THE HEARTHSTONE.,

BACKBONE.

Whon you see a fellow mortal Without fixed and fearless views, Hancing on the skirts of others, Walking in their east-off shoes, Rowing low to wealth or favor, With abject, uncovered head, Roady to retract or waver, Williag to be drove or led. Walk yourself with firmer bearing, Throw your moral shoulders back. Show your spine has nerve and marrow—Just the things which he must luck.

A stronger word Was never heard, In sense and tone. Than this, Backbone.

When you see a pollitaina Crawling through contracted holes, Beeging for some fat position, In the ring or at the polls, With no sterling mandred in him, Nothing stable, broad or sound, Destitute of black or bullast, Itaable-sided all around. Walk yourself with Ermer bearing, Throw your moral shoulders back. Show your pine has neve and marrow— Just the things which he must lack.

A modest song and plainly told— The text is worth a mine of gold, For many men most sadly tack A noble stiffness in the back.

THE DUSENBURY PROPERTY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

the slowest and most dilatory of beings, and may be known as far as one can see them by their snait-like gait, and a habet of stopping altogether at short intervals to stare at vacancy, eyes. Who aft's your Uncle Penicather, Silas," said Mrs. his image," So mother than a decided of the short dispatch.

"He wants me to come at once, and promises attended the funeratopay expenses. What can it mean?" sultation with Law in forced the will.

"I suppose I must go," said Mrs. Dusenbury; "but there's Mrs. Finnegan's sitk dress; and there's Miss Roberts' polonaise. It will ruin my

And Mrs. Dusenbury, who had taken to dress-making after her husband's death, shook her head in a melancholy manner.

"Have Hamaah Petrel in to finish'em up," said Silas. "Unclo Penfeather is rich, and who knows what muy come of it."

Mrs. Dusenbury shook her head again, but she sent for Humah Petrel, and 'necked her little sent for Humah Petrel.

sent for Hannah Petrel, and packed her little trunk that very night. She had had large trunks full of clothes once in her life, before she married Peleg Disembury, who was only a clerk in a retail store, and so offended her Uncle Pen-feather, the rich attorney, who did a little lend-ing on good security in a very private way, and was of the opinion that poverty was a crime. A little faded woman of forty she was now, which had been to the could come to the

A little faded woman of forty she was now, and it had taken all that she could earn to live thus far; and Silas, who was just sixteen, had been esteemed fortunate in procuring one of those herative situations which are open to youths of his age, who are offered two delices a work for the fortunate dividers of old Mr. Penfeather's property.

"I know that woman has stolen the will," said Mrs. Dusenbury, "but we can't prove it, and after all we must go home as poor as we came." youths of his age, who are offered two dollars a week for the services of a good accountant, com-bined with that of errand boy and odd man,

with a fature prospect of prompt dismissal as soon as they request higher wages,

"How angry Uncle Penfeather was when I saw him last," she said to herself. "Dear, dear! and how plink lay cheeks were, and how plump I was. I'm am sure he won't know me."

And with these thoughts she found herself at the depet of the city in which her uncle still made his residuence and was soon after set for set.

made his residence, and was soon after setdown in a cab at the well-known door, which she had left in tears, and followed by bitter reproaches, some twenty years before.

An old woman opened the door.

"Mrs. Dusenbury, I suppose ?" she said. "I'm the housekeeper, Mrs. Crash. I don't know as how bad poor Mr. Penfeather is. Quite sinking, now page poor Mr. Penfeather is. Quite sinking, as one may say. He had a bad accident: fell down stairs and injured his spine; and he'll nest over he about again, I fancy."

"Poor uncle," said Mrs. Dusenbury, bursting into tears. "I'll go up at once."

"Yes 'm," said Mrs. Crash. "He expects you. First floor, front. I'll see to your trunk."

"The bell again. Mrs. Crash was all along in the bell again."

"The bell again."

First floor, front. I'll see to your trunk." And Mrs. Dusenbury ran up stairs. Mr. Penfeather was in bed, and he checked

Duscubury's affectionate greeting with a "How de do?"

"I suppose you find me greatly altered, Unclo Pen. ?" said Mrs. Dusenbury, "Expected to," said Uncle Penfeather, "Wine

"Expected to," said brice Pennather, "while improves with age. Women dan't,"
"An, no," said Mrs. Dusenbury. "And you're very ill, they tell me."
"Who tells you?" asked Uncle Penfeather.
"The haly that opened the door," said his

nicce meckly.

"My abominable old hoasekeeper, ch " asked

the sick man.
"Well, she said she was housekeeper," said

Mrs. Dusenbury.

"Shut the door," said Mr. Penfeather. Mrs. Dusenbury did so.
"Lived with me fifteen years, that old woman has," said the uncle; "paid her twenty dollars a month; parlor to herself; young woman to help with the work; recommended by the Widows' Benevolent Association: certificates from clergymen; husband killed ringing a big church bell for morning service; tumbled down the bell tower; son janitor of a church; pious connection all around; carried a book of poetry you left about out of doors with the tongs; dismissed the milkman because his brother was a stage car-penter, connected with the theatre, you know; said she thought as much of me as if I was her son. What do you suppose that woman has been doing for these fifteen years?" "I can't think," said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"Well, mobody could," said Unole Penfeather.
"She's been robbing me, Margaret. Butcher bill ten dollars—she calls it fifteen, and pockets live; ton of coal charged at half as much again; barrel of sugar sent to her daughter-in-haw piece of linen inade up—half the sheets for me, half for her sou. How was I to know? Household arrangements, and all that sort of thing. I've been regularly plundered, and I've got proof of everything."

"Scandalous!" said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"I should think so," said Mr. Penfeather, "and I thought I'd bound her to me. I made my will ten years ago, Margaret, and I left her this house and twenty thousand dollars; the rest to go to the Widows. She saw it, and promised to keep house for me as long as I lived.

Splendid housekeeper she is, too. And after

spiemat nousekeeper sue 18, 100.

that she began to rob me."

"O dear!" said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"But I've come up with her," said Mr. Penferther. "That will is at Lawyer Barchy's. She knows it, and thinks she's safe; but I've made another. I'm able to do it myself you know, and I ind a couple of men in for witnesses, and she knows nothing about it. I've got it in bed with me, and what I want you to do is to hide it for me. The twenty thousand is for you; the rest for the Bachelors' Aid Society. They hate

the Widows."

"Oh, uncle," said Mrs. Dusenbury. "You're very kind; but I hope you'll get well."

"I'm notkind," said Uncle Penfeather, "and I can't get well, though I may live a year or two. You know the secret drawer in the bookcase yonder. Nobody else does. She don't. Put it in there. See that the spring is irm. And when I'm dead, after she's begun to hold out hor claw for the money, produce that. I sha'n't say a word. Make her work like a Trojan. Threaten to nifer my will if she don't do mything I ask. to niler my will if she don't do anything I ask.
And I'll chjoy the joke, I can tell you. Hope I
shall live three or four years—he, he!"

"Uncle, I should be glad to nurse you," said
Mrs. Decembers.

Mrs. Dascathary.

"That would spoil my plan," said Uncle Penfather. "You may go home to-morrow. You ought not to have accepted Peleg; never 1 on ought not to have accepted Peleg; never could make his living; wasteful, kike—never would put by money. No matter. Stay all night. Make her feed you up well. Put her to trouble. And don't forget the secret drawer. Tell your son, in case you should die first. There—I've talked enough. Go and get your tea!"

And Mrs. Dusenbury had her ten, and de-

"There's the telegram office boy. What can he want?" said Mrs. Diseabury, going to the door as she spoke, "I'm sure I don't know who'd telegraph to us. It must be some mistake."

"Mrs. Margaret Diseabury," said the boy, as though in contradiction of the assertion, "Seventy-five conts, if you please,"

"Mrs. Dissabury signed the receipt and paid the money, and the boy departed in the peculiarly slow and unconcerned manner of all messengers attached to telegraph offices, who, instead of being possessed with a scuse of great emergency, and a life and death responsibility, as one might suppose they would be, are always in dear! said Mrs. Diseabury, as she included piece of crape about Slas' new bat, "What a world this is, to be sure! And what

had directed.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Dusenbury, as she pinned a piece of crape about Silas' new hat, "what a would this is, to be sure! And what a man you are growing! and so like your poor Under Penfeather; just his build exactly, his eyes. When your halr grows white you'll be becomed?

So mother and son in their simple mourning attended the funeral, and afterwards held a consultation with Lawyer Barciay, who had com-

"Another will, is there?" said Mr. Barclay,
"Well, that's just like the old gentleman,
"Sacret drawer—ah, ha! Very well, open it,

And Mrs. Dusenbury, followed by her son and the lawyer, proceeded to the bookease. There she stopped, horror-stricken. The secret drawer was open. It stood well out from the groove in which it fitted when closed, and there was a great crack in the wood beneath, as though it

had been opened by force.

Mrs. Grash was called. She said, "Indeed!"
when the crack was pointed out to her. "She
knew nothing about her poor master's intentions. The bookense was old. She thought it

must have warped. It was not her attain."

And in fact no will was found other than the one in Mr. Harchay's possession. This eventually being read, the "Widows" and Mrs. Camb

say I looked like your Uncle Penfeather?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"And his hair was white" asked Silas.

"As white as snow," said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"O dear! I should think he couldn't rest casy if he knew of this. She's stolen the will for certain," "Yes," sold Silas, "I think she has."

It was night. Mrs. Cresh sat in her old room. The house now belonged to her, and she was mistress there, but she sat in the housekeeper's room from habit. She had just made herself some tea, and was putting the pot on the table, when a sudden jingle of the bell over her head startled her. It was the bell that Mr. Pententher used to ring when he wanted her in

The bell again. Mrs. Cash was all alone in house, and she was growing nervous. "I'll just look in and see what does make

that hell go so," she said; and with a candle in her hand, took her way up stairs. Outside of her master's old room she paused. The bewas ringing again, and the room which should have been dark was light.
"Drat it! what does it mean?" said Mrs. Crash, and throw the door wide open.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Crash," cried a voice from the bel. "I've been writing for my ten and my medicine for two good hours."

There in bed lay Mr. Penfeather. The same white nighterp on his head, the same cheesed kerchlef about his throat. Mrs. Crash felt her knees trembling under

She could not run away; she could by stand. She supported herself by the lock of the door, and gasped, and stared at the "What's the matter?" asked the voice from the bed; "I suppose you thought you'd got rid

It was so like the living Mr. Penfeather's tone that Mrs. Crash fall it necessary to reply.
"Well, we did think you was dead, sir," she gasped. "We—took—the—liberty of imagining

as how you was buried, sir." "So I am," said that which looked like Mr

Mrs. Crash gave a little scream. "Yes, I'm dead," said the being in the bed; "but I can't rest until matters are all settled. My nicce couldn't find the will in the bookcase. What did you do with it?" "La, sir-" taltered Mrs. Crash. "O donr.

lobin ' You took it," said Mr. Penfeather. "Spirits know everything. You stole it, as you did the

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Crash,
"If you have destroyed it," said Mr. Penfeather, "woe betide you. I'll haunt you every day of your life."
"I—haven't—" gasped Mrs. Cresh. "I—was
afeared. I buried it in the back garden, under

the grape-vine." "Dig it up then," said Mr. Penfeather. "Dig

it up, Robecca Crash, and bring it to me—or Pil haunt you for eyer."

"Oh, please, sir," said Mrs. Crash.
"Go then," said the spirit.

Mrs. Crash went. She tottered down stairs and went out into the garden. She took a shovel and plied it at the foot of the grape-vine, and uncarthed a grimy piece of parciment, spurred on by the ringing of that ghostly bell the while; and at last she climbed the stairs again, and stood trembling at the door of the bounded chumber.

again, and stood trembling at the door of the haunted chamber.

"You have the will, Rebecca Crash?" asked the ghost of Mr. Penteather.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Crash faintly.

"Give it to me. Par out the lights and go. I can now rest in peace." said Mr. Penfeather.

And Mrs. Crash, depositing the parchment on the foot of the bed, tumbled out of the room and down the string at the foot of which she and down the stairs, at the foot of which she fell fainting.
About an hour after this, Mrs. Dusenbury

occupied, at a small hotel in the place.

"Who is that v" she cried, in a little alarm.

"It is 1, mother," said the voice of Silas.

"Hurrah!"

"What about?" asked Mrs. Dusenbury.

"What about?" Isseed Mrs. Discountry.

"I've been playing ghost at Uncle Penfenther's," said stins, as he shut the door behind him. "I got in by the pantry window, and got into bed in a dighteen and shawi. I've frightened her into giving up the will. I've got it! Harrah!"

And so it proved in truth. It was the lost

And so it proved in truth. It was the lost will which Mrs. Crash had delivered to the ghost, and the Dusenburys came into thoir property.

AN ASPIRING SOUL.

We copy the following verses from a contemporary, who seems to be blessed with at least one poetic genius in the shape of a compositor. His effusion is entitled

THE EDITOR.

BY A COMPOSITOR. I.

I want to be an editor,
And with the editors stand—
A plan hat apon my cranium
And a consequiff in my hand:
There right before my subscribers,
So nobby and so grand,
I'd write such editorials
As would make their hairs all stand.

We have no doubt about the hair of his subscribers stradiler or entry and the connection between the "plug hat," "cranium," and "goosequill" is unique in the exercise.

I rever would grow weary,
Steine in my easy chair,
In writing up my Locals
To piease my subscribers' car,
I know i am poorand needy,
But I know they will provide.
If I will dish up collowing.
With my pocket knife on the slide.

This far surpasses the first verse. The idea of laving subscribers with only one our to please, and of disline une liverals "with any pocket knife on the slide," is a hold and brilliant conception. "A pocket knife on the slide." is something novel in pourry, and we feel convinced that it will soon be-

I never would grew weary
Of riding in the care.
Or of steamhoats, or omibuses,
With free teket in my hand;
I never would grow weary
Of heiche, halls, first paces.
Decrease I am six a ready
With a free ticket I cmy hand.

The idea of unlimited "free lickets" has evidently demoralized the would-be Editor, and he has forcot-ten all about rightm, commer rouse or anything clee but "free tickets," to which to a he also holds in the

I never would grow weary
Receiving visits for any friends.
Because they alway, bring me something
That goes in overy time:
Perhans a bottle of wine
To set my brain to work
In getting up something
For them to take a manck.

We succumb before this verse bringing something "that goes in every time" is too grand a flight of fancy for us, and the

To set my brain to work
In acting up something
For them to take a smack."

is too sublime a conception for ordinary mortals to understand. We trust the "compositor" may specify I come an editor, that he may illuminate the world with some of the flights of his genius.

THE HORSE AND THE UMBRELLA.

I am indebted for the following anecdote to John Control. Eag., Secretary to the Grand Jury to the extra Legisland Control. Eag., Secretary to the Grand Jury to the store-house. One feels like drawing a legisland control of Anti-m. Iroland. tor the Camity of Autrim, Irelawl.

64 have a very good mare, named (Fanny, the is very gentle and quiet a barness, and very suitable for a family car. Formerly, sue very surmone for a tamby car. Formerly, she neguried one very bad habit. She altways shied at no even wabrella; she did not shy at anything clee. So great, however, was her terror for this article, that when ver she met a person corry og one, she world stort and run to the opposite sile of the road, at the imminent risk of upsetting the enrocalist too bank. This was a serious fault, and the safety of my family required that I should at once either try some means of curing her bad nable or part with her, which latter I was most unwilling to do, as 'Fanny' was such an excellent creature in every other respect. I therefore began to consider how she might be early. Would whipping do? No, I said; that never cures a horse shying; it generally makes him worse; for, after whipping, a horse is not only afraid of the object at which he slied, when he meets with a similar one again, but, remembering also the whipping, he is in expectation of a repetition of the punishment, and prepares to run off, hoping to oscape both the object and the whipping by a more violent effort each time it occurs. I did not, therefore, approve of that older but thought

of a milder and wiser one. "Horses are generally foul of raw pointoes.
I provided myself with a few small ones, nicely washed; and taking in my left hand a shut umbrela. I went into the stable; and after giving the mare a pointe from my right hand, I presented her with one duck on the point of the closed umbretta. Shortly afterwards I gave her closed umbretta. Shortly afterwards I gave her another, with the umbrella slightly opened; then another and another, each that opening is the umbrella still farther, and so on, until I was presented faity open. At first, 'Fanny' appeared alarmed at what she doubtless considered as her old enemy; but seeing the potate on the point, she roon became reconciled, and took it of, though showing a little shyness. The next time she took it with secreely any terms. The lexit of the state of the latter of the l fear. This lesson was repeated a few times, until she became so familiar with the open umbrella, and so fond of the pointe presented with it, that she permitted it to be furled and unfurled, under and over her head, and about her in every direction; and, being ever reward-ed with the potato, in the end she actually beed with the potato, in the end she actually became fond of seeing me carry the umbrella, or

A HOUSE WHERE MEN NEVER LAUGH

tail, though you feet the handing your recent to look at it. It is really a very interesting pro-cess to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of chareout, subject e and brimstone. Each of the se-articles is prepared in a house by itself; but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible

into grains, and, of course, is quite as daugerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this, they are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure no laugh or joke Is over heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots and but on rub-bers, because one grain of the dengenous powder crushed by the boot would explode the whole in

erished by the book would explose the waste in an instant.

The floor of the house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black by the dost of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sleves, each one smaller than the last, through which the gunpowder is sifted, and an immense ground and intouring mill, while men sloved it in with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent as in the other houses. The realtest certaining of the ma-chinery even seems to give greater houser, and

one is very glad to get out of that Laose.
The stoving house is the next on the list, and
there the gunpowder is heard to wooden trays.
It is very hot, and no work men stay there. From

long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away, out of the hands of men in this curious

You've heard of things being as dry as a powder-house, but you wouldn't think this house very dry. It is almost 'unbedded in water, bid you ever hear of a water roof before? Instead of steps to go in there are shallow tanks of through which every one must walk to

In none of those powder-houses is any light ever allowed excent smillahl. The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serions bok that makes one think every moment of the danger, and glad to get away.

Though curiosity may take a man ones to visit a powder-mill he has no desire to go the second time, and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death.

BEHIND THE SCENES.—During the course of a piece, no one goeins so little interested in its progress as the actor of duty; for during the waits" he is seld on a conditions on the condition and business, so as to be adding comedian retires to his dressing-room to chair goeing which in the first old man returns and future engagements; the first old man returns to his game of cribbage with the first walking gentleman, which but a little while back was so inopportunely interrupted by a call to the stage; the representantly interrupted by a call to the stage; the representative of low comedy repairs below the orchestra to talk with the leading lady exchanges opinions with the singing waiting maid unon the last bit of green interested the remainder, often the only decoulty larnished in the singing waiting maid unon the last bit of green collective and important in the whole then repartment are gathered the remainder, often the only decoulty larnished and important in the whole themselves. It is only whose and important in the whole themselves and important in the whole themselves. It is make it is ranker to talk with the stage. It is only whose called to duty by the ever watchful call-boy, whose made and see each other togother at one time, except at the finale of a piece, when their collective attendance is required. So smoothly and mechanically does everything go on in a well-ordered house, that the finale of a piece, when their collective attendance is required. So smoothly and mechanically does everything go on in a well-ordered house, that the finale of a piece, when their collective attendance is required. So smoothly and mechanically does everything go on in a well-ordered house, that the finale of a piece, when the finale are placed about and corplopes have arrived. They are all supposed to hold their nightly fees with the distinguished and the probleman and employed have arrived. They are all supposed to hold their nightly fees the areal made to the way, are quite a study by themselves. It is my limportance o

make my appearance in the stable. But how would she act out of the stable? that was the the question.

Not long after those lessons were given, an opportunity occurred for testing her out-of-doors one rainy day. A person was met on the read carrying an open undirella. Fanny well left with a tolerably free hand, and the success of the experiment was fully proved. The nate actually next across, of her own accord, to the other side of the road, where the undirella was, doubtless expecting a potato? She was disappointed for the moment, but was rewards with one when she went home, and never after that did she shy at an open undirella."

Thus, by taking a little pains, a valuable horse was made more valuable still. Kind tent meansures would have failed; and the boson learned by me, and which I wish to extend to others, is, that many of the faults which the horse nequires by had traited may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reading may as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little pains, with patient persecutions, and the heat and dust of the amount of the large may as in this direct many as in this direct many as in this must make the former of the large many as

How to you tillnk you would like to live, fearing every moment to be blown up; not derived an exposion that would send you in an Instant to the other world?

You don't tillnk it would be very pleasant? Well, it su't; yet hundreds of men live in just that state, work, receive their pay, and live year after year, in the very sidd of death, as it were all that the world may have sumpowder.

You know that gumpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all theat has equally dangerous all theat his equally dange

articles is prepared in a house by itself; but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense mills tone, rolling round and round in an iron bed, and under the stone are put the three fearful incredicts of gampowder. Then they are thorous integrates of gampowder. Then they are thorous integrates operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed is is very dart gerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed is is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread two or three lines thick in the bed; the whole which goes by rator power, is started and even which goes by rator power, is started and even machinery left to list terribic work above, then the started in the fire is not forced in a year, and the machinery left to list terribic work above, then the started in the first of the started and even machinery left to list terribic work above, then the started and even however in the start lumps or cates.

The next house is where the cakes are broken into grains, and, of course, is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this, they are obliged to attend to it every from this, they are obliged to attend to it every from this, they are obliged to attend to it every

Poisonous Conogn-Coal far colors are frequently

Poisonous Cenoma.—Coal far colors are frequently the causes of discressing graphons in the human reasonary. Antime itself it a poisson and all colors that contain it in an unchanned state are consequently more or less toxic in their action. The acousts surployed in the preparation of antiline colors are in many instances, very describute. Amoust there are the composed of ascente, sinc, tin, anticomy, lead, basether with hydrochloric and pierce acids.

The contain or inferior colors prepared from residuce are especially disaccesses, and are, on account of their chemans, emologed incoloring exper-hunging, wooden toys, mutches, India-ruideer articles, and effectiveness the common aniline colors are also expensively used, and sewing-ciris frequently suffer severely from the presence of arsenderind pieric in their notes in the decimal pierce in their notes in the frequent of the acoustic and colors are determined in the common and there is not certain their with small pierce appear upon the free same cert, it is distinct appear upon the free same cert, it is desired as a very color and there is troubling of the hands and very color, and there is troubling of the hands and very color, and there is troubling of the hands and very color, and there is troubling of the hands and very color, and there is troubling of the hands and very color, and there is troubling of the hands and very color, and there is troubling of the hands and very color and there is troubling of the hands and very color, and there is no different and colors.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He that has an ill name is half hung. He who has no shame has no conscience. He is poor indeed that can promise nothing. He who avoids the temptation avoids the sin. He who wants content can't find an easy chair.

You should for give many things in others, but no-He there cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself. They are fools who per ist in being quite miserable because they cannot be quite hopey.

He that will steal a pin will steal a better thing.

because they cannot be quite happy.

Omerans people of edy off their life; of their death they have learned exceptibles except to think. Chen accurate a hospitance hind of daylight in the mind and fills it with a steady and perpetual screnity.

Phones are the horsess of virtue. They cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march. The youth who can speer at explied virtue, need only wait for age and experience to become a consummate know.

Surpass Assorting's Mantr.—The best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

Do York Best.—He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most neeful art of all—that of pleasing—requires only the desire. only the desire.
When marriage is founded on prudence and honor,
life is a definite object, and existence becomes a
substantial blessing.

life is a definite object, and existence becomes a substantial blessing.

Those persons who erecp into the hearts of most people—who are cineen as the companions of their softer hours, and their reliefs from care and anxiety—are never persons of shining qualities nor strong virtuce. It is rather the soft green of the soul on which we rest our eyes, that are fatigued with beholding glaring objects.

Incontactive—Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a boauty that Is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their nightly festivals around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and thou taken from us, leaving the thousand stronus of affection to flow back in Alpine terrents upon our hearts? We are born to a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the boautiful being that passes before us like a meteor will stay in our presence for ever.

