

THE POOR AND THE RICH.

That evil results, in many instances, from wealth, is sufficiently manifest; but it is not certain, on this account, that virtue is only safe in the midst of penury, or even in moderate circumstances. Nor, because the wealthy are often miserable, it is certain that happiness dwells chiefly with the humble. It may be quite true that no elevation such as riches bring about, insures perfect purity and amiableness of character, and that content is found nowhere; and yet there may be a more steady connection between virtue and easy circumstances, also between content and easy circumstances, than between the same things and poverty. The poor escape many temptations and many cares which beset the rich; but, alas! have they not others of a fiercer kind, proper to their own grade?—Let the statistician make answer. It is only, indeed, to be expected, that an increasing ease of circumstances should be upon the whole, favorable to moral progress, for it is what industry tends to; and industry is a favored ordination of heaven, if ever anything on earth could be pronounced to be such.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"If we would be happy, we must glide along through life as the river does between its banks; expanding here, and contracting there—now in noisy shallows, and then in deep, still pools; accommodating itself all the way to the sinuosities of its surface, and the winding humour of its banks,—and yet leaving every rock and every projection, and clothing the very borders which so rigidly confine it, and compel it to double its length to the ocean, with green leaves and luxuriant flowers, from the beginning to the end of its course. But if, on the other hand, we want to be miserable, and make all about us miserable too, we have only porcupine-like, to erect our double-pointed quills, and then roll ourselves up in them with a dogged obstinacy, and we shall goad others, and be goaded ourselves, to the utmost degree of our wishes. O, there is nothing like 'lowliness, and meekness, and long suffering, for bearing one with another in love,' to lubricate the ways of life, and cause all the machinery of society to go without jarring or friction!"—*Blake*.

THE DAISY.

The daisy was Chaucer's favorite flower: and never since hath bard done it such reverence as the venerable father of English poetry. All worship, saving his own, is that of words only: his is the adoration of a heart which overflows with love for the daisy. He tells us how he rose with the sun to watch this beautiful flower first open, and how he knelt beside it again in the evening to watch its starry rim close; that the daisy alone could allure him from his study and his books, and when he had exhausted all his stores of beautiful imagery in its praise, his song was ever ready to burst out anew, as he exclaimed, "Oh, the daisy, it is sweet!" For his sake it ought to have been selected as the emblem of poetry, and throughout all time called "Chaucer's flower." For our part we never wander forth into the fields in spring to look for it, without picturing Chaucer, in his old costume, resting on his "elbow and his side," as he many a time had done, paying lowly reverence to his old English flower, which he had happily called the "Eye of Day."—*The Poetical Language of Flowers*.

POWER OF IMPUDENCE.

No modest man ever did or will make his fortune. The ministry is like a play at court; there is a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost. People who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still (thrusting heartily) are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd—is shoved about by every body—his clothes torn—almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get before him who don't make as good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it. How many statesmen have since acted upon Lady Mary Wortley's maxims besides the old Dragon of Wantley, who, if he did not obtain great political power, at least put money enough in his purse.—*Tait*.

PORTRAITS.

There is something mystical about those painted ghosts of ourselves that survive our very dust! Who, gazing upon them long wistfully, does not half fancy that they seem not insensible to his gaze, as if we looked our own life into them, and the eyes that followed us where we moved were animated by a stranger art than the mere trick of the limner's colours?—*Bulwer*.

GOOD ACTION.

The everlasting hills will crumble to dust, but the influence of a good action will never die. The earth will grow old and perish, but virtue in the heart will be ever green, and will flourish throughout eternity. The moon and stars will grow dim, and the sun roll from the heavens; but true and undefiled religion will grow brighter and brighter, and not cease to exist while God himself shall live.

BEAUTIFY HOME!

Men will say that appearance is nothing, and that the pleasures of the sight are not to be valued and cultivated! I say that appearance is always to be regarded; that we cannot render our homes too beautiful and attractive. Our first object should be to make our dwellings as convenient and comfortable as art can make them; our second object should be to render them to an equal extent tasteful and elegant. Do what we can, and all we can, we shall fall far short of rivaling even the simplest forms and combinations of nature.

POVERTY.

Oh Poverty! or what is called a reverse of fortune, among the many bitter ingredients that thou hast in thy most bitter cup, thou hast not one so insupportably bitter, as that which brings us in close and hourly contact with the earthenware and huckaback beings of the nether world. Even the vulgarity of inanimate things it requires time to get accustomed to; but living, breathing, bustling, plotting, planning, human vulgarity, is a species of moral ipecacuanha, enough to destroy any comfort.—*The Cairn*

The more we have of good instruments, the better; for all my children, not excepting my little daughter, learn to play, and are preparing to fill my house with harmony against all events: that if we have worse times, we may have better spirits.—*Bishop Berkely*.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek to high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us:
But soon we're taught the earth has naught
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken:
Though all were night—if but the light.
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us!