

# The Millheim Journal

VOL. LIII.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879.

NO. 30.

## THE WIND AND STREAM.

A brook came stealing from the ground,  
You scarcely saw its silver glim  
Among the herbs that hung around  
The borders of that wind-worn stream—  
A pretty stream, a placid stream,  
A softly gliding, beautiful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,  
Light as the whippers of a dream;  
Beside the overhanging grasses lay,  
And gently stooped to kiss the stream—  
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,  
The shy, yet unrepentant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,  
Dimpled and quivered more and more,  
And tripped along a livelier stream,  
The flattered stream, the shimmering stream,  
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew,  
To where the fields with blossoms teem,  
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,  
And left alone that little stream.

The flattered stream, the cheated stream,  
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind no more came back,  
He wanders yet the fields, I deem;  
But on its melancholy track  
Complaining woe that little stream—  
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,  
The ever-mourning, moaning stream.

## A Just Retribution.

"I declare, that was the handsomest man I ever saw!" Do come and see, Etta! she was in it at the Hampton's."

"Oh, I may as well spare myself the unnecessary trouble, Bert," lazily replied Etta, "as you know any person who associates with such poor people can have nothing in common with me."

"For shame, Etta! I think the Hampton's are very nice people, and I mean to invite them to the party, too. I do not see any reason for slighting them over that they are poor, and perhaps you and I may have the same fault some day; who knows?"

"Indeed, I am doing no such thing," I said very fond of May Hampton, and I fear, upon your arrival, I have greatly slighted her."

"Well, Bertie, we have discussed this same subject on various occasions, and as I see I cannot change your views in the least, I think we had better drop it."

The above conversation took place in a cozy little morning room. The first speaker, a beautiful brunette, was at home, while the one whom she addressed as Etta was her most intimate friend, who had come from the South to spend the holidays, and renew the friendship which had begun at boarding-school. People wondered that two girls so entirely different in looks and disposition should become such warm friends; but they were such, nevertheless. Etta Marjory was a lovely blonde to look upon, but that was all that could be said in her favor. She was one of those shallow-minded girls who think they lower themselves greatly if they are brought into contact with poor people. Bertie Ray was to give a party during her friends stay, and, as we have seen, they disagreed as to whether the Hampton's were to be invited.

The days rolled on, and the long looked-for evening came at last. Bertie and Etta were receiving their guests, looking lovely in evening toilets.

"There comes the handsome stranger, Bert, and he acts as though this kind of a scene were a party with him. But I guess it is, or he would not associate with those Hampton's."

"Now, Etta, why will you persist in picking at those people?"

"But before they had time for more conversation May Hampton had made her way to them, and was saying—

"My cousin, Mr. Lester, Miss Ray and Miss Marjory."

Bertie received her friends cordially, while Etta stared at them in a very rude manner, which said as plainly as words, "You do not belong to our set."

"Who is the handsome blonde?" said Horace to May, as a friend of her friend turned away to greet some new arrivals.

"She is a friend of Bertie's from the South. But please watch your heart closely, Horace, as I am sure she is not worthy of it."

"Never fear, little coz! My heart is fireproof."

Bertie turned to them, presently saying—

"I am so glad you came, May! I was afraid you would not."

"I like your parties too well to miss one; but I had hard work to persuade Horace to come."

"Indeed, Mr. Lester! It would have been unkind in you to remain away, and I am very glad you came."

"Why, Etta, I presume he has a right to walk with his future wife, if he sees fit. I thought you knew they were engaged."

"Well, I did not, and I think it is ridiculous! The idea of your parents allowing Albert to marry so much beneath him!"

Bertie smiled, and returned—

"Albert is his own master, you know; he is of age."

Mr. Lester here approached, and desired the pleasure of that walk with Miss Marjory; and Bertie's partner coming at that moment, they were both whirled away.

As Horace and Etta floated through the room, people were heard to remark what a very handsome couple they were.

"By the way, I wish you would warn that cousin of yours against Etta, said Albert, as he and May were strolling through the conservatory after the walk."

"He does not need any warning, as he understands her perfectly."

The next morning, as Bertie and Etta were sipping their chocolate at a very late breakfast, Bertie inquired—

"Well, Etta, what is your opinion of Mr. Lester?"

"Oh, he will do," replied she. "If he were only rich, I think I would do my utmost to win his love; but as it is, he will

make a very pleasant companion during long winter evenings."

"Now Etta, is that the best you have to say for such a man? I got better than that twice before you try to flirt with him."

"Indeed, my mind is quite made up, and I intend to make him propose before I return home."

Time rolled on. Dame Rumor had it that Horace Lester and Etta Mayfair were surely engaged; but Horace also paid attention to Bertie, and continued to divide his time equally between the two. "While with Etta he was very gay, and sometimes a little sentimental; and she used to wonder why he did not propose. Instead of the flirtation she at first intended, she had given him the warmest love of which her shallow nature was capable. With Bertie he was always gentle and kind; and by-and-by she too began to care more for him than she would have confessed. She fought against her love, thinking he was engaged to her friend.

Affairs were in this state when an unexpected event cut the Gordian knot.

The whole party were out horseback riding. Horace, as usual, divided his attentions pretty evenly between Etta and Bertie. They were laughing merrily, when suddenly Bertie's horse took fright at some object on the roadside, reared and then started on a mad gallop. Horace whipped up his horse, and endeavored to overtake her, but had not gone far before he saw Bertie fall to the ground, where she lay perfectly still. Springing from his horse, he took her in his arms.

"O Bertie! Speak to me! Say you are not dead!"

She opened her eyes for a moment and smiled at him, then relapsed into unconsciousness.

By this time the remainder of the party had come up. Etta loud in her profession of grief, may cried quietly.

"Oh, Horace, she is not dead, is she?" asked Albert.

"No, she is not dead, only stunned," replied he. "But we must get her home as soon as possible."

They succeeded in obtaining a conveyance from a neighboring house, and were soon on their way back. Mrs. Ray met them at the door, greatly alarmed, having seen them advancing at a distance. They conveyed Bertie to her room and summoned a doctor, who said she would be quite well in a few days.

As Bertie was playing the invalid, next morning, looking very lovely in her white wrapper, the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Lester. As Horace entered and saw her looking so pale, he exclaimed, "O Bertie, my darling! If you had been killed what should I have done?"

Bertie looked surprised, and said—

"Really, Mr. Lester, this is strange language for you to use to me."

"Bertie, Bertie! Don't you know I love you?"

"Are you not engaged to Etta? I was under that impression."

"Then let me say it was a false one. Miss Etta is not my wife, and I would choose for a wife, but you are my ideal of what a woman should be, darling, and if you will be my wife I am sure you will never have cause to regret it. Will you, Bertie?"

She did not answer him in words, but he read a favorable answer in her downcast face, and sealed their betrothal with a kiss.

At that moment Etta stood in the doorway, and when she saw pale, and then went away as silently as she came.

The next morning she received a telegram to the effect that her father was not expected to live, and he desired her presence immediately. Of course every one was very sorry for her, but they were in their hearts glad that something called her away.

When summer had lengthened into Autumn, and the leaves were gold and brown, there was a double wedding in the pleasant little church. Horace and Albert were the grooms, and Bertie and May the brides. Bertie never knew until her wedding day, that she was going to marry a rich man.

In after years, when Horace and Bertie had grown gray in love and harmony, they received a letter from Etta, asking for charity. Her father, on his deathbed, had exacted a promise that she would marry a friend of his who was very wealthy, which she did; and he, speculating largely both with her wealth and his own, had lost all, and then died leaving her penniless and friendless. Horace brought her to their home, and both he and Bertie treated her as a sister until the end of her days, which indeed, were not many.

## It Was Muggins.

I witnessed a scene a few evenings ago which could be worked into a merry farce. A young man well-dressed and wearing a large diamond was seated on a bench, his arm encircling the supple waist of a beautiful female. The pair conversed in whispers, and I took it for granted they were lovers, perhaps engaged to be married.

While the pair were whispering some sweet nothings to each other, a couple of middle-aged gentlemen approached, talking together in this style.

No. 1—"You say you want a wife, Smith, old boy. I suppose it must be a young one." (Digs his companion in the ribs.)

No. 2—"Who is a wealthy Boston pork packer?"—"Of course I do. I wish you had a daughter, Earl."

No. 1—"I have, old boy, and if you can win her she is yours, with my blessing. Evelyn seems to be in love with Percy Marchmont, son of a Fifth avenue banker, but I will cure her of that if you want her, Smith. Ah! there she is now (points to pair seated on a bench); as I live, that rogue Marchmont is kissing her."

No. 2—"Marchmont! what do you mean?"

No. 1—"Why, this is Percy Marchmont, a very young gentleman, who is sitting beside Evelyn."

No. 2—"Shouts 'Muggins!'"

The lover jumps to his feet, and upon seeing the pork packer, beats a retreat. As the young man sails away, No. 2 says: "He is an employe of mine, John Muggins. He has charge of the pickled pig's feet department." Lady faints. Tableau.

## Chained for Years.

Entering through the wicket of the door of a prison on the island of Cyprus I found myself in a narrow courtyard, surrounded on three sides by gloomy stone walls, broken by heavily barred windows, with here and there a strong wooden door. From under each door lazily ran a gutter of inexpressible fetor, the naked sewerage of the loathsome dungeon inside. I was at once surrounded by a horde of prisoners of villainous aspect, all or nearly all manacled in the most curiously diverse fashions. Some wore a heavy chain, one end of which was fastened to a clumsily massive shackle round the ankle, the other tied up round the waist. Others merely wore this grim anklet with a chain attached. Yet others had a huge link fastened to the ankle, which was worn against the outside of the leg, and fastened into position by a leathern garter. These were the "liberty" men, to whom so much favor, by reason of long imprisonment, coupled with good conduct, is accorded, that they are not huddled into the dungeons; but are allowed to stand out in the courtyard. A long gloomy passage opened from one end of the courtyard, and this I entered, encompassed by the concourse of villains, and with no other escort than the little bow-legged warden of the gate. Into this passage looked several barred windows, and behind the bars there glared and strained the close-set faces of the more dangerous prisoners. What repulsive faces most of these were—faces, the expressions of which, wolfish, ferocious, hungry for flesh, sardonic, utterly devilish, made the flesh creep. With every movement there was the clank of the chains, for every man wore fetters. The expression "hugging his chains" was here literally regarded as a mere allegorical figure of speech; but now I was to see the literal reality. The crowd around the window gave back, and there approached a tall, stalwart figure, somewhat bowed by his heavy burden that he carried in his arms. He stopped and laid his hands on the bars, then stood erect, a Hercules of a man, with a face of out which everything human, save the mere mechanism, was erased. And what think you was his burden? It consisted of a mass of heavy iron links knotted into a great clump, and fastened to the man's ankle. Its weight was eighty ounces, or about one cwt., and he had to wade, and stretched it out on the ground, I saw that it was about fifteen feet, and resembled in the massiveness of its links the chainable of a trading-schooner. What has been the man's crime? Murder. How long had he been in prison? Six and twenty years. Had he worn that chain all that time? Yes. Great heavens! were not death infinitely to be preferred to such a fate? Never to move, through all these long years, without hugging in his bosom that huge knot of iron. I passed on into this gallery of crime till the spectacles and the stench sickened me, and I had to escape into purer air. The memory still haunts me of the clank of the barred windows, of the clank of the trailing chains, of the indescribable fetor of the air in which a human being has clung to life for six and twenty years.

## The Brother's Return.

It was a stormy night. Farmer Gowland and his wife sat before their great fireplace together. The boys had gone out with the servant to see to the cattle, and husband and wife were alone.

The farmer was a stout, sturdy, middle-aged man, with a handsome face, but to-night as he looked into the embers a change came over him, which only his wife knew, and he put out his hand to her as if for comfort.

"Elsie," he said, "you know how I suffer from a storm like this breaks over the valley. If I live to be fifty years older than I am it will always be so. When Jack went away the wind moaned in the trees as it does now, and when he opened the door the rain beat it and swept across the floor, and I saw the zigzag lightning darting over the black hills. Yes, he went away in a storm, lass, and I let him go—penniless and foot—into a storm like this. I should have remembered that he was my younger brother; that he had not a penny, while all this place was mine. I should have remembered that he was a man of five and twenty and he was nine. We were both in love with one young woman, Nannie Conner. We quarreled about her. She was an arch coquette, and led us on, laughing in her sleeve, and she betrothed to the rich squarer's son all the while. But we brothers fought about her, and I saw him go out into the storm, and I know the poor lad was so helpless, so ill-fitted to fight with life. We had not much education, and my father bade me share all with him on his death-bed. I was the eldest son and I let him go. Lasse, I think old Beau here knew it and hated me for it for years. Beau loved Jack so."

"But Beau loves you now," said the wife.

"Here, Beau, here, come and speak to your master."

At these words an old dog perfectly blind and weak with age, crawled from beneath a tall settle and felt his way to his master's side.

The farmer let his hand fall on his head, and the dog thrust his nose into the great brown palm.

"Beau cannot live long now, wife," said the farmer, sadly. "He is a very old dog now. The oldest dog I ever knew; and he is failing every day."

"Beau will not die yet, father," cried a cheery voice at the door. "His hearing is good, though his sight is gone; but I've something to say. When we went down to the barn to see all safe, Will and Ned and I, we found an old man lying there upon the hay. He seems very ill and feeble, and he begged that he would let him sleep there. But I knew you and mother would not permit it, and I asked him into the house; and he said in a way that brought tears to my eyes: 'No, lad, no; not unless he bids me himself. I'll not enter his house unless he takes me by the hand, and says, 'Come in.' His house is his own, and I am only a poor wanderer.' So I came to you, father."

"Right, lad," said the farmer. "Wife, we've always room at our table for another eh? I'll come out and ask the old fellow in."

"Yes—yes, Robin," replied the wife, and turned her attention to the hot supper just now being dished for the hungry party.

"No, Beau, well, I'd do it. It's no tramp, but a good, well-deserving Christian, no doubt. Why do you wish so?"

But Beau was not to be calmed. He had sniffed his way to the door, and stood there, with his head bent down, uttering low

## The "Day Before."

"You bet I am!" was his hearty reply, as he hitched along on the post-office steps. "I never seed a Fourth o' July yet I didn't celebrate, an' I'm just heeled for a boom'n' ole time to-morrow. I've been savin' up coppers an' nickels an' dimes an' quarters till I've got \$5, an' going to spend every blizen cent of it if I never get to be President!"

"Do you know how George Washington was?"

"I s'pect I do, but that ain't nuthin' to do with the torpedes I'm goin' to buy. I'll have both breeches pockets full an' more in my hat, an' I tell you I'm goin' to be awful reckless throwin' 'em around. I know of a boy on Wilkins street who'll let you hit him on his bare feet six times for one jaw-breaker or two torpedes, an' that's awful cheap fun for this time o' year."

"But why do we celebrate the day?"

"Because we feel like it, an' because we want to go on a bust. If you was me I'd shoot off the sky-rockets in the barn, where the other boys can't see the fun, or would you blaze away out doors an' give 'em all a chance? I've kinder thought of both ways, but if I fire 'em off out doors I'm goin' to boss the job myself. Can't no hired men or policemen or big boys make me hold the candle while they do the bossing."

"Did you ever hear of the old bell which rang out the clarion notes of liberty?"

"I s'pose I have, but that's nothin' to do with the big pistol I'm goin' to buy to-morrow for seventy cents. It's an actual pistol, and it shoots bullets, and the boy is obliged to sell it 'cause his father is in poor health and wants to go to a mineral spring to fatten up. I can't hardly wait to begin shootin'."

You may talk about your George Washingtons all day, but I'll bet you ten to one I'll hit seven cats afore to-morrow. I'll stand off an' blaze, an' you'll hear a cat keel over every time I fire. I'm tryin' to hire a boy to let me shoot a orange off his head, but he's kinder 'fraid I might miss the orange an' kill his dog."

"How did the Revolutionary war begin?"

"It begun by a fight, I s'pose, but I'm just itchin' for to-morrow to set in. I never was so big an' old before on a Fourth o' July, an' I never had as much chink saved up. I tell ye I'm goin' to wade right in on cokenuts, lemonade, raisins, oranges, ice cream an' four kinds o' cake, an' the police will probably take me for a bank robber. I s'pect to have as many as ten fights, 'cause there can't nobody push me around on s'ch a day as that, an' if I go up to the races I'll bet you ten to nuthin' I bet on the right hoss an' 'captur the pool-box. I don't purtend to be no tarantula or any of that sort, but I'm goin' to git up an' howl to-morrow if it breaks every soap factory in town—and don't you forget it."

## A Base Proposition.

A detraitor who has the reputation of being hard-payed was written on the other day by a man who began—

"Mr. Blank, I hold your note for \$75. It is long past due, and I wanted to see what you would do about it."

"My note?" Ah, yes; yes, this is my note. For value received I promise to pay, and so forth. Have you been to the noteshavers with this?"

"I have, but none of them would have it."

"Wouldn't eh? And you tried the banks?"

"Yes, sir, but they wouldn't look at it."

"Wouldn't eh? And I suppose you went to a justice to see about it?"

"No, sir, but I made a judgment wouldn't be worth a dollar, and I never let you leave us again, Robin; nor I neither."

"Never, lad," cried Robin. "The curse is lifted at last, bless the lord."

## Excellence of Out-Meal.

Liebig has chemically demonstrated that oat meal is almost as nutritious as the very best English beef, and that it is richer than wheat bran in the elements to go to form bone and muscle. Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students of the University—a very numerous class and of various nationalities, during the course of their studies. He found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them, the French; very much higher, the English; and the highest of all, the Scotch and Scotch-Irish, from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years at least one meal a day of good oat-meal porridge.

## The Mocking Bird.

This bird possesses faculties which render it one of the great objects of curiosity and admiration among the feathered tribes. Its natural notes are musical and solemn. It likewise possesses the singular power of assuming the tone of other birds and animals. This extraordinary bird is peculiar to the new world, inhabiting warm climates, and a low country seems most congenial to their nature; they are more numerous in the south than in the north. The berries of red cedar, myrtle, holly, gum-berry, and an abundance of others, with which the luxuriant swampy thickets of these regions abound, furnish them with a perpetual feast. He builds his nest in different places, according to the latitude he resides in. A solitary thornbush, orange, cedar or holly tree are favorite spots. Always ready to defend, but never anxious to conceal his nest. During the time the female is setting, neither cat or dog, animal or man can approach the nest without being attacked. His whole vengeance is directed against his natural enemy the black snake; whenever this reptile is discovered, the male darts at it with the rapidity of an arrow, striking it violently and incessantly against the head; the snake soon becomes insensible, and the bird redoubles his exertions, he seizes and lifts it from the ground, beating it with his wings until the business is completed; he returns to his nest and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory. The Mocking bird is so called because it can imitate with the greatest ease, not only the songs of other birds, but the sounds and cries of animals. In confinement he loses a little of the power and energy of his song. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog—Cesar starts up, wags his tail and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a young chicken and the hen hurries about with outstretched wings and fluffed feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of a dog, the mewling of a cat, the creaking of a wheel-barrow, the grating of a grindstone and the rushing of a torrent of water, follow with great truth and rapidity. In regard to food we give the following: Take two old potatoes (never give them new ones) pare and boil them; also boil two good sized eggs, remove them from the shell, mash them fine with the potatoes, then put away in a cool place; give a large spoonful every hour or so, feeding him by hand just as you would an infant. In the month of August or September, a bit of a sweet apple may be occasionally added. A table spoonful of sugar soaked and mixed with this food will prove beneficial. In the cage place plenty of river sand, sprinkling it freely on the bottom; also give them plenty of water to drink, and a bath once a day in the morning; never allow the bath tub to remain long in the cage; after the bird has bathed, remove it, as there is a probable danger of the bird being drowned.

## Pennsylvania Dunkers.

The Dunkers will not take an oath, and are not allowed to hold office; although where they comprise nearly all of the population of a settlement they perform agreeable duties like those of an overseer of the poor. One of the preachers naively suggested that the government did not miss the Dunkers from its council fires, as Americans have not all got similar compunctions against officeholding. They do not fight or engage in war. They do not sue or appeal to the courts for any sort of legal settlements that can be arranged by the church. If one brother owes another and cannot pay, all the brethren sustain equal shares of the debt and wipe it out. If a brother does not pay, but can do so, first one, then three, then all the brethren labor with him, and if he is still stubborn they cast him out of the church. This seldom falls to bring the sinner to his senses. The same course is pursued when a Dunker offends in any other way; but such cases are very rare. If a brother falls or desires to start in business, all the brethren club together and set him on his feet. They do this three times. If he does not then succeed they consider him no longer worthy of help and he has to look out for himself. They are severe upon liars and dishonest persons, and profess to have hardly any in their ranks. Their condemnation falls upon outsiders, also, in this respect, and the tradesman who cheats the Dunker is shunned by all forever afterward. They are kind-hearted and hospitable, and are cheerfully obedient to the law that compels them to lodge and feed and clothe whoever calls on them for assistance.

## He Caught a Crab.

She sat upon a rock, fishing for crabs. She had her dog with her—a skye terrier— and one of Broadway's vendors would charge you \$10 for his. His hair was long and as soft as silk, blue ribbons hung from his ears, and his neck was encircled with a muckle-plaited collar. But all that counted for nothing as against the fearful scene through which he was about to pass. He lay close to the basket into which the Fifth avenue belle dropped the crabs as fast as she caught them. He was no doubt dreaming of his happy home far away, where he was wont to take his daily nap on a \$1,000 sofa. Now and then a green-bottled fly skipped from ear to ear or lighted upon his back, where the pup could not reach him, and as the intruder went away. On one of these special occasions, after whisking off the fly, the little silken tail rested upon the edge of the crab basket, and the end of it dropped inside, latitude 47 longitude 62. The feathery edge of it struck a crab in the eye, and the claws closed on the appendage s-m-n-l-a-n-o-o-u-s-l-y! The dog, oh, where was he? A yelp, a howl, and then in silver tones the "yi," "yi," "yi," as the astonished pup sailed over the plain and through the clover with a string of crabs connecting him with the empty crabbed basket, and all their claws clutched one with the other, and for a minute there was a mixed scene of dog, crabs, basket, dust and flying gravel, and the tail was told. There was no more crab fishing that day.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Have a good conscience and thou shalt have joy.

A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversity.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Thank God! our troubles come like rain, chiefly in showers; there is always shelter.

A bold fight against misfortune will often enable a man to tide over a tight place and put him to flight.

Would we but profit by the experience of others we should have the royal road to the palace of wisdom.

Philosophy triumphs easily enough over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

There are only two heavens—one above in glory, the other below in the broken heart.

Nothing exasperates more than a consideration, quiet hatred; a passionate hatred does so far less.

When society begins to profit by a man's misfortune, his difficulties do not soon terminate.

What we have to do in this world is not to make our conditions, but to make the best of them.

Virtue maketh men on the earth famous, in their graves glorious, and in heaven immortal.

Public opinion is produced by the vagaries of man's mind, reflected from the mirror of multitudinous humanity.

Those who have been doped are to be feared, as they are apt to consider mankind debtors for their own follies.

We must not speak all that we know, that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is his knavery.

Faith does when charity ceases to feed its flame, and strength decays just in proportion as cheerful hope falls to quicken the energies of the mind.

Some people never have a story to tell, because of their quicksand natures, from which every new wave washes out the old impressions.

If there is anything more poignant than a body agonizing for want of bread, it is a soul which is dying of hunger for light.

A gentle person is like a river flowing calmly along; while a passionate man is like the sea, casting up mire and dirt continually.

Have a home that is all preaching and no pleasure—all duty and no fun—is a dull old trade-mill which will drive the children away sooner or later.

The force, the mass of character, mind, heart or soul, that a man can put into any work, is the most important factor in that work.

Being sometimes asunder heightens friendship. The greatest cause of the frequent quarrels between relatives is their being so much together.

Man is in friendship what woman is in love, and the reverse, namely, more covetous of the object than of the feeling for it.

When people have resolved to shut their eyes, or to look only on one side, it is of little consequence how good their eyes may be.

That melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it.

Give a man such a heart as the Son of God describes in the beatitudes, and a whole universe of sorrow cannot rob him of his blessedness.

At all ages novelty hath charms indeed, but in mature life it is tinged with sadness, owing to the premonition that we are drawing on our last resources.

There are some men in the world so mean that they skim the milk at the top and then sigh because they can't turn it over and skim it at the bottom.

The grass gets its dew nearly all the year round, and that is more than the most men can say. However, some of us are very fortunate, for our just dues are exactly what we don't want to have.

That things are not so ill with you and me as might have been thought, owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

Life is disciplinary, and those who are ground in the mill of adversity make better spiritual material than those who are disciplined only by plenty and success.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other hearts, but a continent that joins them.

True joy is a serene and sober emotion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; and it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind.

It is a most important lesson, and too little thought of, that we learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish our being, without the transport of some passion, or the gratification of some appetite.

As the dress of one who has passed several hours in a garden retains somewhat of the perfume of the flowers, so a person who spends much time in the company of the good, will inhale from his person the odor of virtue.

The river Jordan is not the only pleasant river that empties itself into a dead sea. Some of the "sweetest currents" of our lives are fated to end there. Let us look to it that we are not borne thither on their limpid bosom.

You cannot make yourself better by simply resolving to be better at some time or in some place than a farmer can plough his field by simply turning it over in his own mind. A good resolution is a fine starting point, but as a terminus it has no value.

After all, real greatness consists of character, and character is a thousand times more inflexible than a farmer's plow. It is the glory and also the power of a man. Nothing is to be compared as to influence with Godlikeness and Christlikeness.

God's spirit is wonderfully persevering in the conversion and discipline of souls. It required a long process to build up such a man as Paul. A great sculptor never begrudges the chisel-strokes which fit his "Eves" and "Greek Slaves" to shine in the gallery of masterpieces. A Christian is carving for eternity.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Have a good conscience and thou shalt have joy.

A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversity.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Thank God! our troubles come like rain, chiefly in showers; there is always shelter.

A bold fight against misfortune will often enable a man to tide over a tight place and put him to flight.

Would we but profit by the experience of others we should have the royal road to the palace of wisdom.

Philosophy triumphs easily enough over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

There are only two heavens—one above in glory, the other below in the broken heart.

Nothing exasperates more than a consideration, quiet hatred; a passionate hatred does so far less.

When society begins to profit by a man's misfortune, his difficulties do not soon terminate.

What we have to do in this world is not to make our conditions, but to make the best of them.

Virtue maketh men on the earth famous, in their graves glorious, and in heaven immortal.

Public opinion is produced by the vagaries of man's mind, reflected from the mirror of multitudinous humanity.

Those who have been doped are to be feared, as they are apt to consider mankind debtors for their own follies.

We must not speak all that we know, that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is his knavery.

Faith does when charity ceases to feed its flame, and strength decays just in proportion as cheerful hope falls to quicken the energies of the mind.

Some people never have a story to tell, because of their quicksand natures, from which every new wave washes out the old impressions.

If there is anything more poignant than a body agonizing for want of bread, it is a soul which is dying of hunger for light.

A gentle person is like a river flowing calmly along; while a passionate man is like the sea, casting up mire and dirt continually.

Have a home that is all preaching and no pleasure—all duty and no fun—is a dull old trade-mill which will drive the children away sooner or later.

The force, the mass of character, mind, heart or soul, that a man can put into any work, is the most important factor in that work.

Being sometimes asunder heightens friendship. The greatest cause of the frequent quarrels between relatives is their being so much together.

Man is in friendship what woman is in love, and the reverse, namely, more covetous of the object than of the feeling for it.

When people have resolved to shut their eyes, or to look only on one side, it is of little consequence how good their eyes may be.

That melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it.

Give a man such a heart as the Son of God describes in the beatitudes, and a whole universe of sorrow cannot rob him of his blessedness.

At all ages novelty hath charms indeed, but in mature life it is tinged with sadness, owing to the premonition that we are drawing on our last resources.

There are some men in the world so mean that they skim the milk at the top and then sigh because they can't turn it over and skim it at the bottom.

The grass gets its dew nearly all the year round, and that is more than the most men can say. However, some of us are very fortunate, for our just dues are exactly what we don't want to have.

That things are not so ill with you and me as might have been thought, owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

Life is disciplinary, and those who are ground in the mill of adversity make better spiritual material than those who are disciplined only by plenty and success.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other hearts, but a continent that joins them.

True joy is a serene and sober emotion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; and it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind.

It is a most important lesson, and too little thought of, that we learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish our being, without the transport of some passion, or the gratification of some appetite.

As the dress of one who has passed several hours in a garden retains somewhat of the perfume of the flowers, so a person who spends much time in the company of the good, will inhale from his person the odor of virtue.

The river Jordan is not the only pleasant river that empties itself into a dead sea. Some of the "sweetest currents" of our lives are fated to end there. Let us look to it that we are not borne thither on their limpid bosom.

You cannot make yourself better by simply resolving to be better at some time or in some place than a farmer can plough his field by simply turning it over in his own mind. A good resolution is a fine starting point, but as a terminus it has no value.

After all, real greatness consists of character, and character is a thousand times more inflexible than a farmer's plow. It is the glory and also the power of a man. Nothing is to be compared as to influence with Godlikeness and Christlikeness.

God's spirit is wonderfully persevering in the conversion and discipline of souls. It required a long process to build up such a man as Paul. A great sculptor never begrudges the chisel-strokes which fit his "Eves" and "Greek Slaves" to shine in the gallery of masterpieces. A Christian is carving for eternity.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Have a good conscience and thou shalt have joy.

A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversity.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Thank God! our troubles come like rain, chiefly in showers; there is always shelter.

A bold fight against misfortune will often enable a man to tide over a tight place and put him to flight.

Would we but profit by the experience of others we should have the royal road to the palace of wisdom.

Philosophy triumphs easily enough over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

There are only two heavens—one above in glory, the other below in the broken heart.

Nothing exasperates more than a consideration, quiet hatred; a passionate hatred does so far less.

When society begins to profit by a man's misfortune, his difficulties do not soon terminate.

What we have to do in this world is not to make our conditions, but to make the best of them.

Virtue maketh men on the earth famous, in their graves glorious, and in heaven immortal.

Public opinion is produced by the vagaries of man's mind, reflected from the mirror of multitudinous humanity.

Those who have been doped are to be feared, as they are apt to consider mankind debtors for their own follies.

We must not speak all that we know, that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is his knavery.

Faith does when charity ceases to feed its flame, and strength decays just in proportion as cheerful hope falls to quicken the energies of the mind.

Some people never have a story to tell, because of their quicksand natures, from which every new wave washes out the old impressions.

If there is anything more poignant than a body agonizing for want of bread, it is a soul which is dying of hunger for light.

A gentle person is like a river flowing calmly along; while a passionate man is like the sea, casting up mire and dirt continually.

Have a home that is all preaching and no pleasure—all duty and no fun—is a dull old trade-mill which will drive the children away sooner or later.

The force, the mass of character, mind, heart or soul, that a man can put into any work, is the most important factor in that work.

Being sometimes asunder heightens friendship. The greatest cause of the frequent quarrels between relatives is their being so much together.

Man is in friendship what woman is in love, and the reverse, namely, more covetous of the object than of the feeling for it.

When people have resolved to shut their eyes, or to look only on one side, it is of little consequence how good their eyes may be.

That melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it.

Give a man such a heart as the Son of God describes in the beatitudes, and a whole universe of sorrow cannot rob him of his blessedness.

At all ages novelty hath charms indeed, but in mature life it is tinged with sadness, owing to the premonition that we are drawing on our last resources.

There are some men in the world so mean that they skim the milk at the top and then sigh because they can't turn it over and skim it at the bottom.

The grass gets its dew nearly all the year round, and that is more than the most men can say. However, some of us are very fortunate, for our just dues are exactly what we don't want to have.

That things are not so ill with you and me as might have been thought, owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

Life is disciplinary, and those who are ground in the mill of adversity make better spiritual material than those who are disciplined only by plenty and success.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other hearts, but a continent that joins them.

True joy is a serene and sober emotion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; and it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind.

It is a most important lesson, and too little thought of, that we learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish our being, without the transport of some passion, or the gratification of some appetite.

As the dress of one who has passed several hours in a garden retains somewhat of the perfume of the flowers, so a person who spends much time in the company of the good, will inhale from his person the odor of virtue.

The river Jordan is not the only pleasant river that empties itself into a dead sea. Some of the "sweetest currents" of our lives are fated to end there. Let us look to it that we are not borne thither on their limpid bosom.

You cannot make yourself better by simply resolving to be better at some time or in some place than a farmer can plough his field by simply turning it over in his own mind. A good resolution is a fine starting point, but as a terminus it has no value.

After all, real greatness consists of character, and character is a thousand times more inflexible than a farmer's plow. It is the glory and also the power of a man. Nothing is to be compared as to influence with Godlikeness and Christlikeness.

God's spirit is wonderfully persevering in the conversion and discipline of souls. It required a long process to build up such a man as Paul. A great sculptor never begrudges the chisel-strokes which fit his "Eves" and "Greek Slaves" to shine in the gallery of masterpieces. A Christian is carving for eternity.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Have a good conscience and thou shalt have joy.

A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversity.

A man's own good