

Now, mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is to be erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas, my boy, the world is full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people, and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one lately who advised his partner "never to have anything to do with law books, for they would confuse his mind!"

There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose upon people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit?

Now, I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true, thoroughly true. I hope that you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than what we are.

When we have laid that foundation then we can go on and build up a manhood, glorious and godlike after the perfect image of Him, the perfect Man, who said that He was born that He might bear witness to the truth.—*Bishop Dudley.*

#### THE WATER DRINKERS.

I passed a garden where roses bright  
Were clustering close to the lilies white;  
The noonday sun was ablaze o'erhead,  
"We're very thirsty," the flowers said.

"Thou lovely lily so fair to see,  
O wherefore should'st thou thirsty be?  
For gladly into thy cup I'll pour  
The sparkling wine from my choicest store!"

The lily folded her pure white cup,  
And closed each ivory petal up!  
The rosebud shook in the breeze her head;  
"We drink the rain and the dew," she said.

I took my wine to the birds that flew  
Around the bank where the flowers grew;  
They would not come of my glass to taste;  
The lark flew up to the sky in haste.

The thrush sang "no" from her leafy spray,  
The robin hopped with a chirp away;  
The blackbird raised from the stem his head,  
"Our drink is that of the flowers," he said.

I saw a child on that summer's day,  
Amid the flowers and birds at play;  
I brought him wine, but he answered "no,"  
With rosy lips as he bade me go!

"I do not care for the red hot wine  
While water fresh from the stream is mine!"  
He smiled, and merrily shook his head;  
"My drink is that of the birds," he said.

turned; his father was watching near,  
His step was firm and his eye was clear.  
He took my cup but he dashed it down,  
And quickly cried with angry frown,

"I will not look on the cup whose glow  
Has sired so many to deepest woe!"  
The mother smiled, as she shook her head;  
"Our drink is that of our child," she said.

—*Women's Herald of Industry.*

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the corn-field."

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object, that has realized no hopes.

#### Our Casket.

##### JEWELS.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

Whatever you would have your children become, strive to exhibit in your own lives and conversation.

When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last the longest.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.

With reference to our individual cultivation, we may remember that we are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law physics or manufactured goods, but to become men, not narrow pedants, but wide, seeing, mind-travelled men.

**A CHEERFUL WIFE.**—What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments—one whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity! Such a woman, in the darkest hours, brightens the house like a piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with the sense of something great to be achieved; the husband goes into the world with a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him through the day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself; "At home I shall find rest!" So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy. And, if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

##### BITS OF TINSEL.

Grief is a queer passion. It increases the sighs, and still causes one to pine away.

Judging from the excessive prices charged in America, Egypt is not the only country suffering from false profits.

"I'm not a free trade," said a Pittsburg father one morning, as he led his son out of the pantry by one ear, "but I am opposed to such attacks on sugar."

A young lady had a narrow escape at fire a few nights since. About half her back hair was burned. Fortunately she was not in the building at the time, having put on her other hair and left the house only an hour before the fire broke out.

—One-half of the mistakes in telegrams result from bad punctuation. The operator always runs the message straight along, putting neither capitals nor punctuation marks.

The other day a Chicago newspaper received this telegram which, without any punctuation, read very queerly:

"The procession at Judge Orton's funeral was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was also the beautiful prayer of Rev. Dr. Swing from Chicago."

I found the following paragraph in a Wisconsin newspaper.

"A sad accident happened to the family of John Elderkin on Main street yesterday. One of his children was run over by a waggon three years old with sore eyes and pantalets on which never spoke afterward."

One morning after I had lectured in Lacrosse, Wis., I took up the morning paper and was surprised to read this startling paragraph:

"George Peck in intemperate editor from Milwaukee fell over the gallery last night while Eli Perkins was humorously lecturing in a beastly state of intoxication."

"The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Mr. Peck's death was caused by his sitting too long in a cramped position listening to Mr. Perkin's lecture which generally produces apoplexy in the minds of the Jury."

A Nebraska newspaper once punctuated a paragraph about their new school house:

"Our new school house which was burnt last week was large enough to accomodate 300 pupils four story high. The school house will be rebuilt by a brother of the former architect who died last summer on a new and improved plan."—*Eli Perkins.*