

Selected Articles.

AT THE EVENING SACRIFICE.

It is time for the evening sacrifice, For the sun is dying the west; God is drawing his curtains across the earth...

THE LATE LORD MAYO.

At the Palace, on the parade, in the magnificent ceremonies of a Durbar, in the face of the armies encamped before Delhi, the fine presence and bearing of the Viceroy seemed a fitting impersonation of a generous and beneficent sway.

ADVICE TO WRITERS.

The New York Observer gives advice to writers for the newspapers. See how old editors lecture on the subject:— Omit the beginning of your essay.

Write the article two or three times over carefully, making it shorter each time. Write on one side only of the paper. Write legibly. Keep a copy of what you send to the press.

EARLY RISING.

Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people as evidence of its good effect on the general system.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take without artificial means is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again.

Another item of very great importance is: do not hurry up the young and weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studious or even for the well who have passed an unusually fatiguing day.

PUTTING OFF HAPPINESS.

How old are you? Twenty-five? Thirty? Are you happy to-day? Were you happy yesterday? Are you generally happy? If so, you have reason to judge that you will be happy by-and-by.

the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.

Therefore make up your mind to carry joy with duty, and every day let happiness grow. There is a heaven above your head to-day, as there will be forty years hence.

And do not put off happiness. Make sure that you have it now, so that you will be sure of having it by-and-by.

FIGHTY NURSES.

It is almost better for a sick person to be without a nurse at all than to have in the room a fussy fifty-one, who gives the poor invalid the feeling of living in the midst of the whirlwind.

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN FREEZING.

During the recent cold weather, Dr. McMillan, a young dentist, while travelling from North Middletown, Ohio, to the adjoining town of Paris, was overcome by the intense cold, and came near being frozen to death.

After having proceeded about three miles on my journey, my feet became very cold. By stamping my feet upon the floor of the buggy I imagined I was perfectly warm, as my feet troubled me no longer, and the cold sensations through my body ceased.

It was George Herbert who said a handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

THE LAWYER'S DEFENSE.

G. H. Winfield, Esq., of Goshen, New York, in a speech before the Warwick club thus came to the defense of his profession:

If I should be answered back, from this assemblage, in the midst of which I speak, not for myself but for the noble spirits of the present and the past, who have made, and who are making my profession illustrious, it would probably be said to me, "Admitting your zeal and devotion to your clients, yet that zeal is too often manifested in advocacy of bad causes, and you seem anxious to earn your fees in pleading for the guilty as the innocent."

Allow me a word of defense against these familiar and thread-bare accusations which acquire neither strength, or truth, by constant repetition. If lawyers' clients were always and entirely honest, frank and well meaning; if they were never found invoking the laws to aid them in consummating wrongs, lawyers would not be found in court with bad causes on their hands, as now the most honest and cautious of them sometimes are.

There are, and have been, in all ages and countries, the Gilbert Glossins, Mark Meddles and Uriah Heaps, of the legal profession—men fitted by nature and education to gather the offal of patronage—but they only live and flourish because there is a class of clients which needs the services of just such scavengers, and they will cease and perish by the way, only when the knaves and fools whose patronage nourishes them, shall cease and perish also.

We turn now to the other accusation, "the defense of guilty criminals."

Do those, who constantly and indignantly wonder "how a lawyer can defend a guilty criminal," ever stop to think that the law will have them defended?

Though a thousand eyes shall witness a murder, and half as many tongues shall be ready to describe the deed, and name the murderer, and assign the true motives for the act, yet the law will not hang the culprit till he is tried, and will not try him until some counsel of his own selection, or the court's assignment, shall come into the bar and enter upon his defence, and shall undertake, at the hazard of his professional reputation, that all the forms of law are adhered to, and complied with upon his trial, before he can be convicted and executed.

Upon such a trial it is complained that the prisoner's counsel sometimes insists upon technicalities. Do our wise counselors and critics know, or realize, the importance of such technicalities? They are in most instances, the very form and substance of arrangement and trial, which the law that ordains the trial provides and imposes, and we owe to the luckless criminal lawyer, who, standing between his client and the gallows, fails, through ignorance or inattention, to insist, before an intelligent court, and watched by a censorious auditory, upon a literal adherence to all the legal technicalities applicable to his case.

I doubt not that instances have fallen under the observation of all who hear me, where the prisoner's counsel has obstructed the apparent inclination of the public prosecutor, the court and jury, to convict and sentence the prisoner at the bar, by insisting that his trial shall be conducted in such manner as to satisfy all the forms and requirements of the criminal law, and where the habitual slanders of the profession have stigmatized such conduct as subversive of all the aims of justice, while the innocent object of their wicked and ignorant censure, almost crushed by a painful sense of his responsibility, was toiling with throbbing brain and aching heart in the pathway of duty, expecting no other reward than the consoling reflection that his client's life was not forfeited or lost by his ignorance or mistake.

No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher can be as pious as his sermons. —Jean Paul.

It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries," that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality. It helps nobody and hinders everybody. It is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some rare cases when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that "noble rage" seldom mends the matter. No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Till cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost.

DISAGREEABLE DUTIES.

Of course there are plenty of them! They come in throngs as we make our way through the path of life. The merry morning of childhood is overclouded by disagreeable duties. What child wants to remember the names of stupid words which other people call letters? What boy cares about the rule of three? What girl likes to prick her fingers learning to sew? And yet so inexorable are these duties that the children are compelled to attend to them, having for their only consolation the false hope that when they are grown up they will be able to please themselves. Alas! for childish hopes! Ties that were so much like whips—changed for scorpions when life is later. There is scarcely a day when something unpleasant has not been done. We can scarcely take a step without confronting some stern experience. And we need very steadfast eyes, and skillful fingers, and patient tempers, and courageous spirits for the performance of life's disagreeable duties.

What are they? Very often they are the ordinary occupations of our lives. It is wonderful how all work grows burdensome at times. It must be done. If we refuse to live by the sweat of our brows we have one alternative, and only one—it is that we shall not live at all. Very few choose that, and prefer to toil on. But no work that is obliged to be done every day is easy. The man who has the work for which he is the best fitted becomes tired of it after a close application of eight or ten hours. He who loves his work, and takes a delight in doing it well, feels at times that "absence makes his heart grow fonder." Even the highest kinds of work, those that are intellectual or spiritual, sometimes become onerous, difficult, and possibly disagreeable. And this is easily to be accounted for. The brain grows weary as well as the hands, and work that has to be done after the feeling of weariness has set in is necessarily trying to the temper and spirits.

But there are disagreeable duties that lie outside of our common every-day life. It is a constant source of irritation that we are called upon to perform them. Why should we be? Why should we be troubled with annoying subjects? Why should we be asked to undertake certain obnoxious tasks, and made to feel that we shall fail in our duty if we refuse? Why should we be called upon to take a leading part, when we would rather hide away in obscurity? Why should we have to tell a brother of his faults when our lips would rather frame themselves into praiseful words? Why should we be called upon to write letters which are tiresome to write and tiresome to receive? Why must there be so many hard, difficult, disagreeable duties to do? Why cannot we spend our time in fancy work?

Why, indeed! Reasons are not far to seek. We are rather little and weak and useless as it is, but what should we do if we had none but pleasant things to do? There would be no skill, no patience, no perseverance, no courage, no strength in us! The worst thing that could happen to any of us would be to have life too easy. We need disagreeable duties as much as we need bracing minds. They call forth our energies, they test our strength, they discipline our powers. Beside, some of the things that are unaccommodating are very important. Some of the best kinds of work are those which are the most difficult to do. It is generally worth while to do disagreeable things. It is always right and good to do them patiently and excellently if God has placed them near our hands.

How shall we meet disagreeable duties, then? Of course we can, if we like, systematically refuse to do them. By this means we shall get rid of a few, but not all. For the most part, if we decline to do our duty from choice, we are compelled to do it from necessity. The better way is to bow as gracefully as possible to the inevitable, and be as pleasant as you can over it. Some people put off doing disagreeable things to the latest minute. Some people do them at once, and leave the pleasurable ones to follow. The latter is the better way. But the best way of all is to change them into delights, because of the spirit that is in us. There would be no disagreeable duties if this were our daily song:—

"Teach me my God and King, In all things Thee to see; And what I do in anything, To do it as for Thee."

"All may of Thee partake; Nothing so small can be But draws, when acted for Thy sake, Greatness and worth to Thee."

Kindness is the music of good will to men; and on this lamp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tune on earth.

We fail to compare justly the life of the man who does much with the life of the man who does little—greatly to the disparagement of the former one. The man who does much, in whose life there is much living, must commit considerable errors; and must run a much greater chance of some errors being discovered and made known.—Arthur Helps.