

FAMILY CIRCLE.

HE that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if a spark fly in his face.

IN saying that our days are few, we say too much. We have but one; the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future?

Two boys eating their dinner; one said: "I would rather have something other than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

HE that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

"WHEN a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it let them; but it is nothing to me."

MODESTY.—Beauty is never so lovely and attractive as when it is hidden beneath the veil of retiring modesty. The most beautiful flower of the garden that most attracts and charms the senses, never appears so lovely as when it is beheld sweetly peeping from the midst of its curtain of green leaves, which serves to partially protect it from the sun and elements, and renders its charms doubly interesting and beautiful.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.—Cheerfulness fills the soul with harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes glorification of God; it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about. Therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake. It is because in the perpetual outflow of their good-will they are ever ready to give themselves to others, that others are ever ready to give themselves to them. They are frank because they have nothing to conceal; affable because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflurried because they dread nothing; always at home because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere—*mens sana in corpore sano* (purity of soul with fulness of health). Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation it obliges us to enter upon. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

HOW TO WAIT.—Where is the human being, male or female, who understands patiently how to wait? That five or ten minutes which hangs so heavily on his hands, how does the creature torture himself with devising possible occupation for it? He may never, at any other period, have been particularly solicitous to fill the passing hours with good deeds; but now, how intensely alive is he to their irreparable loss! He may have sat for hours staring the fire out of countenance, or gazing out of a window, and never once called himself to an account for the vice of idleness; but how conscientious has he suddenly become when unpropitious circumstance forces him to wait! How he walks up and down, and fidgets and whistles, and fathoms with his fingers the depth of each pocket, and flattens his nose against the window-pane, and alternately opens and closes the doors, and wishes, and regrets, and fumes, and frets! And yet, perhaps, this very delay has been brought about by his good angel, who has stepped between him and a railroad collision, or a burning ship at sea, or some such hair-breadth escape. Let those therefore who compulsorily wait, solace themselves with these opportune reflections.