

Hurry and Haste.

"Never do anything in a hurry," is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr. Warren. "No one in a hurry can possibly have his wits about him; and remember that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inattention—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him; he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life; he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced in haste. I one day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquillity, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. 'How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?' said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. 'Because it's so expensive,' he replied, with a significant smile, 'I shall never forget that observation, and don't you.'—Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.

The Power of a Voice.

A lady living near Boston, owned, some years ago, a horse of whom she was both fond and proud. He was not one of those styled "family horses," because they have neither spirit to prance nor strength to run away, and who, if left to themselves would never go at all. He was as fleet as a deer, and as sensitive as a bird. No one must pass him on the road, nor touch him with a whip, as if he could be outdone, or needed urging on to his duty. He was not a horse you would ask your grandmother to drive! And yet he had sound sense and good judgment; and sometimes he showed presence of mind and submission to circumstances which might have put to shame many with reasoning powers. He also manifested affection and gratitude for the kind treatment he received. Once when his mistress was driving, they came to the foot of a hill down which a teamster was rushing with tremendous speed, keeping the middle of the road as if the driver thought there was nobody in the world too good to be run down by his plumber's wagon! The lady drew her horse up to the last inch of ground on her side; but all in vain. On rushed the plumber, driving as recklessly as he nips bits from our pipes to replace them with whole feet of lead, colliding with and crushing the wheels of the phaeton, throwing the lady forward over her horse, and dashing a supercilious old man he had in his wagon down the hill head foremost! Brave Charlie cleared himself from the wreck, ran up the hill a few paces, and then turned back to see what had become of his mistress. She, not being seriously injured, rose up and called his name, when he turned round, walked deliberately back, and allowed himself to be led home. Do you think that gay horse would have obeyed so meekly a harsh voice, associated with the memory of the whip? Never! There came a time, not long after this, when the power of that same voice saved Charlie from a frightful death. At the dead of night the bells began to ring for fire; and it was soon found that the large livery stable at which he was kept was in flames, and the horses frantic with terror and trying to break away from all control. Charlie's owner was absent; but his mistress, who had such power over him, resolved to save him from the flames. Accompanied by a servant, she set off in the darkness for the scene of terror. We need not describe the fury of the flames as they shot up against the black sky, and lighted the region with a lurid glare, nor yet the wild confusion among the men who were shouting to the horses that were neighing and stamping in their efforts to escape. Among the foremost of these restler prancers was Charlie, who, having on neither bridle nor halter, defied all the efforts of hostlers to hold him, and seemed bent on rushing back into the flames. When his brave mistress reached the wild scene, she called out "Charlie, Charlie!" in her usual gentle tone; when he at once grew quiet and looked eagerly about in the crowd for his friend! He walked gently off in the direction of her voice; she came forward and laid her hand on his velvety nose, and with no other means led him off to a place of safety. A musical voice is doubtless, like personal beauty, a gift from heaven; but low and gentle tones can be cultivated and attuned to the spirit of love and peace within the heart. We are as responsible for the influence of our voices, as for that of our words, on others; and should therefore study not only to say what is right, but also to say it pleasantly. Those who have the care of children should train their voices, so as to banish all harsh and boisterous tones from the house, and they will then have

"music in the simplest words Of household love or toil." It is better to find out one of our own faults than ten of our neighbors. We think that the man who said that "most people are tired of hearing what religion is not," and that the Christian faith "meets the demand of the age for the positive," uttered truths which the Christian ministry may well consider and lay to heart.

Three Angels.

They say this life is barren, drear, and cold, Ever the same sad song was sung of old, Ever the same long weary tale is told, And to our lips is held the cup of strife; And yet—a little love can brighten life. They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed, Youth has but dreams and age an aching void, Which Dead Sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed, Whose night with wild, tempestuous storms is rife, And yet—a little more can brighten life. They say we die ourselves in wild despair And the broken treasures scattered there Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair, And step ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife; And yet—a little more can brighten life. Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief, Of mortal anguish finding no relief? Lo! mistle the winter shines the laurel leaf; Three angels share the lot of human strife, Three angels glorify the path of life. Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our way; Love, Hope, and Patience form our daily stay, Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day, And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal, Until the earthly fades in the eternal —Prayer's Magazine.

"Jonnio June"—Gossip About Ready Made Garments for Ladies.

There is nothing that is working a more certain change in the dress of women than the gradual growth of the ready-made clothing interest. Ten years ago a dress for a lady could not be purchased ready-made in the city of New York, and a few years prior to that time under-clothing could only be obtained by special order, and at heavy cost. Now every article of ladies' under-wear can be purchased at a small advance on the cost of material. Dresses can be found as readily and in as great variety as shoes and hosiery. The greater part of this clothing is produced en masse by manufacturers.

The whole interest is in the hands of business men, who put capital into the purchase of material and employ women to do the work.

There are from twenty-five to thirty such manufacturing houses in the city of New York; four or five of these employ from four to five hundred girls about nine months in the year.

Ready-made suits and dresses never make an early appearance, for the reason that the manufacturer waits for hints from imported styles before venturing on their production in large quantities. When ideas are obtained about styles which are likely to be popular, the work is pushed with incredible rapidity. Hundreds of dozens are turned out daily, and put upon the market at a very moderate cost; and are sold, if the style takes, faster than they can be furnished—with all the pressure that can be brought to bear upon the workers, supplemented by steam-power applied to thousands of sewing-machines.

The greatest success that has ever been achieved in any one class of goods has been accomplished during the present summer, by the sudden eruption of self-colored lawns and cambrics in place of the eoru lines, which are unbecoming to many ladies, and of which not a few others were exceedingly tired. The black, brown, navy blue and bottle green cambrics adapt themselves to all complexions, and with simple hair lines of eoru, cream, or white in linens or lace, present an extremely attractive appearance. Only the quantity which is produced and the counterparis, which are not at every street corner suggest the possibility of their outliving the season.

It is rather curious that as yet no such popularity has been acquired for fall and winter ready-made suits as that which has attended the productions of the lighter materials for the summer season. The reason undoubtedly is that, the cost of material being greater, and the retail cost nearly or quite double that of the most elaborate summer costumes, they do not strike the same class, nor the imagination of any class, as do the five ten and twelve dollar summer suits.

At present there are only three sizes of ready-made dresses to be had. Dresses for misses and girls of fifteen to seventeen cannot be bought at all; but very soon the number of sizes will be increased, and the grading be more thorough.—The Illustrated Weekly.

Osculations Historical.

There have been some kisses in history, and some that have been important in shaping political events. When Cardinal John of Lorraine was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss. The great churchman was indignant. "I'll not be treated in this manner," said he; "I kiss the Queen, my mistress, and shall I not kiss you who are only a Duchess?" and, despite the resistance of the proud little Portuguese Princess, he kissed her three times squarely in the mouth. Voltaire was once publicly kissed by the young and lovely Countess de Villars, who was compelled to this salute by the laqueurs in the pit, who were mad with enthusiasm over the great writer. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steele, a butcher, a kiss for a vote, and another lady, equally beautiful, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited a regiment in a similar manner. She was in the habit of placing a shilling between her teeth, the sum usually handed recruits to bind the bargain, and inviting any man who filled the physical requirements of a soldier to take the silver from its place and become one of the famous Ninety-second. Said Daniel O'Connell, in securing votes for his favorite candidates, "Let no woman salute the man who votes against them." Of course he carried the day. The portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart, once met a lady in Boston who said to him, "I have just seen your likeness, Mr. Stuart, and kissed it because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" said he. "No," replied the lady. "Then," returned the gallant painter, "it was not like me."

Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it.—Charles Dickens to his son.

Extremes Meet.

Eggs can be cooked by the extreme of cold as well as by the extreme of heat. Butter can be made like ivory, so that it can be turned. We may by the agency of this solidly many of the other liquid substances, and, indeed, many of the gaseous, but a more intense degree of cold is used, and we employ laughing gas. This laughing gas, which is heavy, is the carbonic acid we have shown; when squeezed forcibly by the pump it becomes as beautiful and pellucid a liquid as carbonic acid, and if allowed to re-expand produces a most intense degree of cold. We can, however, show the liquid. Let me ask you, however, to observe, prior to making that experiment, a very curiously interesting one in regard to the spheroidal state of matter. We have here a glass lamp, and we place over this lamp a platin dish. In the platin dish we place some of this mixture of solid carbonic acid, and in the middle of it introduce the mercury, and we shall find that the mercury would freeze, showing that we have a cold at least forty degrees below zero. We used to make an experiment such as melting lead intensely hot, and then putting the hand in and lading it from one vessel to another; for, in lieu of this, you take a quantity of melted iron, you can plunge your hand into it with impunity, and workmen have even been able to walk on a bed of melted iron. Take a poker and put it in a hot coal fire, get it very hot, and you may lift it or wipe it on the tongue with impunity. We may have it so hot that the vapor actually protects us.

Here we shall have a more extraordinary illustration of it, for we cannot only make ice, but can freeze mercury. We will fill this little thimble with mercury, and as soon as it is intensely hot we will introduce the mixture, and will show this curious illustration and attempt to freeze the mercury. Those who make the experiment of the heated lead please remember to have the lead intensely hot and you will find that it gives out cold.—Dr. Doremus.

Clearness.

The capital defect of the writers and speakers of the present day is a want of clearness, method, and power in dealing with matters which daily come to hand. Education has come to be a mere thing of bulk or quantity. It consists of accumulation. Men are losing their mental as well as physical digestive functions. Confusion, intellectual lassitude, and a want of method and of power to grasp the core of a subject are the consequences.

It is true that men always see the beauty and value of clearness of conception and strive after them. But too many labor at expression alone or chiefly. They whine about their want of utterance. They labor at partition, as they suppose; and the result is a minimum quantity and a maximum of weakness and deformity in quality. Such people have no clear ideas. Instead of putting their minds in order and laboring for clear ideas first, they strive for clearness of expression. It is pitiable to see one of these people struggling and writing to say what he has not got to say. Yet their lips go and they make a sound—"ephemeral sound of a sound." If any one who has clear ideas himself has any doubt as to the truthfulness of this criticism, let him listen to the halting, inconclusive, rambling sermons which he can hear from many of our popular extemporaneous pulpit orators. Let him hear and carefully analyze the confused, misty, frothy discourses which too often fall from some pulpits, and which the young women cannot too much bepraise, because "the language was so beautiful," and his doubts will soon vanish.

Now, what is the remedy? Simply let us give up the hallucination that we have anything worthy of the name of ideas, except those which are sufficiently clear to be expressed in clear language. Style is the mere skin of thought, and will be radiant and precise as thought is bright and well defined. All matured ideas which one has, he can express. Clearness of thought and distinctness of enunciation will secure any of our preachers large and attentive audiences. The reason that people go to sleep in the morning service and stay at home in the evening, is because the preacher has either a muddy mind, or a thick tongue.—Transylvania Presbyterian.

A Scene in Cairo.

As we sit in our hotel windows, awaiting the moment of departure, we enjoy a last tableau of Cairo. A long train of camels file by, each one attached to the tail of the one preceding. They march on erect beneath the large building stones with which they are laden. They look innocent, even sad; yet they are said to bristle with rage if provoked beyond measure. They have hardly passed when there follows a wedding procession. At the head pipes a piper upon a reed, which squeaks mightily; then two drummers supply with great volume supply what the reed lacks in sweetness. Now follow long lines of Arabs arm in arm across the highway; then the bridegroom bestraddling a donkey. Through his hands, and prophesying happiness. Now follow women; thickly veiled walks the bride between two bridesmaids who support her, and seem to address her with much gentleration, as if to tease her; but perhaps they are giving her lessons in marital matters. Four gaily-decked boys bear a canopy over her head, and she moves with the air of a singe-queen. Behind these, with much talking and shouting, come the rabbi; and the vile little donkey boy, congregating in numbers before the hotel, when not besieging some excursionist, take part in the merry procession by pushing the bright little donkeys among them. The beasts take the brunt of the boating with gentleness, but appear not to relish the fun.—S. C. Welles, in Scribner for December.

In the intercourse of social life it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindness, if sought for, are forever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

How Newspapers can be Spoilt.

"Good-natured editing," says some wise man, "spoils half the papers in the United States." Yes, verily. "Will you please publish the poetry I send?" says one, "it is my first effort; and some crude lines go in to encourage budding genius." "Our church is in great peril," says another; "will you publish our appeal?" and a long and dolorous plea is inserted. "My father took your paper for 20 years," writes another; "I think you ought to publish the resolutions passed by the session of Big Brake church when he died," and in go resolutions of no interest to a majority of the readers. "I am particularly anxious that the views I present should go before the church this week," and out go a covey of small, pithy contributions to make room for three columns from a ponderous D.D. "There is an immediate necessity for the exposure of one who is a bitter enemy to the truth," writes another as he sends an attack upon an antagonist which will fill an entire page. "I am about to publish a book identifying the Great Image of brass, iron, and clay, and I would be obliged to you to publish the advance sheets of the fifth chapter, which I herewith enclose to you." "Why do you not publish in full?"—a speech in the General Assembly? "It would increase your circulation largely." "If you will publish the sermon I transmit to you I will take eight extra copies!" "The church must be aroused on the subject of foreign missions," says a pastor as he forwards the half of his last Sabbath's sermon. And the ladies—bless their sweet smiles and sweet voices—the good natured editor surrenders to them at once, and they go away happy, utterly unconscious that they have helped to spoil the paper.—Presbyterian.

THERE is the great affair—moral and religious improvement. What is the true business of life? To grow wiser, more pious, more benevolent, more ardent, more elevated in every noble purpose and action—to resemble the Divinity! It is acknowledged; who denies or doubts it? What then? Why, care nothing at all about it. Sacrifice to trifles the energies of the heart, and the short and fleeting time allotted for Divine attainments—such is the actual course of the world. What a thing is mankind!

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