

suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, dost thou not think it horribly cruel? The king assented to this with marks of conviction. William proceeded—“Well, then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor in an heathen? No, I will not do it, but I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby ensure his blessing on my colony.”

Pennsylvania soon became a flourishing colony, and existed for seventy years, the period when the quakers held the government, without any force beyond that of the constable's staff, and during that seventy years it was never invaded by any hostile power.—*Life of William Penn.*

DONT BE A TALKER.

One half the mischief in the world is done by talking. And one half the difficulty we get into as we go along through life, is the result of our saying what we might just as well not said. There's much wisdom in the old maxim, “keep your mouth shut and your ears open.” There is, rely up on it.

I do not know any body in any situation or profession in life, to whom this advice is not applicable. It is sometimes said that the lawyers live by talking; that talking is their trade, and so on, but the fact is, that lawyers are as apt to talk too much as any body, and to suffer as much by it; to spin out a long argument, they necessarily fall into the habit of dealing more in fancy than in facts, saying things about parties and witnesses that do much harm and no good, and their reputation for candor will generally diminish in the same proportion as that for loquacity increases. To hear some men at the bar you would suppose that if they were held up by the feet, the words would run out of their mouth by mere force of gravity, for a week at a time, without troubling their brains at all.

A preacher may talk too much. One of the best sermons in the world was the sermon on the Mount. You may read it as reported in fifteen minutes. And though its style and powers are unapproachable, its brevity might well be often imitated.

Our legislators talk too much. About nine tenths of all the speech-making in Congress and the legislature, is the mere sounding brass and tinkling symbol of vanity and egotism. Your really sensible men, such as Benjamin Franklin and Roger Sherman—never got up unless they had something to say, and always sat down as soon as they had said it.

Our politicians talk too much. It is really refreshing, and as uncommon as it is refreshing to hear a sensible man talk sensibly on this topic for fifteen minutes. But if one listens to the street rant of the day, the whole science of politics seems to have become twisted into a Chinese puzzle, that nobody can find the beginning nor the end of.

When I find a neighbour caught in the meshes of a slander suit, I feel more sympathy than indignation. He has probably said, in a moment of excitement, what his cooler judgment would have restrained, what he does not deliberately approve himself, and probably is sorry for. But the thing is said, his pride is up, and he has in the end to open his pocket for having opened his mouth. If he will listen to my short lesson, he will not be caught in such a scrape again, *Don't talk too much.*

When I hear a man and his wife do not live happily together; read of an application for a divorce—am told of agreements for separations, or any thing of that kind, I am always suspicious that I know the cause, that I perfectly understand the true secret of the difficulty. Mister is occasionally potulant and buffy, and madame lectures instead of humours him. Each party stands upon martial bill of rights, until it ends in a legal bill of divorce. There is no interfering in such matters. But I wish I could whisper in the ear of every husband and every wife too, *Don't talk too much.*

Some young people have a notion that they can talk each other into matrimony. It is a mistake; in such a delicate matter as this, the tongue had better be contented with playing a subordinate part. The eye can tell a better story—the language of actions will make a better impression—the love that grows up in silent sunshine, which congenial hearts reflect upon each other, is the healthiest and most enduring. The manner will always sink deeper than the language of affection. But this is a matter which people are so bent upon managing in their way, that I doubt whether my advice will be worth the ink and the paper.

It may be a singular conceit, but I'll tell you what I like. I like to look at the quiet, contemplative thoughtful old man, who sits in his arm-chair, his chin resting between his thumb and finger, reading Seneca through a pair of spectacles. He likes old fashioned ways, old friends, old books. That old man makes no noise in the world, because he's a regular thinker. You give him your opinion about men and things and he hears it, tell him facts and he examines and satisfies himself about them. Ask his opinion, and if you get it, it will come as slow and as cautiously as if he believed it to be worth something. And so it is. He goes upon the principle that a man is not bound to speak—but if he does speak he is bound to say just exactly what is right; and until he is sure of saying that, he says nothing. What a world would this world be, if we were all quiet old men in spectacles, and thought a great deal more than we talked.—*Trenton True American.*

THE JOYS OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.—A life of sound religious principle has its joys. It is not that cold, dreary, inanimate tract of country which it is so often described to be. Let the picture be drawn with candour and impartiality, and, amidst a few fleeting clouds, there will be much sunshine to gild the scenery. The evening, more particularly, of a religious life must ever be painted in glowing colours. And if the life of a real Christian could be analysed, it would be found to contain more particles of satisfaction than the life of any other man. But make, I entreat you, the experiment for yourselves; and you will find that the “ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” And if they be so in this world, what joys will they not lead you to in the world to come! There every cloud will be dispelled, every mist dispersed; the veil will be drawn aside; we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but shall see God face to face. We shall rest from our labours; all tears will be wiped from all faces; and nothing will be heard but thanksgiving and the voice of melody. Then we shall look back upon the many trials, temptations, and vicissitudes of this life, as the Israelites, when arrived in the earthly Canaan, looked back upon the bondage of Egypt, the terrors of the wilderness, and the passage of the Red Sea. We shall commune together of those things which have happened. “Did not our hearts burn within us while our great Leader, the Captain of our salvation, talked with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?” Did not we then anticipate that which we now actually enjoy? Blessed for ever be God the Father who hath given us this glorious inheritance! For ever blessed be God the Son, who hath purchased it with his own blood! Blessed through all eternity be God the Holy Ghost, who hath sanctified us, and made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in light.—*Rev. R. P. Beachcroft.*

WAR AS IT IS.—How little do young men know of war and all its miseries! I do not wish to disgust young fellows with the military profession, as, with all its drawbacks, I prefer it to any other; but how apt a young man is to be led away when he sees an officer at home without his arm, to say to himself, “How I should wish to look like that officer!” He forgets the starvation endured before going into action, the cold and bitter nights spent in drenched clothes, in wet fields in bivouac; the momentary forgetfulness of all misery in action, until the shoulder-

bone, by a shot, is splintered into bits; then the little sympathy felt, every one being for himself; then the excruciating pain endured by the shaking of the bullock-waggon, or the want of care in carrying him away, the little bones coming through the skin, making him shriek with agony; then the time he is allowed to lie on the cold floor of a church, until the surgeon comes to dress him in turn; then the pain of amputation, and, when that is over, the necessity of shutting his ears to the screams of the dying, and his eyes to the corpses of those carried past him, who, a few minutes before, had suffered an operation similar to his own. This appears to him very shocking; but this is nothing compared to the disgust which he experiences in the dressings, washings, splinterings, bandagings, and cuttings out, which are the daily, nay hourly, detail of military surgery. Of the foul air caused by so many confined in the same spot, and suffering the same inconvenience, some idea may be formed; but no description can be given. Worst of all, too, the patient is obliged to witness the deaths of many around him, who, almost before the breath is out of their bodies, are robbed, and have their effects distributed among their attendants, most of whom volunteer this service, to have an opportunity of plundering the dead and dying. Often, when a patient is thirsty, these attendants are too hardened or too drunk to be able to give him drink, and very possibly offer him the nearest liquid to them, probably something which was intended for a wash. Or while the expiring man is saying his prayers, a wretch is holding up his head with one hand, while he is stealing the dollars of the dying man with the other. This was the daily scene for many days in the hospitals at Oporto, after the 29th, until they were to a certain degree emptied by death.—*Shaw's Memoirs in Spain and Portugal.*

HOUSE OF THE DEAD.—While walking out, one evening, a few fields' distance from Deir el Kamr, with Hanna Deomani, the son of my host, to see a detached garden belonging to his father, he pointed out to me, near it, a small, solid, stone building, apparently a house; very solemnly adding, “*Kabbar beity,*” “the sepulchre of our family.” It had neither door nor window. He then directed my attention to a considerable number of similar buildings, at a distance: which, to the eye, are exactly like houses; but which are, in fact, family mansions for the dead. They have a most melancholy appearance, which made him shudder while he explained their use. They seem, by their dead walls, which must be opened at each several interment of the members of a family, to say, “This is an unkindly house, to which visitors do not willingly throng: but, one by one, they will be forced to enter; and none who enter, ever come out again.” Perhaps this custom, which prevails particularly at Deir el Kamr, and in the lonely neighbouring parts of the mountain, may have been of great antiquity, and may serve to explain some Scripture phrases. The prophet Samuel was buried “in his house at Ramah” I Sam. xxv. 1: it could hardly have been in his dwelling-house. Joab was buried in his own house in the wilderness (I Kings, ii. 34.) This is “the house appointed for all living,” (Job, xxx. 23.) Possibly, likewise, the passages in Proverbs, ii. 18, 19, vii. 27, and ix. 18, may have drawn their imagery from this custom. “He knoweth not that the dead are there:—her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again.—*Rev. W. Jowett.*”

EYES.—Dr. Franklin observed, the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, or fine furniture.

TO A LADY.

Who hinted her wish for a new thimble and a copy of Verres.

I send a thimble
For fingers nimble,
Which I hope it will fit when you try it:
It will last you long,
If it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it.