



From the Harrisburg Daily American. The Parting.

BY HENRY D. O'REILLY. Sweet Kathleen I love you; now do not believe, This heart was ere formed to wrong or deceive, Nor think that though absent I'll ever forget, These haunts so endearing, where often we met.

That murmuring stream at the foot of you hill, This glen, or the cot, or the old country mill, Or that vale below, where nature has formed An Eden, with shrubs and flowers adorned.

What palace that rears its proud turrets on high, What spot on this earth or beneath the blue sky, Can equal this scene, where both nature and art, Have blended their powers, fresh charms to impart?

Where the song of the lark, uprising in air, Is heard in the morn as he springs from his lair, Where the birds carol in tones of delight, And the woods echo music from morning to night.

Sweet Kathleen you know not how hard 'tis to part From the home of your childhood so dear to the heart; The friends that you love, and the maid you adore, Or the parents that fear they'll see you no more.

But cheer up, my Kathleen, and never despair; Chase from thy features these tokens of care; Though strange scenes may banish all my regret, The land of my birth I shall never forget.

I'll think of that cot near a murmuring stream; Of this home so loved, and then I shall dream, Of one who in sorrow now stands by my side, My Kathleen, mavoureen, my own blushing bride.

The Wine Cup.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Dash down the sparkling cup! its gleam, Like the pale corpse-light o'er the tomb, Is but a false, deceitful beam, To lure thee onward to thy doom.

The sparkling gleam will fade away, And round thy lost, bewildered feet, 'Mid darkness, terror, and dismay, The ghastly shapes of death will meet.

Dash down the cup! a poi o' sleeps In every drop thy lips would drain, To make thy life-blood seethe and leap, A fiery flood, through every vein— A fiery flood that will efface,

By slow degrees thy god-like mind, 'Till, 'mid its ashes, not a trace Of reason shall be left behind.

Dash down the cup! a serpent starts, Beneath the flowers that crown its brim, Whose deadly fangs will strike thy heart, And make thy flashing eye grow dim;

Before whose hot and maddening breath— More fatal than the simoon blast— Thy manhood in unhonored death, Will sink a worthless wreck at last.

Dash down the cup! thy father stands, And pleads in accents deep and low, Thine anguished mother clasps her hands, With quivering lips and wordless woe.

They who have borne thee on their breast, And shielded thee through many a year; Oh, would'st thou make their bosoms blest, Their life a joy—their pleading hear!

Dash down the cup! thy young wife kneels; Her eyes, whose tears have often gushed, And turned, with mate and soft appeal, Upon thy babe, in slumber hushed, Didst thou not woo her in thy youth

With many a fond and solemn vow? Oh, turn again, and all her truth And love shall be rewarded now!

Dash down the cup! and on thy brow, Though darkened o'er with many a stain, Thy manhood's light so feeble now, Shall bright and steady, burn again.

Thy strength shall, like the fabled bird, From its own ashes upward spring! And fountains in thy breast be stirred, Whose waters living joys shall bring!

Take the Papers.

'Tis sweet, on winter's night at home, To sit by fire and tapers; But ah! it is wiser thing, By far, to read the papers.

Won't you take the papers? Can't you take the papers? The joys of earth are little worth, Unless you take the papers.

Maidens wanting lovers true, You must take the papers. Swains who would not idly woo, You must take the papers.

Won't you take the papers? Can't you take the papers? Love's joys below you'll never know, Unless you take the papers.

'COVERTING is an irregular active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with—it agrees with all the old maids and girls in town, don't it?"

Why is an ignorant Judge like necessity? Why because he knows no law. Merit is like the crimson blush on a maiden's cheek—for the more you strive to conceal it, the more discernable it is.

Finished Education.

Gilbon truly says that the best and most important part of every man's education, is that which he gives himself.

Many of our youth, of both sexes, feel that their education is finished when their school days are over. No idea can be more destructive to the progress of true improvement. Our education is never finished till we are in our graves. The discipline acquired in college or in school is given to us only that we may be better able afterwards to educate ourselves.

We have only then crossed the threshold of a course of improvement that must last us our lifetime. Such discipline is important; indeed, it is absolutely essential, to start us aright in the life-toil before us; but to suppose that it completes all that must be done for our intellectual or moral welfare, is absurd. The best part of a man's education is then to come, and upon the manner in which each one uses for himself the arrangements made for him in his early life, will depend the character of his future. Much, too, is said about man's mind having reached maturity, and that he needs no more discipline or education. A false idea, productive of much mischief to real mental improvement.

There is no period in the history of the mind, in which it is incapable of any further progress, as long as the body retains its health. No man, who lived to the age of sixty, in the constant employment of his mental faculties, but sees that he is every day acquiring greater powers, a greater control over what he does know, and an accumulation of new ideas. It is never too late in life to learn.

A Knocking Story.

The following is too good to be lost. A western paper says it is a fact, and it should be read wherever the spiritual manifestations have created an excitement. It is thus told:—

Among the subjects of this excitement was a simple man of middle age, whose bumps of marvellousness and reverence were equally large. He was of course superstitiously religious, and the knockings, of which he had taken every occasion to be a witness, impressed him with the utmost awe.

The man's wife, however, was a very different kind of being. She scouted the "spirits," laughed at her husband, and took every occasion to rally him upon what she deemed his special weakness.

One morning, after the "old man" had been out to hear the knockings, the remembrance of which had stolen away a night's rest, he arose early, as was his wont, to make a fire. The wife was awake and determined to have some fun. So raising herself on her elbow, she regarded her husband, who, not more than half dressed, knelt at the stove, and abstractedly poked among the ashes.

The wife applied her knuckles to the head board of the bed:—Rap-rap-rap!

The victim started, with his hair on end, and peeped anxiously over the stove. Rap-rap-rap!

He began to tremble, and faltered—"Is this a spirit?"

Rap-rap-rap! "Does the spirit wish to hold communication with me?"

Rap-rap-rap! "Art thou on an errand of mercy?"

Rap-rap-rap! "Spirit, what wilt thou have me do?"

"Make up that fire, you old fool," shouted his wife, with mingled mirth, anger, and disgust, as the trembling husband turned round and saw the sneaky creature calmly regarding him, with eyes that entirely overshadowed the fear of spirits. He was mum.—Springfield Reput.

A Dutchman's Divorce.

A Philadelphia friend, who writes a story as well as he tells one, which is a rare art, sends us, among others, the subjoined:—

"A certain genuine Deutscher in this city has distinguished himself of late years by very remarkable actions, but nothing richer than the following:—Resolving to be divorced from his wife, he put the case into the hands of an eminent lawyer, and departed for the South, where he was absent for a year. On returning, he walked into the 'legal den,' and with head bolt upright, gravely inquired: 'How does it comit ter divorce between me and mine wife?' 'Why really, Meinher, I haven't been able to do much during your absence, but now you're back, we'll go ahead.' 'Yaw; den be so goot as to inform me vot to expenses might have been ven de divorce vill pe concluded?' The man of law, after calculating and summing up the items, informed him that the 'damage' would probably amount to two hundred and fifty dollars when the divorce should be obtained. 'Very vell, den,' replied Meinher, 'I would ask you, if to save de expenses and spare de drombles, it would not pe pest to squash de whole proceedings—for mine wife is teadt.—Knickerbocker.

Accident in a Church.

The Blairsville Apalachen gives an account of a distressing accident recently occurred in a Methodist Protestant Church at Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, during "Quarterly Meeting," as we learn from the Jeffersonian. When an invitation was given to persons to come forward for prayer, a large number presented themselves, and the congregation pressed forward to see the proceedings, when the joist under the floor gave way, and about one hundred and fifty persons, men, women and children, were precipitated into the cellar, in a heap with a glowing stove in the centre. Several were injured more or less—four being badly burned—One has since died.

The Pirate.

Eighteen years ago, the ship I command was dancing over the waves on a mission of mercy.—Laden by the generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verds with bread for the famine stricken and dying.—Brighter skies never gladden the sailor's heart than those which bent over us, pleasanter gales never filled the sails of the sea journeyer, than those which sped to the haven where we would be; "and now may God have the ship in his holy keeping," the prayer that concluded the old English bill of lading was heard and granted, we felt as we trod on the deck of the stout craft, whose errand was to succor the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the fore-castle, and aft in the cabin. Sailors, who so often are hungry, liable at any moment to be put on short allowance and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landmen how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker.

It was now the fourteenth day out—just in the first gray of morning—that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light, the vigilant officer had described her and she was so near as to be made out with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the strange ship almost dispelled the fear the mate's alarm had occasioned. "She's no slave, captain." "Why do you think so?" "Because there are guns on her deck instead of water casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in," I replied.

"Then why does she carry so many guns on deck? If without a cargo her guns should be below; if with one, there should be more guns on deck. If that aint a pirate, never believe me again."

As if to put an end to our speculations and clear up the mystery, the suspicious craft began to spread more canvass, and as she gathered away with the fresh breeze, they ran up to the foremast a flag, which when it reached the truck, unhooked its folds to the wind. On the white ground we saw the terrible insignia, of the free-booter, the death's head and cross bones, painted in diabolical black.

"I thought so," said Mr. Larkin, quietly, "and the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you, Mr. Larkin?" I asked. "An old horse-pistol, with the lock out of order."

And I have only an old fowling piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms with us."

"Yes cut our throats," replied the mate walking forward.

We made all the sail we possibly could, but fifteen minutes satisfied me that escape was impossible. The report of a gun from the pirate, and a shot whistling over us, speedily brought us to.—The pirate came quietly along, like a panther, which sure of its prey, was in no great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance, he hailed and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got the quarter-boat and I was about to jump into her, and pay my respects to the villains, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain, said he, 'let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on deck of the pirate, when he again appeared on the rail, and descended to the boat which began to pull back.—Almost at the same instant, a launch was thrown over the rail, into which twenty savage looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprang and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board of my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square compact body indicated strength, and whose eyes, black and lazy, and half concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in tolerable English:

"Are you captain of this vessel?" "Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?" "Flour."

"Where from?" "Boston."

"Where to?" "Cape de Verds."

"Why, they are starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes, and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment then turned towards his men, and in a rough commanding tone, spoke a few words in Spanish which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously toward their captain, for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hand behind him and walked quickly to and fro for five minutes, then turning to me, he said sharply:—

"You Americans are all heretics—why should you send flour to starving Catholics?" "Because they are our fellow men, and their Saviour, is our Saviour, I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried with startling fierceness, "if you lie to me, I'll nail you down to your own deck! Is the cargo the gift of your countrymen to the wretched and starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he replied; swear by the Saviour, whose name you have pronounced. As he spoke, he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear by the holy Trinity, I returned solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap, and bent his head devoutly when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still with head bent over, while one might moderately have counted fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half closed, but open, clear in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," said he courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side, but he lingered behind, and after a moment's hesitation as though he half repented of his resolution, and was almost ashamed of what he was doing, he approached me with his hand extended:

"God bless you," he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone. It is very probable that the piratical rascal was afterwards hung, as he no doubt deserved to be. But however terrible his fate, I am sure that from his heart, seared and callous with crime, and self desecrated, there burst forth a little warm glimmer of light which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved, though it could not entirely dispel the gloom of his dying hour.

Profane and Vulgar Language.

Swearing, which formerly pervaded every rank of society, is now to be chiefly found in a very low and uneducated class; it is, in fact, a vulgar and proscribed mode of speech. Nevertheless, it is still used occasionally by persons of no humble rank, especially by the young, though chiefly for the purpose of giving an emphasis to speech, or perhaps simply to give token of a redundancy of spirits, and a high state of excitement. To those who are guilty of it for these reasons, it is only necessary to point out, that no well-informed person can be at the least lost, with the genuine words of the English language, to express all legitimate ideas and feelings, and that to use either profane or slang words, is at the least, the indication of a low taste and inferior understanding. To those who are guilty of it for these reasons, it is only necessary to point out, that no well-informed person can be at the least lost, with the genuine words of the English language, to express all legitimate ideas and feelings, and that to use either profane or slang words, is at the least, the indication of a low taste and inferior understanding.

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Market for selling Young Women.

Every year, at the feast of St. Peter, which comes on in the latter days of June, the peasantry of the district (Bihar) meet together at a certain place, for the purpose of a general fair.—This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and the young maidens, for it is there that, whilst purchasing household utensils and family necessities, they choose for themselves partners, and conclude marriages. The parents bring in their marriageable daughters, with each one her little dowry accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dowry is, of course, proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers—some sheep, sometimes a few hogs, or even chickens. These girls are attired in their best, or what pieces of gold or silver they may possess are strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of their hair.

Thus fitted out, every girl who desires to find a husband betakes herself to the fair. She quits the house of her father, perhaps forever, and bids her mother adieu quite ignorant of what roof it is to shelter her, or what fate awaits her in her journey's end. As to her fortune, it is in the little cart that attends her. The object of her journey is never mistaken, nobody wonders at it, nor is there occasion for a public officer to make record of deed. On the other hand, the youths who wish to procure themselves wives, hasten to the fair arrayed in the very best skin garments their chest contains. These savage looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, proceed with a great deal of interest and zest to inspect the fair mountain lasses that are brought thither by their fathers and their uncles, casting many side glances and wishful looks toward the captive merchandise.—He gives his fancy a free rein, and when he finds one that seems to claim his preference, he at once addresses the parents, asks what they have given her, and asks what price they have set upon the "lot" so exposed for sale—at the same time stating his own property and standing. If the parents ask too much, these gallant "boys" make their own offer, which, if it does not suit the other to agree to, the fond lover passes to seek some other.

We may suppose that the proud young men always keep a "top-eye" open to the correspondence of loveliness upon one hand, and the size of the dowry upon the other. At last he finds one for whom he is willing to give the price, and a loud clapping of the hands together announces to the bystanders that the bargain is complete.—What a heavy blow this must be for some fair rival who has not decided quick enough, who is halting and considering whether she will suit him, and whether she is as lovely and accomplished in household matters as are some of the others.—However, the deed is done and the bargain is completed, and forthwith the young girl (poor girl!) proceeds also to clasp the hand of her future husband. What a moment of interest and anxiety to her! The destiny of her life is sealed by this rude clasp of the hand. In this she as much as says, "Yes, I will be yours for life, and I consent to partake of your joys and your troubles, to follow you through weal and through woe?"

The families of the betrothed pair then surround them, offering their congratulations, and at once, without delay, the priest who is on the ground for the occasion, pronounces the nuptial benediction. The young woman presses the parting hand of the family who have reared her, but of which she is no longer a part—mounts the cart of her new husband, whom but a few hours before she never so much as knew, and escorted by her dowry, is conducted to the house thenceforward to be her home.

The Hungarian government have long tried, but in vain, to suppress these fairs for young girls. Positive orders have been given, that they should no longer take place, but such is the force of long established custom, united to the necessities of this pastoral race, that all such orders have been disregarded. The fair still continues and every year such cavaleries as we have described may be seen descending into the plains of Kalmassa, there to barter off the precious jewels of the household tree, as though they were senseless beavers or mere produce of the soil.

STUMBLING HORSES.—It is a general, but very mistaken notion that the safety of a roadster depends upon his lifting his forefeet high from the ground, whereas it all depends on the manner in which he places them down upon it. The highest goes are often the most unsafe; and there are thousands of instances of horses being very near the ground and never making a trip. It is however, a well established fact, that if the form of a horse's shoulder, and the consequent position of the fore-leg, enables him to put his foot to the ground flat, with the heel down, his lifting the foot high is not at all necessary, whereas, on the other hand, if by any improper position of the leg, issuing out of a short, upright, ill-formed shoulder, the toe touches the ground first, and as it were, digs into it; no matter how high such a horse may lift his leg, in any of his paces he will be liable to stumble.—Essay on Horses.

Pithy Sentences.

Gravity is the ballast of the soul. Learning hath gained most by those books which the printers have lost.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death.

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all the virtues.—Dr. Fuller.

As Good as the Best.

If the following story, related by a Texas correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, will not burst off a few buttons, and make some of our readers laugh till the tears come in their eyes, we don't know what will:

"About the year 1832-3, there lived a family of some note on the Gaudalupo river, in Western Texas. Among them were several young ladies of the upper tenor of those days—sensible, handsome looking creatures—happy as larks and all ways full of fun. It happened that among the fifteen or twenty young men residing in that section, there was one, by name C., a surly-faced, grizzled-looking, grinning, chuffy, and moon-eyed chap, who became woefully smitten with the most charming of the aforesaid young ladies, and who, of all the buckskins in the wilds of Texas, was most unlikely to be a successful diplomatist in matters wherein the gentler sex were to be consulted, won and wed. C.'s visits became less and less like angels', first one a month, then doubling twice a month, once a week, and soon, "said the old man," the ambler sporting, deer-killing fellow was almost every day forcing his company on Miss Betty. Many jokes at her expense followed, of course, and she resolved, after suffering under them for some time, to get clear of her admirer, or quit the rancho herself. An opportunity offered on the Sabbath following. It being the water-melon season, and Betty's father having a fine supply, all the youngsters for miles around, assembled there on the holy day to feast on melons. C. was prominent in the circle, till, in the afternoon, Betty held private interviews with the other young men, and arranged that C. should be decoyed from the house and frightened by the cry of Indians from some of his comrades, which it was thought would wound his pride and drive him away. Five young men, with C., walked out.—A bath in the river, 300 yards distant, was proposed by one and seconded by several. Of course, poor C. was in.

"They went down to the ford near the melon patch and began undressing. In the meantime, eight or ten others with guns had gone down under cover of the bank, and secreted themselves along the path from the bathing place to the house. The company with C. were in fine glee, and in going down spoke of the recent outrages of the Indians, there increased boldness, &c., thus exciting the anti-combativie bumps of C. to the highest pitch. "Now boys," said one, "who shall be the first to dive in that 'ere pool eh?" "I will," said C., "he-gosh aint I first with the gals?" In course I am first here." Off went coats, shoes, pants, &c. Just as C. had doffed every thing, barring a short, red flannel shirt—bang! bang! bang!—Who-wo-yeh! Bang! I went two, three, four guns—loud and shrill rose the Indian yell in the dense brush, and under the bank. "Oh Lord! I am a dead man, boys," said James Simons. "My leg is broken. Oh, save me!" cried George Williams. "Run for life, men! Run for mercy's sake, run!" Jack Parsons, "one of my eyes is out and both arms broken!" all being said in an instant; when—do you see that red blaze along the path? Look a moment—what velocity! That jagged hair all straight out behind—that's C. a streaking it for the house, shirt and all—see him about the corner of the field, by the thicker—bang! bang! went half a dozen pieces—louder than ever rose the hideous war cry. "Oh, Lord!" grunted C., reboulding his speed—the red blaze getting larger—bunches of his bushy hair dropping out as he "spread himself;"—see him leap the yard fence high in the air, red shirt, and all! The porch was full of ladies—off went two or three more pieces—C. glanced at the ladies, then at his short red shirt.

"Run for your life, C.," screamed Betty, "the house is full of Indians! father's dead, and brother Sam wounded! run, speed!" In the twinkling of an eye C. was out of the yard; and, supposing the premises surrounded, off he shot, the red blaze more brilliant than ever, and striking directly into a thick, thorny bottom, he reached and swam the river; and although it was near sunset, R. got into a settlement fifty miles distant to breakfast next morning, still retaining the sleeves and collar of his red shirt, and reported all the family, visitors, &c., among the slain. As for himself, he said he fought as long as fighting would do any good.

It is unnecessary to inform you, dear Pie, whether or not Betty was ever troubled with C. after that snip.

THE MAN AT HOME.—What a man's home in his whole life will be, as a general rule; and the principles, the ideas, the plans, the motives, the hopes and fears which govern him there, and constitute the atmosphere of his dwelling, will go with him into all his intercourse and business. If all is well at home, we need not watch him in the market. If he is a true man there, he is a man everywhere. If wise and prudent there, he will not need to be made any more a "man of the world." If he can succeed in redeeming life's most familiar scenes from dullness and unprofitableness, the world abroad will be all fresh and full of entertainment. If he be not a dull, familiar stranger in his home, he will find himself at home wherever he goes. If there be independence of physical comforts, and abundance of mental, moral, and social resources in one's dwelling, there will be no unnecessary anxiety, no feverish hurry, no narrow drudgery in one's business abroad.—One will work cheerfully for small profits, if he be rich in the love and society of his home. If disappointed there, he will be discontented everywhere. So long as the fire of love burns brightly on the family altar, he will not be tormented by the selfishness of the world.

Marriage is not like the fish Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember that nightingales which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their milk were turned into care for their young ones.