THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

"PERPETUAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY." FOR "POWER IS ALWAYS STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."

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T. J. HOLTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

SEPTEMB'R 1849.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	MOON'S PHASES.	
28 Friday,	5 7 5 55		*For October, 1849.*	
29 Saturday,	6 8 5 52		h. m.	h. m.
30 Sunday,	6 9 5 51	Full	2 12	23 morn'g
1 Monday,	6 10 5 50	Last	8 7	35 even'g.
2 Tuesday,	6 11 5 49	New	16 12	6 morn'g
3 Wednesday	6 13 5 47	First	24 1	59 morn'g
4 Thursday,	6 14 5 46	Full	31 11	42 foren'n

POETRY.

Look always on the Sunny Side.

What little things may sweeten life
If we but view them rightly!
Our darkest moments off are rife
With pleasures beaming brightly.

The mind that wraps itself with grief
And vents its woes in groaning,
Would never gain one hour's relief,
For ages pass'd in moaning.

Look always on the sunny side—
The sun is ever shining;
The shadow may be dark and wide,
But 'tis no use repining.

Nay, tho' the sun seem vanish'd quite,
We are not unenlightened,
The glittering stars show best at night,
As though by darkness brightened.

Your path may be thro' deserts drear,
But springs e'en there are flowing;
Keep up your spirits, never fear,
Heaven still is joy bestowing.

As a bright flower that may be found,
Where all beside is dreary,
Seems to shed sweeter fragrance round,
In comfort to the weary.

Just so, a joy the mourner sees
Amid the glow of sorrow,
Possesses double power to please,
And strengthens for the morrow.

Then let us always look for joy,
E'en in our griefs invite her;
And what would otherwise annoy,
Will help to make life brighter.

Miscellaneous.

The Use of Learning.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'I'm tired of going to school!' said Herbert Allen to William Wheeler, the boy who sat next to him; 'I don't see any great use, for my part, in studying geometry, and navigation, and surveying, and mensuration, and the dozen other things that I am expected to learn. They'll never do me any good. I'm not going to get my living as a surveyor, or measurer, or sea captain.'

'How are you going to get your living, Herbert?' his young friend asked, in a quiet tone, as he looked up in his face.

'Why, I'm going to learn a trade; or at least father says that I am.'

'And so am I,' replied William. And yet my father wishes me to learn everything that I can, for he assures me that it'll be useful some time or other in my life.'

'I am sure I can't see what use I'm ever going to make, as a saddler, of algebra and surveying.'

'Still, if we can't see it, Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser than we are. And we should endeavor to learn, simply because they wish us to, even if, in every thing we are expected to study, we do not see clearly the use.'

'I can't feel so,' Herbert replied, tossing his head; 'and I don't believe that my father sees any more clearly than I do, the use of all this.'

'You are wrong to talk so,' his friend said, in a serious tone; 'I would not think as you do for the world. Our fathers know what is best for us, and if we do not confide in them, we shall surely go wrong.'

'I am not afraid,' responded Herbert, closing the book over which he had been poring reluctantly for half an hour, in the vain attempt to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory; and taking some marbles from his pocket, commenced amusing himself with them from the teacher's observation.

William said no more, but turned to his lesson with an earnest attention. The difference in the character of the two boys is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded, to need further illustration. To their teacher it was evident, in numerous particulars in their conduct, their habits and manner. William recited his lessons correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One was always punctual at school—the other a loiterer by the way. William's books were well taken care of—Herbert's soiled, torn, disfigured, and broken, externally and internally.

Thus they began life. The one obedient, industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older and wiser, and willing to be guided by them; the other indolent, and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will rather than the more experienced teachings of others.

* * * *

As men at the age of thirty five, we will again present them to the reader. Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant in an active business, while Mr. Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, in embarrassed circumstances, and possessing but a small share of general information.

'How do you do, Mr. Allen?' said the merchant about this time, as the latter entered the counting room of the former.—The contrast in their appearance was very great. The merchant was well, and had a cheerful look, while the other was poorly clad, and seemed sad and dejected.

'I can't say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler,' the mechanic replied in a tone of deep despondency. 'Work is very dull, and wages low, and with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough to get along under the best circumstances.'

'I am really sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Allen,' replied the merchant in a kind tone; 'how much can you earn in a week now?'

'If I had steady work, I could earn nine or ten dollars a week. But our business is very bad, the substitution of steam engines on railroads for horses upon turnpikes, has broken in seriously upon the harness making business. The consequence is, that I do not average six dollars a week the year round.'

'Is it possible that railroads have wrought such a change in your business?'

'Yes—the harness making branch of it—especially in large cities like this, where the heavy wagon trade is almost entirely broken up.'

'Did you say that six dollars a week were all that you could average?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How large is your family?'

'I have five children, sir.'

'Five children, and only six dollars a week?'

'That is all, sir. Put six dollars a week will not support them, and I am in consequence going behindhand.'

'You ought to try to get into some other business.'

'But I don't know any other.'

The merchant mused for a while, and then said, 'Perhaps I can aid you in getting into something better. I am President of a newly projected railroad, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and engineering, and as you studied these sciences at school at the same time that I did, and I suppose have still a correct knowledge of both; if so, I will use my influence to have you appointed surveyor. The engineer is already chosen, and at my desire will give you all requisite instructions, until you revive your early knowledge of these matters. The salary is one hundred dollar a month.'

A shadow still darker than that which before rested there, fell upon the face of the mechanic.

'Alas! sir,' he said, 'I have not the slightest knowledge. It is true I studied it, or rather pretended to study it at school—but it made no permanent impression on my mind. I saw no use in it then, and am now as ignorant of surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject.'

'I am very sorry, Mr. Allen,' the merchant replied in real concern. 'If you were a good accountant, I might, perhaps, get you into a store. What is your capacity in this respect?'

'I ought to have been a good accountant, sir, for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures, and now, although I was for many months at school, and pretended to study book keeping, I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books.

'Such being the case, Mr. Allen, I really do not know what I can do with you. But stay! I am about sending out an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres, and thence round to Calao, and want a man to go as supercargo, who can speak the Spanish language. I remember, that we studied Spanish together. Would you be willing to leave your family and go? The wages will be $100 a month.'

'I have forgotten all my Spanish, sir. I did not see the use of it while at school, and, therefore, it made no impression on my mind.'

The merchant, really concerned for the poor mechanic, again thought of some way to serve him. At length he said, 'I can think of but one thing that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employment. It is a service for which ordinary persons are employed—that of chain carrying to the surveyor, on the proposed railroad expedition.'

'What are the wages, sir?'

'$35 a month.'

'And found?'

'Certainly.'

'I will accept it, sir, thankfully,' the man said. 'It will be better than my present employment.'

'Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week.'

'I will be ready, sir,' the poor man replied, and then withdrew.

In a week the company of engineers started, and Mr. Allen with them as chain carrier; when, had he, as a boy, taken the advice of his parents and friends, and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor's office at more than double the wages paid him as chain carrier. Indeed we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth. But he perceived the use of learning too late.

Children and youth cannot possibly know so well as their parents, guardians, and teachers, what is best for them. Men who are in active contact with the world, know that the more extensive their knowledge on all subjects, the more useful they can be to other; and the higher and more important use to society they are fitted to perform, the greater is the return to themselves in wealth and honor.

A Scene in the Railroad Cars.

BY PAUL CHEVRON.

Not long since a sober, middle-aged gentleman was quietly dozing in one of the Eastern railroad trains, when his pleasant, drowsy meditations were interrupted by the sharp voice of an individual by his side.—This was no less a personage than a dandified, hot-blooded, inquisitive Frenchman, who raised his hairy visage close to that of the gentleman he addressed.

"*Pardonnez, sare;* but wot you do viz ze pictair—*hein?*"

As he spoke he pointed to a pair of beautiful steelplate engravings, in frames, which the quiet gentleman held in his lap, and which suited the fancy of the little French connoisseur precisely.

The quiet gentleman looked at the inquisitive foreigner with a scowl, which he meant to be very forbidding, and made no reply. The Frenchman, nothing daunted, once more approached his hairy visage to that of his companion, and repeated his question—

"Vat you do viz de pictair—*hein?*"

"I am taking them to Salem," replied the quiet gentleman, gruffly.

"Ha! you take 'em to sell 'em?" chimed in the shrill voice of the Frenchman.—"I be glad of zat, by gar! I like ze pictair, I buy 'em of you. How much you ask?"

"They are not for sale," replied the sleepy gentleman, more thoroughly awake, by the way, and not a little irritated.

"*Hein?*" grunted monsieur, in astonishment. "Vat you say, sare?"

"I say I don't want to sell the pictures," cried the other at the top of his voice.

"By gar! *ces't drole,*" exclaimed the Frenchman, his eyes beginning to flash with passion. "It is one strange circumstance, parbleu! I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair, and you say you will not sell 'em! Vat you mean, sare—*hein?*"

"I mean what I say," replied the other, sharply. "I dont want to sell the engravings, and I didn't tell you I did."

"*Marblue!*" sputtered monsieur, in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of those of his fellow-passengers who were not already listening. *Marblue!* you mean to say I 'ave not any ear? *Non monsieur?* By gar, I hear ver' well vat you tell me! You say you zell ze pictair. It is because I be one Frenchman, zat you will not sell to me ze pictair?

The irritated gentleman, hoping to rid himself of the annoyance, turned his back upon his assailant, and made no reply.

But monsieur was not to be put off thus. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the other and showing his small white teeth exclaimed—

"Sacristie! Monsieur, zis is too much! You 'ave give me one insult, and I shall 'ave satisfaction!"

"By gar, monsieur!" continued the Frenchman, "you are not one gentleman! I shall call you one *poltroon*—vat you call 'em? coward!"

"What do you mean?" retorted the other, afraid the affair was beginning to be serious. "I hav'nt insulted you, sir!"

"*Pardonnez,* monsieur, but it is one *grand* insult! In America perhaps not—but in France one blow your brains out for zat?"

"For what, pray?"

"For vat? Parbleu! you call me one *menteur*—how you speak 'em—liar? you call me one liar!"

"Oh, no, sir. You misunderstood—"

No, by gar! I 'ave got ears. You say you will sell the pictair; and when I tell you vat you say ze contraire—zat is not so?"

"But I didn't tell you I would sell the pictures," remonstrated the man with the engravings, beginning to feel alarmed at the passion manifested by the other. "You misunderstood—"

"I feel you no! It is not poseeble!—When I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair vat you say?"

"I said I was taking them to Salem."

"Yes, parbleu!" exclaimed monsieur, more angry than ever—"you say you take 'em to sell 'em."

"No—no," interrupted the other:—"not to *sell them,* but to *Salem*—the city of Salem."

"Ze city of Sell'em!" exclaimed the Frenchman, amid the roars of laughter that greeted his ears. "Sarcastie! Zat is one grand mistake. Pardon monsieur! *Quell bete!* Ze city of Sell'em? Ha—ha! I will remember zat, by gar!"

And he stroked his moustache with his fingers, while the man with the pictures once more gave way to his drowsy inclinations.

Innocent Confession.

A lady at confession, amongst other heinous crimes accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsomer." And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so, father." The confessor on this took his penitent out of the confessional, and having looked at her attentively in the light, said: "Well, madam, you may use rouge, for you are ugly enough even with it."

Paying an Old Debt.

A Merchant, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located upon the Long Wharf, died February 18, 1806, at the age of seventy-five, intestate. His eldest son administered upon the estate. This old gentleman used pleasantly to say, that, for many years, he had fed a very large number of the Catholics, on the shores of the Mediterranean, during Lent, referring to his very extensive connection with the fishing business. In his day he was certainly well known; and to the present time is well remembered, by some of the "*old ones down along shore,*" from the Gurnet's Nose to Race Point. Among his papers, a package of very considerable size, was found after his death carefully tied up, and labelled as follows:—"Notes, due bills, and accounts against sundry persons, down along shore. Some of these may be got by suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is best to burn this package entire."

"About a month," said my informant, "after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some general remarks, our elder brother, the administrator, produced this package, of whose existence we were already apprised, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other, towards the fireplace, indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames. It was suggested, by another of our number, that it might be well, first, to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates, and amounts, that we might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day, we again assembled—the list had been prepared—and all the notes, duebills, and accounts, whose amount, including interest, amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

"It was about four months after our father's death," continued my informant, "in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, there came in a hard-favored, little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to wind-ward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. He replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate. 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I've come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman.' "My brother," continued my informant, "requested him to take a seat, being at the moment engaged with other persons at the desk.

"The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather pocket-book, and began to count over his money. When he had done—and there was quite a parcel of bank notes—as he sat, waiting his turn, slowly twisting his thumbs, with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed; and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, *came hard*—and secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the common questions—his name, etc.—The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars—it had stood a long time, and, with the interest, amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred. My brother went to his desk, and, after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance—the old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them, which I never shall forget. 'Your note is outlawed,' said my brother; it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no interest was ever paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we cannot recover the amount.' 'Sir,' said the old man, 'I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and wish to do so with men. I should like to pay it,' and he laid his bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over. 'I cannot take this money,' said my brother. The old man became alarmed. 'I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over,' said the old man. 'I will pay you compound interest, if you say so. The debt ought to have been paid long ago, but your father, sir, was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it.'

"My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and, taking the bank bills, returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that, although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them. For a moment the worthy old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated that, from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money together, for the payment of this debt. 'About ten days ago,' said he, 'I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow, and make up the difference and get the heavy burthen off my spirits. I did so—and now what will my old woman say? I must get back to the Cape and tell her this good news.—She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted—*I have never seen the righteous man forsaken or his seed begging bread.*' After a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our old father's memory, he went upon his way rejoicing.

"After a short silence—taking his pencil and making a cast—"There,' said my brother, 'your part of the amount would be so much—contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure, derived from this operation, and the money is at your service.'"

Such is the simple tale which I have told, as it was told to me.—*Boston Transcript.*

Ladies' Department.

Chemistry for Girls.

BY E. THOMPSON, M. D.

SOMETHING THAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ.

This is properly styled a utilitarian age, for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us everywhere. It has entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies because their immediate connection with *hard money* profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent, merely to learn how to dress tastefully and walk gracefully, play, write French, and make waxen plumes and silken spiders—all pretty, but why not inquire "what profit?"

I take my pen, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will thereby be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life.—We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as nitric, muriatic and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine, and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, should enter a cabinet shop, and find a saucer of *aqua fortis* (nitric acid) upon the work bench, and, in his sport, seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives, the child is a corpse. Now as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia, which, if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. O, what are all the boquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge!

Take another case. A husband returning home, on a summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box, labelled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently, he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she had procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal.—When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which, if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is laid upon the floor in a tea-cup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs to play, the infant crawls to the tea-cup, and drinks. Now what think you would be the mother's joy, if having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact, that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison. She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites.—Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk to her of novels—one little book of natural science has been worth, to her, more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician in a hurry leaves an over-dose of tartar-emetic, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever) and pursues his way to another patient, ten miles distant.—The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is despatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister in the cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar-emetic into a harmless compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate or the proxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened, that a mother has, for want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sour krout, when permitted to stand for some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.

Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and many have died, in some instances without suspecting the cause. That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if under such circumstances, she knows that pickles rendered green by verdigris, are poisonous, and that the white of an egg is an antidote.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but our space forbids. Enough has been shown, we hope, to convince the utilitarian that a knowledge of chemistry is an important element in the education of the female sex; that without it, they are imperfectly qualified for the duties devolving upon them in the domestic relation, and poorly prepared to meet its emergencies.

Nobility of Mechanics.

Toil on, sun burnt Mechanic. God has placed thee in thy lot perchance to guide the flying car that whirls us on from scene to scene, from friend to friend; bind down the warring wave of ocean, tempest tost; or chain the red artillery of heaven.

Toil on! Without thy power, earth, though her sands were one vast Pactolus of gold, would be a waste of tinselled tears and glittering grief; and want, and wo, and splendid misery, would gleam out from all her treasured mines. Rich soils would perish in their richness, and the fruits of the seasons changing, die ungathered from the harvest.

Toil on! Jehovah was a workman too. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and from the confused chaos sprang this perfect world—the perfect workmanship of the eternal, uncreated power. Up rose the mighty firmament; and back the sullen surges swept, submissive, tamed, each to their several bounds. And then he set great lights—the glorious sun to bless the day; and the timid moon to wear at night the mildest lustre of the radiant orb. He painted heaven with mingled blue and white; and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeped out seeming by the majesty of sun and moon, like a stray lily breathing in its lore of meek and blushing loveliness on the gay tints of opening bud and rich voluptuous blossom.

Wondering there dawned another, and a third, clustering, clinging to the spacious canopy, they read in the calm waters of the sea the story of their radiant loveliness.—From thence assured they fear not sun nor moon, but faithfully distil their pensive light. Old ocean tossed her crescent spray, and from their hidden depths creatures of life came up and flew above the earth—winged fowls and flying fish; and the great whale, dark emperor of the sea.

And God created man! Six days he labored and the seventh he reposed; while from the sea, the earth, the air, and all that is, went up a chorus of ecstatic praise to God, the first, the eternal architect.

Toil on! Drink from the dews that heaven distils, fragrant flowers, the bursting buds, the blessed air, is untold wealth to the hard browned bronzed mechanic. Rich coffers bring a snare, canker and corrosion. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which, decaying gold is vanity and dross.—*Miss Wentworth.*

Pearls to be Treasured in the Casket of Memory.

At first sitting out upon a vicious course, men are a little nice and delicate, like young travellers, who at first are offended at every speck of dirt that lights upon them, but after they have been accustomed to it, and have travelled a good while in foul ways, it ceaseth to be troublesome, to be dashed and bespattered.—*Tillotson*

That lovely bird of Paradise, *Christian contentment,* can sit and sing in a cage of affliction and confinement, or fly at liberty through the vast expanse, with almost equal firmness and satisfaction; while "even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight," is the *chief* note in its celestial song.

I resolve to neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified that I should die within the day; nor to mind any thing which my secular duties demand of me less than if I had been insured I should live fifty years more.—*Cheyne, M. D.*

Some men, in their worldly trade, may say, at the year's end, they have neither got nor lost; but thou canst not say that at the day's end of thy soul; thou art at night better or worse than thou wast in the morning.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm, and make it fruitful.—*Rev. John Mason.*

The reproof of a good man resembles fuller's earth; it not only removes the spots from our character, but it rubs off when it is dry.—*Watts Wilkinson.*

He hath run long enough who hath touched the prize; he hath sailed long enough who is come safe into harbor; and he hath lived long enough who is ready to die.—*Baxter.*

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a grovelling, unfettered, undevout mind.

God never accepts the will for the deed when he puts it in a man's power to do as well as will.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart.