

The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

The eyes of the multitude are not strong enough to look upon the truth, and, generally, where they blink most there is most truth.

Let a woman once think you unconquerable, and unless she is unlike all other women, she will exert all her energy to conquer you.

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

Drop by drop falls into the clear well-spring of youth the bitter water of experience; and there is no filterer this side of the grave that can restore the old purity.

Man is never wrong when he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

Quaint old Fuller says: 'Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched.'

Lord Chesterfield heard it remarked, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. 'True,' said the earl, 'and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at.'

'If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?' said a sceptic to a clergyman. 'Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?' was the caustic reply.

Men of power are seldom wordy or diffuse—they indulge not in decorative trappings of rhetoric—but by a few bold master-strokes, give determined expression to the essential and central idea, to which all minor thoughts are subordinate.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of

your life. They appear so when they are passing—they appear to be so when we look back to them—and they take up more room in our memories than all the years which succeed them.

Sir J. Mackintosh asked a deaf and dumb pupil, in Paris: 'Doth God reason?' He replied: 'To reason is to hesitate; to doubt, to inquire; it is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things, foresees all things, knows all things; therefore, God doth not reason.'

A man of an exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance that he had an acute pain—a little sharp pain, not bigger, seemingly, than the point of a pin. It's amazing, he continued, 'don't you think it is? What do you suppose is the cause of it?' 'Why really, I don't know,' replied the other, 'what part of you should be subject to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul.'

The female heart may be compared to a garden, which, when well cultivated, presents a continued succession of fruits, and flowers to regale the soul and delight the eye; but, when neglected, produces a crop of the most noxious weeds—large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of women, though undiminished in power, will be like the diamond of the desert, sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral habit.

The Editor of the *Fort Plain Register*, proud of the telephone connecting his house and office, shouted to his wife, 'Mr. Skidd will dine with us to-day,' and, turning to the prospective guest, said, 'Now you can say a word to her; but as he was about to do so, the words came distinctly, 'Tell him we don't keep a restaurant on washing day.' Skidd made no excuse, and went to an eating-house.