

hackneyed words that make us all laugh,—“Be virtuous, and you will be happy!” Maxims like these are about the only reliable words that come commended to us through the dim shadow of that hushed past; and while some, though virtually belonging, may not actually be incorporated, in Holy Writ, nevertheless they are just as strong and binding, wherever we find them, as Commandments; and while all our better nature teaches us to obey, they may only appeal to our common sense of right and our instincts of self-preservation.

## XLIV.

There is another matter that we may take a look at here—I mean *danger*. You may say what about danger? We all know what that is, surely. Well, there are different kinds of danger:—there is the hazy sort of general idea of danger which is preached and croaked about, but which we think too remote to trouble ourselves with; then, there is glaring danger; and again, a trivial sort where we feel tolerably certain there is none at all. I believe we need not trouble ourselves about glaring danger; there is generally in this case a look-out somewhere to give us the signal.—A flag is waved in the glare of the head-lights, and tells the engineer to put on brakes—a bridge may be down—a culvert washed away—or a train rushing down like an avalanche in an opposite direction—it means stop for your life! And of course we do stop, all trembling with apprehension and fear. The shock to our nervous system is great, and when we have collected our terrified senses, our gratitude for a brief time knows