

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Worth begets in base minds envy, in great minds emulation.

He is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

A word spoken in season at the right moment is the master of ages.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts; to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

Whatever may be our natural talents, the art of writing is not acquired all at once.

What is this world? Thy school, O misery! Our only lesson is to learn to suffer.

Ability doth hit the mark when presumption overshooteth and diffidence falleth short.

God meant you to be glad and joyous; religion is not a hindrance but a help to that.

Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long life endures.

Once kick the world, and the world and you live together at a reasonable good understanding.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

A wealthy man who obtains his wealth honestly and uses it rightly is a great blessing to the community.

The family and friends of the drunkard should be protected from the shame and dangers of his drunkenness.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill use of his abilities the more dangerous will he be to the commonwealth.

Wrong is wrong; no fallacy can hide it, no subterfuge cover it so shrewdly but that the All-Seeing One will discover and punish it.

Let us begin our heaven on earth; and, being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it.

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does. The value of superior knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to a performing manhood.

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day if it but a single sentence; if you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year.

Fine writing, according to Mr. Addison, consists of sentiments which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a juster and more concise definition of fine writing.

I have no respect for that self-boasting charity which neglects all objects of commiseration near and around it, but goes to the end of the earth in search of misery for the purpose of talking about it.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

In all things preserve thine own own integrity; and the consciousness of thine own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, soften the hardness of ill-success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man or the iniquity of the times may rob thee of other reward.

Beauty of form affects the mind, but then it must be understood that it is not the mere shell we admire; we are attracted by the idea that this shell is only a beautiful case adjusted to the shape and value of a still more beautiful pearl within. The perfection of outward loveliness is the soul shining through its crystalline covering.

A Cold Night in the North-West.

"Very cold last night, Mr. Townsend," observed the reporter. "Cold! I should say so. Went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; blew frozen; had to break it off," replied Mr. Townsend.

the storm. I have tracked her so far, but I am lame.

Blyth knew she had hurt her foot. "I will come—let me only tell Joy."

"Yes, yes! Tell her to come too; say that her mother may be lost or drowned. Follow me."

And without further pause Rachel limped away in the storm. Blyth dashed into the Red House. He came into the parlor by a little passage door leading from the kitchen, and caught Joy just as she was going to begin a new dance with Steenie Hawkehaw.

"Joy, stop! stop! I want to speak with you."

"It was your dance, I know, but as you forgot it, and kept me waiting so long, I am going to dance it with Mr. Hawkehaw," pouted Joy, giving him an unspeakable flash of her luminous eyes, then scornfully turning away in the pride of her fresh young beauty.

Steenie gave one glance of smiling disdain at his rival, which at any other time would have maddened Blyth's veins, and he put his arm round Joy's trim waist. But Blyth caught her arm hard, grasping her soft flesh almost fiercely indeed, as he raised his voice above the twanging of the fiddles close by.

"I don't care about the dance, but I must speak to you. I have a message—your mother's."

Low as were the last two words in her ear, Joy heard, and disengaging herself from Steenie with a quick gesture, bidding him wait, stood beside Blyth alone in the passage in a moment.

"What is it? It must be bad for you to speak of her at such a time," she said; quite pale.

"It is. She had one of—of her fits" (he could not frame it better), "and she has escaped."

Then he hastily explained matters.

"Oh, quick!—come quickly, Blyth. We must go and search for her. Will you come with me? You will; won't you? But no matter!—you can stay with your guests, and amuse yourself; I can go alone."

Thus cried Joy in the heat of some foolish feeling against Blyth she could not have described. And yet what had he done amiss, poor fellow, but not come to claim her last dance? and that now he stood still, as if thinking one moment—no more.

"Where do you want to go? And, if you want any one, I am here, Miss Hawthorn," said Steenie Hawkehaw at her elbow that instant.

"Yes, yes; come. Oh, it is a poor soul out in this storm; lost perhaps—and wandering on the moor."

"Never mind. You are not wanted, Hawkehaw. I am going; and that will be enough, without any more help," roughly interposed Blyth.

But Joy, with a little cry from her inner spirit that just reached their ears, was out and away into the storm as she was, in her thin dress of gay-flowered cotton. Hawkehaw, partly to oppose Blyth, partly from being really enamored that night, rushed after her without his hat. Blyth saw them both go, but himself strode back into the house.

As it was midsummer, though night had almost come during the dancing, yet it was not dark over the earth, even though the storm had brought with it a lowering of the already gray, overcast sky. On such June nights there is always a glimmer of light—ever at the darkest, before dawn; so that as Joy, downward down the lane—thinking of nothing, knowing nothing beyond that Rachel and her mother wanted her—she could still see her way, and some distance ahead.

The storm was terrible. It roared around her as if the element was all alive with anger and malice from its skirts, that still roared the hills behind, to where its forefront blew, in wild spiral curves ahead, rattling ruin and fear on its path, unroofing houses, breaking down chimneys, and even walls, tearing up trees. The bushes sent like whip-cord before the blast; the trees on either side the banks of the lane creaked, groaned, and swayed as in mortal pain.

Joy felt herself torn along as a thing of

was far down the lane, and had already begun to think she was alone, to be sadly frightened, not for herself, but for her mother—her mother! Oh that poor, distracted soul! What if they never found her! Men might help—but where were they? She was alone! What was that ahead?—a spot of blackness upon a path crossing the flat of gray, open meadows. It was struggling forward with difficulty; Rachel Estonia without doubt.

Joy saw her aunt Rachel was in danger of being blown down, and shouted her loud call to give promise of help. Oh, where were Blyth and Steenie? How had they the heart to desert her so?

"Hullo, wait a bit—I am here!" called Hawkehaw, now coming up behind her. "I missed you coming out of the gate, and took the wrong turning. You run so fast!—but, I say, what does it matter to you who is lost to-night? Do come home; this is sheer madness."

"No, no, no!" she only replied, running on.

"Here am I, too, Joy," said Blyth's voice, at her other side. "I have brought you a cloak. I waited to bring it, and some other things—which might be necessary. And, Hawkehaw, here is a hat."

Both would have thanked him, doubtless, but that at this instant there was a strange sound just a yard before them. A great elm was swaying and straining before the blast, which had caught its head, as if wishing to lift it to heaven by the forelock. It creaked, it groaned. Both men instinctively sprang back, pulling Joy with them, whose knees quaked. Little wonder! for the next instant, with a loud crash, down came the great tree that had known the storms of a hundred years blow over it unmoved, and fell prone across the lane, low in its mightiness, its torn, twisted roots upturned towards the sky. Another few steps nearer and its spreading branches might have caught, and, if so, must have killed them.

One second or so all three paused, and while Joy trembled, thanking Heaven in heart for their preservation, even the two men felt that death had been very near them.

"Come on—come on," said Blyth; then wrapping a cloak round Joy as he drew her forward, "You are safer out of this; and there is Miss Rachel ahead."

"Yes, yes; let us hurry," she acceded; and they clambered over the fallen tree, even while Hawkehaw cried,

"What! one of the richest sisters? Surely you are not mad enough to trouble yourself about what happens to them, and on such a night?"

"Be quiet!" uttered Joy, in a choked voice. "You do not know how good—how dear—they have been to me."

And Blyth replied in his deep voice from the other side,

"If it were only a sheep or a heifer in danger you would save it, as would any man. How much more a woman—and a helpless soul besides."

Now they were beside Rachel Estonia, whose breath had almost gone. She felt as if she would have died there in the field, but that Blyth held her up till they came to the shelter of a hedge, when luckily the storm lulled somewhat.

"Magdalen is in front—I saw her. She had stopped for shelter, but when she saw me she ran on and on by this path."

"To the black country!" cried Joy, aghast; for so, with inborn love of beauty in nature, she had ramed the wild and boggy part of the moors, which she hated.

"To the old bridge over the Blackbrook!" exclaimed both men at the same moment; and Hawkehaw added, "She'll never cross it alive. But is she wrong in her head? What is the matter?"

Blyth saw Joy's young face wrung with pain, as she bent it before the wind and put up her cloak as if to hide it; and the horror in Rachel's eyes, though she held up her brave dark face and never flinched as they hurried on. He whispered a few words of explanation in Steenie's ear, who, though still hardly understanding why they should be running madly through the storm and night after one of the witches from Cold home Cottage, yet became silent, looking often sideways at Rachel, whom he had never seen near before, with a growing feeling that this strange woman was unlike any one he had ever hitherto met; and of a different class, too, surely—though what he knew not.

It was two miles to the old bridge, yet

very soon, almost without a word spoken, they found themselves nearing it. Rachel's foot, which had been lamed by a thorn lately, was swoolen to agony now. None knew how intensely she was suffering, though they heard her labored breath coming in great sobs. Blyth, supporting her on his strong arm, almost carried her on; but though once or twice he entreated her to stop and rest, while he should hurry forward and certainly find her sister, she only shook her head and redoubled her efforts.

"No; Magdalen would be frightened at any one but me."

Meanwhile Steenie was taking charge of Joy as if she were his own property. He drew her cloak constantly about her when the wind blew it back; whispered to her; kept close by her. Blyth saw it all—but it was no time to take heed of that.

Once or twice Joy fancied she saw—Rachel certainly saw, with her marvelous keen eyesight—a something flitting mysteriously ahead, like a spirit of the storm. As the path wound round the hills this form disappeared behind corners, or was hidden by rocks and bushes ahead. Both felt as if living in a nightmare—an evil dream. It seemed such a terrible eldritch thing to be out in such a storm, pursuing a barefooted, lightly-clad creature over the hill; a mother—a sister—who with frenzied brain was flying from those who loved her best.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home-Made Candy.

Manufacturers of candy, as well as of other articles of necessity or luxury, experienced the lack of money among buyers during the holidays, and in many houses Santa Claus did not even bring candy to the little ones. As many mothers, however, would give their children an occasional treat, here are some receipts for making candies at home which are easy of execution.

For peanut candy half as much sugar as glucose must be used, and as much or more weight in peanuts as the sugar. In fact, the peanuts must be stirred into the syrup just as thick as possible. Let the syrup come to a boil, throw in the nuts, and stir constantly until the syrup "hairs" when it drops from the spoon. Then pour it on a slab. That which is to be cut up in bars is marked while soft. Almond and filbert bars are made in the same way. Coconut candy is softer. The best coconut candy is that made with some maple syrup in it.

A good proportion for making caramels is one gallon of cream, five pounds of glucose, two pounds of sugar, using such flavoring as desired. Three-quarters of an hour is long enough time to cook caramels. When done the syrup should be poured on a slab and marked.

Molasses taffy is made by using three pounds of glucose to five of sugar and one quart of molasses. There is no candy more difficult for a novice to make than molasses taffy. It must neither be cooked too fast nor too slow, too much nor too little.

Equal portions of molasses and sugar should be used. To two teaspoonfuls of each, for instance, put in about a teaspoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. When it is ready to remove from the fire add about a half teaspoonful of baking soda, and immediately pour into a buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, knead it, just like bread, sprinkling lemon extract over it, and then pull it—well, till you grow tired—on any convenient hook.

Butter-scotch is good only when fresh. It is made in the proportion of three pounds of glucose to five of sugar, one pint of molasses and three-quarters of a pound of butter.

Good Habits.

There are many little matters which enter into good manners, which must be so learned as to be habitual, if we practice them at all. For example, manners at the table involve certain forms of eating, the disposal of hands, the observance of acts of politeness, all of which should be constantly practiced, in order to become natural. So in general society, the art of being agreeable involves great delicacy and tact. Too much or too boisterous conversation; a frigid or uninterested manner; lack of agreement in the discussion of topics, the assertion of personal peculiarities, and much else, are entirely out of order.