

pense. Here on one occasion it was suggested I could eat a bit of a *cheval* if I did not know what it was. A *cheval*! yes, a bit of a horse, who had perhaps trotted his last paces the day before. Again I wanted to be at home; changes many had taken place, but still I had my parents. Here was home. What is it which is required for happiness? Is it luxury? No. What is it which makes us satisfied? Wealth? No. We must have just enough to keep us from the scorning of the proud; and this, with the "true riches," is enough, at least for me. Vulgarities may exist, and does, with luxury; true refinements may be coupled with but little of this world's wealth. If the blessing of ample means are bestowed it is a privilege not to be despised. What a rich joy to be able to soothe those whose eyes overflow often in secret; whose spirit is pierced by the biting cares of life, and yet