

SELECTIONS.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—It is stated in the papers that only two towns granted licenses in the County of Wayne. A justice was elected in Palmyra as a Temperance man, and as he was a prominent member of the Baptist Church, it was taken for granted he would sign no licenses. He, however, proved a traitor, and united his fortunes with the rummies; whereupon, the church of which he was a member threw him overboard with as little ceremony as possible. The Baptist Church at Palmyra must have some *religion*, or at least a decent amount of *self-respect*.—*Utica Teetotaler*.

ALWAYS REFLECT.—Never do anything rashly. So reader, just sit down, rest your elbows on the table, make of your arms two pillows, rest your chin upon the palms of your hands, look straight ahead and think—take a cursory survey of your past and present life. What a queer thing it is; almost everything has turned out different from what you expected. How you have changed in purpose, in condition, in character and in everything since the small amount of clay you inhabit became animated. After you have reflected fully on the varied events of your life, and reviewed your past existence in all its bearings, go to work and make the best of the circumstances around you, be they what they may. This is the best advice we can give you.

A BEAUTIFUL CONCEIT.—Some author, we remember not who, informs us how we became indebted for the red rose. They were all of spotless white when in Eden they first spread out their leaves to the morning sunlight of creation. Eve, as she gazed upon the tintless gem, could not suppress her admiration

of its beauty, but stooped down and imprinted a warm kiss on its snowy bosom. The rose stole the scarlet tinge from her velvet lip, and yet wears it.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

“MOTHER,” said a sly urchin the other day, “what does dad do with all the rye he raises?”

“Oh, my child, I am sorry to say that he sends it to Deacon Jones’ distillery to make whisky of.”

“Well, now I thought just so, when he came home last night.”

“Why, how did he look last night, my child?”

“Oh, I can’t describe him, mother, he had such a horrible *wry* face!”

A CHEERFUL HEART.—There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining, from day to day, that they have so little, and are continually anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good. They do not follow the example of the industrious bee, which does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on, selecting its honey where it can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not.—*Penny Gazette*.