

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading.

From Light to Light.

BY JULIA M. BENNETT.

[The late Garland Addison died in Lenoir county, Va., resulting in the death of young Addison. There was a touching incident connected with his death. After giving his slayer and leaving kind messages for his friends, he asked that "the blinds might be opened and his eyes permitted to rest for the last time on the morning sun." A few moments later he folded his arms upon his breast, and quietly passed to his eternal rest.]

Upon the shutters wide to the light. The glorious light of the day— So with my feet falling light. Feeling of storms that are bright. My spirit will pass from this day.

Not at the setting of sun. Not with the coming of night. Not when a busy day is done. Not with a victory won. Do I take my last look at the light.

In the bright glory of day. In the full splendor of light. Fold I my hands while I pray— Not even asking to stay— To share with the work and its strife.

Up from the sunshine here Into eternal light; Here, where clouds do appear. Telling of storms that are bright. There, where no clouds mar the sight.

So I bathe in the sunlight blest. Waiting for what may come; And my Father, who knows the rest, Will judge my life at its best. When His angels carry me home.

The Uses of an Enemy.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

Always keep an enemy on hand—a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the uses of an enemy. 1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least not partial to you. He will not flatter you. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold; it permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster, and it makes them of such size as to be viable and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you're napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot fall asleep. He will do next, and this mental qui vive must be worth some thing.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not and who are your enemies. The last of those three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny every thing and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is not a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.

We are sure of this, that in some way, we know not how, we shall see him." Not with the vision of faith merely, not as now abiding and sometimes dorking through all this veil of the material universe where with he wraps himself; but in open vision, "as he is." O eyes so filled with weeping, O eyes that have been blind from your birth, ye shall see the king in his beauty and the hand that is very far off.—The Deems Birth Day Book.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S.

THE ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

Congress adjourned Wednesday, August 9th.

There are 149 children at the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

The Fruit Fair held at Greensboro last week was a great success.

Small Pox is doing serious work among the Indians in the Indian Territory.

David Davis, President of the Senate, will, it is rumored, marry a North Carolina lady shortly.

Gen. Seales was re-nominated for Congress in the fifth district by acclamation. North Carolina has hardly had an able representative.

Madison, the second son of J. M. Leach, who has just gone over to the Liberals, says he regrets it understood that he is a democrat, "true blue." Sensible young man.

An Iowa editor advertised liver pills to the amount of \$250 and took it all out in pads. Then he was made because his liver wouldn't take 28 of them for two months' service.

A Philadelphia dancing master predicts a crusade against the waltz as at present immediately danced, to be led by Mrs. Gen. Sherman, Rev. Mr. Maynard, and other distinguished ladies and gentlemen.

On Thursday last week Hon. W. M. Robbins was nominated for Congress in the seventh district. He is one of the best stump speakers in the State and will make a brilliant canvass, and be elected by a large majority.

"Father, who travels our road, I wish my child, to the conduct of— Think of some of human work. Early he comes and late he goes. He greets the women with courtesy. He kisses the baby, he kisses the dog. He calls to the fence the farmer at work. He greets the merchant, he greets the clerk. The blacksmith, while his hammer rings. He greets the doctor, he greets the priest. How is your wife, and how are the kids. All at his feet as an ordinary man. The horse feet of the road, and the road."

The most "toasty" style at a wedding now is to present each guest with a piece of the bride cake in a box shaped like a lozenge and tied with a true blue. Knot of white satin ribbon, the ends of which bear the monogram of the bride and groom.

On Saturday afternoon at Mayesville, Ky., a young man connected with the United States Census made a balloon ascension seated on a trapeze-bar. The balloon, inflated in the Ohio River and the balloonist was drowned. He was a native of England.

The Petersburg Ladies Aid says that Messrs John Arrington and Sons have purchased the Middleton water power for the sum of \$19,000 in round numbers. Senators Malone and Don Cameron have an interest in the property which will be utilized for purposes of manufacturing as soon as the said deal have been confirmed by the courts.

Mott, Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, declined to arrange a joint canvass between Bennett and Dockery, and now Judge Bennett has written to Dockery himself to arrange for such a canvass. A joint canvass would give Bennett a great advantage, because he is much the better speaker, and for this reason it is feared it cannot be brought about.

It is supposed to form a stock corporation at Asheville, N. C., under the name of the Asheville Wood, Pulp and Paper Company, to engage in the manufacture of wood pulp and paper, and will build a mill for that purpose. Wood pulp, in abundance in the vicinity of Asheville, and can be obtained delivered at the mill, for less than \$1 per cord.

A poor boy not many years ago John Wadsworth is now one of the richest men in Charlotte. There is no mystery about his success in life. He raised this year 11 1/2 bushels of wheat to the acre, and 108 bushels of oats to the acre. When Wadsworth bought the land a few years ago it was as poor as he was a few years before. Both have grown rich. Boys, take encouragement. Write for particulars.

The right of a woman past the age of 21 years to marry whom she pleases has just been vindicated in Missouri. The father of Laura Robbs, aged 27 years, attempted to hold her to continued service in the paternal home by locking her up in a room when she had made a verbal contract to become the wife of Geo. W. Bishop. A writ of habeas corpus unlocked the door, and the marriage took place in spite of the father's objections.

Richmond (Va. State). The old North State Democracy knows how to get up enthusiasm in their campaign, and no mistake. At Poplar Tent, on Monday last, the feature of the day was two marriages, which took place on the ground. The brides elect were two pretty young girls of that county, and the grooms were two broad chested and well-to-do farmers. The brides were given away by one of the Democratic speakers. As expected, the attractions drew an immense crowd.

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

The Weeks Wealth of Near News Gathered by Our Reporters and Neatly Nipped from our Numerous Neighbors.

Franklin county nominating convention will be held Aug. 26th.

Scotland Neck will have a daily train on and after September 1st.

Seventeen new buildings are in the course of erection at Greenville.

Mr. Willis informs us that the Tarboro Guide will shortly be enlarged.

It is proposed to erect a monument over the grave of the late lamented Dr. Closs.

Dr. W. T. Daughters of Rocky Mount, has removed to Nashville where he will practice medicine.

E. G. Brown Esq., has been elected Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in Franklin county, and Joel K. Brown, Secretary.

The Tarboro folks had a mistletoe show last Friday night. Among the delightful features was a reproduction of the Wilson republican convention.

Edgewood's new county Commissioners are rich of solid worth. They are Col. W. H. Knight, D. B. Batts, Geo. L. Wimberly, J. T. Cherry and Ellis Carr.

Mr. Dempsey Jenkins has been re-elected Superintendent of Schools in Edgewood county. We congratulate the magistrates on the wisdom of their choice.

Goldboro Messenger: The trial of Jerry Cox for the murder of Mary Eliza Hawkins is set for Thursday the first week of next Superior court, which begins its session on the 21st inst.

The Southern says that the records show that democrats run Edgewood county for \$7000 less than the republicans did. This one fact is a strong argument in favor of the present county government system.

The Stockholders and members of the Executive Committee will meet at the Fair Grounds in Rocky Mount at 10 o'clock on Saturday, August 26th. Essays will be read on "How Best to Manage our Farms," and other subjects of importance will be discussed. Fruits and produce will be on hand for exhibition and competition says the Goldboro Reporter.

Brother Creevy, Editor of the Economist one of the oldest and highest (we hope) in the pardon us) papers in the State is reported by the News Observer to talk thus sentimentally: "There is more counting and firing in the square foot now going on at Nag's Head than at any other place in the State in proportion to population. In fact it's a dangerous place to go to, and we are full indeed not to run the risk of going down there any more this summer. Counting is like into a quack and a crab hole— if you put your foot in it the first thing you know you are sucked in." "Old Harry" will please give Bro. Creevy a suitable lecture on the duties of age of a man of his age and position.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

The Greensboro Patriot says there passed through that town recently a gay frolicsome party of six young girls en route to the mountains. They were all robust, good looking, full of life and energy and bent on a frolic. Dressed in uniform style of walking habit, slightly shorter even than the prevailing fashion, made of excellent and durable linen, plain but pretty lacy, fast shoes with high ankles for dust, they were the personification of comfort. Each bore a knapsack upon her back, and was armed with a revolver and a large bowie knife. The trip takes in nearly all the mountain counties. Some nights they camp out and others they pass at hotels, as humor or convenience may happen. With no baggage or equipments except what each carries upon her person, this might be called the Charge of the Light Brigade. Three of them are Virginians and three Marylanders.

An Arkansas Snake Chaymer.

Mr. Black, who resides in Hillsboro, Ark., exhibits a control and influence over the reptile family astonishingly mysterious. In the woods, creeks or wherever he finds a snake, it matters not what type, of deadly poison or venom it may be, he succeeds in capturing it alive and suffering as little from a clasp of its fangs as if it were an ordinary pin scratch. He handles and fondles them about his person as if they were so many harmless toys. He will allow the largest rattlesnake to deliberately strike and bury its fangs into his flesh, and apparently suffer no inconvenience or serious consequences from the fragile reek. By a certain weed or growth of vegetation he claims to destroy the effect of the bite. When bitten he chews and swallows the juice of the weed, which acts like a charm.

An Open Trade.

We are informed that in his speech at Marshall Col. Ike Young openly declared that the existing coalition between the Republican (the boss wing) and the Liberals (the result of an open trade) that the Republicans surrendered no principle, and the rank and file of the party were invited to extend the right hand of fellowship to the Liberals.

Old line Republicans can now see what their leaders, or rather their drivers are doing; and doubting Democrats will strive to where they are drifting.—Asheville Citizen.

Women Should not Suffer.

CHALKESTON, S. C., Feb. 10, 1881. H. B. Warner & Co: Sirs—A member of my family was cured of a complication of female diseases by your Safe Kidney and Liver Care.

WM. H. GRAY.

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Texas shipped its first bale of new cotton two weeks ago. Alabama followed suit last week and we suppose that by this time they have begun to pick the new crop in nearly all the Southern States.

A Few Suggestions.

If the esteemed correspondents of the ADVANCE will punctiliously observe the following suggestions, we will be greatly obliged:

In promulgating your esoteric dogmas of humiliating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, be wary of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your inditement possess a clarified concise and compacted clarity, lucidness, consistent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Exclude all combinations of figures, metaphors, similes, and other such things, and assume affections. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unprepared expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, pretentious vanity, verbalism, verbosity, and vainglorious vapidity. Shun double entendres, purring jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscenity or apparent.

A Parallel Case.

The strong point for them in the coming is, the Republicans believe, the county government question. They talk very patriotically about the rights of the people, but say little about the extravagance and rascality practised by them under the old system. In his speech at Fayetteville Judge Bennett gave a case in point which every one should read. He said in substance:

"What has the Republican party in the Congress of the United States done for the District of Columbia? According to the census, the district has 25,000 white voters, and 10,000 colored voters. At the time of the election, the Republicans in Congress had passed an act turning over the District to the government of the people living in it. This was just the best offer ever made of a territory to the South. The colored voters of the District united with the worst of the white element, and in less than two years, owing to official profligacy and mismanagement, the moneyed obligations of the District were worth only forty cents on the dollar."

What followed? Finding that this local self government did not work well the Republican party repealed the act giving up the government of the District to the voters, and today it is governed by officers appointed by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. "Show your faith by your works."

The Boston Globe Examiner commenting on it, says: "Having tried it ten years—not so long as they compelled us to submit to it in North Carolina, they found the credit of the District was destroyed. They repealed the law, and now the District of Columbia is governed by officers appointed by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. This is the result of Republican legislation. This is the result of self government with a vengeance. Negro government, according to their ideas, is good enough for poor old North Carolina, but it is also good for gross and degrading for the wealthy and refined Republican aristocrats who roll in the carriage over Pennsylvania Avenue, and inhabit palatial mansions in the Capital City of the nation!"

A Strong Campaign Document.

In last week's Journal there was a communication urging that the present Board of County Commissioners be not re-elected, for it would give the opponents of the "county government system" a plea to use in the present campaign. The election has been held; the old Board re-elected; and one little incident occurring will make it a strong Democratic campaign plea. After the reading of the report of the Chairman, E. R. Dudley, Esq., a Republican Justice, arose, and on motion to re-elect the old Board, gave it his hearty endorsement, and stated that although he favored another system of electing Commissioners, yet in view of the excellent financial management of county affairs by this Board, they had his hearty approval and would get his vote.

So it may go out to the world that the practical workings of the present system in Craven county meets the endorsement even of those who are opposed to the theory. PRACTICE VS. THEORY.—Newberne Journal.

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NOTES FROM THE FARM.

The Last Load.—A Midsummer Picture.

If there is anything more exhilarating than the odor of newly mown hay piled high upon big mows, as one walks over the main floor of a well filled barn, with the hot breeze rushing in on one open door and out of the other, on one of these midsummer days, we don't know where amid all the sights and sounds and fragrance of town or country life, it may be encountered. We are familiar with the vivifying odor that comes from the fresh running brooks of the earliest spring time, while the snow yet lingers in huge patches here and there along the cool sides of the little hills, slowly yielding their stored-up moisture to the fragrant rain at their base, telling us that winter is over and past; and the fragrance of the freshly turned furrow as the patient oxen slowly plod over the rising field, with a delightful mist rising from the ground as each new furrow goes over, the robbins and sparrows hop and sail in glee behind our plow—promise of the delightful spring time which has just opened; with the luscious smell that comes from ripe apples and cherries, as in the early October mornings they lay in generous heaps under the trees upon which they were so recently the chief beauty, awaiting transport to cool cellars on their way to the crowning joy of the social evening festivities of the farm—but more grateful and more significant than these and all beside, there is the exquisite fragrance from a barn full of herds grass and clover, vernal grass, and meadow fowl.

It is mid-day. We have just eaten dinner after a forenoon loafing the mower and tedder. The rumbles of hay, cut yesterday, have been opened to sun and air. The great doors at each end of the barn are wide open, and an empty hay rack has just been run out of the barn. Upon the floor the sweet hay covers the planks like a soft carpet; while way above the braces even to the beams, is piled the harvest of field and meadow.

We stand on the floor and catch the soothing influences of the west wind laden with odor of field and flower as it envelops us like the perfumed waters of a Turkish bath, coming at one and going at another entrance. The landscape viewed from the big door is of marvelous beauty. A wooded hill; a pasture in which are cows reclining under the shade of the trees, their faces windward chewing their ends; a running brook; growing grain fields and the tropical Indian corn playing in the breeze; an orchard; a winding road over which is a dusty cloud from the passing carriage; a farm house; a field in which workmen were hurriedly bunching up the outspread hay.

What was that? The rolling of distant thunder. Look! The billowy clouds, black and threatening, piled over and over each other fill the western sky. What a marshalling of the hosts of air, thunder laden and rain-filled! Down to the field goes the big rack; the tumblers are piled in; the forks and rakes; by strong men sweat under the great furlings of hay. The clouds gather. Every moment an accurate eye sweeps the blackened heavens, measuring the distance away of the shower, and computing the rate at which it is traveling. There is a strong rustling of the leaves; the breeze increases and is laden with the odor of rain drops; hay is blown from the rapidly moving load; the chickens run for shelter; the farm gate is blown on its hinges; the sound of the rain is plainly heard, Hurry! The hay rack strikes the platform leading to the floor; the load plunges into the barn with a thud, the boys on the top of the load bounce as upon a pillow, as the wheels strike the sill; down comes the rain in torrents. There is a merry ring of glad voices—it is the last load.

RYE.—This crop is shown by many at the end of August, others sow in September. For cutting green for early feeding or for fall pasturing, it is better to sow early and make successive sowings. For these purposes two bushels of seed wheat to the acre is not too much, and for a crop of grain one bushel is not too little. A soil that is too light for wheat will often give paying crops of rye, but the land ought to be in good tilth. Frequently, indeed, as a rule, the straw of rye brings as much as the grain, where a city market is convenient, and this often makes it more profitable than wheat. When rye is to be cut green for stock the land ought to be made rich, the yield is larger and it comes earlier.—N. C. Farmer.

All About Egypt.

Egyptian troubles and complications, which eventuated in actual war, have attracted unusual attention to that section of the world of late. Egypt is a wonderful country, wonderful in her antiquity, her history, her people, her rulers, her monuments, her arts, and her literature. If not the mother of nations,

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Bill Nye's Polar Expedition.

The Boomerang reporter sent out to find the north pole about 18 months ago has just been heard from. An exploring party recently found portions of his remains in latitude 4 11 44, longitude 50 west by south from the pole, and near the remains the following fragments of a diary:

July 1, 1881.—Have just been out searching for a sunstroke and signs of a thaw. Saw nothing but ice floes and snow as far as the eye could reach. I think we will have snow this evening unless the wind changes.

July 2.—Spent the afternoon exploring northwest for right of way for a new equatorial and north pole railroad that I think would be of much value to commerce. The grade is easy and the expense would be slight. At my last dog to day, had intended him for the 4th, but got too hungry, and ate him raw with vinegar. I wish I was at home eating Boomerang paste.

July 3.—We had quite a frost last night, and it looks this morning as if the corn and small fruits must have suffered. It is now two weeks since the last of the crew died and left me alone. At the leather end of my suspenders to-day for dinner, I did not need the suspenders any way, for by tightening up my pants I find they will stay on alright, and I don't look for any ladies to call, so that if even my pants come off by some oversight, nobody would be shocked.

July 4.—Saved up some tar roofing and a bottle of mucklage for my Fourth of July dinner and gorged myself to-day. The exercises were very poorly attended, and the celebration a failure. It is clouding up in the west and I'm afraid we're going to have snow. Seems to me we're having an all first late spring here this year.

July 5.—Didn't drink a drop yesterday. It was the quietest Fourth I ever put in. I never felt so little remorse over the way I celebrated as I do today. I didn't do a thing yesterday that I am ashamed of except to eat the remains of a box of shoe blacking for supper. To-day I ate my last boot heel, stewed. Looks as though we might have a hard winter.

July 5.—Felt a little apprehension about something to eat. My credit is alright here, but there is no competition, and prices are, therefore, very high. Ice however, is firm. This would be a good ice cream country if there was any demand but the country is so sparsely settled that a man feels as lonesome here as a Greenbacker at a Presidential election.

July 6.—Ate a pound of cotton waste soaked in machine oil to-day. There is nothing left for to-morrow but ice water and an old pocket-book for dinner. Looks as though we might have snow.

July 7.—This is a good cold place to spend the summer if provisions were more plentiful. I am wearing a sealskin undershirt with three woolen over-shirts and two bear skin vests to-day; and when the dew begins to fall I have to put on my buffalo blanket to keep off the night air. I wish I was home. It seems very lonesome here since the other boys died. I don't know what I will get for dinner to-morrow, unless the neighbors send in something. A big bear is coming down the hatchway as I write. I when shovled in at one cavity would gush out at the other. The fatty substance also protruded and had to be removed with a knife. At last accounts the wounded man was considered in a critical condition. Mr. Orr, a highly respectable farmer, aged between fifty and sixty years, while the author of so much trouble and suffering is about twelve or fifteen years old.

Here the diary breaks off abruptly and from the chary appearance of the book we are led to entertain a horrible fear as to his safety.

A Sleeping Car Episode.

A comical scene occurred on a sleeping car that left Cleveland the other night. Among the passengers was a plain, staid, western reserve "school marm," who was going west on a vacation. She had secured a lower berth, but when about to retire discovered that a gentleman was to occupy the shelf above her. In the language of the porter, she made a "body kick" against this arrangement, and flatly declared that a company, that had no more regard for a single lady's feelings than to make it unworthy of the patronage of respectable people. The conductor was called, and after considerable trouble got the lessee on the shelf to take a lower berth in the next section. The gentle dame retired without disrobing, and later in the night had to get up for a drink of water. Before leaving her berth she pinned a piece of paper to the outside of the curtain in order that she might make sure of it on her return. Her movements were observed by the gentleman who she had caused to be removed, and he being a bit of a wag, bethought him that now was his chance to get ev

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Upon the shutters wide to the light. The glorious light of the day— So with my feet falling light. Feeling of storms that are bright. My spirit will pass from this day.

Not at the setting of sun. Not with the coming of night. Not when a busy day is done. Not with a victory won. Do I take my last look at the light.

In the bright glory of day. In the full splendor of light. Fold I my hands while I pray— Not even asking to stay— To share with the work and its strife.

Up from the sunshine here Into eternal light; Here, where clouds do appear. Telling of storms that are bright. There, where no clouds mar the sight.

So I bathe in the sunlight blest. Waiting for what may come; And my Father, who knows the rest, Will judge my life at its best. When His angels carry me home.

The Uses of an Enemy.

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Always keep an enemy on hand—a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the uses of an enemy. 1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

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The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.

We are sure of this, that in some way, we know not how, we shall see him." Not with the vision of faith merely, not as now abiding and sometimes dorking through all this veil of the material universe where with he wraps himself; but in open vision, "as he is." O eyes so filled with weeping, O eyes that have been blind from your birth, ye shall see the king in his beauty and the hand that is very far off.—The Deems Birth Day Book.

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