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## FADING LEAVES.

—:o:—

Leaves fade *preparedly*. No leaf falls from the tree—unless wrenched off suddenly and unexpectedly in early growth by external violence—without making due preparation for its departure. Before the slightest discoloration is seen upon it, there is a secret adequate provision made by nature for the inevitable hour of its passing away. Side by side with it, even in its summer beauty and luxuriance, it carries the memorial at once of its death and of a new birth. It bears the young bud that is to usurp its place in its bosom, and nourishes it with its own expiring life. This law of the vegetable kingdom is one that knows no exception. No leaf drops until a new one is prepared to take its place; no flower perishes till its house is made ready and filled with seeds. Provision and preparation for the future is the condition on which vegetable life exists. Go to the forest or the field, and examine every tree or flower in this sad season of decay, you will find to your surprise and delight that "there is as much of life as of death in autumn,"—that the elements of future resuscitation and growth are provided for, amid tokens of universal decadence and corruption. Already "another year is hidden along the bough" that hangs its dead discolored leaves in the frosty air; another summer is secure among the pericarps of the dying flowers that strew the desolate fields. The leaf and flower bud, which appears to burst forth as the offspring of the reviving spring, are in reality the children of a previous season. They are formed; and in these bleak cold days they are wrapped up in swadling bands to guard them from the frost. Yes! every leaf makes provision for the future, and carries the prophecy of the future in its bosom. Alas, how different is it in human economy! Provision for the future is with man not the law but the exception of his conduct.—The great majority of mankind live for the passing hour—make the passing world their portion, and have no hope or wish for anything beyond. They lead a gay summer life, dance in the breeze and laugh in the sunshine of pleasure, and their only object in existance is to enjoy it, forgetful of the coming blight that is to rob them of their beauty, and of the storms and frosts that are hastening to lay them low in the dust. Well may God appear against such careless, godless ones, so utterly ignorant of the object and end of their life, to the forms of nature that so perfectly obey the divine laws written upon them—

"Hear, O heavens; and give ear—O earth. I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebeled against Me." Nature is sent to teach us by her autumnal parables; and every fading leaf on every tree, with its bud of future growth hid behind it, becomes a solemn text, warning us to "secure while the leaf is yet green, the germ that shall live when the frost of death has destroyed both fruit and flower." As surely as the leaf fades, so surely shall we fade. We imagine that our fading is not near. We put far away the evil day; and therefore we are not duly impressed by the thought. But fourscore years are soon cut off, and we flee away; and how uncertain is our reaching that lonely verge of life, where the flowery meadows and the golden cornfields close gradually down into the bare and stony beach that fringes the eternal sea. The coast of death to most is an abrupt precipice; we are cut off in the midst of our days. A thousand unforseen foes, fatal to life, line our path on either side, and we have to run the guantlet daily between them. We began to die the moment we began to live. Our very life itself is nothing else but a succession of dying; and every day and every hour, is the change within and without which we experience, wears away part of it. Should we not imitate, therefore, the example of the leaf, in which is the process of decay? Should we not seek the daily, life-long preparation for the final, the inevitable consumation of our daily, life-long death? Should we not so count our days that we may apply our hearts to heavenly wisdom of knowing, and loving, and serving Him who alone can redeem our poor perishing life from its vanity and change it into glory and blessedness of a life hid with Christ in God. Apart from Him the industry of a lifetime is but elaborate trifling, "the costly embroidering of a shroud." United to Him our labor, is not vain in the Lord, our works shall endure and follow us. Every leaf on the tree of humanity must fade, but if we are grafted by a living faith in Him whose name is the "Branch," His own gracious promise becomes a living truth to us: "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet he shall live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."

"On the tree of life eternal,
Man let all thy hopes be stayed,
Which, alone forever vernal,
Bears a leaf which shall never fade."

*Hugh Macmillan.*

## A TERRIBLE BEDFELLOW.

I looked at my neighbor with considerable curiosity. His face indicated a man of not over thirty years—a period at which men seem young—but his hair was as white as fresh fallen snow. One seldom sees, even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such immaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western Railway in Canada, and was looking out of the window. Suddenly turning his head, he caught me in the act of staring at him—a rudeness of which I was ashamed. I was about to say words of apology, when he quietly remarked:—"Don't mention it sir. I am used to it." The frankness of this observation pleased me, and in a very little while we were conversing on terms of familiar acquintanceship, and before long he told me the whole story

"I was a soldier in the army of India," he said, "and as is often the case with the soldiers, I was too fond of liquor.—One day I got drunk, and was shut up in the black hole for it. I slumped down upon the floor of the dungeon, and I was just droppin' to sleep when I felt a cold shape crawlin' across my right hand, as it lay stretched out above my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was—a snake! Of course, my first impulse was to draw away my hand; but knowing that if I did so, the poisonous reptile would probably strike its fangs into me. I lay still with my heart beating in my breast like a triphammer. Of course, my fright sobered me instantly. I realized all my peril in its fullest extent. O, how I lamented the hour that I first touched the liquor. In every glass of liquor there is a serpent; but it does not come to everybody in the shape it did to me.—With a slow undulating motion, the reptile dragged its caresss across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast, and thrust its head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the slimy body over my cheeks it was only by a most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust. At last I felt the tail wiggling down toward my chin; but imagine what I felt at my heart, if you can imagine it, as I realized that the dreadful creature had coiled itself up under my jacket as I lay, and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was as still as death. Evidently, it had no idea that I was a human creature; if it had, it would not have acted in that way. All snakes are cowardly, and they will not approach a man unless to strike him in self-defence.

"Three hours I lay there with that dreadful weight in my bosom and each minute was an hour to me—like a year. I seemed to have lived a lifetime in that brief space. Every incident of life passed through my memory as they say is the case with the drowning man. I thought of my mother away in old England, my happy home by the Avon, my Mary, the girl I loved and never expected to see them more. For no matter how long I bore this, I felt that it must end in death at last. I lay as rigid as a corpse, scarcely daring even to breathe, and all the while my breast was growing colder, where the snake was lying against it, with nothing but a thin cotton shirt between my skin and it. I knew that if I stirred it would strike, but I could not bear this much longer. Even if I succeeded in lying still until the guard came, I expected his opening the door and coming in, would be my death-warrant all the same; for no doubt the reptile would see that I was a man as soon as the light was let in at the door. At last I heard foot-steps approaching. There was a rattle at the lock. It was the guard. He opened the door. The snake—a *cobra de cabella*, I now saw—darted up its huge hooded head, with the hideous rings around its eyes, as if about to strike. I shut my eyes and murmured a prayer.—Then it glided away with a swift motion, and disappeared in the darkness. I staggered to my feet, and fell swooning in the arms of the guard. For weeks after, I was very sick, and when I was able to be about, I found my hair as white as you now see it. I have not touched a drop of liquor since.

TABLE CONVERSATION.—You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and therefore instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table, the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator to the family. Hence the intelligence and the refinement and appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact, that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

## AN ASTONISHED NEGRO.

The far-famed slight-of-hand man, Robert Houdin, cannot be satisfied with his tricks before an audience, but occasionally shows his skill for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of all who may happen to be present.

On Saturday last, while passing an itenerant vendor of cheap comissions, Mr. Houdin suddenly paused and [illegible]

"How do you sell eggs, aunty?"

"Dem eggs?" was the response, "Dey am a picayune apiece. Fresh too, de last one ob dem; biled 'em myself, an' knows dey's first-rate."

"Well, I'll try 'em," said the magician at he laid down a bit of fractional currency. "Have you pepper and salt?"

"Yes, sar, dere dey is," said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest.

Leisurely drawing out a neat little penknife, Mr. Houdin proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in halves, when suddenly a bright, new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying imbedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it first came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his vest pocket, and taking up another egg, inquired:

"And how much do you ask for this egg?"

"De Lord bress my soul! that egg? De fact am, boss, dat egg is worth a dime, shuah."

"All right," was the response; "there's your dime; now give me the egg."

Separating it with an exact precision that the colored woman watched most eagerly, a quarter eagle was carefully picked out of the center of the egg, and placed in the vest pocket of the operator as before. The old woman was thunderstruck, as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask her the price of the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply.

"Dar's no use talkin', massa," said the bewildered old dame; "I couldn't let you hab dat ar egg, no how, for less than a quarter; I declare I can't!"

"Very good," said Houdin, whose imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker, "there is your quarter, and here is the egg. All right."

As he opened the last egg a brace of five dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the very heart of the yolk, and jingling them merrily together in his palm, the *savant* coolly remarked.—

"Very good eggs, indeed, I rather like them, and while I am about it, I believe I'll buy a dozen. What is the price?"

"I say price," screamed the amazed daughter of Ham. "You could'nt buy dem eggs, massa, for all the money you got. No that you could'nt. Ise gwine to take dem eggs all home, I is, and dat money in dem eggs all b'longs to me. It does dat. Could'nt sell no more of dem eggs no how."

Amid the roar of the spectators, the benighted African started for her domicil to "smash dem eggs," but with what success we are unable to relate.

THE HAND.—All will admit that nothing contributes more to the elegance and refinement of a lady's appearance than a beautiful hand. A well formed hand, white and soft, with tapering, rose-tinted fingers and polished nails, is a rare gift; but where nature has denied symmetry of form and outline, it is easy, by proper care and attention, to obtain a delicacy of color and grace of movement which will place it suficiently near the standard of beauty to render it attractive. Gloves should be worn at every opportunity, and these ought invariably to be of kid or soft leather. Silk gloves or mittens, although a pretty contrivance, are far from fulfilling the desired object. Night gloves are considered best, from the unctuous substances with which they are prepared, to make the hands white and soft, but they are tatended with inconvenience, besides being very unwholesome. A moderately warm bran poultice laid on the hands about once during a week is a very excellent application. It must be remembered that the color of the skin of the hands, in common with that of the whole body, is dependent in a great measure, on the general state of the health. The hands should be washed in *tepid* water, as cold hardens them, and predisposes to roughness and chaps, while water beyond a certain heat makes them shrivelled and wrinkled. In drying them, they ought to be well rubbed with a moderately coarse towel, as friction always promotes a soft and polished surface. Stains from ink or other causes should be immediately removed with salt and lemon juice—a bottle of this mixture should stand ready for use on every toilet. The soaps to be preferred are such as are freest from all alkaline impurities. The palm of the hand and the tips of the fingers should be of pale pink color. The growth and preservation of the nails depend, in a great degree, upon the treatment they receive; they ought to be frequently cut in a circular form, neither too flat nor too pointed. The root, which is sometimes called the half moon, from its crescent shape, should be always visible. It is whiter than the rest of the nail, and is connected with the vessels which supply the nail with nutriment. When the nails are disposed to break, some simple pomade should be frequently applied, and salt freely partaken. A piece of sponge, dipped in oil of roses and fine emery powder, gently rubbed on the nails, gives them a polish and removes all inequalities.

A DOG STORY.—A gentlemen in New Orleans had a superb Newfoundland named Bosco, who could catch rats as well as any terrier. He was much attached to his master and very sensible to praise. If, during the gentleman's absence, he happened to kill a rat about the premises, he would take it into the yard and mount guard over it, not allowing any one to disturb it. But no sooner did he hear his master's step than he would seize the dead rat and carry it triumphantly to him, his magnificent tail erectand wagging and his eyes expressing as much pride as a school-boy's when he has performed a difficult task and knows that he deserves his teacher's encomiums. On those occasions, the gentleman, would pat him on the head saying: "Killed a rat, hey Bosco? Well done old boy. Good dog!" Bosco would run back to the yard, drop the dead rat at the feet of the servant, as much as to say "you may have it," and return quickly to take his place at his master's feet.

This same Bosco gave proof one day of remarkable doggish strategy. He had cleared his own yard of all rats and cats, but in the adjoining lot there was a family of rats whose squeakings were very disagreeable to him. One old rat, in particular, irritated him beyond measure by his audacity and impertinence. The old fellow would come stealthily through a hole in the fence and make a surreptitious visit to Bosco's private stores, bones and other titbits that he was in the habit of hiding under the stairs, to be gnawed at leisure. The rat always made sure that the coast was clear before he ventured out. Several times had the incensed New Foundland made a dash at this bold thief but without success. After one of these vain attempts, he seemed engaged for a while in deep meditation, and then went about deliberately to carry out his scheme. Chosing a tempting morsel from his store room, he placed it immediately fronting and distant some five feet from the hole in the wall. This done, he bounced off noisily to the other end of the yard, and returned, walking close to the fence and as stealthily as a cat. He took his position within good springing distance of the hole, mute, breathless. It was a regular ambush. In a few moments, the rat poked his cunning head through the hole and took a survey; Bosco moved not; the rat caught sight of the meat and came out a little further; still no motion, except a faint trembling of the tail—nervous anxiety. Emboldened by the silence and apparent solitude, the thief ran up swiftly to the tempting bait; with one spring Bosco was upon him, all retreat was cut off, the unlucky rat flanked in the most scientific manner, and ere he could realize the situation, the massive paw of the New Foundland had crushed his back bone, and one bite of the sharp white fangs had broken his skull.

His enemy dead, Bosco started on a sort of war dance all around the yard, cutting the most extraordinary antics.—When he had thus given vent to his feeling of exultation, he gave a last shake to the rat, to make sure that it was dead beyond doubt, and taking it up with his teeth, walked quietly to the fence and thrust it back into the hole.

WHO ATE ROGER WILLIAMS.—The truth that animal matter passes from the animal back to the vegetable, and from vegetable to the animal kingdom again, received a curious illustration not long since.

"For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in memory of Roger Williams the founder of Rhode Island, his private burrying ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The share of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter. The rusting hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot, alone remaining in one grave; while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the confined dead. The larger root pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn as if passing around it, and followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heels, when both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a striking resemblace to the human form. There were the graves, but their occupants had disappeared; the bones even had vanished. There stood the thief—the guilty apple-tree—caught in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete. The organic matter, the flesh, bones of Roger Williams had passed into an apple-tree. The elements had been absorbed by the roots transmitted into woody fiber, which could now be burned for fuel, carved into ornaments, and bloomed into fragrant blossoms, which delighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweetest perfume of spring; more than that—had been converted into lucious fruit, which, from year to year, had been gathered and eaten. How pertinent, then, is the question, "Who ate Roger Williams?"

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long, and so thick that you could not see through it. Don't believe it," was the reply.—"Wal," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So to please you, I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part.

## THE AMERICAN MISSION.

The London *Spectator* devotes a deal of space to an article on the American mission. After announcing that Mr. Reverdy Johnson has been recalled, and that he would shortly retire from the field of English diplomacy, the *Spectator* candidly confesses that it is not at [illegible] that a change has been made; it does Mr. Johnson, however, the justice to say that:

Half his blunders have been due to the people to whom he was accredited. Never was a man in such a position so bespattered with senseless praise. Born and bred a slaveholder, a democrat, a "wirepuller," and a member of the would-be aristocratic caste which the war has struck down and which would gladly forget the war, a nominee of Mr. Andrew Johnson, and at heart a sympathizer with Maryland rather than with either North or South, it was certain from the first that Mr. Johnson would fail in his primary duty of representing before the people of Great Britain the feeling of the United States. How could he do it without gross intellectual dishonesty? * * * The *Times* and the rest of their organs extolled Mr. Reverdy Johnson to the skies.—He was a statesman, an orator, a philanthropist, a credit to his nation, a true gentleman; and Lord Stanley, who, in his cold, harsh way, is not indifferent to popularity, achieved a reputation by accepting the best terms he could get, and shutting his eyes to any consequences they might in the future involve. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, whose shrewdness, overlaid as it is by his fluency, has been underrated in this country, had completely won his game; had really induced Great Britain to concede everything without feeling either humiliated or annoyed. He had forgotten nothing, except, indeed the grand fact that he was the agent of the people of the United States, and not merely of Mr. Andrew Johnson; that the principal on his own side was a nation as well as the principal on this. He had courted the latter while he plundered them, and the former were so wroth with the courtship that they angrily rejected the spoil. To them Mr. Johnson seemed almost a traitor, his pleasant speeches insults, his courtesies to Messrs. Laird and Roebuck derelictions of duty, his assertions of kinship humiliating concessions; and they rose at last into such a fit of jealous irritation that they would have nothing to say to the [illegible] had to be regained by cozening words. Like litigants in a country court, they planed not to obtain redress, but to put their opponents in the box and make them admit themselves in the wrong. The American nation felt as monarchs in the Middle Ages used to feel, that their Envoy ought to sympathise with their temper as well as their policy, that overmuch courtesy was suspicious, that their message was to be given in plain words, that their messenger's first business was not to secure success, but to assert his master's rank on earth. It is strange that such a recurrence to the ancient ideas of diplomacy should be needful, but as between the U. States and Great Britain it is certainly needed. If they are ever to be friends they must understand one another, and they will never do it unless they are represented with precision by their diplomatic agents.

MODESTY.—Modesty is the most beautiful ornament a female can wear. It is engaging and captivating, and, when genuine is a precious gem, worth more than rubies. The deepening blush and downcast eye gives radiance to the countenance, and speaks of the pure depths within. Modesty seeks retirement: thus, much of the world and its pleasures are debarred from the possessor, but much of its follies and contaminations are also lost. What is more shocking and disgusting than a female void of modesty? The forward manner and brazen face becomes more repulsive the more we encounter it. The want of modesty can be no commendable accession. It has no merits of its own, and leads, in time, to presumption and impudence. Dress and training have much to do with the cultivation of modesty, for it is a rare plant, and should be tenderly watched over from the bud that its beauty may not be marred, but that its freshness and purity may characterize, even unto old age.

Soft looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate or light breezes; hardedged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy blue sky is windy; but a light, bright blue sky indicates fine weather. Generally, the softer clouds look the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more "greasy," rolled, tufted, or rugged, the stronger the coming wind will prove.—Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and a greenish sickly looking color, wind and rain. Thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow, or other tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly; indeed if aided by instruments, almost exactly.—Small inky-looking clouds foretell rain; light scud-clouds, driving across heavy masses, show wind and rain; but if alone, may indicate wind only.

Beecher says that men confess everything but their own besetting sins. They steer clear of these. Who ever heard a man say; "O Lord, I am as proud as Lucifer; humble me; or, "O Lord, I am so mean and stingy that 'tis only with great pain that I can unclose my fist; make me generous"

LONG LIFE.—Professor Faraday adopts Flourin's theory that the natural duration of man's life is a hundred years. This theory is founded on observation of certain facts as to periods in the time of growth. It is thus stated: When once the bones and elyphysus are united, the body grows no more, and at twenty years this union is affected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight; in the horse at five; in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five removes from these several points. Man, being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is, one hundred; the camel eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years, that is to say, forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and he lives twenty-five years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness, battles, bullets, railroad accidents—earthquakes accepted—lives everywhere from eighty to one hundred years.

Providence has given to man a century of life, but he does not attain it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome fruit, gives license to passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise. He does not die; he kills himself. The learned professor divides life into equal halves—growth and decline: and these halves into infancy, youth, virility and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete, and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

There is no reason to doubt that if a man inherits a good constitution, and isn't brought up by his grand parents, and don't attend Sunday school and learn his catechism too regular, and begins falling desperate in love at the age of fifteen, and settles in a healthy country, and forbids any physician crossing his threshold, and goes to bed early, and never rides on a railroad or a steamboat or visits Buffalo, and observes all the hints on health that he finds among the paragraphs of newspapers—he may live to the age of one hundred. But most of us prefer to run the risk of a half column obituary, rather than bear in mind these simple rules.

THE FINGER RING.—The selection of fingers for the ring is esteemed by many as a matter of no little importance. In fact, it forms a course of study. The index, or first finger next the thumb, is the most majestic; it is that which the Hebrews call the finger of God, and is universally the indicative sign. It figures in advertising columns; on sign posts it is delineated issuing from a clenched fist, to point out the road to follow; and the lover places it on his lips to command silence and circumspection. The gods of antiquity wore the ring of authority as their imposing phalanx, an evidence of their omnipotence. This example is still imitated by the pope, cardinals, and bishops. The second finger from the thumb is the drum-major of the hand, and, like the children of a commanding height, it seems as if its body had grown at the expense of its mind.—The favorite and popular finger has been at all times the third from the thumb, and the origin of this is so curious that it will bear repetition. It is maintained that an artery leads thence directly to the heart, and it is by right of these relations that marriage rings are placed on it. Old apothecaries used to mix their prescriptions in presence of their customers with this privileged finger, to indicate that no hurtful substance was present. The thumb had its day of glory, when it was ordered to open the touchpan, or take the cartridge by the aid of the first finger. It was thought that this ring, which was usually very large, contained suitable cordials to disinfect a sick room or re-animate a wounded soldier.

THE OLD MAN.—There is no more sad and touching picture than the weary old form, as it sits and ponders upon the days that are past and gone, never again to return. We instinctively revere "the old folks at home"—our grandfather and grandmother, and we commend to the young and giddy the very good advice given below.

"Bow low the head, boy; reverence the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered his hair, and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspiration coequal to any that you ever felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as perhaps, yours is destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasures, the beautiful of grace; now the hand of time has warped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain—now wishing to accomplish equal to a book of fame, anon imagining like a dream, that he then awoke for the better. But he has lived the dream very near through. The time to awaken is at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in your old age be reverenced.

There is a man in the West who has moved so often that whenever a coverd wagon comes near his house, his chickens all fall on their backs and cross their legs, ready to be tied, and carried to the next stopping place.

FASHIONABLE RELIGION.—Fanny Fern makes the following sharp thrust at fashionable religion: Our Catholic brethren have set us, at least, one good example; their churches are not silent as the tomb on week days. Their worshipers do not do up all their religion on Sunday. It may be only for a few moments they step in through that open church door, on week days, to kneel and lay down burdens to heavy else to be borne. I like the custom. I should rather say the reminder, and the opportunity thus afforded them; and I heartily wish that our protestant churches could thus be open. If rich Christians object to the promiscuous use of their velvet cushions and gilded prayer books, at least let the aisles and the alter be free to those who need God on the week day—for the poor, the tried, the tempted—for those who shrink, in their shabby habiliments, from the Sunday exhibition of fine toilettes and superfine Christianity. Were I a minister, and obliged to preach to paniers and diamonds and satins, on Sunday, I think I should have to ease my heart in some such way as this to make my past real life endurable, else my office would seem the most hollow of all mockeries. "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all," should be inscribed outside my church door, had I one. I could not preach to those paniers and their owners. My tongue would be paralized at the sight of those kneeling distortions of womanhood, bearing such a resemblance to organ-grinders monkeys, I am not sure I should grow hysterical over it, and laugh and cry at the same breath, instead of preaching. I can never tell what vent disgust would take; but I am sure it must have some escapevalve. You may say that such worshipers (Heaven save the mark!) need preaching to. I tell you that women given over to "the devil and his works" are past praying for—"having eyes, they see not; having ears, they hear not." They are ossified—impervious; they are Dead Sea apples, full of ashes.

JOSH BILLINGSISMS.—It strains a man'd philosophee the wust kind tew laff when he gits beat.

Awl ov us komplain ov the shortness of life, yet we awl waste more time than we uze.

Don't mistake arroganse for wisdum; menny people hev thought tha wus wise when tha wus onla windy.

The principal difference between a luxury and a necessary is the price.

Whenever the soul is in greif, it is taking root, and when it is in smiles it is taking wing.

"Give the devil his due," but be careful that there ain't much due him.

After a man has rode fast onst he never wanst to go slow again.

It won't do to stir up a man when he is thinking, eanny more than it will a pan of milk when the kream is rising.

It is easy enough to raise the devil, but he's a hard crop to reap.

We ar told that a contented man is happy, and we might have been told at the same time that a mud-turtle could fly if he had wings.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The marriage portion of a young bride in olden times was a feather bed, six chairs, a plain cherry table and bureau, six cups and saucers, half a dozen silver teaspoons and a lot of sand for sanding floors. Now they expect a set of silver plate, carved hair seat sofa, ottomans, divans, tete-a-totes, rosewood pianos, marbletop tables for parlors, painted furniture for chambers, brussels carpets and all other such modern fixings for show. This is the reason there are not more marriages.

During the first battle of Bull Run a brigadier general discovered a soldier in a hole in the ground, and ordered him to join his regiment. The man looking him full in the face, placed his thumb upon his nose and replied, "No you don't old fellow; you want this hole yourself."

If a seaman should turn back every time he encounters a head-wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make headway in the voyage of life.

An exchange in speaking of the magical strains of a hand organ, says: "When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

A WELSH VERDICT.—"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in the verdict; "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

Colds are caught as easily as husbands and wives, and are often as hard to get rid of.

A cotemporary says of an eloquent preacher: "During the sermon, he paid a high tribute to the character of Christ."

When Cæsar was asked by Brutus how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast he answered, "*Et tu, Brutus.*"