

Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 4

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1876.

NO. 3.

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SANTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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CHARGES REASONABLE
IT PAYS! IT PAYS!
WHAT PAYS!

IT PAYS every MANUFACTURER, MECHANIC, INVENTOR, FARMER, or PROFESSIONAL MAN to keep informed on all the improvements and discoveries of the age.

IT PAYS the head of every family to introduce into his household a newspaper that is instructive, one that fosters a taste for investigation, and promotes thought and encourages discussion among the members.

The Scientific American
which has been published weekly for the last thirty years does this, and in fact, it is the only weekly paper published in the United States, devoted to MANUFACTURES, MECHANICS, INVENTIONS and NEW DISCOVERIES in the Arts and Sciences.

Every number is profusely illustrated and its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, Mechanical and Scientific Progress of the World; Descriptions, with beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, and Improved Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Recipes, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various Arts, forming a complete repository of New Inventions and Discoveries; containing a weekly record not only of the progress of the world, but also of all New Discoveries and Inventions in every branch of Engineering, Mechanics and Science abroad.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN has been the foremost of all industrial publications for the past thirty years. It is the Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and the Best Weekly Illustration devoted to Engineering, Mechanics, Chemistry, New Inventions, Science and Industrial Progress, published in the World.

The practical receipts are well worth ten times the subscription price. And for the shop and house will save many times the cost of substitution.

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TO FARMERS.
LABOR MADE EASY.
THE VAN-ALLEN
Common Sense Dash
CHURN

It is the cheapest, simplest, most durable, easiest to work, fastest in using, and will give more Butter of the same quantity of cream than any other Churn that has ever been offered for sale in Nova Scotia.

It has been for many years in use in the Western and Northern States and Canada, and takes the first place wherever it has been shown. It has been tried here by a reliable party who states that it is all that it claims to be, and that without any extra exertion or haste they churned and gathered in nine (9) minutes.

An Agent will shortly canvass the County, and orders so received will receive prompt attention.

SAMUEL FITZ RANDOLPH,
Proprietor for the Patent Right for the County of Annapolis.

P. S.—The Churn can be seen and examined at the residence of the subscriber, or taken home by the parties and used.

BELEK FARM,
Near Bridgetown, March 1st, '76. 1847 if

SPECIAL BARGAINS!
Thirty Days Only,
FROM DATE, at
LONDON HOUSE!

We offer our
ENTIRE STOCK AT COST,
To make room for our
HEAVY IMPORTATIONS

From England and the States which will arrive about the 15th of April.
Our friends may rely on this being a
BONA FIDE SALE,
Proor—By ascertaining Prices.

R. H. BATH & CO.
Bridgetown, March 18th, 1876.

We again give notice for the last time that all bills of accounts and notes of hand not paid at once will be left for collection.
R. H. B. & Co.

SADDLERY BUSINESS
in all its branches, keeping on hand a large stock of Ready-Made—
Harnesses,
comprising Silver, Brass and Japanese Mountings. A large amount of **HARNESS MOUNTINGS** at the Lowest Prices.

All kinds of LEATHER kept in variety.
The highest prices paid for Hides in exchange for leather.

GEORGE MURDOCH,
Bridgetown, Dec. 8th, 1875. if 258

ATTENTION.
AS MRS. FRASER & SISTER
are determined to give up their
MILLINERY BUSINESS

between this and the 1st of April next, a good opportunity is now offered any wishing to purchase a good established business of twelve (12) years standing. In the mean time goods will be sold at a
Great Reduction for Cash.

All indebted to the above will please settle their accounts and save further trouble.
Bridgetown, Dec. 14, 1875. if 259

IMPORTANT Announcement!
THE subscriber would take this opportunity of informing all persons indebted to him that their accounts must be settled on or before the first day of April next. All accounts not paid or satisfactorily arranged by the above date will be left for immediate collection. The above request must be complied with without distinction to persons.

In thanking my numerous friends for past favors I would say I have on hand a large stock of goods which will be sold very low for CASH. Credit will be confined to future transactions.
J. W. TOMLINSON,
Lawrenceville, Feb. 26th, '77.

Flour, Tea and Tobacco.
200 BBL'S. Strong BAKERS' FLOUR,
250 BBL'S. CORNMEAL,
70 cases Saller's Solace TOBACCO,
New Landing,
GEO. B. D'FOREST,
11 South Wharf,
St. John, N. B., Sept. 22, '75

JOHN H. McLEOD,
(Formerly of the American House, Annapolis.)
Having leased the
"INTERCOLONIAL"
from the Misses Miller, intends keeping a
FIRST-CLASS HOUSE for the accommodation of those who may favor him with a call.
Bridgetown, Nov. 20th, 1875. if

VINCENT & McFATE,
PARADISE ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.,
HAVING received about \$5,000.00 worth of the Finest Quality of Oil-Tanned Leather from Wm. Peters, one of the Leading Tanners in the Province of New Brunswick, we will be prepared for the manufacture of all kinds of
LARRIGANS and SHOE PACS,
And believing this Stock to be far superior to any imported from the United States, will guarantee all our Customers a Superior Article at a CHEAPER RATE than any manufacturer in the Dominion of Canada. Also having received one of the Latest Improved TURN SHOE MACHINES, at a cost of \$1,000.00, we will be able to compete with any of the Americans or Canadians in the Manufacture of Ladies', Gentles', Misses' and Childrens' SLIPPERS of all kinds.

C. L. RICHARDS,
SHIP BROKER,
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT
NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Funds advanced on Vessels and Bills Ladings at liberal rates.
sept 23 y

GORDON HOUSE,
King Street.
New Management! New Furniture!!
Hair-Parlour, Lunch at 1, Dinner at 1 1/2, and Supper at 2 1/2.
St. John, N. B., June 1st.

ROYAL HOTEL.
(Formerly STUBBS)
146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.
sept 7 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,
Silver and Brass Plater,
ELECTOR PLATER
in gold and silver.
ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMING
No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
sept 25 y

ERB & BOWMAN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
3 & 4 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
HAVE always on hand and for sale at market rates a great variety of Choice Brands of
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Etc.
CONSIGNMENTS OF PRODUCE
Respectfully solicited and carefully handled,
ERB & BOWMAN.

GLASS! GLASS!
1000 BRASS GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.
White Lead, Oils, Brushes,
Paper Hangings of a kinds,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL,
The trade supplied on reasonable terms at
22 German St., St. John, N. B.
BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK,
sept 10 y

THOMAS DEARNESS,
Manufacturer of
Monuments, Grave-Stones
TABLE TOPS, &c.
South Side King Square, St. John, N. B.
P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders.
oct y

NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES!
AT LAWRENCE TOWN.
THE subscriber has opened as above, and will keep constantly on hand a full line of Superior Furniture of every description, consisting in part of
Elegant Walnut (in Hair Club, Berp, &c.) Parlor Sets, Marble Top, and Plain Walnut Centre Tables, Parlor Chairs, Easy Chairs, Rockers, Sofas, Couches, Lounges, Bedrooms Sets in variety, Tables of all kinds, Bar-stands, Sinks,
Cane Seat, and Wood Bottom Chairs, Children's Chairs, Common Bedsteads, Picture Frames, Hat Racks, &c., &c., &c.

BOOTS and SHOES.
Just opened a large and varied Assortment of Mens' Youths', and Boys', and Womens', Misses', Girls', and Infants' Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, in every style and quality.
—ALSO—
Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Meal, Tinware, &c., &c. For sale at low figures to suit the times.
Money can be saved by purchasing at this Establishment.—Call and be convinced.
FRED. LEAVITT,
Lawrenceville, April 25, '76

Just Received.
NEW
Dress Goods,
SATIN SKIRTS,
Winter Gloves, and Mitts,
CARDIGAN JACKETS,
Gents' Wool Undercloth'g
SCOTCH FINOERINGS,
SHAWLS.

W. G. LAWTON,
Cor. King and Canterbury Streets,
St. John, N. B.
January, 1876

The SPRAGUE CHURN!
Important to Farmers and Dairy-men of this Province!
J. L. SPRAGUE,
INVENTOR OF THIS CHURN.

SEENING the failings of other Churns has lately constructed a CHURN which is the NEAREST PERFECTION ever yet constructed, and that is taking the lead wherever it has been introduced.

This Churn contains the best points and taste of long study on the proper method of churning every particle of butter that it has churned eight pounds of butter in six quarts cream in forty minutes. It has churned milk from a farrow cow, on a test, in one minute.

It will make better butter, and better than I will stand more working than that made in a common churn, the grain being coarser. It will make the hardest kind of butter in the hottest days in August.

It works the butter milk out in one minute, and cleanses itself in one minute.

By the motion of the paddles, the side of the churn is at the ends, passes through the cream, and is carried off through a tube in the top of the cover. This process cleanses the cream of all impurities, and brings the oxygen of the air in contact with the oil in the cream which hardens and turns to butter.

It is driven with cogwheels that set these paddles in rapid motion, and makes the labor so light that a child twelve years old can churn with ease.

These Churns are manufactured at Berwick, N. S., and will be kept constantly on hand for the 30th October, 1875.
Orders strictly attended to.

AGENTS WANTED
To canvass the Counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, Colchester and Pictou.
PROPRIETOR,
D. H. SHAW,
BERWICK, N. S.
November 17th, 1875. if 233

THE ANCHOR LINE
Regular and Direct Steam Communication between Glasgow, London, Liverpool, Halifax, N. S. and St. John, N. B.
The steamers are intended to be despatched (unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances) as under:
From Glasgow via Liverpool.
INDIA Saturday, 11th Mar.
ACADIA Saturday, 25th Mar.
From Liverpool.
INDIA Wednesday, 15th Mar.
ACADIA Wednesday, 29th Mar.
SIDONIAN Wednesday, 12th Apr.
To be followed fortnightly by first-class Steamships throughout the season.
From London.
SS "ANGOLA" Friday, 24th March.
Freight taken upon as favorable terms as by any other first-class trans-Atlantic line. Cargo heavy freight by special arrangement.
BILLS LADING.—Through Bills of Lading will be granted to all points on the Inter-colonial Railway, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Woodstock, Farnmouth, N. B., etc., etc.
FARMS.
Saloon Cabin 13 guineas
Steerage 20 dollars
Storage passengers booked from any point in the United Kingdom to any point in the United States or the Dominion of Canada.
For freight or passage apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, 46 Union Street, Glasgow; 17 Water Street, Liverpool; T. A. S. DEWOLF & SON, Halifax; D. G. SMITH, Chatham, or to
SCANNELL BROTHERS,
5 and 6 Smith Street, St. John, N. B.
SPECIAL will not sell from Glasgow on the 8th of April, as previously advertised unless sufficient inducement offer. Will sail from Liverpool, on 12th April, as above.
S. B.

195,000. THE DAILY and WEEKLY Editions of the
MONTREAL STAR
have now (it is estimated) an audience of One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Readers, which makes them the most widely circulated and influential newspapers published in Canada.

Select Literature.
Pansy, the Beloved.
BY ETTIE ROGERS.

'A velvet pansy, large and fair,
With petals yellow as your hair,
And purple as your eyes.'

Floretta Trevalyn called her sister Pansy 'only a child.'

Pansy was sixteen, with a form as lithe as a young birch tree. Her eyes were like purple morning-glories, her hair was tinted like rare dead gold; her pretty face was as delicate and full of grace as some velvety, milk-white blossom.

Floretta was tall and grand, and as beautiful and relentless as Juno. She came into Pansy's room one day with her slow, stately step, and with a face as white as the snow that was hanging in fairy festoons of frost-worked blossoms on the bare vines that latticed Pansy's pretty window.

'Are you ill, Floretta?' asked Pansy, in an anxious voice.

'No, Pansy, pet; I am not ill, but I am so miserable—so miserable!'

Pansy sprang to her sister's side, and twined one arm tenderly about her laughing shoulders.

'Why are you miserable, dear! I should not be miserable if Frank Raynor loved me, and I was to be his wife.'

'Don't, Pansy! Don't speak of him! I must forget him, or I shall go mad!'

The majestic beauty flung herself into a scarlet-cushioned fauteuil, and pressed her soft, slender hands, blushing with grief, to her throbbing forehead.

Pansy gazed upon her sister in unexpressed surprise and grief. This weakness was so strangely pitiful in one so proud and self-reliant as Floretta.

'You don't tell me what troubles you, said the little maid, stroking with her saffron hand Floretta's blue-black tresses.

'I don't want to be comforted,' answered the agitated girl. 'I feel as Byron must have felt when he wrote:—
'Sometimes I ask no sympathy or need—
The thorns I reap are of the tree I plant—
They have torn me, and I bleed.'

'I don't understand you in the least, Floretta,' responded Pansy, with her clear pure eyes fixed wonderfully on her sister's strange, white beauty.

The girl made a perceptible effort to regain her rigid serenity. Some day Pansy must know the truth, so she would tell it now, and have it over.

'I have broken my engagement with Frank Raynor,' she said. 'He has lost every penny of his fortune. He is scribbling poems at a dollar a rhyme for the Constellation; and—and, Pansy, of course I couldn't be the wife of any man, no matter how much he loved me, if he were as poor as that. So I gave him back his ring and he has left me, to trouble me no more.'

'I am ashamed of you, Floretta,' answered Pansy, while her delicate apple blossom face flushed with enthusiasm.

'I would have followed Frank Raynor a beggar through the streets if I loved him. I don't believe you know the meaning of the word love, Floretta Trevalyn.'

'Where is your pride, you foolish girl, that you should talk like this? You are only a child, and know nothing of the sacrifice that society—that terrible Moloch—demands of our hearts, heads and ambitions. I shall marry Samuel Boice. Though he is seventy, he is a millionaire and can give me more pleasure than the poor, aspiring, unknown Frank Raynor could ever do.'

'A fig for society!' exclaimed Pansy, indignantly. 'Society is a sham, woven of broken hearts, intrigues, and hypocrisy. Give me the love of an honest, refined and industrious man, and your silvered humbugs may break into bubbles for my derision.'

'I might have expected this,' replied the stately belle, rising with great dignity. 'I thought my sister would understand and sympathize with me in my trouble. But instead of that, you stand before me like an accusing angel. Your cheeks are hot and your eyes are like living coals. You are trembling from head to foot. Perhaps you love Frank Raynor. You may have him if you can get him. I don't begrudge you your second-rate boarding-house and *Phonon de qui se parle*.'

She swept out of the room with a contemptuous smile on her thin, proud lips.

Pansy went to the window, and for a long time stood contemplating the leafy, fern-like figures on the frost-paned pane.

Bye-and-by she gave utterance to a heavy, womanish sigh, and went back to her book.

eyes gazed earnestly and long into the leaping flames that hummed and crackled on the hearth, and then she closed them like one in a meditative dream, and fell asleep in her *fauteuil*.

A few months later Floretta Trevalyn became the wife of the rich old man, Samuel Boice. In his senility he was an uxorious husband.

A week after her marriage, Floretta Boice awoke one morning to find the doting old gentleman dead by her side. A week afterward a flock of long-tailed vultures came down like vultures on his possessions, and the widow found herself penniless.

Comfortless and heart-sick she went back to her parental shelter, and sweet love and solacing caresses of her sister, gentle Pansy.

But Pansy was no longer 'only a child,' simple, gleeful and brimming with loving mischief.

There was a change on her fair face skin to that sometimes seen on the countenance of the two-day's bride.

One day she went into the room where her sister sat—a statue of disappointment draped in sable.

'I have something to tell you,' said pretty, serious Pansy, 'that I have delayed telling you until it is impossible to withhold it any longer, Floretta—we must work or starve.'

'Don't jest with me, child; I have trouble enough,' answered the widow, peevishly.

'It's no jest,' Papa's affairs were so entangled with those of Mr. Boice that the creditors have taken everything. To-morrow our beautiful home will be sold; and poor papa is prostrated with the shock.'

Floretta buried her face in her weeds and sobbed helplessly.

Pansy left her, and the white young face was full of righteous scorn. In the months that followed, the child-woman was housekeeper, comforter and friend to her father and Floretta.

'I am so glad to see you, Pansy, that I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you,' she said, unused to any kind of labor.

It was wonderful to watch Pansy's cheerful, sacrificial toil. Keen of eye, unerring of judgment, and tireless in duty, she was like an angel in the dark days that followed the financial and social catastrophe.

It was again winter. The snow was lying in crystallized sheets on roof and dome, and the wild bells rang out their melody on the air, resounding their Papa Trevalyn was lying ill in their humble lodgings.

Floretta sat before the cold grate with an Indian shawl wrapped about her stately shoulders—a dreary suggestion of woe on a monument.

Floretta was the cross of Pansy's patient heart.

'Where are you going, Pansy?' she asked, in querulous tones.

'I am going to look for work,' answered the brave little maid cheerily. 'Don't fret, Floretta, dear; you know it can't be helped!'

'Oh, dear! why was I ever born?' complained the peevish beauty. 'I hope you won't do anything disgraceful, Pansy.'

'Work disgraces no one,' replied the child-woman; 'although it is workers; I will become a common servant; Floretta Trevalyn, before I will see papa suffer.'

The thick snow lay in furrows on the unwept crossings. Half way across the street she paused, faltering before a formidable drift.

Hark! The clatter of myriad hoofs beats, and the dull thunder of heavy advancing wheels, and a resounding shout of warning.

Ten magnificent horses, dappled gray, and as superbly matched as the chariot steeds of some august Roman Emperor, swept in a grand pageant around the corner drawing a mob-trail track-sweeper. She saw the dull-red engine of destruction and the ghastly faces of the men who stood like statues with folded arms within it—she heard the muffled roar of the huge, revolving brushes, and the snorting horses; she felt their steaming breath upon her—then a keen pain, as if a sudden thunder-bolt had stricken her down—and after that a long—long blank.

When consciousness began to dawn upon her benighted senses, she felt her self being borne along in the arms of a strong man, who was striding swiftly through the snow.

Her bearer stooped; she heard an opening door, and then she unclosed her eyes.

The dear, familiar hall of their old brown stone palace; their own beautiful parlor, and the same pictures on the handsome walls.

With unspeakable wonder she looked up and met the anxious eyes of Frank Raynor fixed upon her in a glance of such thrilling emotion that her heart fluttered until its wild throbs frightened her.

'Let me put you down very carefully, Pansy. We have a broken arm—does it pain you much? And a bruise on your forehead, but not a bad one.'

He placed her tenderly on a sofa, and then Pansy knew what that stinging pang meant that cut through her wounded arm like the thrust of a dagger. A sick, giddy sensation overcame her, and she fainted.

She lay in a merciful swoon until the wounded arm was set by a physician; and when her senses again returned, it was her proud sister's despondent and rejected lover who was tending her like a mother.

'Why am I here in this dear, darling old house, Frank?' she asked.

'I brought you here in my arms,' he answered, with another of those thrilling mystifying glances.

'And why are you here?' she enquired again.

'Why, Pansy, when they sold your house, we came here to live—mother and I.'

'Oh!' responded Pansy, just as unsatisfied as she was before her questions was answered.

'Pansy Trevalyn stayed with Frank Raynor and his mother for a week.'

In vain her father protested, and Floretta, sneered and denounced. The physician was inexorable, and Mrs. Raynor affectionately and authoritatively seconded his orders.

'Would you like to live here again, Pansy?' asked Frank, that last day.

'Please don't ask me such cruel questions, Frank!' she replied, the quick tears brimming in her purple eyes.

It was wonderful to watch Pansy's cheerful, sacrificial toil. Keen of eye, unerring of judgment, and tireless in duty, she was like an angel in the dark days that followed the financial and social catastrophe.

'Oh, forgive me!' she cried, in an agony of shame. 'I didn't mean to recall the painful past.'

'The past is not painful to me,' answered Frank, gravely. 'Your sister was weighed in the balance and found wanting. There is another lady, Pansy—a gentle, earnest, noble woman—whom I love as Floretta never could have been loved by me. What have I said, sweet one. Your face is white—your lips quiver! Pansy, you are my beloved!'

Oh, sweet delicious hour! Oh, ecstasy immeasurable!

The lovely child woman hid her blushes on her lover's shoulder, and he kissed the sparkling tears from her lashes.

'Will you be a poor man's wife, my precious Pansy? Will you follow your lover, a beggar through the streets, my darling?'

'Did you hear that?' asked Pansy, her cheeks crimson.

'I heard every word, pet. I was in the parlor; and do you not remember that the door was ajar? But you won't be a poor man's wife, Pansy; my losses were merely nominal. I bought this house and all its appurtenances, and the day you are my wife I shall settle it upon you. Pansy, are you happy?'

Floretta's consternation was indescribable; but Papa Trevalyn kissed his little daughter and blessed her, as every one who knows has always blessed the fair, sweet, true eyes of Pansy, and the flower-faced beloved.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.
Resignation is putting God between one's self and one's grief.

Let the bent of thy thoughts be to mend thyself, rather than the world.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the deeds of men.

Truth is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line.

Of all the riches that we hug; of all the pleasures that we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

Hesitate not to go on foot upon grounds of mercy. It is no shame to employ your feet in offices that have employed angels' wings.

Some pleasures, like the horizon, recede perpetually as we advance towards them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being sought.

Let others do as they please; but thou always act according to the dictates of thy own judgment, and take heed of being self-condemned.

Naught but rectitude is worthy of our care. In a few fleeting years all earthly possessions will be as a stubble; virtue alone is eternal.

We should learn never to interpret duty by success. The opposition which assails us in the course of obedience is no evidence that we are mistaken.