

Conjugal Harmony.—A man in Germany advertized that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set at the command of any one of the audience; this made a great noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurers and philosophers of the place. This organ was placed on a table with its back against the wall, the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played, and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent! This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him, had he not behaved most inharmoniously towards his loving wife one day, just before the performance was about to commence. The room was crowded, as usual, and a tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said, in a soothing coaxing tone, "do blay, my coot organs;" still not a sound was heard; he got out of patience, and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out—"Aye, do, you tyvel, preak de organs, as you proke mine head dis morning." This was too much for the choleric German; he took a chair, and gave the instrument such a whack, that it drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ, which had been placed at the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife.

There is a greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most nonsensical problem that ever was pored on. Even at the best, and when the passion seems to seek something more than its own amusement,—there is little—very little, I fear, to be said for its humanity. It may be a sport to the miser,—but consider—it must be death and destruction to others.—The moment this sordid humor begins to govern—farewell all honest and natural affection! farewell, all he owes to parents, to children, to friends! how fast the obligations vanish! see—he is now stripped of all feelings whatever: the shrill cry of justice—and the low lamentation of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass.—Eternal God! see! he passes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reflection:—he enters the cabin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself—extracts his bond, without a sigh! Heaven! if I am to be tempted, let it be by glory,—by ambition,—by some generous and manly vice: if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which should not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat, and come back to thee!

A great and a little mind.—The difference between a great mind's and a little mind's use of history is this. The latter would consider, for instance, what Luther did, taught, or sanctioned: the former, what Luther,—a Luther,—would now do, teach, and sanction.—If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of himself.

Secrets of Comfort.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

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