

Things to Think About.

How often children speak unkind words, and hurt each other's feelings, and then say, "O, I did not mean any harm; I only said it in fun!" If you have had thoughts in your hearts, do not speak them; try to forget them. Many bitter tears have been shed, and many hearts have been made to ache, because hard words have been spoken in folly and fun. Let the "law of kindness" govern both your hearts and tongues.

There is generally more of true piety exhibited in the faithful observance of the minor duties of religion, than those that excite the notice and applause of men.

He is really lost who has lost the sense of shame.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

Business is as much the proper relief to relaxation and pleasure, as pleasure and relaxation are to business.

Shun the company of those who think blasphemy is wit, and cannot be amused without impiety.

No human creature gives its admiration for nothing—either its eye must be charmed or its understanding gratified.

Good nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age.

Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but with uneducated women, when youth is gone, all is gone.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business?" says Solomon; "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this apothegm, in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the sentence himself, adds "this is true: I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honor of dining with one." All in consequence of his having been diligent in business from his earliest years. What a lesson is this for our youth and for us all!

The true artist has the planet for his pedestal; the adventurer, after years of strife has nothing broader than his own shoes.

I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty.

Talk much with any man of vigorous mind, and we acquire a very fast habit of looking at things in the same light, and on each occurrence we anticipate his thought.

Bustle is not industry; any more than imprudence is courage.

Things to Smile at.

Smith: "I say, Brown, why do you wear that shocking bad hat?" Brown: "Because my wife declares she won't go out with me till I get a new one!"

"Can you tell me who formed that ancient encampment, the remains of which are visible on the neighboring hills?" asked a tourist of a village innkeeper in a remote part of Perthshire, not long since. "I believe, Sir," replied mine host, "it was the Romans in the time o' Charlie."

A negro, undergoing examination at Northampton, when asked if his master was a christian, replied, "No, sir, he's a member of Congress."

"Tom," said a young gent. lately to his chum, who was airing his coat tails at a blazing grate, "has that new coat of yours been wet?" "Of course it has," was the reply, "why do you ask that question?" "No particular reason," said the first, "only I thought it was wet or burning it smokes so." The owner of the coat tails leaped into the middle of the floor, and seizing the extremity of his fine garment, found six inches of it burned to a crisp. "Why didn't you tell me it was burning, you fool?" he shouted. "I did," quietly answered his cool friend.

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall round his lot of rather uncommon dimensions, viz., four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey; don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be higher than it is now?"

A MALICIOUS ACT.—An "injured individual," who had been "spinning it out," and was "reeling it home," chanced to sway aside in passion along one of our thoroughfares, and rolled into a public house. He there complained that some scoundrel had maliciously greased all the footpaths, and caused him to fall three or four times! He wined, he said, he could discover the perpetrator; he would have him soundly punished!

A COLD FIRE.—One very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had partaken rather freely of flip at the tavern, started for home in his sleigh, and on his way was upset, and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing the same way, a short time after, discovered the old fellow in a sitting posture, holding his feet up towards the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible person, "John, pile on the wood; it's a thundering cold night!"

We saw a drunken man lately trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.