



DESPAIR NOT.

What is life that we constantly, day after day, should grow the few years of existence away? What is life, that we ever should worry and sorrow. It is likely to end with the dawn of to-morrow. Success crowns your neighbor who thinks but of self. He revels in plenty, is laden with gold; But if Honor and Virtue blame your career. His riches are naught—men, your name will rear.

Despair not! Press onward with resolute will. And strive to the utmost your work to fulfill. Though foes at your efforts may assail and sneer. Be true to your self, you have nothing to fear. Despair not, and banish far's Discontent. It serves but Life's troubles and woes to augment.

And remember Life's rugged pathway is trod. To be true to your neighbor, yourself and your God.

The Talisman.

It was midnight, and a bride was seated within a luxurious boudoir of the gay city, the capital of France. A dainty femme de chambre had just left the apartment when Frederic de la Tour, the young husband in question entered.

Madame de la Tour was seated near an open wood fire, the folds of a beautiful robe de chambre of light soft texture thrown around her. "My darling," exclaimed de la Tour, "I could not come before." And as he spoke he threw himself on his knees before her.

"Our friends have just gone?" enquired the listener. "Yes, and I am with you."

"Do you kneel, Frederic; there is room for you on this couch," continued Madame de la Tour.

"No, let me remain thus. It seems as if I must be dreaming; that all this happiness cannot be real; that you are not indeed mine to love and cherish. I cannot remove my eyes from your dear face, dreading that you will vanish from my view."

"Be sure that I do not propose to vanish," responded Madame de la Tour. "Yesterday I was the widow of Lord Melville, and to-day I am Louise de la Tour, your wife. I see, strange as it may all seem, you do not dream."

Frederic de la Tour had good reason to suppose that a fairy had been meddling with his affairs. Within a few months past he had enjoyed a streak of inexplicable good fortune. He had become rich and happy beyond his fondest hopes. One afternoon, while returning from his office, he was, in the Rue St. Honore, accosted by a lady, who was driving in a magnificent equipage.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" she called. The footman had lowered the steps, and motioned to de la Tour to enter the carriage. Astonished beyond measure, he mechanically obeyed.

"I have received your letter, monsieur," continued the lady, in a charming musical voice.

"A letter from me, madame?" responded Frederic, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, did you not write to me?" "Never, madame, to my knowledge," was the respectful rejoinder.

"You will kindly excuse me, monsieur," continued the lady. "I had made an absurd mistake, and my only excuse is that you so greatly resemble a friend of mine that I mistook you for him. Great heavens," she added, much confused, "what must you think of me? And yet the resemblance is striking."

Ere the lady had finished her explanation the carriage had been driven into the court-yard of a magnificent hotel. Frederic, of course, offered his hand to assist his companion to alight.

"I would explain further, monsieur," continued the stranger. "I am Lady Melville."

De la Tour bowed. By the beauty of the speaker he was positively dazzled, and accepted with delight an invitation to call.

"My name is Frederic de la Tour," he said, "I am only a struggling artist."

The singular meeting described had resulted, as has been said, in the marriage of de la Tour.

"Come and sit beside me," continued Madame de la Tour. "I have something to say, but cannot speak while you remain kneeling. It is quite a story and must be told to you."

"Frederic obeyed.

"Once upon a time," continued Madame de la Tour.

"I knew you would tell me some fairy story," exclaimed the young husband, "but while you speak it is music to me."

"Nay, listen to me my friend. Once upon a time there was a young girl born of parents who had once been rich. At the age of fifteen she was brought to Paris by her father, who found that at Lyons she was gaining but little money. For four years that father struggled valiantly against adversity, but finally illness seized him. To be brief, dear Frederic, he died in a hospital, and soon the poor mother followed, and the young girl was left here alone. Had there been a fairy in the story I relate, she certainly would have appeared, but there was none. The girl was in Paris without relatives, without friends, and with no money, which she had no means to pay. She sought work, but obtained none. Vice extended her arms, but there exists souls whose instincts are so honest that they shrink from even the thought, and

can remain patient even while suffering. Time passed. At length every cent was gone, and for twenty-four hours no particle of food passed her lips. Oh! Fred, you who have never known hunger and misery, cannot understand the suffering I might picture, cannot know the pain endured when forced to beg, and yet to implore a crust of bread, and to creep forth from her lodging; the night was cold and rainy. In her desperation she accosted a young man, who halted, searched his pockets, and then threw her a coin. The stranger did not deign to touch her hand; the look of misery and distress offended his eye. At this instant a gentleman perceived the girl.

"What is the matter?" he asked, "and where do you come from?" "I am begging," she replied, "and I have no money."

"You will follow me to the shop," he said. "I will give you a few shillings."

"This young girl is an acquaintance of mine; I know her; there is no begging in the question. Come," he continued, addressing the trembling woman, "it is time you were at home. Do not fear; it was only a mistake on the part of this good guardian of the peace."

"Leaving on the arm of the stranger, the girl walked on.

"Do not fear, Mademoiselle," whispered the young man, placing a purse in the hand that lay upon his. "I will accompany you until we are out of sight of this Cerberus."

"Why, I remember the girl!" exclaimed de la Tour.

"And also know the man?" "I do. It was no other than myself."

"True. As we passed beneath one of the street lamps, I saw your face, and its every feature became impressed in my mind. You had saved my life—perhaps my very honor—and I had reason to remember you."

"Indeed, yes. You little thought that the woman to whom you gave alms and protection would become Lady Melville, and was your future wife."

"This does indeed seem like a dream," replied de la Tour.

"To you; but to me it is reality."

"And you, so beautiful, so truly lovely, begging in the open street?" "Once, and once only."

"Did not see your face?" "No, for it was covered by a heavy veil. On the following day—one, in fact, that I regard as a day of judgment in my life—an old lady in whom I had fortunately inspired confidence and some interest, engaged me as her seamstress. My gayety returned. From the service I have named I was raised to the position of champion and confidential friend. One day I was presented to an acquaintance of my patroness, Lord Melville. He was a man about sixty, tall, thin, but of dignified bearing."

"Mademoiselle," he said, addressing me, "I know your history, will you marry me?" "Marry you? I questioned, much surprised."

"Yes; I have an immense estate, which I do not wish my nephew to inherit. My health is delicate and my life lonely. If I can credit all I have been told, you are good and pure. Will you become Lady Melville?"

"I loved you, Frederic, who knew not of my existence, I loved you, although I had seen you but once. I could not forget, and there was something in my heart and soul that told me we would meet again; that our lives would run in the self-same current; how I know not, and yet I felt sure. When I looked at Lord Melville, and saw his resolute expression of face, I feared he wished to marry me in order to carry out his revenge."

"His persuasions were redoubled. I knew that his years were many, and that my fortune would be great. The thought of you and how I could benefit you did I possess wealth, and at length I yielded consent—I became Lady Melville."

"How strange it all seems," replied de la Tour.

"Yes, dear love, as you have said, like some fairy story. I, poor, friendless orphan, became the wife of one of England's richest peers."

"Happy Lord Melville!" exclaimed Frederic; "he had the power to enrich you."

"He was happy," continued Madame de la Tour, "and never regretted his choice. He knew that I had seen you before our marriage."

"You told him?" "Yes, all. It was not until after my marriage, Frederic, that I again saw you, and although we soon learned to read each other's hearts our lips were silent. Lord Melville was wealthy beyond my wildest expectations. He could not spend his income, and with that wisdom peculiar to him he realized that while the difference in our ages rendered love impossible, gratitude would attach me to him. Three months after our marriage Lord Melville died, leaving me all he possessed, and I resolved never to marry again, unless I could expose the man who had always held my heart."

"And you won the love of that man?" "Without his knowing me to be the beggar woman, his kindness had protected," rejoined Louise de la Tour, extending her hand. "You remember," continued the speaker, "that I refused the nurse?"

"Yes; you accepted but one coin."

"One only, and at the time I was almost starving."

"But it procured you food?" "No," replied Madame de la Tour.

unclasping a ruby necklace that encircled her white throat. To this necklace hung an exquisite medallion. "See, dear Frederic, I did not part with my treasure."

As she spoke she touched a spring and disclosed the coin.

"It is the one I gave you!" exclaimed de la Tour.

"Yes."

"And you retained it?" "I would sooner have parted with life. I showed it to a baker, and asked him to trust me. He did so, and on the following day I was able to pay for the food his kindness permitted me to eat."

"Do you remember the day I met Lady Melville?" "Yes, my dear, it was the happiest of my life. I knew you, but you did not recognize me."

"Surely there has been a fairy in your life," replied de la Tour, thoughtfully.

"Why do you say so?" "Because when you saw me first I was only a poor, struggling painter; but from the time of our meeting the tide changed, and prosperity visited me."

"Would you know the name of the fairy?" "It was you, Louise!" exclaimed Frederic, joyfully. "You bought my picture?"

"Many of them, and have won your love."

"Yes, my heart—my very soul."

Frederic de la Tour took the gold piece and pressed it to his lips. To that same bit of gold he owed happiness and fortune.

"While I am the fairy," continued Louise, "it is you, my dear love, who gave me the talisman."

A Queer Thing To Do.

In 1862 Maria Nutting was a servant girl in Hawley, Wayne county, Pa. She had an eventful life, and in dying, a short time ago, did a queer thing. In the year above mentioned Maria married a man named Samuel Helms. He was a worthless fellow for work, and was good for nothing in the world but to catch rattlesnakes and charm them, and travel with a circus side show. It was a disagreeable sort of business, and Mrs. Helms didn't half like the idea of living with a snake charmer. Shortly after his marriage Helms went South, and the wife heard from him no more.

Then Mrs. Helms left Hawley, and no one knew whither she had gone. Helms returned in two years and found himself a widower. He was a snake charmer, and catching rattlesnakes in the wilderness of Pike county, and exhibiting at fairs. He finally drifted to Binghamtown, N. Y., where he opened a saloon, and there learned that his wife was in Dubuque, Ia., married to a man named Wilson. Helms went out to Dubuque to charm her back. He found her married and comfortable with a man of property. She told him she thought he was dead. Wilson gave her up, and she went back East with Helms. He was more worthless than ever, and failed to do anything for her support. She finally obtained a divorce from him and went back to Dubuque and remarried Wilson. He soon died, leaving her several thousand dollars. Mrs. Wilson went to St. Clairsville, Minn., and settled comfortably on her money. A man named Jennings—well to do—saw her, and would not let her rest in widowhood. She married him, and they had a son. Jennings died in 1875, leaving all his property to his wife and infant son. Last of all Mrs. Jennings died, and the queer thing which she did came out in this manner:

The Erie railway train from the west stopped at Lackawanna, Pa., and a stranger alighted. He asked the first man he met:

"Is there any one here who knows where Samuel Helms lives?" "Sam Helms the rattlesnake charmer?" said one.

"Yes."

"Well, he's been dead these five years."

"Then he has lost \$5,000," was the reply. The stranger explained that he was the executor of the estate of Mrs. Maria Jennings, who died and left her divorce husband the sum of \$5,000. It came too late for Sam, she showed a last kind thought of his wife, who did not like his trade and could not live with him for very worthless. The infant Jennings of St. Clairsville, Minn., will get the \$5,000 that Sam Helms lost by dying too young. But it was a queer thing for that Nutting woman to do.

Rust.

Did you ever find lying in some neglected spot, buried among the grass, perhaps some old tool, which you remembered was sharp, bright and useful, but which is now covered with rust and useless? The rust and the dull edge have come of its long rest. Had it been constantly used it might have been broken, but it never would have been that dull useless thing while it lasted. It is just so with human beings. Inaction is worse for them than hard work. Unused talents rot. The mind that is never sharpened grows dull. One that has not done what he might find his power gone at last. Sometimes when the mind lies useless and hands are folded, the soul rusts also. I do not know St. Simon's history, but I doubt if he was as worthy a saint as many another, just because he lived at the top of a pillar, and to quote Miss Braden, "had his meals sent up to him in a basket." Had he come down for his food he might have found some chance of being useful. There is work in the world for every mind, heart and body.

How the Digger Wasps Make their Homes.

July came once more, and brought with it such warm, sultry days that it almost seemed as if nothing creature could stir abroad. Nevertheless, there was a wonderful deal going on in our garden. Through the air and over the flower beds hastened hundreds of little people. Some lived in the trees and bushes, others in the ground, and all were hard at work.

One morning especially there seemed to be something unusual going on, the buzzing and humming was fairly deafening.

"Wair-r-r! wair-r-r!" What was that great creature that darts past my face? And here came another, and another, why, the garden was full of them!

Big brown and yellow wasps these strangers were, and all in a most desperate hurry. Scores of them were already hard at work digging away at the firmly packed sand of the path.

As these new comers seemed to care very little who watched them at their work, I sat down on an upturned flower-pot in the shade of a friendly lilac, determined to make their acquaintance.

Hardly had I settled myself before one of the wasps approached. She seemed searching for something, for she flew rapidly back and forth, now alighting for a moment—now darting away again. At last she dropped upon the ground close to me and began to bite the earth with her strong jaws. When quite a little heap lay before her she pushed it to one side with her hind feet, and then returned to her digging. In five minutes she had an opening big enough to get into; every time she appeared she backed up out of it pushing a huge load of sand as big as herself behind her. Soon all around the hole was a high bank of earth, and she found it necessary to make a path across, and push her loads over that. Two hours, hard work, and the house was finished. It was very simply planned, and had only one room down at the end of a long, narrow passage. But simple as it was, this little creature had done more work in the two hours than a man could do in a day. That is of course, taking her size into consideration. And she did not even now stop to rest. Not she! With one last look into the hole, she made sure she was leaving all as it should be, she flew away. In a moment her strong wings had taken her quite out of sight, but it was not long before she reappeared. Back and forth she hastened, at one moment flying through the grape arbor, at the next wheeling above the cabbage bed. All this time the object of her search, a fat young locust, was quietly sitting gate-post, quite forgetting, as even locusts sometimes will, that he had an enemy in the world.

A moment later and the wasp's sharp eyes had found him out, and then, quick as lightning, she darted down upon him, and pierced him with her sting. When the locust lay perfectly still, the wasp seized him and flew off. Arriving at her hole, she tumbled him head foremost in at the door, expecting him, of course, to fall quite to the bottom. But her calculations had been slightly at fault; the locust was too fat to go in; and there he stuck, with his head and shoulders in the hole, and his body in the air. Here was the dilemma! But my wasp was evidently not one to be overcome by difficulties of this sort. She flew off again, and this time returned with two other wasps; they crowded round the hole, and began digging away the earth which pressed close about the locust. In a short time they seemed satisfied, for they stood up and pushed at the object of their toils. Slowly he slid down out of sight, and she who had brought him hurried after. She laid an egg close to him in her house, then, hurrying up, began to carry back the earth she had before taken out, in a short time the door was securely closed. Then she scurried away and patted down all the loose earth, till she had made it quite impossible for any evil-minded creature to find any traces of her home.

The wasp knew very well that the little white grub, her chick, would at once begin to feed upon the locust, which would supply food till the young one was full-grown.

History and Uses of Gunpowder.

Who invented gunpowder? No one knows. All agree that its composition and properties were understood in remote antiquity. Authentic history extends but a short way into the past, and it is always difficult to draw the line separating the authentic from the fabulous. Like some other things, gunpowder, as ages rolled on, may have been invented, forgotten, and re-invented. Certainly in some form it was known and used for fireworks and incendiary material long before any one dreamed of a gun, or of using it to do more than create terror in warfare. And yet it is said that some of the ancient means of using it to throw destructive missiles among their enemies—probably a species of rocket or bomb. Nor does it seem, in infancy, to have been applied to industrial purposes, such as blasting and quarrying rock, for there is evidence that the people who used it for fireworks at their feasts, quarried immense blocks of stone by splitting them out of the quarries with hammers and wedges.

Its first uses probably were connected with the religious ceremonies of the pagan people. An old tradition taught that those were the most powerful gods

who answered their worshippers by fire.

The priests, therefore, who practiced upon the credulity of the people, carried their ingenuity in inventing ways of producing spontaneous fire, which they said the people was sent by the gods from heaven in answer to their prayers. The accounts of old writers still preserved and dating back to three hundred years before Christ, describe a "stuporous and inflammable substance" unmistakable like our gunpowder. There was a certain place called the "Oracle of Delphi," once visited by Alexander the Great, where this kind of fire was produced by the priests, and it is said that the Druids, the ancient priests of Britain, also used something of this sort in their sacrifices, for they used to kindle fires, and lightning, to terrify the people with their power. This sort has been more than two thousand years ago. It is known that the Chinese, on the other side of the world, had gunpowder about the same time, but they used it chiefly for fireworks, which then, as now, formed the main feature of all their festivals and ceremonies. In India it was early used in war, for a writer who lived about A. D. 244 says: "When the troops of India are attacked by their enemies the people do not rush into battle, but put themselves to flight by throwing and lighting it." It is said, too, that one of the Roman emperors, who lived just after the crucifixion of Christ, "had machines which imitated thunder and lightning, and at the same time emitted stones." Then, about A. D. 220, there was written a recipe for an ingenious composition to be thrown on an enemy, "which very nearly corresponds to our gunpowder. During the many hundred years that follow, little is recorded until about the ninth century, when there appears in an old book, now in a Paris library, an exact recipe for gunpowder, and a description of a rocket. It is said that in 1292 the Saracens, in defending Jerusalem, "threw a substance of fire and shot-arrows,"—no doubt some kind of cord and war-rocket. History affords accounts of other wars about this time, in which gunpowder was undoubtedly used to some extent. But in 1216 a monk, Friar Roger Bacon, made gunpowder; and it is asserted he discovered its explosive power, knowing nothing of its existence elsewhere. It is not unreasonable to believe this, for in those days people kept their inventions to themselves if they could, and news was passed slowly. Some authors say a German named Schwartz discovered it in 1230, and perhaps he did, too, and as honestly and independently as did Friar Bacon, or the East Indians, or the Chinese. Others insist that it was invented originally in India, and brought by the Saracens from Africa to the Europeans, who improved it. At any rate, an English gentleman who has made a translation of some of the laws of India, supposed to have been established 1,500 years before the Christian era, or over 3,300 years ago, makes one of them read thus: "The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, or with cannon and guns, or any kind of firearms."

An Aged Heroine.

A shocking tragedy was recently enacted near Fawcett Court House, Va. In the woods, two miles from that place, is a small frame cottage occupied for a number of years by Mrs. Rebecca Baldwin, an old lady, who lived in a state of solitude. It was generally known that she possessed a little fortune in the shape of gold coin. The neighbors had often remarked that old Aunt Becky, as she was called, would some night be murdered for her money, and such has come to pass. Recently a friend dropped in, when a sickening sight met his eyes. Mrs. Baldwin lay on the floor, weltering in blood. Life was almost gone, but she was still able to speak. In the same room on the floor lay two dead men who had been killed, and lying around were two bloody clubs, a bloody ax and a bloody knife. The old lady was able, in broken sentences, to give the following statement: Three strange men, whom she supposed to be tramps, called and asked her to change ten dollars. She complied with the request, and in doing so displayed a good deal of money. At night, about nine o'clock, after she had retired, her door was broken in, and one of the company that had been there during the day rushed in. She jumped out of her bed, and in her excitement threw a large bag of gold into the fire. The man stooped to jerk it out, and as he stooped Mrs. Baldwin, like a plucky heroine, seized an ax which she always kept at the head of the bed, and let the robber have a blow in the back of the head, and she did not stop until she had killed him. Then another man with a club came to the rescue of his comrade, and the old lady struck him on the head with the ax. They had quite a combat, but she succeeded in killing him. While she was administering the last blow the third man, who, it is supposed, had been let in with a guard, rushed in and stabbed her with a dirk, and, thinking she was dead, he fled. Mrs. Baldwin recognized all the robbers as the same tramps that had visited her to get the money changed. They had been lurking around the neighborhood several days. The old lady died and a vigilance committee has been organized to apprehend the murderer.

It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people.

There is, perhaps, no article of food more adulterated and more subject to adulteration than tea.

There is, perhaps, no article of food more adulterated and more subject to adulteration than tea. The tea imported into this country comes as a rule from India, before it leaves its native soil, and on arrival at New York or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or San Francisco, is further doctored by some dealers, both wholesale and retail. This common mode of adulteration is by mixing poor tea with good. We have known of different grades of tea being sold. There is a cheap tea worth 15 to 20 cents a pound, mixed with a good tea, and to this mixture a good tea worth 20 cents is added, and the whole sold for 75 cents or one dollar. This is not an uncommon trick of the trade. It is well to understand that there are two classes of Chinese tea, the black and the green. These are again subdivided, and named after the various positions of the plant they represent. Thus the black tea is divided into four classes: "Imperial Peking," the partially oxidized leaf, "Orange Peking," the partially oxidized leaf, "Fukien," the half oxidized leaf, and "Souchong," the unoxidized leaf. In green tea the names are, in the same order, "Young Ho," "Imperial," "Imperial," "Imperial," "Imperial," and "Imperial." These teas which are sold for from 15 to 45 cents are, of course, adulterated. Examination by the microscope will soon show since any one. In such teas will be found particles of sand, glass, iron filings, raw hanks, silk worm droppings, larvae of insects and grass and flowering animal and mineral matter. Those who drink these cheap teas may be sure that "the cup which cheers but not inebriates" is of the earth, early. Four of each staff are sold and drunk every day of every year. In order to understand fully the subject of the adulteration of tea it is necessary to understand the size and shape of the leaflet. This leaflet which is peculiar and striking in its form varies in different teas from three-fourths of an inch to three and a half inches in length. One main peculiarity of the tea leaf is its serrated, or saw-like appearance, nearly to the stalk. Under the microscope this peculiarity appears as if the leaflet is really just a pointed comb of the serrated form found in tea are the leaves of the willow, which are very frequent, the elder, rose, hawthorn, birch, oak, elm and poplar. The Chinese mix with tea the leaves of the Souchong leaves that are larger and weigh heavier than the ordinary tea leaf. Another not uncommon mode of Chinese adulteration is to take exhausted tea leaves and face them with Prussian blue, chromate of lead and plumbeous. All good buyers, wholesale or retail, have a first and most crucial test of tea, which is derived from infusion only. A good judge is seldom deceived. You will find large buyers depending very much on the character of the infusion. It should be fragrant to the smell, not harsh or bitter to the taste, and not too dark in color. Sound tea when carefully treated with warm water will uncurl and exhibit their leafy structure. Adulterated teas will disintegrate and fall to pieces, or to powder and now the insoluble mineral matter, other heavy matters may be easily separated and dissolved out by means of a perforated spoon. A dirty black ash or settling is evidence of adulteration. Plumbeous is often recognized in the insoluble ash of the tea by its glistening black appearance. Iron filings are attracted or separated from the tea dust by means of a magnet. In adulterated teas the extract is much less than in pure teas. A good ordinary tea submitted to boiling water will give an extract of from 22 to 28 per cent. By mixing exhausted or adulterated tea with good tea it is easy to see by the strength—or rather by the weakness—that the process of adulteration has taken place. Having treated your tea to hot water it is interesting to see how easy the leaf unfolds. Spread out the leaf on a glass and hold up to the light. Observe the serrated or saw-like border, and especially observe the primary veins run out from mid-rib nearly to the border and then turn in. The adulterated leaf does not do this. There is no article of import so tampered with as the article of tea.

A Clock Made of Bread.

There was recently received in Milan a great curiosity in the shape of a clock made entirely of bread. The maker is a Peruvian, a native Indian, and he has devoted three years of his life to the construction of this curiosity. He was very poor, and being without means to purchase the necessary metal deprived himself regularly of a portion of his daily bread, which he devoted to the construction of this curiosity, eating the crust and saving the soft part for his work. He made use of a certain salt to solidify his material, and when the various pieces were dry they were perfectly hard and insoluble to water. The clock is of respectable size, and goes perfectly well. The case, which is also of hardened bread, displays great talent, both in design and execution, and taken altogether it would be difficult to find a greater curiosity.

One of the best things Carlyle ever wrote is this: "For this seems to me a great truth, in any exile, or chaos, whatsoever, that there is no sorrow for sorrow's sake, but that acts, always and infallibly, as a lesson to us from which we are to learn some-what and which, the some-what once learned, ceases to be sorrow."

FOUR FOR FEBRUARY

To know good and evil is the wisdom of all, and to forsake the evil and choose the good only the wisdom of the few. Through us we are taught to reflect upon the glory of the hour of youth when we are young, but when we are old, how may we be satisfied? By persistently attaining simple faith in God, and living to him with the whole heart. As a tree that is heavily laden with fruit bears the own weight, so man, when he is old, should bear the weight of his own sins, and not the weight of the world's sins. God wishes to be served joyfully, and the glory of a good master is to find his servants always happy and contented in his service.

There is a spot on the brain, larger than the head of a pin, and it is called the seat of the soul. It is located in the brain, and it is called the seat of the soul. It is located in the brain, and it is called the seat of the soul.

The Bible ought to be read in every family. If there be time for no more than a few verses, still let it be read, and read daily.

All occupations in the course of life, instead of being a burden, should be reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.

Interest is the death of the soul, because it is the just shall live by faith. It is the death of the soul, because it is the death of the soul.

If religion be your vineyard in labor, it should be your vineyard in labor, it should be your vineyard in labor.

A sailor who jumped overboard to save himself, was asked if he was fit to be in the water. He replied, "I am fit to be in the water, but I am not fit to be in the water."

Man's value is in proportion to what he has courageously suffered, as the value of the most noble is in proportion to the suffering he has undergone.

There are some men who are busy in business, and make the leisure of peace not only more troublesome, but even more wicked than the business of war.

The human race are made of sorrow, both and each must have its portion. Vulgar minds crush beneath their loads, but the brave bear their loads without repining.

The world is but a barren soil, a soil which is not cultivated, and will produce no crop, or only one which is continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.

They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremony of religion are taken into their dust, and are soiled in still their gloom, who are soiled in still their gloom, who are soiled in still their gloom.

A country schoolmaster's description of the present time, he tells you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjective, and ruins you in the future."

When there is no recreation or business for these abroad, they may have a company of honest old fellows, in leather jackets, in study, which may find their excellent diversion at home.

What a fine thing it is to be good and upright. Keep in this world, and you will be a reward. But our final reward is reserved for heaven, where the good and virtuous will reign with him forever.

Prayer that craves any particular commodity, or anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer, as a means to effect a private end is meaningless and theft. As soon as a man is at one with God, he will not beg.

Love, like light, must always be traveling. A man must spend his life traveling. He may be a miser of his wealth, but his talent in a rapin and hug himself up in his journey, but he is always generous in his love.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers upon the road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insupportable than when we had first conceived them.

Faith may sometimes exceed reason, but not oppose it, and the belief may be often above sense, though not against it. Be aware, therefore, not only of an implicit faith, but of being too closely tied up to reason, where faith is required.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration, the other ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but if he has less, that herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise man are known to himself, but are hidden from the world.

Men, as a rule, are easily attracted by a beautiful face, but still it is an internal beauty of character, by which a woman can exert the greatest amount of influence. A true minded man, though at first enamored by the glare of personal beauty, will soon feel the hollow-ness of its charms when he feels the lack of beauty in the mind. Instinctively great is the influence a sweet-minded woman may wield over those around her.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away! It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy—many of the most wretched beings on earth have both—but it is a radiant, sunny spirit which knows how to be a little trifle and enjoy little