A CHILD OF SEVEN All the bells of heaven may ring, All the birds of heaven may sing, All the winds on earth may bring All sweet sounds together; Sweeter far than all things heard, Hand of harper, tone of bird, Sound of woods at sundown stirred, Welling water's winsome word,

Wind in warm wan weather. One thing yet there is, that none Hearing ere its chime be done, Knows not well the sweetest one, Heard of man beneath the sun. Hoped in heaven hereafter; Soft and strong, and loud and light Very round and very light. Heard from morning's rosiest height, When the soul of all delight, Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled Never forth such notes, nor told Hours so bitthe in tones so bold And the radiant mouth of gold Here that rings forth heaven. If the golden-created wren Were a nightingale—why, then, Something seep and heard of men Might be half as sweet as when Laughs a child of seven.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

"Never, while I live," said Miss Rashleigh, "never while I live, will I "see your face again!"

She meant it when she said it, and interview between Orville and Cornelia, as she spoke, she threw her betrothal ring towards her lover, who had offended

It missed him, and rolled down upon of the mantlepiece.

She did not notice where it rolled; he did though; and after she had left the room, he turned to pick it up. The ring she had worn would always be precious

Miss Rashleigh went straight to her own room, as miserable a girl as ever lived; and a moment later Grandmother Rashleigh bustled into the drawingroom, pushed the open closet door to. picked up the fallen magazine, set the annuals and books of poetry straight on the table, pulled down the shades, arranged the chairs mathematically against the wall, and bustled out again.

"I've had these things fifty years," she said to herself; "and there's Cornelia and her beau with no more respect for them than if they were that much lumber."

Then she closed the door behind her. and went away to her own room up- looks as if she were dead." stairs, where a fine silk patchwork quilt was in the frame, a surprise for said

person of the family something of her own manufacture on his or her wedding-

day.
"Now," the old lady had said, a dozen times, to Tripheny King, who was helping her; "I really think Cornelia will have the best thing I've done; and there's a bit in it of every handsome silk there's ever been in the family, and of her father's and grandfather's wedding vests."

"Yes'm; it's a real memorial quilt," said Tripheny. "It takes you, nium, to plan such things."

The quilt was finished and bound that afternoon; and Tripheny's job of quilting being over, she went home; but she carried about the village the news that she "was sure all was over between Miss Rashleigh and Mr. Spear. She'd heard Cornelia saying something to her grandmother, and the old lady was furious."

"He would never have done that if he had cared for me, you know, grandma," Cornelia was saying at that mo-

ground you walk on!" said the old lady. Orville lying quite unconsoious, like 'You'll never get such another, Corne-

"I shall never marry at all; I hate men!" Cornelia answered. And then her grandmother made the

house too hot to hold her, and she went over to her mother's, her usual course when she fell out with grandma,

Three days passed. At the end of the third, Piety Pratt stepped in at Mrs. Rashleigh's-young Mrs. Rashleigh, as they called her, though she was nearly fifty, for grandma was old Mrs. Rashleigh.

"I expect you'll feel upset when I tell you the news, Cornelia," she said-"You've been too cruel this time-he, he, hel Orville Spear hasn't been heard of since he was at your house. His mother says he went over to explain and make up, and he never came back-he, hel She thoughm aybe he'd stepped over to his brother's, but he hadn't-

he, he! I reckon he's drowned himself!" "I dont know why the whole town should talk over my affairs, and every meddling old maid giggle about them!"

oried Cornelia. Piety jumped to her feet, seized her parasol, and turned towards the door.

"Good morning, Miss Cornelia and Mrs. Rashleigh; "I! You'd left every-Mrs. Rashleigh," she said, with a con-thing flying. I just pushed it as I passtemptuous courtesy. "I'll remember ed; and you ought to bless your stars my manners, if other folks forget theirs. that you are alive; for people don't go, Only there's other folks as likely to be into the drawing room, sometimes for a old maids as me, and I fancy it Mrs. fortnight, in this small family. We use Spear's affair now if anything has happened to her boy!"

Away flounced Miss Pratt.

But Cornelia was crying. "Oh, mother, dear," she sobbed,

isn't true, is it? Orville did feel dreadfully. Won't you see, mother?"
But at this moment Sally, the little

servant girl from Grandma Rashleigh's, came flying into the room, without any Cornelia. "Oh, how pale you are!" more warning than if she had been shot from a gun. "The old missus says you are to come

over at once, both you tadies!" she cried, standing before Mrs. Rashleigh, and repeating her lesson like a parrot. There's something of importance, and you're needed at wo at."

"Get your bonnet, Cornelia," said her mother, "'I'll just put on this sun-hat, What is it, sally, do you know?"

"I knows it's something dreadful, of folks there. Something about Mr. day was fixed. Spear."

The two ladies said no more. They hurried away together, and, entering grandma's parlor, found there assembled more of the members of the Spear family, and a friend or two besides.

Orville had indeed disappeared. He had never been seen home since his visit to Cornelia; and now the alarmed

"I had reason to be angry, Mrs. Spear," said Cornelia, proudly; "good reason; and I took off my ring, and gave it back, and went out of the room— thereafter he lay quite still and showed no That is all I know. I don't know when sign of life, which led his wife and kins the floor, and over the sill of an open That is all I know. I don't know when china-closet-one of those old fashioned he went or where. I-I thought he closets that used to stand on either side wouldn't mind so much. I believed he had stopped caring about me."

"He ought to know, at all events," said grandma.

"My boy is dead, I'm sure! I shall have the pond dragged!" said Mrs. Spear, amidst her tears. "He left all clothes. Oh, you wicked girl!"

"I hope," cried the eldest Miss Spear, "that he'll haunt you!"

"I could kill you, you hateful thing!" oried the youngest Miss Spear. Cornelia had kept up bravely until

now; but when her two friends turned upon her thus, she gave a little scream. and fell over on the sofa. She was in a dead swoon, and the water they sprinkled in her face did not bring her to.

come to! Oh, Orville! Orville! what has become of you?"

"Oh! Oh!" moaned the mother. "On! Oh!" moaned the sisters.

And Cornelia's head fell back again. "Emma, get the lavender out of the hina-closet," said grandma to he daughter. Quick! It's on the cover

Mrs, Rashleigh rushed to me closet. "It won't open!" she ord, wildly.
"It's a patent look," said grandma;
"looks as it shuts, Here's the key." And Mrs. Russleigh flew back to the door, openedt, and uttered a shriek.
There the floor, huddled up under

the shalf, lay poor Orville Spear. we was white and limp. Cornelia sat and stared at him, in the most awful way. She thought him dead, but the more experienced matron saw that he was yet living.

Sally was sent post-haste to the doctor; and, there, in Mrs. Rashleigh's "Stuff and nonsense! He loves the drawing-room, he found Cornelia and Romeo and Juliet in the scene at the tomb, and the rest of the party in a state of bewilderment and terror, past description.

At last, however, both were conscious and, seated in arm chairs, regarded each other, while the observers kept silence, and Mr. Orville Spear uttered the first

"Of all confounded fools-" "Who, dear?" asked his mother.

"Me," said Orville, regardless of grammar. "Who shut me in?" 'What were you in the closet for?' sked grandma with a guilty conscience.

"To pick something up that rolled there," said Orville. "The ring?" asked Cornella, frantic-

"Yes, the ring," said Mr. Spear, "More fool I! Some one banged the door to. I shouted, and howled, and kicked, and no one heard me." "Oh! oh! oh!" shricked Corne-

lia, "I believe you hid there just to kill me, for no other purpose than out of revenge. "You banged the door on me," said Mr. Spear. "A jealous woman will do

anything." "I banged the door, Orville!" said old the parior much more; and I'm deaf,

founded fool all through!" oried Orville. "I knew that closet had a spring lock, No; don't blame Cornelia."

"I shall always blame myself!" sighed "And how pale you are, Cornelia!" sighed Orville. "Did you really care when you thought I was dead!"

"Ladies" said Grandma Rashleigh, "now that Orville has had his wine and biscuit, and is getting on, let us go into the other room, and leave these two young folks to talk things over together.

She led the way; the others followed. When the tea-bell rang soon after, Orville and Cornelia came out of the draw-Missus is almost wild, and there's lots ing room, arm in arm, and the wedding

Burying Alive. A Swiss settled in Russla sends a strange story of a man being buried alive, for the accuracy of which the writer says that he can personally vouch. The story, besides the horror of it, shows how helpless the Russiau system of government renders the people for whose benefit it is designed and how utterly bureaucracy has crushed in relatives were anxious to get all the them all spirit of initiative and indepeninformation they could regarding the dence. The other day so runs the account interview between Orville and Cornelia. a man was furled and a man. His name was Tichonoff, and he had been employed as a writer in a machinery depot. On the fete day Tichonoff drank heavily. and had an epilepic fit. For a long time folk to conclude that he was dead. Thu happened on St. Silvester's Day, and, to avoid keeping the supposed corpse in the house three days (for on a Saturday precéding à festival no body can be buried), it was decided to lay him in the ground that very night after vespers, and arange-ments were made accordinly. The body was removed to the Cemetery church where the pope (priest) read the service his money at home. He wouldn't have for the dead. While this was going on the traveling without a change of (the coffin being uncovered) some of the bystanders noticed what seemed to be drops of swet on the dead man's face; but' this appearance being attributed to a few snowflakes which had fallen during the passage from 'Tichonohoff's house to the cemetery, he was laid in the grave without more ado, and the hour being late, very little earth was thrown over him. When the grave-digger went early next morning to the cemetery to complete his more easily than oners, yet it is necessary work, he heard a sound as of groaning and to the farmer to addirect his labor that he struggling in Tichonoff's grave. Instead of forthwith releasing the poor wretch, the "Oh, don't say that!" cried the police. On this the sexton informed and they went together to the chief of the police. On this the sexton informed and they went together to the chief of the police. They gathered around Cornelia, and they went together to the chief of the police. They gathered around Cornelia, and did all they could for her; and soon she recovered, and sat up, but all her pride was gone.

"Oh, don't say that!" cried the primission of the police. On this the sexton informed that the permission of the purpose, and they went together to the chief of the purpose. They gathered around Cornelia, and did all they could for her; and soon she recovered, and sat up, but all her pride was gone.

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" she sobbed.

"I wish I had died! I wish I man ran to the priest to ask leave to disinwithout which nobod would act, and re-turned to the cappery. But it was too turned to the capped since the late; five horse heard the groans, and gravedigge are now dead beyond the possi-Tichono was now dead beyond the possibility doubt. The poor fellow succumbed only after a mortal struggle. He had when around in his coffin, and in his despair buten his fingers, torn his flesh and rent his clothing. "This fatality," says cause then the senseless formalities which prevail in every branch of Russian admin-istration. Mme. Tichonoff is suing the priest who refused to let the grave-digger disinter her husband for damages, on the ground that he caused the latter's death by

to a slavishly obeying the letter of his Railway Accommodations.

In these days when it is fashionable to complain of corporations as purely selfish, it is greatly to the credit of the Pennsylva nia Railroad Company, that it is constantly furnishing increased facilities for the accommodation of the traveling public. Recently they have commenced running a through Pullman Sleeping Coach from Washington and Baltimore to Chicago on their Pacific Express, which leaves Washing every day in the year at 9.50 p. m.. and Baltimore 11.15 p. m. The arriving time at Chicago is 8.00 o'clock the second morning. The portion of the train which starts from Washington joins at Harrisburg with the section from New York and Philadelphia on which there is a hotel car. This arrangement gives passengers from Baltimore and Washington just the same eating facilities as enjoyed by those from New York, as the first meal en route is breakfast on the first morning, after the two sections have become one train.

On their West Jersey connection, also they arranged for placing, since February 19th, a through passenger car between New York and Jersey City as follows: Leave Brooklyn 12:30 noon; New York, 1:00 p. m., and arrive at Atlantic City (via Trenton and Camden) 5:47 p. m. Leave Atlantic City at 7:25 a. m., arrive at New York, 11:40 noon; Brooklyn 12:80 noon. The car will not be ruu in either

direction on Sundays.

The latter will furnish not only desirable facilities for the citizens of New York and northers. New Jersey, but will enable summer visitors to New York city on business to take a run down to the "City by the Sea" conveniently and in a few hours.

F. 40 H Byedding Pan-Lore.

Among the superstitions about pins is that the bride in removing her bridal robes and chaplet at the completion of the marriage ceremony must take especial care to throw away every pin worn on this eventful day. Evil fortune, it is affirmed, will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet.
We also to the bridesmaids if they retain any of them, as their chances 'of marriage will thereby be materially the parior much more; and I'm deat, tessened, and anyhow, they must give and so is old Hepsiba, and you might up all hope of being married before the have died there. Yes, and you'd have "You've put Piety into a rage, Cornella," said Mrs. Rashleigh. "That's a pity; she has a long tongue."

But Cornella, "added the old lady, "throwing his pretty diamond pity; she has a long tongue."

"Oh!" mound Cornella, "Oh!" "Oh!" moaned Cornelic. "Oh!" that whoever possesses one of them will "It wasn't her fault, I was a con- be married in the course of a year.

Nearness in Farming.

Probably some may stare at the idea of neatness in farming, and may conclude at once that it is all a tancy, and might do clothes, as the careless and slip shod manuer of planning and conducting the opera-

"cleanliness is next to go.

surely indicates the moral worth, and the good qualities of a man to a great degree, it shows that he has certainly been educated either by nature of chables and industry. Therefore it is not so much the dirt that every farmer has to deal with, as the indifferent settlers, and minute research into the history of the dark ages of southwestern Texas. We have built up the following as prois having matter out of place that strange find.

makes the slack farmer. growing up around every stump and stone heap that may be upon his fields. 'The rough mander in which all his farming operations are conducted will be plainly seen, the rough mowing fields, and all kinds of rubbish scattered to the fourwinds. Everywhere or our farms almost, we see this lack of careful attention which is necessary to the comfort and respect-

ability of the farmer.
Why is it that the buildings, the farm, the fences, and the sirroundings of the neat farmer looks so inviting to the refined, or the man who desire order or neatness in all things relating to the farm ? . It is because the farmer has this neatness of habit and puts it into practice. He has studied his work, disaplined his mental forces and brough them to bear on the subject as one of mportance. He is one that sticks to the mptto, that anything that ed telucca they constructed a small vessel is worth doing, is worth doing well. But he has not learned this lesson all in a day, he has probably be a sducated up to this practice by degrees However, there are many who can lean the habits of neatness

may become master of his trade.
We hope that or farmer will labor to The weeds will be kept down, the bushes will cease to grow up in the fence corners; the unsightly rubbish will be disposed of, and order will soon take the place of chaos. in all of the farmer's surroundings.

When Potts began his married life, the vatchword engraved on his memory was, "Beware of the plumber." The awful destinies of numbers of friends, who had foolishly been inveigled into poverty and distress by this flend; loomed up before his notto, until he grew to consider himself a public benefactor in endeavoring to supress this inhuman monster.

But in an evil hour, during the family's absence in the country, the wash poiler began to leak and the plumber glided in through the basement door. From that

time the house seemed bewitched. Two days afterward the hot water pipe blew his range to atoms, and the servant to glory, the boiler began to leak at every conceivable point; and, after the second story basin had been overflowed two days in succession, the parlor ceiling reminded one of a colander, with ancient frescoing between the holes. These repairs had scarcely been completed when the tank on the roof began to fill and resisted all Potts' efforts to turn off the water, and six hours' steady running very materially increased the damage. The plumber was then engaged regularly for three days in the week, and the adjoining house hired to be used for the storage of lead pipe, tools, etc., which were bought by the cargo. During the first week of the plum ber's engagement, every faucet in both houses began leaking badly, and all the basins were stopped up twice a day, and 5, 1496, Henry VIII. commissioned the third week Potts was compelled to put John Cabot, and this commission is wird screens in all the windows of his bed rooms to prevent the occupants floating out concerning America. On Friday, Sepduring the night.

In the midst of these entertainments the plumber reminded him that lead was rising United States. On Friday, November owing to so much being used for counterfeit money purposes. And three months Princetown, and on the same day the after the plumber's first appearance he Pilgrims signed the compact which was owned and resided in the house, while the forerunner of our Constitution. On Potts lived in the garret and worked as Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims helper to him, half his wages each week landed at Plymouth Bock. On Friday, being forfeited to pay off the balance of the bill.

February 22, 1732, Washington was born. On Friday, June 16 1775, Bun-

The Clothing of Men and Women. The funny people of the newspapers are making merry over some returns of the census which show that there are in September 25, 1780. Arnold's treason the United States 6,000 establishments for was discovered. On Friday, October the manufacture of men's clothing, the 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at annual product being valued at \$200,000,of women's clothing, the products of those events might be named. In the war works being valued at only \$80,000,000 with Mexico the battle of Palo Aito annually. This is but another example of began on Friday. The northwestern the delusive manner in which the census boundary questions, which threatened statistics are being put before the public. It is not surprising that newspaper writ-ers are making fun of them. The explan-ations that should go with the census fig-ness are the second of the same year. On Friday, the Confederates captured Fort Sumter, and precipitated the war for the Union. ures are these:

First, that a large proportion of the women of the United States make their own garments, and, therefore, have no need for "establishments," to make bia on Friday; Fort Pulaski was taken,

not count as 'establishments.

Recently, while grading the side of the hill in front of the Presbyterian Church in once that it is all a tancy, and might do for the fancy farmers to pursue. We know that the dirty clothes soiling work of the farmer must be done, and dirty clothes cannot well be avoided while performing some portions of farm work. But this is not the point that we wish to explain, it is not so much the soiled hands and clothes as the cargless and allo shod warm. of a tamborine performed by a Portuguese female, a ship at anchor, a rope entwined anchor, and a female waving a flag on which It is said, and we think in truth, that are 7 stars. Further excavations near the 'cleanliness is next to godliness." And it same spot brought up the skull, geveral ribs

as, we have built up the following as pro-bably the most lucid explanation of the

In January, 1685, La Salle, the French If we step upon the premises of the discoverer, with a fleet of three vessels, slovenly farmer, how quick we are to note having on board a colony intended for the the appearance of the surroundings; the mouth of the Mississippi river, driven from eye is pained to see this matter out of place, in an hundred ways, such as his coming satisfied that they had been driven farming tools scattered broadcast over the far west of their destination, they re-omfarm, where the same have been left to barked and turned the prows of their vesrust out in the storms; the dilapitated sels eastward. Several families destined condition, of his fences, and the bushes for the new colony, heartily sick of their sea experience, asked to be left here, were granted permission, and put ashore with provisions and farming implements.

For nearly 200 years this little colony struggled to maintain its foothold at the upper end of Padre Island. Inclans, Mexicans, and want kept their number at a low figure. In December, 1820, a terrible gale visited the remnant of the little colony, during which a vessel was washed ashore on the island. It proved to be a felucea belonging to the squadron of Jean Lafitte. The colonists secured three men from the wreck, who proved to be, in character, well fitted for the services of the renowned pirate. Their names were Pierre Largosso, Paul Baptiste and Joseph Arnoux; nicknamed Heccules on account of his immense stature and prodigious strength. From the timbers of the wreckand were for years after the disappearance of Lastite engaged in depredating on the commerce of the guif, leading many to believe that Lafitte was still alive and at his old trade. So theroughly acquainted were they with the shoals, channels and iclands of this part of the gulf that it was impossible to capture them. As a further pre-cautionary measure, they—in 1840—re-

party tore down their house, constructed from it a raft, and placing women and children in a boat the men took to the raft on which was loaded their valuables, and were rapidly driven to the Corpus Christi bluff. The boat upset before reaching the land, and all on board were drowned. The raft struck the hill near the present sesidence of Mr. Gussett, and so flerce were the waves that in a few moments it was dashed in pieces. Two men reached the in the year 1832, killed 4,649 animals banks in safety. The balance, with the and 3,176 birds. Of the former,, 2,850 distress by this flend; loomed up before his accumulated spoils of 20 years, went to eyes, continually reminding him of his the bottom. No sign of the treasure or of the unfortunate men was ever found. It was supposed that a portion of the hill had caved in and buried them, a theory that the late excavations may partially prove.

Is Friday an Unlucky Day.

Perhaps the world will never get over

the idea that Friday is an unlucky day. That the crucifixion occured on a Friday is more than can be proved, for even the year of that event is by no means determined, to say nothing of the widespread opinion that there never was such an event. But admitting all that is claimed, there have been many events occurring on this unlucky day that were decidedly the reverse of unineky. Of course, a long list might be given, but a few connected chiefly with American history will do. On Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus sailed from Palos of his memorable voyage of discovery, and on Friday, October 12, he discovered the first land, the island which he called San Salvador, On Friday, March tember 7, 1505, St. Augustine, Fla., was found—the oldest town in the 10, 1620, the Mayflower made land at ker Hill was seized and fortifled. On Friday, October 8, 1777, occurred the surrender at Saratoga. On Friday, Yorktown, and the war for independence war with England, was settled on Fri-The Port Royal forts were taken by the Union forces on Friday; the battle of

Chinese Traits.

There is . mistaken notion in the East that the Chinese are always humble and submissive, and much put upon and abused by the whites of the Pacific coast. There was a time when the hoodlums of San Francisco maltreated the Asiatic immigrants shamefully, but that time has gone by. Now the Chinaman appears to be as secure in his rights of person and property as anybody. Instead of being deferential and timid he is often pushing and insolent.

He does not give way in the street. He hustles you as rudely as an English navvy. A body of Chinese lab rers marching down a narrow atrest will crowd ladies into the gutter. The Chinese merchants, doctors, and others belonging to the better classes are as polite as Frenchmen, but the masses of the Chinese population on the Pacific coasts, are rude and brutal. The chief thing in their favor is their habit of personal cleanliness, The railroad laborers, who are the poorest and most ignorant class, wash themselves from head to foot at the end of each day's work. All classes are frequent customers of the barber, who gives minute attention to their heads, faces,

ears and necks. Among the common laborers there is little sympathy for sick and injured comrades. If a man is likely to become burden, the other members of his gang want to get rid of him as soon as possible It is commonly believed by the white bosses on the railways that the Chinese doctors put sick men out of the way by poison when they think they cannot be speedily cured. A case was told me in Dregon of a Coolie railway laborer who had an arm broken. It was set by the company's doctor, and was doing well, but the man's comrades insisted on bringing a Chinese doctor to attend him. The doctor came from a distant camp and gave the patient a dose. In an hour the poor fellow was dead. In such cases there is no investigation; nobody cares that there one Chinaman less. The death of a carthorse is of much more consequence. Hunting in Companies.

Squirrel hunts continue to be one of the annual customs of Vermont according to the good old practice of dividing the local Nimrods into two parties, each side electing a captain and each endeavoring to outstrip the other in the "count" of game killed, the defeated side furnishing a supper to the visitors. There were several of these hunts during the past season, one of them being conducted by the students of Middlebury College; but the scores in these days are very small compared with what they used to be in the good old times. A curious memorandum, or game record, belong-ing to one James Warden, of Peacham mighty hunter, has just been discovered, and extracts from it have been printed in some of the State papers. In the days of James Warden-1832 and thereabouts—the annual squirrel hunt The nuitrary - propot avant of Nimrods of all ages, from the grey-haired grandsire, with his long-barreled, flint-look Queen Anne arm, to the youth of ten or twelve, with a musket sawed off at breech and muzzle to accommodate the arm to his sleader strength. It was no small matter to count the heads and tails of the slain in those days, so numerous were they, and the judges, too, had to be men of a good deal of keenness, for the rival hunters would do their best to cheat, often presenting chickens' heads for partridges' and squirrels' tails that were by no means fresh for the occasion. According to an old memorandum, James Warden, were squirrels, and of the birds, 1,000

An old Church in Arizona.

The most interesting of all sights is the grand old mission church of San Xavier, nine miles from Tueson, on the Papage reservation. This mission was founded in 1654, when the Papago (or Pima) Indians were supposed to have accented the Uhristian religion. The church of Ban Xavier was begun about the year 1700 and finished in 1798, excepting one of the towers, which is yet unfinished. The style of architecture is Moorish. The lines are wonderfully perfect. It is in the form of a 70 by 115 feet, and has a wellformed dome. A balustrade surmounts all the wails. The front is covered with scroll-work, intricate, interesting and partly decayed. Over the front is a lifesize bust of St. Xavier. The interior is the dead leaves of trees stimulates them literally covered with frescoes. The altar from year to year to higher and nobler is adorned with gilded scroll work, The statues are as numerous as the paintings. The tiling on the floor is much defaced. very little being left. That of the root is nearly all as perfect as when laid. Its manufacture is one of the lost arts. There is a chime of four good-sized bells in the tower, that have a soft, sweet sound. Ascending to the roof, you walk up long narrow stairs in solid walls. But one can go at a time. The same is true in going

to the gallery of the church. It is marvel ous that so long ago, and in such a place, such architecture, ornaments, paintings and sculpture were so well executed. Peterborough Cathedral. The recent failure of the central towe of the Peterborough Cathedral, England, has brought out a series of reminiscences It is said that in 1107 Bishop Walkelyn's huge tower at Winchester fell, in horror at having the foul corpse of the detested Rufus buried beneath it; and how, two centuries later, that of Ely came crashing down as the startled monks were going up to their dormitory on the eve of St. Erminida; how in 1285 the preacher's denunciation of the cruel persecutions of himself and his brother canons by Bishor Grosteste was credited with the rule of the predecessor of the exquisite "Broad Tower" which crowns that "sovereign the wise man are known to himself; but hill" of Lincoln, how the "New Tower" fell at Worcester in 1175, and the central tower at Evesham about 1218, and the two upper stories of the tower of St. Rhadegund, now Jesus Chapel, Cambridge, fell and crushed the choir in 1270; and how the central tower of Belby came down in 1690, and in 1786 the deed to sloth." The only money that west tower of Hereford was quetly al. does a man good is what he earns lowed by the Chapter to tumble down, them.

Second, another large proportion have bombarded, the battle of Gettysburg just two and twenty years ago, Feb. 21, their garments made by needlewomen and was ended, Lee defeated at Five Forks, 1861, in spite of all remedial measures, dressmakers in a small way, and these do the Union flag restored to Fort Sumter, the tower and spire of Unichester in a filled purse, has a power that will not count as "establishments."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Beautiful are the admonitions of him hose life accords with his teachings. Girls we love for what they are;

young men for what they promise to be. Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. All the good maxims which are in the world fail when applied to one's self.

Hard workers are usually honest. industry lifts them above temptation. To be really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only show the poverty of the borrower,

Talking and eloquence are not the ame; to speak, and to speak well, are two things. We walk upon the verge of two

worlds; at our feet lies the very grave that awaits us. In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Zeal without humility is like a ship without a rudder, liable to be strauded at any moment. Though we travel the world over to

find beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. I have sought repose everywhere, and have only found it in a little corner

with a little book. We ought not to judge of man's merits by his qualifications but by the use he makes of them.

There is no area in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of orms as in conversation

That man comes off with honor who governs his resentments instead of being governed by them. We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become dis-

guised even to ourselves. Cares are often more difficult to throw off than sorrows; the latter die with time, the former grow upon it. Bashfulness may sometimes exclude

pleasure, but seldom or ever opens any avenue for sorrow or remorse. Attrition is to the stone what good

influences are to the man; both polish while they reveal hidden beauties. The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go the way he would train up his child in. Relations are people who imagine they have a right to rob you if you are

Of all amusements that can possible be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, there is nothing like reading. means of into rinter of a who acts on the

rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

We often excuse our own want of philanthrophy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of

Ask often, in your hours of bustle, where is the heart now? They only are too busy who forget God in their business.

The more we have to read the more we have learned, the more we have meditated the better conditioned we are to affirm that we know nothing.

It is every man's duty to labor in his calling, and not to despond tor any miscarriage or disappointments that were not in his own power to prevent. Our lives are like some complicated machine, working on one side of a wall and delivering the finished fabric on

the other. The work is in our handsthe completion is not. Man is, beyond dispute, the most excellent of creature beings, and the vilest animal is a dog; but the sages agree that a grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Our life experiences, whether sad or joyful, should be fertilizers to a larger and stronger growth of character, as proportions.

He who is great when he falls is great in his prostration, and is no more an object of contempt than when men tread on the ruins of sacred buildings, which men of piety venerate no less than if they stood.

It is foolish to strive with what we cannot avoid; we are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty; he that does this shall be free, safe and quiet; all his actions shall succeed to his wishes.

God planted fear in the soul as truly as he planted hope and courage. Fear is a kind of bell or gong which rings the mind into quick life and avoidance upon the approach of danger. It is the soul's signal for rallying.

The scorn which is really kindly and appreciative, tells much more effectively than the scorn which is purely contemptuous. Who you can afford frankly to praise—as you praise a child—there is no danger of returning to adore.

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

The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterwards. Wealth in-herited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that "it is the titlenimself. A ready-made fortune, like readj made clothes, seldom fits the man who comes into possession. Am-bition stimulated by hope and a half-