great battle of Tolbiac Clovis sent a deputation to the defeated Alaric requesting him to come and touch the victor's beard as a token of alliance. Far from accepting the invitation in the spirit in which it was offered, the enraged king of the Huns seized the Frankish emissaries by the beards, and hauled them out of the room by their severed locks. The unfortunate envoys returned rather crestfallen to Clovis, narrated what had happened, and swore "on their beards" to avenge the affront. In subsequent reigns the beard was the object of numerous enactments, and the fashion of wearing it was changed as frequently. Sometimes it was worn long, sometimes close-clipped, now peaked, now plaited, or even decorated with pearls and gold trinkets.

Even in the sacred atmosphere of Rome itself beards were the objects of considerable discussion. Different popes enacted that no beards were to be worn; another as stringently directed that the razor was never to be applied to the chin. Saints Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian, Jerome and Chrysostom, engaged in vehement controversies about the mode of wearing the hair about the face in the fourteenth century. In France the final triumph of beards dates from the Renaissance, when the example set by the great artists, who largely indulged in these appendages, was closely followed by the sovereign and other magnates of the land. Under Henry III. shaven chins were the mode, the mustache being worn long and drooping. During Henry IV.'s reign beards, cut square, came again into fashion, and mustaches were curled; while under Louis XIV. beards were again tabooed, and the mustache alone worn, in the two following reigns the razor was in full use. Under the republican regime, as also under those of the empire and restoration, no beards were worn. They came in again, however, with the revolution of 1830, in company with many other changes of costume, etc., and at the present day no universal rule exists on the matter. —London Globe.

Ventilation of Boots and Shoes.

It is a matter of the most common everyday experience that in the wearing of boots and shoes, and especially those made of rubber, the feet sweat and heat almost continually in cold weather, making the feet clammy and cold, and inducing chilblains, and in warm weather, with the best precaution, exceedingly noxious. It is doubtless because of much of the rotting and breaking of uppers, and is, above all, an exceedingly unhealthy feature of the present method of dressing the feet. Attempts have heretofore been made to obviate this in a number of ways, for instance, by inner soles of different kinds intended to absorb the moisture; and unsuccessful efforts have also been made to ventilate the boot or shoe. Every person feels the need of something that will satisfactorily accomplish this object. A recent invention does this effectually, and is an exceedingly simple device. It consists of a spiral coiled brass wire, laid in a groove extending in and around the under side of the insole of the boot or shoe, with holes punched at close intervals, immediately over the coil. The coil is extended along to the heel, and carried to the top, where it stops at an eyelet-hole, forming, when walking, a complete automatic air pump, continually drawing in pure air and throwing off the foul and heated air. —Scientific American.

The Celebrated Barebone Brothers.

If readers of Walter Scott's "Woodstock" are led to suppose that Mercutio Strickland and Gracebeher Humgudgeon are fair samples of names borne by the Puritans during the times of their ascendancy, they may not be very far wrong; but it is by no means difficult to overshoot the mark and look on mere extravaganzas as the ordinary result of a system. The man whose name is commonly associated with the Rump parliament had, it seems, three brothers, of whom one was called Fear-God Barebone. Of the two others one was designated "Jesus-Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone," and the other "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-wouldst-been-damned Barebone." Whether these names were used at their baptism we cannot say; but "Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith" appears to have been in existence in 1639, and if parochial registers may be taken as evidence, the length of a child's name was by no means an insuperable hindrance to the bestowal of it at the font, although for the needs of daily life such names were usually reduced to the first or the last syllable, the brother of Praise-God being thus, for instance, familiarly known as Doctor Damned Barebone. —Saturday Review.

Has everybody forgotten the dismal time when a founce of lace was fastened to the brim of every girl's hat, and when the poor things all seemed to be growing cross-eyed? The founce of lace is coming once more, and once more the features of the girls will only be discernible

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A Fashionable Woman's Occupation.

The idle, fashionable woman, writes a New York correspondent, has taken to a new diversion. She polishes her nails. She extends her hand to you with great frequency nowadays, and always with the back upward and the fingers straightened out. That is because she wishes you to observe the nails, which shine like glass and are of a delicate pink hue. Who knows what it is that has led to this mania? Nobody can ever discover the origin of such things. The distemper breaks out somehow, and then extends from person to person. The New York woman of leisure, whether she be left in the city, or is to be found at some near seashore resort, now passes about four hours a day at work on her nails. Her tool is an article somewhat like the wooden handles or holders for blotting paper—a narrow strip of ebony, ivory or india rubber, with a knob on one side and a surface of chamois skin on the other. Some of these polishers are fancifully made, and \$10 is not an unusual price; but cheap ones do the work as well, and a home-made article answers the purpose. The best of them have a device for handily fastening in fresh strips of chamois skin, but tacks will do. The essentials are a polishing substance and plenty of industry. A mixture is sold in the stores at a pretty high price, and it has a beautiful name and label; but it is a simple composition of rotten stone, oil and rouge. Anybody can mix it for herself. The stuff is daubed on the rubber, and assiduous friction does the rest. The rotten stone and oil smooth and polish the nails just as metal, bone and ivory are made to shine by the workmen, and the rouge imparts a pinkish color. The enthusiastic industry displayed by the women in this summer amusement is wonderful. They rub, rub, rub, by the hour, usually in parties, making this employment take the place of needlework. There was once an old woman who scrubbed her kitchen floor until she wore her way through and fell into the cellar, breaking her neck. Something like that will happen to these nail polishers, for nails cannot thicken by growth as fast as they are now scoured away. The polishing is not all done on finger-nails. The toe-nails are beautiful, too.

Fashion Notes.

Ivory white is the favorite shade. Almost any shape of wrap is fashionable.

Red mitts give a brilliant effect to a black costume.

Garden parties bring out prettier dresses than balls.

Ashy blonde is the new shade of fashionably dyed hair.

Spotted and small figured fabrics grow in popular favor.

Ladies on all occasions adorn themselves with flowers.

Plush lined garments replace the satin lined summer mantles.

Plaid woolen stuffs will be used to trim walking suits this winter.

Feather fans are now flat and smooth and are painted in bright colors.

The day of short shoulder seams departs when the shirred waist comes in.

The styles for muslin summer gown are carried out in cashmere for seaside wear.

Shet flannels in half a dozen shades are made in imitation of changeable silks.

Thrust your hand in your belt if you wish to be truly fashionable. Japan sets the style.

All the waists made up for autumn dresses are heavily trimmed, and so are the sleeves.

The short white dresses, now fashionable, give the wearers an air of exquisite daintiness.

Skirts finished with rows of machine stitching are to continue in fashion during the winter.

Old ladies wear little shawls of pineapple cloth, embroidered in gold threads in Turkish designs.

Pain skirt and basques with draperies at the back seem to be the favorite model for autumn suits.

Capes of white cashmere embroidered in flowers and lined with satin are the last symptoms of the mantle fever in Paris.

The chief bridemaid at a wedding may, if it please her, wear a gown quite different from that of the other bride-maids and still be very fashionable.

The back breadths of overskirts are no longer puffed. The newest way of arranging them is to let them hang in plaits, which are fastened to tapes sewed to the under side.

Sateen and cotton sunshades seem to be used quite indiscriminately with every and any dress, no matter how rich; but red ones do not accompany anything but black or red costumes.

Shirred full waists will be worn with thick gowns during the winter, or else the dressmakers will throw away a great quantity of finished work, for they are making up all kinds of stuffs in that fashion now.

Velvet leaves and flowers without any mounting are now prepared for embroidery. They are stitched upon the material to be decorated, and the appropriate stems and tendrils are embroidered. The effect is better than that of satin-applied work.

Walking costumes of painfully masculine severity are announced for autumn.

The man who spends all his money on a diamond shirt stud carries everything before him.

The undershirt is laid in large plaits, and with it is worn a garment that looks like a cutaway coat. A linen chemise and collar and a hat with long plumes are worn with this dress.

Neither hoops nor large bustles are worn. Clinging skirts are quite as fashionable as the more bouffant styles. The fullness about the sides of dress merely formed by folds and shirrings of the dress material or some kind of trimming. This especially appears on very dressy toilets.

If the blondes and brunettes would but cease trying to wear the clothes meant for persons of different complexion! Are there no crimson roses, no purple spikes of splay lavender, no white lilies in the world that a yellow-haired girl must deck herself with buttercups, while a girl with blue-black tresses wears purple larkspur?

Small casquins, of dark green velvet, opening over waistcoats of a Turkish material, and trimmed with cascades of yellow lace, are among fashionable trifles prepared for gay watering places.

Chinese Court Extravaganzas.

If credit may be attached to a report emanating from the superintendent of the imperial silk manufactories at Hangchow, and published in a recent number of the official *Pekin Gazette*, the expenditures of the Chinese court upon silken fabrics has within the last two years attained unheard-of proportions, floridly described by the conscientious mandarin as "inconceivable and immoral." His excellency states that during the year 1878 alone, silks of various qualities, valued by him at \$400,000, wholesale price, were supplied to the imperial palace—among them, 1,300 "pieces" for the use of the servants in the emperor's gynaeceum alone, the greater number of which "pieces" he believes to have been fraudulently disposed of by sale to retail silk dealers or to lenders of money upon "portable property." The above sum of \$400,000 does not comprise the cost of the gorgeous silken robes and other garments supplied to the empress and court ladies, many of which cost over \$5,000 apiece. Seventy illustrious dames, matrimonially and otherwise connected with the brother of the sun and moon, are especially furnished with unlimited "costumes" from the imperial factory in question; and their outlay annually in silk dresses is estimated at \$500,000. When one of these ladies succumbs to the common lot of humanity her entire wardrobe is buried with her, and thus enormous sums are annually wasted. It is somewhat of a novelty in the flowery realm that an exalted imperial officer should venture to expose palace abuses, and we trust the worthy superintendent will be enabled to weather the storm of female wrath that can scarcely fail to be aroused by his courageous revelations. —London Telegraph.

A Woman's Presence of Mind.

As a picnic train was passing over the bridge near the Five-Mile house, near St. Johns, N. B., a middle-aged woman approached it from the opposite direction. She was walking pretty rapidly, and seemed to be unaware of the proximity of the train until a whistle from the engineer aroused her to a sense of her danger. She was then but a short distance from the advancing train, and, instead of throwing up her hands in despair or jumping off as many another one would have done, she very deliberately lowered herself between the sleepers, and hung on with both hands until the train had passed on. When all danger was over she raised herself up again, and resumed her journey as if nothing had happened. Such presence of mind as this is seldom seen, and it was no wonder that the astonished train hands gave the brave woman a cheer as they saw her arising from her dangerous position.

Washing Silk Stockings.

Make a strong lather with boiling water and curd soap. Leave it to get almost cold, then divide it into two parts. Wash the stockings well in one of the lathers, pressing them up and down, but avoiding rubbing as much as possible. Squeeze out the wet, and then wash them in the second lather, in which a few drops of gin may be poured. Do not rinse in fresh water, but squeeze out the wet very carefully without wringing. Lay them out flat on a piece of fine linen, and roll them up tightly until almost dry. Then rub them with a roll of flannel.

Eloperment Fashions.

The fashions for girls who elope just now are very plain. Some white drapery, a convenient window, a long ladder, a dark night, a coach, a minister, and the house of a friend, and the elopement is over. If the irate father, armed with a double-barreled coal shovel and a town constable, does not pursue, the affair is, although picturesque, not exactly a successful elopement. If the father of the bride relents within two ways the foolish couple are not happy. If it leaks out that the mother of the bride is in the secret, much of the pleasure of the trip is spoiled. If both the father and mother of the bride are in the secret of her going away, and have actually left the ladder near the window, and that fact is found out, the elopement is a failure. In the old-time eloping bride packed all her portable goods on herself and went away heavily laden. Now, as she is about to return in a day or two in her lady friend's dress, she goes away quite light.

The man who spends all his money on a diamond shirt stud carries everything before him.

KING AND QUEEN OF THE TRACK.

Maud S and St. Julien Both Beat the Record in 2:11 3/4.

The famous trotters Maud S and St. Julien have both beaten the best time on record at the Rochester (N. Y.) Driving park. The New York *Horald's* account of this great racing event says: The skies were cloudless at noon and a pleasant breeze was astir. All the trains came in a little behind time and were loaded with passengers. In many of the cars ladies stood, because they could not find seats, and blocked the passage. Tickets were sold at excursion rates on most of the roads and thousands took advantage of the opportunity. Distinguished people were present from Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, New York and elsewhere. The magnet, the drawing power, was the speed programme arranged for St. Julien and Maud S. The three long and double-decked stands were crowded in every part by anxious spectators, while hundreds of carriages were in the field and double rows of humanity hung upon the rails of the quarter stretch. Not less than fifteen thousand people passed through the gates.

The crowd was all expectation when St. Julien appeared on the quarter stretch. His driver, Owen A. Hickox, looked nervous and anxious. He scored three times, then sponged and went back to the second distance stand, came forward level, and nodded for the word. He trotted without wobble or break to the quarter pole in 33 seconds, to the half in 1:07, to the third quarter in 1:41 and finished the mile in 2:13 1/4. When the time was hung out there was but little applause. St. Julien scored twice for the second trial after Maud S had trotted in 2:11 1/4. He went level and strong, was at the quarter pole in 31 seconds, at the half-mile pole in 1:04 and at the third quarter in 1:38 1/4. He came down the homestretch with powerful stride, and the judges stopped their watches at 2:11 1/4. When the time was hung up there was another outburst of cheers. In the third trial St. Julien made no effort to beat the record. His time was: Quarter, 0:37; half, 1:15; three-quarters, 1:52; mile, 2:24 1/4.

SUMMARY.

Three trials against 2:12 1/4. Maud S, 2:11 1/4; St. Julien, 2:11 3/4. Volunteer, O. A. Hickox, driver, St. Julien, 2:11 3/4. Time, 2:11 3/4—2:20 1/4.

Maud S came on the track at ten minutes before six o'clock, and in the first score her driver, Mr. W. W. Ban, nodded for the word and the watches started. She went fast and was at the first quarter in 32 1/2 seconds. She flew along the backstretch, and the hands of the timepieces recorded 1:05 at the half-mile pole. Around the upper turn she kept up the winning stride and was at the three-quarter pole in 1:38 1/4. The great throng hung breathless upon her movements down the homestretch, her nose reached the wire and the hands of the watches abruptly stopped at 2:11 1/4. When the time was hung out the cheering was tremendous. The 2:12 1/4 of St. Julien over the track at Oakland, Cal., had been beaten, and the enthusiasm was boundless. In her second trial Maud S was not sent for fast time, Captain Stone not wishing to strain her. Time—Quarter, 0:35 1/2; half, 1:11; three-quarters, 1:47 1/2; mile, 2:20 1/4. For the third trial Maud S was withdrawn.

SUMMARY.

Three trials to beat the best time on record (2:12 1/4). W. H. Vanderbilt's ch. m. Maud S, 6 years old, by Harold, dam Miss Russell, by Pillory, second dam Lilly Russell, by Boston, 2:11 1/4. Time, 2:11 1/4—2:20 1/4.

A Rat's Fight With a Snake.

On Lindsay Point, Cal., a rat sitting on the shore, saw a snake of unusual size coiled upon a little point of mud just above the water sunning itself, and probably asleep. The rat jumped upon the folds of the serpent's body. The snake struck instantly, fastening its fangs between the rat's shoulders. Then began a contest that was truly thrilling. The rat, struggling violently, endeavored to shake itself free, while the snake as persistently endeavored to drag the head of its victim in its own mouth. This feat it was at first unable to accomplish. The rat was game, and as it writhed in its convulsive efforts to escape bit the big snake severely in the neck just back of the head, until the blood flowed and mixed with its own. These counter attacks became at last so savagely painful that the snake loosened its grip, remaining, however, in half coil. But the respite was too brief to afford the rat its opportunity to escape, for again the snake's fierce jaws descended and closed, this time around the rat's head. The heavy body of the rat still swayed violently, but dragged with it the head of the snake, until the latter was thrown completely out of coil. By this time, however, the rat's struggles had grown comparatively faint, and the snake was apparently the victor. But the next moment the snake in its turn began to struggle violently, as if to release its adversary's head, but ineffectually, and the reason became soon apparent. The rat had bitten quite through the snake's throat, and its sharp teeth could be distinctly seen in the narrow slit they made. The writhings of the snake were now intense. It lashed the ground with its tail, and raised its thick folds to almost half its length from the ground, and with one convulsive effort threw its length into the muddy water, and the twin sank together.

"That is what I call a finished sermon," said a lady to her husband as they wended their way from church. "Yes," was the reply with a yawn, "but do you know I thought it never would be!"

A Terrible Experience.

Mr. Slocum, of Slocumville, Ark., attracted the attention of a Little Rock *Gazette* man. Mr. Slocum seemed to be a gentleman. He was a young man, and only one thing distinguished him in any special manner from numerous other young men on the street. His hair was white as the driven snow. Vivacious and intelligent in appearance, the contrast between his youthful looks and snowy locks was startling. Feeling that some story of a terrible strain on Mr. Slocum's nervous system was partially revealed in this manner, the *Gazette* man inquired the cause of the change of color in his hair. A strange expression flitted across his features at the question, as if no very pleasant recollections were awakened, but forcing a smile, he said:

"A terrible experience caused my hair to change its color, and I cannot yet speak of it without shuddering. However, I have no objection to relating the circumstances."

"What was the original color of your hair?"

"Jet black. I will give you my experience. I have been a revenue collector for several years. Eight years ago, in the summer of 1872, I was obliged to take a trip through Western Arkansas. There were rough characters out there. Men who would steal the shoes off your horse's feet, were they could get nothing else. Outlaws who were steeped in crime and hesitated at nothing. In the course of my trip I reached a district in which were several characters who for doing deeds of crime had attracted the attention of the whole State, but the authorities were unable to apprehend them. I had quite a large sum of money with me. I feared nothing in those days. After being one morning in a small village near Little river, and receiving \$150 I started out on horseback north toward Fort Smith. I had about \$1,700 in my saddle-bags and was a little bit nervous to get it safe to that place. I had seen nothing to make me suspect that I was not safe. The sun shone brightly and the heat was somewhat oppressive. As it grew later in the day it became so warm that I thought I should rest. Coming to the banks of Little river I forded it and clambered up the steep northern bank. Jumping off my horse I tied him under a clump of trees and sought the grateful shade of an elm that grew near the river bank. I had carried my saddle-bags with me, and making a pillow of them, lay down. Two revolvers were in the holster. I fell asleep, and do not know how long I slept, but suddenly awoke to find three men standing near me. Regardless of consequences I seized one of my revolvers and pegged away, hitting one of them in the shoulder and disabling him. The other two grappled me. One of them made a pass at me with a knife, but I dodged it and hit him in the head with my pistol, knocking him senseless. The other closed in with me, and we had a terrible struggle. Biting, scratching and kicking, we tried in vain to throw each other down. I had dropped my pistol. My horse whinnied from fright, and it began to grow dark. To my dying day I will not forget that fight. It was death to one or the other. I had recognized in my assailant Bill Buckle, a notorious character. Desperately we fought, edging nearer the river. The bank crumpled suddenly behind me, and I toppled over backward, dragging Buckle with me. His head hit a root in the fall and he was stunned for a moment. Scrambling as well as I could to my horse, I got my saddle-bags and rode away, the disabled rascal shaking his fist at me as I went. I ran across a colored man's hut before it got dark, and remained all night, expecting an attack, but resolving to sell my life as dearly as possible. None came. In the morning the colored woman living in the cabin said: 'Massa, your hair is white.' And sure enough it was, and has been ever since. The shock to my nervous system had been more than I imagined. I never heard of the men afterward, and was more than glad that I escaped as lucky as I did."

Work and Live.

Man was put into the world to work, and cannot find true happiness in remaining idle. So long as a man has vitality to spare upon work it must be used or it will become a source of grievous, harassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself; and when he has reached such a point as that he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself and fashioning his own coffin. Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim—a tendency toward something. An aimless life cannot be happy or for a long period healthy. Even if a man has achieved wealth sufficient for his needs, he frequently makes an error in retiring from business. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die. When the fund of vitality sinks so low that he can show no labor without such a draft upon his forces that sleep cannot restore them, then it will be soon enough to stop work.

A little girl noticing the glittering gold filling her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

A Fight With Lions.

F. Faulkner Carter, in charge of the elephants attached to the Royal Belgian expedition into Africa, gives an account of a sudden fight he had with three lions at Kerima, Central Africa. He shot a pig, and soon discovered three lions devouring it. He says: "The two nearest were within two feet of me, and the farthest three and a half feet. The brutes' beards, chests and claws were covered with blood. Though startled at first, I was perfectly cool, and yet felt certain that I must be killed, as even a tame lion is savage when eating his food. The lion opposite me caught sight of me at once, curled his lips, lashed his sides with his tail, but what the others were doing I cannot say, as my friend was in the act of springing, and I dare not take my eyes off him for a second. At last he crouched for the spring, and I let drive in his face, retreating a step to give me a chance with the other barrel at one of the remaining two, determined to sell my life dearly, but to my great delight these two sprang over the grass in opposite directions. I gave a sort of sigh of relief, looked round for my gunbearers, and there they were, fifty yards off, trembling with fear and blue with fright. The rascals had run away, and I had no gun to fall back upon. I returned to pick up my dead lion, but found he had crept away with a bullet through him. I followed his trail until the jungle got too thick, it being nearly dark."

How Railroad Time is Kept.

There are in use between this city and New York thirteen electric clocks, two of the number being placed in the waiting-rooms and one in the dispatcher's office at the Grand Central depot in New York. The time on the clock in the depot at East Albany corresponds exactly with the time in New York. Each one of these clocks is connected with the general superintendent's office in New York, in which the railroad time is kept on what is called the "big clock." Conductors, train men and others are compelled to keep their watches in strict conformity with the superintendent's clock. It is set by standard time and connected with the time-service department of the gold and stock telegraph. The time is distributed over the line each week day as follows: At ten o'clock fifty-eight minutes and thirty seconds A. M., the word "time" is sent by the main office to the telegraph stations between New York and Albany. The word is repeated for twenty-eight seconds, during which time operators must see that their instruments are adjusted. At ten o'clock and fifty minutes, seconds commence beating and continue for fifty seconds. The word "switch" is then sent over the wire, and operators having electric clocks connect them immediately with the circuit known as No. 9 wire. Ten seconds are allowed in which to make the connection. At 11 A. M., with one touch of the New York key, the hands of the different clocks are set to eleven o'clock. If they are fast or slow, they change at once to the hour named. —Albany Argus.

1881.

This is a very peculiar number. The sum of its digits is 9x9. It is divisible by 9 without a remainder. The remaining quotient consists of two prime factors, 11 and 19. It reads the same both ways. If 18 be set under 81 and the two added the sum is 99. If 18 be reversed and then added to 81, the sum is 162, the sum of the digits of which is 9. The sum is also divisible by 9, giving a quotient of 18, which is again divisible by 9. If the 81 be reversed and added to 18 the sum is 86, which is also divisible by 9, and the sum of its digits is also 9.

But what of it? Add the following considerations before you press an answer. Those who have cultivated the occult sciences have always held the number 9 to be possessed of great significance. Those who made a study of the numerical symbolism of the Scriptures have regarded the number 9 as equally significant. It is "a number of finality or judgment of creaturely completeness," says Doctor Mahan. And he adds, "it is a factor of all great dates of judgment, viz., of the flood, the destruction of Sodom, the overthrow of Pharaoh, the captivity and the final destruction of Jerusalem." As we have seen, it enters in a variety of ways into the number 1881. What of it now? Has 1881 a judgment in store for the human race? and what is it?

Words of Wisdom.

There are many men whose tongue might govern multitudes, if they could govern their tongues.

A promise is a just debt, which you must take care to pay, for honor and honesty are the security.

Many a sweetly-formed mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

Scandal, like the Nile, is fed by innumerable streams; but it is extremely difficult to trace it to its source.

Whenever we feel pain or alarm at our opinions being questioned, it is a sign that they have been taken up with out examination, or that the reasons which once determined our judgment have vanished away.

No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for, after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.