

back, and it makes good meat. But if the conceit consists in promiscuousness, then it is a viper, all poison: and you should not meddle with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar.— Yet there are some people who think that their wit, like mustard, is not good unless it bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality in 1349 wanted their four cheek teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend: and do not make jests so long that thou becomest one thyself.

It is no time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. It is no time to show wit when the head is to be cut off.— Do not imitate the dying man who when the Priest came to visit him, and asked him where his feet were, jocularly answered, "They are at the end of my legs." Jest at such a time, are every way unbecoming. Let those who end their lives with laughter take heed lest they begin eternity with weeping.—*Fuller.*

THE THRIFTLESS FARMER.

The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the winter, but permits them to stand shivering by the fence, or to lie in the snow, as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground or in the mud, and not unfrequently in the highways, by which a large portion of it, and all the manure, is wasted.

He grazes his meadows in the fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted, and finally ruined.

His fences are old and poor—just such as to let his neighbour's cattle break into his fields, and teach his own to be unruly.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the sills of his barn— if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted and destroyed.

He tills, or skims over the surface of the land, until it is exhausted; but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For the first, he has no time; for the last, "he is not able."

He has more stock than he has means to keep well.

He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He consequently wants a hoe or a rake, a hammer or an auger, but knows not where to find it. He and his whole household are in search of it, and much time is lost.

He loiters away stormy days and evenings, when he should be repairing utensils, or improving his mind by reading the scriptures.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the street, or in the "snake-holes," and goes home in the evening "pretty well tore."

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroy them. He has "no luck in raising fruit."