

It is an odd coincidence that the royal command issued to the Protestant bishops occupying seats in the House of Lords, prohibiting their wearing mitres at the coronation, came through the Duke of Norfolk, the premier Catholic of England. The bishops wore either velvet caps, or else a species of mortar boards, familiar to people in this country as a headgear of college presidents and professors.

A SENSE of justice should be the foundation of all our social qualities. In our most early intercourse with the world, and even in our most youthful amusements, no unfairness should be found. That sacred rule, of doing all things to others according as we wish they would do unto us, should be engraved on our minds. For this end we should impress ourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men.

IDLENESS is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and the great cause, not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief and sinks into mire.

LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands. We are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.