\$1.50 Per Annum.

The Silver Lining. There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears : There's never a life so happy But has its time of tears ; Yet the sun shines out the brighter Whenever the tempest clears,

There's never a garden growing With roses in every plot ; There's never a heart so hardened But it has one tender spot : We have only to prune the border To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises But we know 'twill set at night ; The tints that gleam in the morning At evening are just as bright; And the hour that is the sweetest Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy But the waking makes us ead; There's never a dream of sorrow But the waking makes us glad ; We shall look some day with wonder At the "troubles" we have had,

THAT GREEN SILK

Mrs. Deacon Lewis and Mrs. Davis, the postmistress, were conferring together in mysterious whispers as they leaned over their mutual back-yard fence. Said Mrs. Deacon Lewis :

"Seein' is believin' or else I should say jest as you do, that it couldn't be true; but I jest stepped into Miss Badger's to see what she'd charge to fix over my black alpaca-I wa'n't in any hurry for the alpaca, but I kind of got an idea that there was somethin' in the wind and I thought meb be Icould find out what it was there-and there I saw it with my own two eyes, all over plait in's and rufflin's that it seemed a burnin' shame to cut up good thick silk into. and fixed up in the back so't I couldn't have the heart to set down on it. And Miss Badger, for all she's so closemouthed, she up and told me who it belonged to, and savs I, 'You don't say so!' and says she, 'Yes, I do,' and then she pursed her lips up kind of pro vokin', as if she could tell a great deal more if she was a mind to. But I've got wit enough to put two and two together, if folks is close-mouthed, and says I, right out-for there ain't nothin' sly about me--says I, 'Then Cordilly Brewster is a goin' to get married.' And Miss Badger she never denied it." "Well, it does beat all," said Mrs

Davis. "This has been a sing'lar year, what with the comet and the terrible happenin's all round; and now Cordilly Brewster settin' up to have a green silk dress, when she hasn't worn anything but bombazine and alpaca and her one old black silk for nigh upon twenty years. It's enough to upset anybody's ideas altogether, and make 'em think the world's comin to an end. Though I can't say that such extravagance looks much like the millenium."

Mis. Dencon Lewis shook her head in solemn censure.

" A good black silk would have been

much more suitable and becomin' to a woman most forty years old, to say nothin' of the wear and the makin' over, and for a minister's wife-" " You don't say that she's goin' to

marry the minister!" exclaimed Mrs. "Why, I suppose so, of course. Who can it be if it isn't the minister?"

"I never saw any sign of their keepin' company. Parson Greeley is too speritual to marry a woman that crimps her front hair with hot slate pencils; and she never put more than three eggs into those custards that she carried to the donation party. I should think more likely 'twas somebody that she picked up when she was down to Haverhill visitin', or John Parmenter, that used to keep company with her when they was young, and has kind o' been doin' it, off and on, ever sence."

"Oh, she wouldn't have John Parmenter, even if he had spunk enough to ask her, which he hain't. He is a good fellow, John is, but he'll never set the world afire, and he's been runnin' down bill terribly lately; has had to mortgage his farm, they do say."

"Cordilly's money would come in just right, then; but, as you say, I don't suppose she would have him. It's likely that's what's made John turn out so poorly, her not havin' him. But I can't really believe it's the minister. There's

Sammy; let's ask him." Sammy Greeley, the minister's young-est hopeful, who was engaged in "shinning up" a neighboring telegraph pole with the ambitious design of attaching his kite to the wire, descended somewhat reluctantly to the earth and choristers; so they were not so fre-obeyed Mrs. Davis' beckening finger. quently thrown together, and he was Sammy was a freekled-faced urchin with a turned-up nose, the expression of which was contradicted by a pair of preternaturally solemn and innocentlooking blue eyes. In spite of his eyes Saumy was generally regarded as a and only once or twice had he been "limb," and he and his three brothers, seen shyly to offer her a nosegay of Moses, Hosea and Joseph, caused the old proverb concerning ministers' sons to be often repeated with somnle headshakings by the townspeople.

"Sammy, is your father goin' to be married?" asked Mrs. Davis, with her hand affectionately placed on Sammy's

"The old gent? He couldn't remember to. Nobody would have him, either. He's as bald as a door-knob, and he asks a blessin' anywhere along between the mest and the puddin'. And

Joe and me would fix her, anyhow." "Wouldn't you like to have him

"Know how good enough now, and with a melancholy expression of coun-I'd wring her old parrot's neck! I don't tenance. believe it, anyhow, but I'm goin' to find

And off went Sammy, regardless of his kite, and burst, breathless, into his father's study.

"You ain't goin' to marry Miss and dustin' and losin' your papers, are

wriling and regarded Sam.

amazement. Gradually his expression changed to one of perplexity. He re-

ing recollection.
"That must be the very thing I was trying to remember! Wait a moment. | you do that." I must have set it down somewhere."

the pigeon holes of his desk some loose lock, now, or a handsome brown-" sheets of foolscap paper which had evidently been used as a diary. Several pages were devoted to memoranda; tively; "but some way the spring comthese the minister read aloud: *

"Mem .- To confute the infidel peddler's argument by St. Paul, and-" 'Mem,-To tell Deborah, mildly but firmly, that so much saleratus is not conducive to health.

" Mem.-To punish Joseph and Samuel for unseemly conduct at prayer

" Mem.—To admonish Brother Bates (gently) that he is becoming unsound

in doctrine. " . Mcm .- To endeavor so far as lies in me to restore peace to the singing

".Mem.-To endeavor to exercise such a measure of wholesome restraint over Moses and Samuel that they may not become a cause of scandal to the neighborhood.

"'Mem.—To devote a greater measure of attention to worldly matters, such as applying blacking to my boots, and brushing my raiment.

"'Mem.-To consider prayerfully whether the use of hair-dye is incompatible with the principles of the Christian religion or the duties of the Christan ministry.

"'Mem .- That the singing reats are n the hands of God, and that He causes even the wrath of man to praise Him. " Mem. -To consider prayerfully the subject of contracting a matrimonial alliance with Miss Cordelia Brew-

"That's it! I knew I was not mistaken; and I felt that I had leadings from the Lord in that direction; and yet, in the midst of manifold cares and distractions, it wholly slipped my mind, weak and erring mortal that I am. But it may not yet be too late." And the minister seized his hat, giving it a hasty brush with his sleeve, and hurried to the door, turning, however, to lay his hand with unwonted tenderness upon his son's head, saying, solemniy: Samuel, I thank you for this suggestion, and I would that I could perceive in you as lively signs of the workings of grace as I do of wisdom and discern-

ment beyond your years." Samuel, left alone, looked after his father with a most lugubrious face.

" For a feller to go and do it himself, that's the worst of it! I hadn't better let on to Mose and the rest that I did it! No more fun if she comes here; she'll want a feller not to tear his clothes and have his hair brushed every minute, and no pie or cake between meals. We'll make it lively for her, though-Mose and Hose and Jo and I."

All unconscious of what was in store for her Miss Cordelia Brewster was engaged in inspecting and admiring her green silk dress, which had just been sent home from the dressmaker's. Miss Cordelia was a plump little woman, with a pinkish bloom still lingering upon her cheeks, and no trace of time's frosting upon her chestnut locks. Why she had never married was a mystery. For ten years after her father, the village doctor, had died, leaving her a modest competence, the gossips had been on the lookout for signs of matrimonial intentions on her part. When she had passed thirty and was still Miss Cordelia, people gradually ceased to speculate about her. For some inscrutable reason they decided that Miss Cordelia meant to be an old maid to the end of the chapter. It was observed that even John Parmenter, who had somewhat indefinitely "hung round" her for years, "kind o' dropped off;" he no longer sat in the singing seats, where Miss Cordelia still serenely kept her place, despite the rivalry of younger quently thrown together, and he was seldom seen to walk home with her from the weekly prayer-meeting; his old sorrel mare was very rarely seen fastened to the hitching-post before Miss Cordelia's door of a Sunday night; seen shyly to offer her a nosegay of southernwood and cinnamon pinks, which grew to great perfection in his garden, and of which, in her girlhood,

Miss Cordelia had been very fond. Many other admirers had Miss Cordelia, but she had turned a cold shoulder upon all, and seemed perfectly contented to live on in her comfortable old house, with trim box-bordered flower beds in the front yard, and lilac bushes handmaiden Tryphosa, who was not, romantie young maiden, but an ancient marry a nice, kind lady like Miss Cor- signs and omens, and always "felt"

"Green means, forsaken; there ain't no denyin' it. And Seliny Wilson, that was merried in green, was laid out a corpse in it before the end of the year; and Mertildy Lyman, that was merried in a white muslin sprigged with green. Brewster and her old green parrot that and green bunnit strings, she had a swears, and have her always clearin' up | drunken husband that fell off the haymow and dislocated his spinal column, yer?" demanded Sammy. and everybody knew her twins wa'n't The minister turned from his sermon bright; and—"

"But I am not going to be married in it, you know, Tryphosa," said Miss Cor-delia, turning a merry face up to Miss moved his spectacles from his eyes to Tryphosa's doleful one. "Perhaps it is the top of his head and then he tapped only unlucky as a wedding dress. As his forehead with the tips of his fin- for being forsaken, there doesn't seem gers, as if to summon forth some stray- to be anybody left to forsake me but you, and I am not afraid that all the green dresses in the world could make

must have set it down somewhere."

And Parson Greeley drew from one of nohow," said Tryphosa. "If 'twas lay-

ing on, with everything so tresh and bright, made me feel as I used to long ago, and I've made believe to myself-I wouldn't own it to anybody but you, l'ryphosa-but I've made believe I was a girl again. And that's why I had this

"And that's why you've been putting posies in your hair. Well, it beats all what a difference there is in folks. Now spring puts me in mind of housecleanin' and soap-bilin' and bitters-Land sakes! if there ain't Parson Greeley a-comin' up the walk, and nothin' but the old cropple crown for dinner, and all skin and bones at that, and he a-comin' in the yard this blessed min-

Miss Cordelia whisked the green silk out of sight, and smoothed her crimps demurely down, as she hastened to greet her visitor.

It happened that Miss Polly Watkins, who went about the village peddling a concection known as Watkins' Unapproachable Liniment, was so fortunate as to be passing just as the minister opened Miss Cordelia's front yard gate. "There! I knew well that there wa'n't never so much smoke without some fire. Miss Badger needn't think she could make me believe that green silk gown with a train didn't mean something. So it's the minister. Well, men-folks is terrible short-sighted cre-

ters. There is them in Westfield that

would make him a good sensible wife " Miss Polly was so unhappy as to go on for nearly a quarter of a mile before she met anybody to whom she could ell her news, and then it was only Dr. Ramsay, jogging along behind his old white horse, and between him and Miss Polly "there wa'n't," as she expressed it, "no great likin', no more'n there was apt to be between two of a trade." Bu still news was news, and Miss Pollv could not resist the temptation of an opportunity to share it.

"Well, things do turn out queer!" said the doctor to himself, meditatively flicking a fly off his old white horse as he jogged along again. "I wouldn't have thought she would have had anybody, let alone the old parson. If I had thought- Why, I'm ten years younger'n he is and a sight better calculated to please the fair sex. And that's a snug bit of property of Miss Cordilly's, and she's a wholesome-looking, good-tempered woman, to say nothing of being handsome, which don't signify. I believe I can cut out the parson if I try. I always said I would die a bachelor, but it's a wise man that changes his mind."

And the doctor actually whipped his horse ut of his accustomed jog into a upon for a report. Also the river lively trot, and everybody ran to the god is recommended for protecting window, for the doctor in a hurry was a sight that the oldest inhabitant had god of water gets a new temple by never seen.

In the meantime Miss Polly had met Abner Phillips, one of the "black folks." who lived three miles from the village. But Abner could not have been more of the Gazette. The following degrees interested in Miss Polly's news if he refer to the process of qualification for had lived next door to the possessor of divine rank: "The governor of the green silk.

His homeward way led him past John Parmenter's house, and John was hoeing in his garden.

"Wa'al, now, Parson Greeley is goin' to do a pretty good thing for himself, ain't he?" drawled Abner, after the usual comments and inquiries concerning crops had been exchanged. "He knows which side his bread is buttered on. Parsons ginerally doos."

"What is he going to do?" inquired John Parmenter.

"You don't mean to say you hain't heard? Wa'al, I declare, you don't know what's goin' on so well as black folks doos! He's a-goin' to marry Miss Cordilly Brewster. He's turrible tejus, the old parson is, and she'll have to step around lively to fetch up them boys. But women-folks always doos set by a minister."

After Abner had gone John Parmenter dropped his hoe and stood wiping his forehead with his handkerchief with a bewildered took.

"I don't know why I shouldn't have

expected she'd marry, but somehow I didn't. I never thought of such a thing. I don't know why I should feel so about it. If I hadn't the courage to ask her digging of short canals the great canals when I was young and prosperous surely of the world that remain to be made crowding in at the windows, with her I couldn't now. I always began to be a are: 1. Through the Isthmus of Panacoward the minute I came in sight of ma; 2 Through the neck of the Malay as her name suggested, a blooming and her. I never felt so before any other peninsular; 3. From the Upper Nile to woman; but then I never cared any- the Red Sea; 4. Through the peninsuand angular spinster, who believed in thing about any other. Anyway, I can't | iar Schleswig-Holstein; 5. From the rest until I find out whether its true or head of the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf dilly Brewster? She would teach you coming events "in her bones." Try-not. Cordelia can't object to telling an of St. Lawrence; 6. From Lake Win-how to behave—" phosa was now gazing at the green silk old friend. Madame Rumor rules this nipeg to Hudson Bay.

village, and she's very apt to be mistaken

So John set out to call on Miss Cordelia. As he passed the bed of cinnamon pinks he found that, although it was early in the season, three had blossomed that very morning, and he made them into a little nosegay with some sprays of fragrant southernwood. And he was in such haste that he forgot to conceal them from the public gaze by a bit of paper, as-feeling that it was bachelor of forty-five to be carrying about little bouquets-he had done on other occasions.

The doctor was driving away from Miss Cordelia's door as John approached it, the horse going at his old-fashioned jog, as if there were nothing in the world that was worth hurrying for.

"I hope she isn't ill!" thought John, and then a sudden suspicion seized him. Here might be another rival, and a more formidable one than Parson Greeley. Were rivals spring-ing up around him like mushrooms, when he had never thought of the possibility of the existence of one? Miss Cordelia's cheeks were much flushed, and they grew redder still at

sight of John's nosegay. John, strange to say, did not blush or stammer as he presented it. Rivals seemed to be a wonderful stimulus to his courage.

"Cordelia, I heard that you were going to marry Parson Greeley. It isn't true, is it?"

There was something in the tone of his voice that made Miss Cordelia start. Was John going to speak, after being dumb so long?

"No, it isn't true," said Cordelia, and cast down her eyes. "Nor-nor anybody else?" John was stammering now. Was his courage

going to fail? "No, nor anybody else," said Miss Cordelia. "That is-

Tryphosa, coming into the kitchen from the back yard at that moment, saw a sight which caused her to drop the cropple crowned rooster, but just deceased, into her pan of dough.

"Elviry Kimball needn't have knocked me up at 5 o'clock this mornin' to inquire if that green silk dress had a train. I should think it did have a train!" said Tryphosa, grimly .- Bazar

Character of the Chinese Newspaper. To begin with the ordinary and nu merous decrees acknowledging the good services of deities : "The gover nor general of the Yellow river," the Gazette of November, 1878, "requests that a tablet may be put up in honor of the river god. He states that during the transmission of relief rice to Honan, whenever difficulties were encountered through shallows, wind or rain the river god interposed in the most unmistakable manner, so that the transport of grain went on without hindrance. Order: Let the proper office prepare a tablet for the temple of the river god." "A memorial board is granted," says the Gazette of April, 1880, "to two temples in honor of the god of locusts. On the last appearance of locusts in that province last summer, prayers were offered to this deity with marked success." February, 1880. A decree ordering the imperial college of inscriptions to prepare a tablet to be reverently suspended in the temple of the sea dragon at Hoyang, which has manifested its divine interposition in a marked manner in response to prayers for rain. In another Gazette the director general of grain transports prays that a distinction be granted to the god of winds, who protected the dikes of the grand canal, whereupon the board of rites is called a fleet carrying tribute rice; and the special rescript. In fact decrees of this kind, which merely convey public recognition of services rendered by the state gods, appear in almost every issue Anwhei forwards (November, 1878) a petition for the gentry of Ying Chow, praying that sacrifices may be offered to the late famine commissioner in Honan, in the temple already erected to the memory of his father. The father had been superintendent of the grand transport, and had greatly distinguished himself in operations against some rebels. The son had also done excellent service, and the local gentry had heard of his death with great grief. They earnestly pray that sacrifices may be

The New York Witness thinks that while railroads have put and end to the

offered to him as well as to his father.

Granted." "A decree issued (May,

1878,) sanctioning the recommendation

that a temple to Fuh Tsung, a states-

man of the Ming dynasty, may be placed on the list of those at which the

officials are to offer periodical litations.

The spirit of the deceased statesman

has manifested itself effectively on

several occasions when rebels have

threatened the district town, and has

more than once interposed when prayers

have been offered for rain."-Fort-

Coming Canals.

nightly Review.

SUNDAY READING.

Paying Debts.

One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail to the head and clinch it: "Men may sophisticate how they please. They can never make it right, and all the iniquitous laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts, There is a sin in this neglect as clear somewhat ridiculous for a stout old and as deserving church discipline as is stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or witholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet the obligation, ought to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable clouk under which to hide, but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth

> Religious News and Notes. The Presbyterians in Minnesota num-

The bishop-elect of Cuernanaca, the Rev. Prudenzio G. Hernandez, of the Reformed Mexican church, is a pureblooded Indian.

The Rev. G. Hubert, a Baptist minister in Norway, has been sentenced to pay a heavy fine for having baptized a young person, both of whose parents were already members of the Baptist

According to the Irish church directory for the current year there are now 1,708 clergy in the Protestant Episcopal church of Ireland. In the census of 1861 there was 2,265, and the decrease, therefore, in the twenty years has been

The will of the late Leonard Church, of Hartford, is not to be contested, Mrs. Church agreeing to pay the contestants \$25,000. The estate is valued at \$400,000. Two Congregational societies and the American Tract society will receive \$4,000 each.

The annual statistics of the Moravian church in the United States show that there are now 9,697 communicants, a gain of 136; non-communicants over thirteen years of age number 1,530, and there are 5,307 children. During the year twenty-five were excluded and | in martyr tones. 943 "dropped."

Bishop Peterkin says that, contrary to the assertions of some, it is a very common thing for ministers to decline churches that are offered to them, with much larger salaries than they are receiving, because they are unwilling to give up a work in which they have be-

come interested. There are in the United States 3,239 | shingles,-Free Press. Lutheran ministers. Of these, the largest number in any one State is in Pennsylvania, which has 550; Illi n is has 365; Ohio, 340; Wisconsin 265; Minnesota, 228; New York, 180; Iowa, 168; Indiana, 135; Michigan,

118. No other State has a hundred. There are at the present day established in the Fiji islands about 900 Weslevan churches and 1,400 schools. The communicants are numbered by thousands. The schools are attended by nearly 50,000 children, and out of a population of about 120,000, over 100,000 are reckoned as regular attendants at the churches. Idolatry is scarcely known, and cannibalism, for which these islands were so famous only fifty years ago, has been voluntarily abandoned save by a single tribe.

Anecdote of Judge Story.

The following anecdote about the famous jurist Story is in private circulation, but is good enough for the public eye. It was prepared for Story's biography by his son, but Charles Sumner, who edited the work, struck it

out. The narrative runs like this: In his younger days Story lived in the aristocratic old town of Salem, in Massachusetts. His great ability was not then tempered by as much wisdom as he afterward displayed, and he was looked upon with disfavor by some of the old families. One day Mrs. A. called upon Mrs. B., and in the course of their conversation (there being a seamstress present) Mrs. A. asked Mrs. leisure well. B, if her daughter was going to the party that evening. "No," was the short reply, "I don't propose to let my daughter go to any place which is frequented by that insignificant young puppy Story." Years afterward, when Story was a judge on the supreme bench, he visited Salem, and was warmly welcomed by those who had known him formerly. Among his best friends apparently was Mrs. B., and he accepted her pressing invitation to dis-Now, in the years which had this world of curs. elapsed, the seamstress had become ssed of a home of her own, to which was attached a garden, with a pear tree, which was just then loaded with fine fruit. After the invitation to dinner had been accepted the seamstress received a call from Mrs. B.'s servant, asking her to send up a basket of her excellent pears for dinner, as "Mr. Justice Story, of the supreme court of the United States, was to be present." The good-natured seamstross sent the pears at once, and with them this message: "Tell your mistress that I am glad that the insignificant young puppy Story has grown to be so fine a dog."—Harper's Magazine.

The difference between a person in his first childhood and his second childhood is this: In his first childhood he cuts his teeth; in his second shildhood the teeth cut him .- Lowell

The number of national banks in the United States is 2,163,

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one luch, one insertion 01 00

Logal notices at established rates Marriages and death notices gratie.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected marterly. Temperary advertisements must be

Tears.

Job work, cash on delivery.

Is it rainy, little flower?

Be glad of rain.

Too much sun would wither thee ; 'Twill shine again. The clouds are very black, 'tis true ;

But just behind them shines the blue. Art thou weary, tender heart ?

Be glad of pain. In sorrow sweetest things will grow, As flowers in rain.

God watches, and thou wilt have sun When clouds their perfect work have done. -M. F. Buite.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is one thing to be said infavor of knee breeches-they don't bag at the

The nine that none of the league ball clubs care to tackle - strychnine.-Rome Sentinel. A man who was formerly a night

vatchman refers to it as his late occupation.-Lowell Citizen. Philadelphia has an artist named

Sword. When eight years of age he was only a little bowie.

Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bee. He can always give you a point .- Salem Sun-

Some epicures object to duck as a re-freshment, because if the bird isn'ts well picked the consumer is very apt to feel down in the mouth. Why, of course a dress coat is the

proper garment to wear at a swell din ner. It doesn't button in front, and gives you a chance to swell. "Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady

friend. She will never fail to give the information. You are right in objecting to the principle that the bulldog is entitled

to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it vou'd better let him have it .-Boston Post. "I am beside myself," said Lorenzo, as he stood by a portrait of himself in the artist's studio. "It isn't the first

time though, Lorenzo," sighed his wife An Italian lady knows forty lan-guages and talks thirty-two, yet when she gets right mad this knowledge is of no use, for her husband can only un-

derstand one of them. The 222d asteroid has been discovered, and the world moves right along as if man had no further mission here than making soft soap or whitting up

Our exchanges contain frequent men-tion of " pound sociables" We have no idea what they are, unless they are the kind of entertainment Sullivan and Ryan indulged in lately.—Siftings.

A statistician computes that one hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France. We are unable to give the figures for this country, as the Indians keep no re-

" Intelligent!" said the man of his setter dog, "He knows a heap, sir. Why, once he took a dislike to a man and went and induced the man to kick him so I would lick the man! Fact, sir!"-Boston Transcript.

At a high school examination the teacher asked the son of an old ice dealer how many ounces there was in a pound. And the boy said it depended on the extent of the arou, the length of the summer and the beat of the weather, varying from 51-2 to 113-4, but never reaching as high as sixteen. -Hawkeye.

WISE WORDS.

A blithe heart makes a blooming

That which is well done is twice

visage. Better one word in time than two afterward.

None but the wise man can employ People seldom improve when they

have no other model than themselves to copy after. Fortune does not change men; it

only unmasks them and shows their true character. When you have occasion to utter a rebuke, let your words be soft and your

arguments hard. We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with in

Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will purchase evry foot of land upon this globe.

Instead of complaining of the thorns among the roses, we should be thankful there are roses among the thorns. Men who have the strongest intel-

lects have the weakest memories; they trust more to invention than to A brain is a very hungry thing indeed, and he who possesses it must constantly

feed it by reading or thinking, or it will shrivel up or fall asleep. That which is good enough to be done cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done

It is the habitual thought that frames itselfinto our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not as much to do ir - ' - ' ag our lives as the thoughts b