

17. Spend your evenings by your own fire-side, and shun a public-house, or a sottish club, as you would a bad debt.

18. Subscribe with your neighbours to a book-club, and improve your mind, that you may be qualified to use your future affluence with credit to yourself, and advantage to the public.

19. Take stock every year, estimate your profits, and do not spend above their fourth.

20. Avoid the common folly of expending your precious capital upon a costly architectural front; such things operate on the world like paint on a woman's cheeks—repelling beholders, instead of attracting them.

21. Every pound wasted by a young tradesman is two pounds lost at the end of three years, and sixteen pounds at the end of twenty-four years.

22. To avoid being robbed and ruined by apprentices and assistants, never allow them to go from home in the evening; and the restriction will prove equally useful to servant and master.

23. Remember that prudent purchasers avoid the shop of an extravagant and ostentatious trader; for they justly consider that, if they deal with him, they must contribute to his follies.

24. Let these be your rules till you have realized your stock, and till you can take discount for prompt payment on all purchases; and you may then indulge in any degree which your habits and sense of prudence suggest.

COMMON SENSE.

#### THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried muse shall no high tone assume,  
Nor strut in arms;—farewell my cap and plume:  
Brief be my verse—a task within my power—  
I tell my feelings in one happy hour;  
But what an hour was that! when from the main  
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!  
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,  
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;  
On that poor cottage roof where I was born  
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.  
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd;  
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;  
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;  
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,  
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,  
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.  
The door invitingly stood open wide,  
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,  
And take possession of my father's chair!  
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,  
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,  
Cut forty years before!—the same old clock  
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock  
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,  
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,  
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,  
And up t'ey flew, like banners in the wind;  
Then gen. y, singly, down, down, down, they went.  
And told a twenty years that I had spent  
Far from my native land;—that instant came  
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,  
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,  
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,  
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)  
'Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'  
Through the room rang'd the imprison'd humble bee,  
And bomb'd and boune'd, and struggled to be free,  
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,  
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor:

That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd  
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,  
Reminding me of those of hideous forms  
That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*,  
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never:  
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.  
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield—  
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,  
And tickling clock, were all at once become  
The substitutes for clarion, fife and drum.  
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still  
On beds of moss, that spread the window sill,  
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen  
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,  
And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,  
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.  
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling, rose,  
My heart felt every thing but calm repose;  
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,  
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;  
Then, like a fool, enraged, sat down again,  
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;  
I raved at war, and all its horrid cost,  
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.  
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,  
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.  
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,  
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd—  
In stepp'd my father, with convulsive start,  
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.  
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,  
And stooping to the child, the old man said,  
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,  
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'  
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light  
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.  
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?  
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

#### GENIUS IN PRISON.

It was in prison that Boethius composed his excellent work on the Consolations of Philosophy; it was in prison that Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*; it was in prison that Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*, which laughed Chivalry out of Europe; it was in prison that Charles I. composed that excellent work, the *Portraiture of a Christian King*; it was in prison that Grotius composed his commentary on *Saint Matthew*; it was in prison that Buchanan composed his excellent *Paraphrase on the Psalms of David*; it was in prison that Daniel de Foe wrote his *Robinson Crusoe*, (he offered it to a bookseller for ten pounds, which that liberal encourager of literature declined giving;) it was in prison that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his *History of the World*; it was in prison that Voltaire sketched the plan and composed most of the poem of *The Henriade*; it was in prison that Howell wrote most of his *Familiar Letters*; it was in prison that Elizabeth of England, and her victim Mary, Queen of Scots, wrote their best poems; it was in prison that Margaret of France (wife of Henry IV.) wrote an apology for the irregularities of her conduct; it was in prison that Sir John Pettas wrote the book on metals, called *Fleta Minor*; it was in prison that Tasso wrote some of his most affecting poems; it was in prison that Bunyan wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*. With the *fear* of a prison how many works have been written. [The list may be extended. Pellico's *Memoirs* are a recent example.]

Hath any wounded thee with injuries, meet them with patience; hasty words rankle the wound, soft language dresses, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar. It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury, than by argument to overcome it.